

Cheshire
Smile

Quarterly Magazine of the
Cheshire Homes

Winter 1971-72 Price 10p

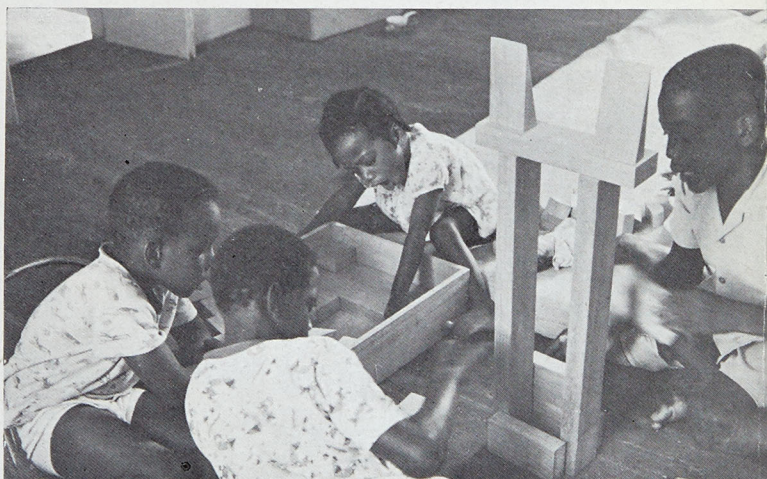


New Home at Barbados

These delightful pictures were taken at the new home at Barbados, which was opened in February this year by Denise Tabernacle. There are now six children. Photo 1 shows Rose-Ann and Pins about to blow out the candle. Photo 2, Carlyle, Pins, Rose-Ann and Ronnie involved in construction work, and Photo 3 'Pins and his Garden', which is made from an old stove that couldn't be moved.



1



2



3

LORD, MAKE ME A CHANNEL of Thy Peace,
that where there is hatred, I may bring Love;
that where there is wrong, I may bring the Spirit
of Forgiveness;

that where there is discord, I may bring Harmony;
that where there is error, I may bring Truth;
that where there is doubt, I may bring Faith;
that where there is despair, I may bring Hope;
that where there are shadows, I may bring light;
that where there is sadness, I may bring joy.

Lord, grant that I may seek rather to comfort,
than to be comforted,

to understand,

than to be understood,

to love,

than to be loved, for

it is by forgetting self that one finds,

it is forgiving that one is forgiven,

it is by dying that one awakens to eternal life.

(From the Daily Prayer said by the Co-Workers of Mother Teresa).



Mother Teresa at the Sahara
Refugee Camp, Calcutta, where
she was assisting with relief work.
(Photo by Associated Press Ltd.)

Cheshire Smile

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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Cover Photo : *The Tree and the Child* (by courtesy of the German Tourist Office).

Frontispiece : *Mother Teresa* (Associated Press).

Deadline for Next Issue

Contributions for the March 1972 issue to be sent to :

Mrs. Rosalind Chalmers,
Greenacres, 39 Vesey Road,
Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire,
and be received by 17th January at the latest.

Cheshire Smile is edited and managed by disabled residents at Greenacres, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire. 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.

The Chairman's Page

A Foundation Feature
by our Chairman,
Lord Justice Edmund Davies



In the Winter edition of the 'Smile' we usually mention the Consolidated Accounts for the previous year, although by the time they are published they are historic. This is because of the persisting delay in the forwarding of accounts from the Homes. This year they were later than usual. This year, we can doubtless blame the postal strike, but I hope that all the Honorary Treasurers of the Homes will resolve to do their utmost to get the 1971 accounts to Head Office in record time.

The Homes will all have had a copy of the Report and Accounts before this page is read. But there are two paragraphs from the Report I would like to draw to the special attention of all our readers:

'Once again our Local Management Committee, voluntary helpers and friends up and down the country have risen to the occasion and, with the help of legacies, have produced the truly magnificent total of £632,000. Although this is less than was raised in the previous year, the shortfall is largely accounted for by one particular Home which in 1969 received exceptionally substantial help when it was first established.

Notwithstanding the inevitable increase in costs, our figure for administration costs has only just crept over the 1/6d. (7½p) in the £ quoted last year. When comparing this with other charitable organisations, it must be borne in mind that this figure includes publicity; moreover with more than 50 separate Homes to maintain, each with its own inevitable administration costs, the rate in the £ is bound to be heavier than those charities which are merely collecting and distributing agencies. It is particularly to be noted that the cost of maintaining Market Mews, including salaries of staff and maintenance of buildings, is only 3d. (1¼p) in the £ and, unlike some other similar organisations, the Homes are not asked to contribute in any way to these costs.'

Writing the Trustees' Report for 1971 will be a pleasure, as there is already so much to record. Large building projects for which so many had worked and planned for a number of years were started at:

Oaklands, Garstang, Lancs.
Seven Springs, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Greenacres, Sutton Coldfield, Warws.
Douglas House, Brixham, Devon.

G.L.C. Flat and Cheshire Homes Nursing Wing, London, S.W.2.

Land was acquired on which to build a Home in the future at Retford, Notts. and bungalows at Hitchin, Herts. New Homes were opened at:

The Grange, Parkstone, Dorset.
Harts Leap, Sandhurst, Surrey (Children).
Fairfield House, Lyme Regis, Dorset (Children).

And eight Homes had plans approved for extensions to be built to provide more accommodation or to improve facilities for the disabled.

In late September the Secretary of State for Social Services (The Right Hon. Sir Keith Joseph), invited a few Trustees to a 'working luncheon'. His declared purpose was to increase our mutual understanding and to discover whether there were ways in which his Department and our Foundation could help each other. Sir Keith and his staff members displayed deep interest in our work, and we had a most stimulating discussion from which we hope our residents will reap benefits. I hope you will forgive me for adding a personal note. Over the years, I have followed the practice at exactly 1 p.m. on Christmas Day—wherever I am and whatever I am doing—to offer a silent prayer for absent families and friends. May I invite you to do the same? If you do, all of us—residents, staff, Committee members, Trustees, and those others without whose help in countless ways our work would founder—will renew our bonds of fellowship and our determination to press on with the great work which lies before us.

A Happy Christmas to you all!

Edmund Davies

Cheshire Foundation Sounds Library

David Martin is building up his collection of tapes, and now issues details about them, obtainable from the Sounds Library, Le Court, Liss, Hants. (S.A.E. please). The cost is 25p per tape, plus return postage, and subjects include a talk by Group Captain Cheshire on 'COURAGE', Dr. Harris on 'Residential Art Therapy', excerpts from the Annual Conference 1970, and talks by G.C. and Sue Ryder on their 1970 Austral-Asian Tour.

'Ray of Sunshine' and Leslie Beards

The Plymouth & District Disabled Fellowship, formed in 1949, is a very active organisation. Ten years after its formation it set up Astor Hall, an 'unique' centre which provides residential accommodation and flatlets and a social centre. There is weekly entertainment, daily handicrafts, education classes, outings etc., etc. It was the first to establish a holiday centre for the disabled in Rockleaze, which is just completed.

The drive and inspiration for these achievements came from one man, Leslie Beards, the Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, who died in July. Mr. Beards, himself disabled, was greatly loved by all who knew him. 'Ray of Sunshine', the Fellowship's magazine, which we regularly receive at this office, came out last month as a memorial edition to Mr. Beards. Mr. E. N. Anson will continue as Co-Director of the Fellowship.

Run Sponsored Walks Safely*

Fortunately there has been less sniping lately at 'Charity Walks' and those who arrange them. Perhaps they are 'gimicky' affairs, which are starting to die a natural death, but they have been productive of quite substantial sums for various charities. Some people ask 'why walkers?', if they are anxious to help, can't they dig gardens and decorate houses etc? The short answer is that there are more people prepared to walk (sometimes they are the same people who dig gardens), and the money received from sponsors far more than would be got from apparently more constructive operations. It would be a crazy morality that deprived charities of much needed money on the grounds that the donors 'ought' to have used other—and to them less enjoyable—methods of getting it.

However, there is no difference of opinion that Walks should be properly organised and made as safe as possible. This pamphlet gives suggestions for the safe running of sponsored charity walks, from the experience gained from many such events. Subjects such as planning the route, distance, route markings, clothing and equipment, checking are gone into, and there is a list of addresses for further consultations.

Copies of RUN SPONSORED WALKS SAFELY may be obtained from Walkaid, 67 Rupert Road, Sheffield, 27 IRN, Yorks. Please enclose s.a.e., and ½p production cost per copy, where possible.

* By G. R. Mottram and B. W. Lillis, published and produced by the Walkaid Organisation 1971.

'Cheshire Smile' and Richard Brown

The Spring issue of *Cheshire Smile* will be printed in Birmingham. We discovered, as we feared we might, that there were too many practical difficulties with having an editorial office in one place, and printer and designer in two others.

Richard Brown, our designer, has had a long and happy association with *Cheshire Smile*, and we are most grateful to him for the hard work and enthusiasm he has always put into the project. Thank you, Richard, and best wishes to you for your continued success in the future.

Guest Viewpoint

(From 'Point Three', the monthly
magazine of Toc H)

Who Will Push the Wheelchair?

Britain is unique in having a blood transfusion service which relies entirely on voluntary donations of blood. In a recently published book (reviewed here) Professor Richard Titmuss demonstrates with a wealth of statistics and comparative tables that the British system is more efficient in every way than any other. He also elaborates his belief that the human animal needs to have opportunities to express altruism, that society needs to be so organised that individuals have opportunity to give of themselves without reward.

In our affluent, acquisitive society, which sometimes seems to be divided between those who believe in the unhampered cut and thrust of market forces and those who believe that the state is a kind of fairy godmother providing free handouts for all, the development of that part of our human nature which inspires us to 'give and not to count the cost' is more important than ever before. If men are to have the opportunity to develop their full potential as 'sons of God' we have to find ways of building a caring community instead of the 'rat-race' or the 'hand-out state'. And for this purpose what Professor Titmuss calls the 'gift relationship' is all important.

It's easy to be cynical about such giving, to see Voluntary Service Overseas as simply one of the passports to a university or a good job and community service as one rung on the ladder to the mayoral chain or the OBE—and here, as elsewhere, it's always easier to see the mote in the other man's eye than the beam in one's own. Pure altruism may be a rare commodity but the fact remains that without the willingness of many thousands of people to give of themselves Toc H, like all the other voluntary societies and clubs, would cease to exist. Without the unnumbered acts of ordinary, unremarkable kindness society would be very different and much less human.

Many people, myself included, have argued that community service should have much more in the way of a political dimension than it has had in the past. In other words our task is not only to assist the individual in times of crisis but also to do what we can to ensure that similar crises do not recur. I am convinced, for instance, that to campaign for the full implementation of the Chronically Sick and Disabled Persons Act is an essential part of our concern for the physically handicapped.

This political dimension, however, is not a replacement for what is sometimes dismissed as 'ambulance work,' but an addition to it. However fully the state provides for those unable to provide for themselves, the 'good neighbourliness' of those prepared to care for others will still be essential. It could, for instance, be argued that the state should provide every handicapped person with a wheelchair. But a wheelchair isn't much use without someone to push it. And many people believe that the mentally ill should no longer be locked away behind the high walls of a mental hospital, but should be treated instead in smaller units more closely integrated with the local community. But this only becomes possible if we are prepared to welcome the mentally ill and offer them our help and friendship.

Toc H can take pride in the part it played in helping to launch the blood transfusion service. It can take equal pride in all the other ways, large and small, in which it has helped individuals to develop the capacity to care for one another. The need to give is a basic part of human nature but, like our other capacities, it can be either developed and deepened, or ignored and allowed to wither away.

K.P.B.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

FROM W. R. BROOKS (DICK), SCARBOROUGH.

A Picture in Marquetry

Herewith a picture in marquetry, which I made from a photo in a local church magazine.

I have never been in the church myself as it is too awkward for my wheelchair, but my wife tells me my colours are about right, except for the carpet which I have made dark red and which should be blue. But there is no blue veneer.

I was about two years on the job and enjoyed every minute. In fact when it was nearly complete I decided to extend the picture an inch all round, which I thought would improve it and also to make an interesting job last longer! So although it started as a picture 18" by 12" it finished as 20" by 14" but all the back is covered with a sheet of Bird's Eye maple so nobody knows but you and me! It looks very well in colour, in fact when I was thinking of some way to make the job last longer I toyed with the idea of cutting out the base board behind the central stained glass window, and fastening some small mirrors behind which would have shed quite a mystic light through the thin veneer.

I have had a holiday at Alne and Marske and two at Morris Grange, so with best wishes to you all . . .

Editor's Note : Dick Brooks is the inventor of 'Lift on the Way' featured in a recent issue of *Cheshire Smile*.

Scalby Church in Marquetry.



FROM JONATHAN LANDSBOROUGH-COWEN, ATHOL HOUSE.

A Minor Revolution

In the last issue of *Cheshire Smile* there was some criticism of matrons. Although I wholeheartedly agree with what was said by the writer, the problems are very much more complex. They permeate the home as a whole, starting with the residents, who are so often complacent—usually the longer they have been in an institution the more complacent they become, and in the majority of Cheshire Homes most of the residents have been institutionalised for a considerable time. In any institution, if people are not altogether happy, they frequently have themselves to blame, inasmuch as they do not voice their grievances.

On the next rung of the hierarchial ladder are the staff—and here we are confronted by 'them and us'. For example, in the home where I am the staff enjoy far superior crockery to our own; the reason apparently being that the residents are likely to break things. In fact, since I've been in the home the only time I've seen anything broken is during dish-washing. This is trivial, I realise, but the principle is important.

There are obviously many exceptionally good members of staff, but there are many others who have no understanding of the psychological needs of the residents.

Matron, who is, of course, part of the staff, is more often than not chosen by the management committee. In this home, when a new matron was to be appointed, we made it patently clear to management that we wished to have a say in the selection; but our new matron was presented to us as a *fait accompli*. I am not for a moment criticising the matron, as I feel in this case the committee made a wise choice (though doubtless by good luck rather than by good management): it is the method used that I object to.

Then we come to the management committee itself . . . I know there are exceptions, but homes can easily have a management the residents don't particularly want, and certainly didn't elect. Theoretically it would be feasible for the residents to carry out the duties of the committee, but one can foresee difficulties in practice, though these are certainly not insurmountable. On the other hand, I feel that the practice of having resident representatives on the committee, as at Le Court, is not the solution. Besides a stirring of jealousy among the other people in the home, those residents on the committee are merely an ineffectual minority. It would be far more satisfactory if the residents as a body could veto management proposals, and also have access to the minutes of management meetings. In addition, it would be of mutual benefit if management and residents could confer over the selection of new members of the committee.

The Foundation itself tends to let managements run the homes autonomously. It seems to be far more interested in the statistics of providing more new homes and extensions to present ones rather than in the improving of existing facilities and conditions.

It must be remembered that a resident of a Cheshire Home is usually there for life, and for that time must accept the conditions therein, only because there is usually no better alternative. If, as the name implies, this is our home, then why do we not have a say in the running of it?

The time has come for a minor revolution.

FROM ROSE HILL, HOLME LODGE.

Mutual Consideration between Staff and Residents

Having read the report of the 1971 Annual Conference, there are a few points on which I would like to comment.

Mr. R. Jones of Danybryn maintains that the residents 'must come first', with which I would agree, but the most sensible policy is that of 'give and take' between staff and residents. We are apt to forget that others also need help, and that sometimes it is impossible for staff to attend to one person at the exact moment they ask. But with a bit of patience everything works out. We expect consideration and good manners from the staff, and I fail to see that our being disabled is any excuse for bad manners on our part.

I know some residents dislike voluntary helpers doing staff duties, but I've found that in most cases one only needs to explain just what is needed. Future help for the homes will depend on the younger generation, and we should do all we can to get their interest. We have schools who are already doing all kinds of jobs in addition to fund-raising, and Bill Friend (the Residents' Treasurer) has been invited to show slides and talk to the pupils and answer their questions.

As regards staff duties, the Matron is in the best position to arrange these to the best advantage. Here we have morning and afternoon staff and two for nights. Residents who wish to stay up for TV or for any other activities. Everything is done to enable anyone to do as he wishes. We do have set times for meals, to avoid confusion. Bed-time is when the resident wants to go. I can only speak for this home, but we are indeed fortunate with our staff, under the able supervision of our Matron or Sister. Our Management Committee too is always ready to advise and help with any difficulties that arise from time to time.

Incidentally, this is my ninth year in this home, and I don't regret any of it. I think a Cheshire Home is the nearest possible to one's own.

Father Christmas is Alive and Well and Living in Lapland . . .

By R. Wilding

I was five years old when Betty told me there was no Father Christmas. I didn't believe her, of course, and approved of the immediate dressing-down she received from her mother. After all, I had proof to the contrary. Father Christmas had given me a drum last time; precisely the item that had headed my present list. But even more clinchingly, there was physical proof too. On Christmas Morning I had observed an enormous snowy footprint in the fireplace, obviously made by Father Christmas as he stepped out of the chimney. There could be no doubt about it, as it was not snowing in Cambridge at the time—it rarely did.

I was somewhat perturbed at the mess: my mother would be very cross. But strangely, she made only token gestures of displeasure, and even laughed when I explained about all that snow in Lapland. So Betty's disclosure failed to alarm me (I was merely indignant at her effrontery). And even now, when I have to admit that she had a case, I don't remember any subsequent moment of truth and ultimate disillusionment. Perhaps there was none, for undoubtedly Father Christmas exists, even if his habitat is not Lapland.

Most holidays we spent with my grandparents in Cambridge, but our home was Edinburgh. There Christmas was looked on solely as a 'church' festival and treated soberly. Hogmanay was the time of festivities and celebrations, and Scottish bairns hung up their stockings *then*, said my father reprovingly. However, with an English mother and several Cambridge Christmasses I had been irrevocably conditioned to the Christmas Eve stocking, and fought for it tearfully. My father surrendered, and as was usual with him threw himself with gusto into the act (Father Christmas's Snowy Footprint). In fact, we had the best of both worlds; a traditional or at any rate, modern/traditional English Christmas, and then a round of parties and gaiety at New Year with the day off school. I never objected to *that*.

With the coming of the second world war and the overseas 'Free' armies we encountered other even more unfamiliar Christmas customs. Dutch children, we were told, found their presents in a shoe (that wouldn't hold much, we thought, even if you had large feet). On Christmas Eve I went to Midnight Mass with the Polish Colonel and his wife staying in our house, partly because I was in love with their son, Mietek, and partly because I had heard of the particular excitement of this service. We stumbled through the black-out to the little church, where inside all was colour and beauty. Nothing was familiar, but nevertheless I recognised it.

Christmas, they say, is now so commercial that nothing remains of its wonder. But to the child it is always wonderful, and he can peel off the outer wrappings until he reaches the centre. It is a pity that now that we are older we still spend all our time exclaiming over the tinsel and coloured paper, pretty as they are, when inside is the precious gift waiting to be discovered.

Winter

The earth is black, trees are bare, a feel of frost hangs in the air;
The birds are numb, wild creatures sleep.
Ice on the pond is inches deep.
The night is cold and thickly dark, the world is waiting, listening.
Hark !
A distant sigh,
The sounds increase, as with an icy blast that shatters peace,
A raging, whirling dervish flies
Whistling and shrieking through the skies;
Rattling windows, thrashing trees, twisting and turning with devilish ease,
Expelling a freezing, numbing blow,
Dropping with glee its load of snow.
Then softly moaning a chill lament
It drifts away,
Its fury—
Spent.

Hilary J. Pole



Photograph by courtesy of the German Tourist Office

COMMENT-

'Do They Let You ...'

by Paul Driver

Fellow residents will be familiar with the question; the questioner, a visitor or perhaps an old friend seeing one in the home for the first time—'Do they let you go out when you want to/have drinks/go away for Christmas ...?—any one of a dozen ordinary human activities. This never fails to rouse a sense of fury. The question sounds innocent, springing from nothing more sinister than curiosity and a desire to be informed; yet implicit in it is an assumption that I find very sinister indeed, that 'they' have the power and quite possibly the right to prevent one from doing some perfectly ordinary thing. One can explain away the assumption: the questioner may have memories of a regimented sojourn in hospital or ideas based on vague notions of the Victorian workhouse. Maybe he is sorry that you should be in this position, but he accepts that in becoming disabled one has somehow lost one's 'rights' and that this, if not exactly as it should be, is at least in the nature of things. Otherwise he would have asked: 'Has anyone tried to stop you ...?' which suggests a readiness to do something about it if they have.

And, of course, one isn't in this position at all.

Now a psychologist might say this was mostly subjective stuff. I find myself in a dependent position when I would rather be independent and, like an adolescent who wants to leave home and knows he isn't ready to go, I react with irrational anger to what are, objectively speaking, inconsiderable annoyances. But is it really all subjective? I am vulnerable. Physically it would be a simple matter for almost anyone to prevent me from doing anything at all, and my only defence is a general notion among those around me that they ought to *help* me do things, not *stop* me from doing things.

So one feels a similar sense of unease and annoyance when reading that the Conference has been discussing 'Standards of individual freedom'. It wasn't wrong for the Conference to discuss this subject but it *is* wrong that the subject should need to be discussed. We no longer discuss whether the earth is round.

We may assume that in no Cheshire Home is there any deliberate attempt to curtail possible freedom: that no resident capable of putting himself to bed is told that he 'must' be in bed by a certain time, that no one going out for the evening is told that they 'must' be back by a certain time, that no one wanting to use an indoor electric chair is told 'You can't have one here'. And in the last ten years I suppose I've had as much personal freedom of action as my disabilities and the need to share a house with twenty other disabled people allowed. Every soul on earth has to come to terms with the limitations imposed by his body, brain and situation: just as every soul on earth is to some extent dependent on several hundred, or several thousand, other people.

If you are disabled and need help, what you can do depends on the help available. If the staff are going off duty at 10.30 and I want to go to bed at 10.0 that's all right provided someone else goes to bed at nine. But this is obvious: people by and large do come to terms with this sort of limitation (and there is no need to make rules about it: rules are usually favoured by those staff members who find it easier to deal with people when they behave more like things: such folk are in the wrong job). But here we are getting into deeper water: is freedom mere absence of restraint—as our great-grandfathers believed—or is it something more, requiring some positive action by other people? 'Freedom from Want'—there has been a lot of argument about whether this is an aspect of freedom at all, yet no one can argue that a starving man has any freedom worth the name. And unless someone is going to help me to wash, dress, go to the toilet, feed and a dozen other things, neither have I. I am able to write this article only because someone else took the trouble to fix up my typing equipment—but then you are only free to read it because someone once took the trouble to teach you to read.

The Foundation's views on personal freedom are clear enough. When the idea of 'preventing' two residents from marrying came up at the Conference it was not well received. But if a home adopts a wrong policy or fails to provide some necessary facility, the results can restrict us as much as a prohibition. If the staff go off duty at 8.30, then no resident has any choice about staying up after 8.15. If there is a raised threshold at the door no one in a wheelchair can cross it unless someone makes a ramp. A change of policy, a change of staff rotas, a little carpentry—there

are many instances where someone's freedom can be enlarged by action.

As residents we have in most cases little power to initiate action. We can make suggestions, which the staff or management committee may or may not adopt. (Occasionally—if seldom—one meets a staff or committee member who regards every suggestion as a criticism and a sign of base ingratitude!) Then we are human too, and tend to be more aware of our own problems than the next man's. The arrangements that suit me may well hamper someone else. The problems in running a home are complex. There are real physical limitations, in finance, in the availability of the staff, in the buildings, which prevent many suggestions from being carried out. The limitations affect us but we know about them only at second hand. We lack the power to say, 'I choose to have this and to do without that'. A man can accept almost any limitations provided that they are imposed by circumstances and not the result of another man's arbitrary decision. This is why I would hope to see the homes controlled to an increasing extent by their residents.

Putting away childish things

Glyn Vernon, who is 27, won first prize in the 'Young Spastic Adult' Section of the recent Literary Contest in 'Spastic News'.

By Glyn Vernon

I remember it as if it were yesterday. We had grown up together; we had known each other since I was eight and she was six. We both use wheelchairs, and I was sixteen at the time. Although she was younger, she had probably outstripped me in maturity as girls often do in the early teens. She had been my girlfriend for years, now she had found someone else and was explaining why. 'Surely you realise,' she said, 'that we could never marry.'

I was stopped in my tracks. I had never thought of our relationship in that light. We had been children, playing together, that was all; marriage was far from my mind. Now, suddenly, this girl was dragging me towards a realisation that childhood was over; that I had to start thinking, acting, and being adult. That it was time for putting away childish things. And that life was about to lose the simplicity which is the hallmark of childhood. I was stepping out of a world in which everything happened in black and white, into one which included a lot of grey.

I think that is why I remember that incident so well. Not the 'broken romance', that was a childhood thing. But those words were my first real warning of the end of childhood.

To the intelligent, thinking person who suffers from any serious handicap, childhood is bound to be the easiest, and perhaps in some ways the 'happiest', period of life. In many ways I was even unaware of my handicap as a child. Of course, I knew I couldn't walk or talk very well, but that was simply part of me, something which had always been there and which I was used to. Being at special schools, most of my friends suffered to a greater or lesser extent from the same handicaps and we lived in an atmosphere where to be handicapped was normal. Everything was geared to handicap in such a way that the handicap lost most of its significance and faded into the background. Also, as a child one does tend to accept things without question. I had always been handicapped—and I didn't think of it as very important. It didn't interfere with my play.

But as I grew up I was bound to lose this blissful assumption that all was perfect in the world. With that sense of self-importance with which we all tend to assume that we must have been born for some special purpose, I started looking for the reason for my existence. Gradually the full extent of my handicap hit me. I suddenly saw, looking at the circle of friends with whom I had grown up, that I was the most severely handicapped of us all. I realised that I had two alternatives. I could do what the theorists always suggest one should do: that is, accept my handicap, live out my life in Residential Centres, probably achieve little of any consequence, and be 'looked after' in every sense of the word until I finally died from either old-age or boredom, whichever came first. I don't mean to be contemptuous towards Residential Centres in general; I've never been in one and I'm certain my idea of life in them is coloured by prejudices. But I can't rid myself of the fear of their taking away my identity, by making life so easy for me that I'd cease to act and think independently, and become just another segment of the corporate 'being' of the institution. Then there was the second alternative, which was to shun all such help, at least to start with, and to have a stab at living at home, where I was more of an individual, and where, or so I think, I can live a more positive life. I chose the

second course, against the advice of a great many people. So far, although life has had plenty of ups and downs, I think I made the right decision for me.

I'm willing to admit that I'm not the perfect model of a spastic if by this you mean that I should 'accept my handicap' and 'think how lucky I am not to be worse', 'count my blessings' and 'be content with my lot'. I'm not miserable, I've no dirty great chip on my shoulder or anything like that, but I haven't the time to sit counting my blessings any more than I've the time to count my troubles: there's not much future in either activity. I'm interested in living, that's all. Handicapped or not my life is still before me waiting to be lived and no one else having volunteered to live it for me, I've just got to get on with living it for myself. And that's just what I've set out to do. Not because of 'shining courage against adversity' or any of that rubbish, but because I'm 'Me' and I want to prove that to be important.

During the past eight years I've tried plenty of things and sometimes I've come off best and succeeded, and sometimes I've come off worse and failed. I've occasionally bitten off more than I could chew, perhaps through sheer cussedness, and at least once I've been down pretty close to rock bottom but I bounce back pretty fast ready for another try. I've been quite high up too, at times, almost to the top. Maybe I'll get there one day. Maybe I won't but while I'm aiming for it I've a chance. I left school eight years ago when I was nineteen. I had four GCE 'O' levels, a bit of a feeling for words, and an exaggerated view of my own literary talent. Having turned down a place in the best Residential Centre in the country I set forth gaily to build myself a life. Everyone told me how difficult it was to become established as a writer, and I agreed with them that it was difficult, but they said I had some talent and I agreed with that too. I wasn't stupid enough to expect immediate success; I was prepared to work hard at it, and wait for success to come. But I had no doubt that I would succeed, eventually.

I didn't. I wrote short stories solidly for two years, sending them to every magazine I could think of, and collected the best rejection slips in the country. Gradually I realised the stories I was writing were not very good—now I think they were terrible—and became discouraged to the point when I had stopped writing completely.

But you can't just stop and do nothing for ever and ever. I was still only twenty-one, and I was disgustingly healthy and liable to live a long life. Maybe I had given up the idea of becoming a famous author in no time flat, but that left the problem of what I was going to do completely unsolved. After simply loafing around and becoming bored for a few months, I realised I had to do something, and all I could think of was Further Education. Almost out of desperation I enrolled in a correspondence school, and started studying for 'A' levels.

This started the second phase of my adjustment from school, with its almost perpetual motion and intense activity to my new, self-chosen life, which was empty unless I chose to fill it. Now, having lost the arrogance with which I had left school I was at last learning how to fill my life. My studies were successful, I gained two more 'O' levels and two 'A' levels, before enrolling in the Open University, in which I am just embarking on a degree course. But these successes are incidental to this story. More to the point, I have learned, and am still learning, to live in what, without any desire to sound sorry for myself, are not the most advantageous circumstances! My studies opened up new outlets. After a while I tentatively started writing again and met my first success when the Correspondence Schools magazine paid the huge sum of ten pounds for a short article. Rich, and encouraged, I wrote my articles, and gained more successes through magazines like *Spastics News*. Finally, over five long years, I wrote a novel, and I am now trying to interest a publisher in this.

Boredom begets listlessness, the less you have to do, the less you want to do. Conversely, activity seems to beget energy and the more you have to do (within limits) the more you want to do. Consequently, although I now had sufficient activities to fill my time, when I was given the opportunity to further my social life by bolstering an ailing '62 Club I jumped at it. With help from many others that Club was rescued almost from the grave and now provides the basis of my social life.

But I'm not trying to show how successful I've been. If that is the only impression this article leaves it will have failed in its purpose. For one thing I fail to see how anyone twenty-seven years old can claim to be a success—or for that matter, a failure. Life is a continuing process and one is still striving for something, if only happiness, until the end of it. To say 'I'm a success' suggests the end of this process. Secondly, this article was not intended to be a catalogue of success and failure anyway. What I'm trying to say is more complex and I believe, more important than this.

I'm trying to show, by using my own experience as an example, that it is possible for the severely handicapped person to have a tilt at life. I believe the years I have lived and am still living through to be the most difficult, and also the most opportunity-filled, in anyone's life, and particularly the severely handicapped. These are the years in which ambition is rampant, and all the desires and needs of the human animal are at their most potent. I do know intelligent handicapped adults of my own age who seem to be perfectly happy and at peace with the world. But I know many more like myself. I'm never really content, although I'm happy enough. But to be content would be to be satisfied and no matter what I achieved in life I'd still want to go one step further. Most of the time I suppose you could say I'm fighting myself. I want to succeed so I have to risk failure.

Apart from a passing reference I've carefully avoided any reference to the more personal side of life, to the deeper emotions and desires. I make no apology for this. Obviously some of the greatest battles of all are fought in this sphere and I don't want to pretend this side doesn't exist. It does. And no article on this subject would be balanced without some mention of these battles. In actual fact I am saying more by keeping silent than by spouting for two or three pages, for I believe that unless one can talk objectively on a subject one should keep quiet. I'm not one for 'baring my soul' and stripping myself naked to public inspection scares me! I hope that simply by admitting that anything I said would be too emotion-charged to be of any value I am conveying some idea of the stress which is laid on the emotions of the severely handicapped adult when he begins to grapple with the new emotions of being 'grown up'. If anyone doubts that we are 'normal'—whatever that unfortunate word means—I wish he could experience these battles for a while.

Which brings us full circle and back to the girl who shook me more than she knew by saying we would never be able to marry. We've both moved a long way since then. We've both become adults. I've tried to give some idea of the impact of that adult stage on the complacency of childhood. For the handicapped, growing up holds a lot more problems than 'putting away childish things'.

LETTER TO THE GROUP CAPTAIN

FROM J. ROARTY (EDITOR OF 'TALKABOUT'), ROYAL RYDE HOMES, NEW SOUTH WALES.

I am sure you will be pleased to know that we now have a Residents' Committee, similar to those of the Cheshire Homes. The Committee consists of five elected members who have the right to put forward suggestions and complaints to the Board of Directors, and to receive a reply. So far our Committee is working very smoothly and we are getting full co-operation from the executive staff and the Board, and it is doing away with a lot of complaints of 'why don't they?'.

I am sure that giving us some of your valuable time on your visit to Australia helped us gain our Committee . . . I would like to say too that we get a lot of help and inspiration from reading 'Cheshire Smile'.

We thought your TV documentary 'Man of Peace' was well presented, and we were proud to be part of it.

All the residents, especially Les Hume, wish you all the best for your future work in making the lives of incapacitated people throughout the world happier and more dignified.

Four legs are better than none

The Riding for Disabled Association (RDA) was formed in 1969. Its Scandinavian beginnings in the early Fifties were soon followed by scattered groups in this country, notably the Pony Riding for the Disabled at Chigwell, still the only custom-built centre. The RDA secretary, Miss Caroline Haynes, has an office in the Equestrian Centre, Stoneleigh, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, and can provide literature to assist the formation of new Groups, and a half-hour film which may be hired.

There are currently 112 Groups of the RHA—the number increases steadily—providing riding free, though some local authorities subscribe to the Groups in their areas. A typical Group consists of an organiser in general charge, a riding instructor, a roster of some 40 helpers, up to a dozen ponies and usually a physiotherapist. Though mentioned last, this person is naturally of great importance, the aim being to have one attached to each Group. (No disabled person ever rides without medical approval.)

Expansion is a major aim of the Association. Until the number of Groups permits a wider 'clientele' children will be given priority, though adults can be seen riding here and there. Getting a heavy child on to a pony is often quite a task, and this problem, allied to the providing of suitable horses must be factors to be considered with adults.

Riding normally takes place once a week, each child being 'up' for about half an hour, according to his circumstances. The ponies, which are lent or hired from a stable or may come from private sources, are, of course, selected for quietness, and even when feeling skittish seem to appreciate the helplessness of their riders and restrain themselves accordingly! The large roster of helpers is necessary because up to three are required per pony; one to lead and one to walk each side, usually with a hand on the rider's knee.

What benefit do the riders get out of it? Nearly always great mental stimulus and quite often considerable physical improvement. The weekly ride is looked forward to with anticipation and looked back on with pleasure. It is quite an experience to see a lot of disabled children arrive in, say, a school bus with attendant complement of wheelchairs, calipers, braces, sticks and so on. Their faces light up at the sight of their steeds and animated conversation often replaces a resigned quietness. The ability to move about at will, which some may never otherwise know, the unusual experience of contact with a large animal, the effort—less conscious than with normal exercises—to ride properly as instructed, and other facets of the operation, have very beneficial effects on morale as well as physical improvement in some cases. A relaxed and happy atmosphere is always the rule, mounted games being interspersed with simple exercises, and it goes without saying that no one is pressured into greater activity than he is fit for.

In the early days of riding for the disabled there were sceptics in the medical profession, but it is good to report that there are few if any now.

Photo: Both these children riding are quite severely disabled, but you would not think it!



Art of caring for the disabled

(Reproduced from *Sunday Sun*.)

It used to be the fate of the young and middle-aged who were permanently physically disabled to rot away in geriatric wards away from anyone of their own age and interests. Since the second world war, however, people have gradually become more enlightened, and more homes are being set aside for this sort of person.

No organisation has done more than the Cheshire Foundation, begun and inspired by Group-Captain Leonard Cheshire, the famous bomber pilot. He decided to dedicate his life to the helping of mankind after witnessing the dropping of the second atomic bomb on Nagasaki. Since its beginnings in 1948, the Foundation has established nearly 60 homes in this country, including the one at Matfen, near Corbridge, and soon one is to be opened in County Durham. It also has more than 50 homes in 22 countries overseas. In all of them the residents are helped and encouraged to live as normal a life as their physical conditions permit. This, of course needs a completely different outlook on the part of the staff from that in general or geriatric hospitals. This was soon realised by the Cheshire Foundation, and it decided to pioneer the training of such staff. A brief look at its methods quickly shows the differences.

Applications to the Cheshire Service Corps, as it is called, are accepted from people aged 16 to 55 years, depending on suitability, and the training lasts 18 months. At the end of it, they can pass exams which put them on the same pay-level and status in Cheshire Homes as State Enrolled Nurses. It is hoped that other organisations for the care of the disabled and the Ministry of Health will soon recognise this training. Emphasis is placed in the Service Corps on helping the resident (this word is preferred to 'patient') to do as much as possible for himself. At the same time the training covers a very wide range, including such diverse subjects as basic nursing, public health, handicrafts, applied psychology and elementary house-keeping and catering. In many cases, the residents have to be dressed and fed, as well as assisted in such things as washing, and the whole relationship between resident and staff becomes much more intimate and personal than usually found in hospital. Many genuine friendships are made, and one tends to find much less of 'them' and 'us' and more of 'we'.

The training is done partly in a purpose-built section of Le Court, the first Cheshire Home, in Hampshire, and practical experience is obtained by attachment to the staffs of the various homes and the Queen Elizabeth Rehabilitation Centre, Banstead, Surrey. The initial training includes three days a week at Eastleigh College, near Southampton, a technical college specialising in medical professional courses. Arrangements can be made for candidates who do well in their studies to go forward for further training if they wish.

Nursing the disabled needs a big and friendly heart, fairly strong muscles and a willingness to help people do the things the hospital nurse never meets. Those who take it up do not get involved in the usual hospital routine or such things as operations, in fact they may never even see a doctor. They do not have the pleasure of seeing their charges cured and discharged fit enough to pick up the threads of normal life. Indeed, they often have to watch them deteriorate. But they do have the opportunity of helping those, who by some trick of fate, are more unfortunate than themselves. At the same time, they get a very intimate knowledge of human nature and feel the achievement of a job well done when they see residents doing their best to lead a normal life.

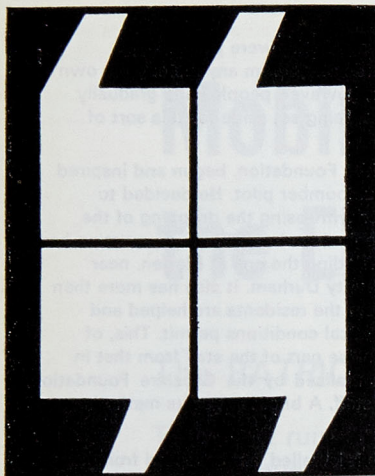
I think the resolution passed at the International Conference of Cheshire Homes in 1969, tells more eloquently than I ever could, the aims of such homes, and consequently, what nursing in them means. It reads:

'As we see it, a Cheshire Home should be a place of shelter physically and of encouragement spiritually; a place in which residents can acquire a sense of belonging, and of ownership, but contributing in any way within their capabilities to its function and development; a place to share with others and from which to help others less fortunate; a place in which to gain confidence and develop interests and independence, a place of hopeful endeavour, and not of passive disinterest.'

Note: Tom Gair writes that as a result of reading this article at least one girl has decided to join the Service Corps, and in the meantime is working at Matfen.

By T. M. Gair

Modern treatments and drugs are making nursing more and more intensive but the traditional requirement, a desire to be of service to people in need of care, is still very important. This is particularly true in a new concept of nursing which has become increasingly necessary in the last 20 years or so—looking after the physically disabled. Here Mr. Thomas M. Gair, Chairman of the Residents' Welfare Committee at the Northumberland Cheshire Home, Matfen Hall, describes how this work and the training for it are developing and what it entails.



Around the Homes

Topical items, facts and views from the Cheshire Homes all over the world. This section will be a news miscellany of interest to readers in general. So please send us brief accounts of what you've been doing and thinking recently.

Overseas Visitors to No. 5 Market Mews

During the summer months it has been a great pleasure to welcome to No. 5 Market Mews the following visitors: Puan Sri Saadiah Sardon (Chairman, Eastern Region), Sir Louis Mbanefo (Nigeria), Mr. and Mrs. J. Martyn, (Dehra Dun), Ato Desta Girma (Addis Ababa), Sister Teresa, Mrs. Ratwatte, Mrs. Gunwardene (Ceylon), Mrs. Sawmhy (India), Mr. Rocha e Mele (Portugal), Mr. Revel Dick (Chile).

Madurai's New Building (India)

Our strength has now increased to 12, which is our present maximum. However, we plan to build on a 10-acre site assigned to us by the Government of Tamil Nadir. The first stage will consist of half a block, which will accommodate 30 residents at a cost of about Rs 100,000, including cost of well, pump, motor, electrification and sanitation. We are making great efforts to collect the required additional funds, and have already received free gifts of building materials such as bricks, cement and paint.

Meanwhile at our present premises kindly lent by Dr. K. Balakrishnan, a member of the Management Committee, the Sisters and Mothers of St. Joseph's Convent have been looking after the Home with care and attention.

Roy Harper and Katherine Sweet-Escott on their wedding day. Miss Sweet-Escott has worked at Market Mews for three years, and fortunately will be able to continue doing so. (Photo Kent-Lacey).



Oluyole's Transport Fund

On 4th September 1970, the Military Governor of Western State, Nigeria, Brigadier R. A. Adebayo, launched a Transport Fund campaign for the Oluyole Cheshire Home. The address of welcome was given by the Chairman of the Management Committee, Mr. E. S. Sorinmade, who reminded the Brigadier of the Home's history since 1959, when it began in a rented house in Oke-Ado, later moving to land allocated by the Government. Although the new building can accommodate 24 children, it has not been possible, due to lack of funds, to fill all the places. It was hoped that there would be enough money received from the campaign to pay for new staff quarters and other necessities.

Mr. Sorinmade thanked the Government for lending a van when it could be spared. Several of the children needed transport to take them to their schools (a number were doing very well), and others needed to get to the Physiotherapy Department at University College Hospital. Mr. Sorinmade appealed to his fellow Nigerians to show more interest in the Home: it cost only £60 to sponsor a child for a year.

Mr. Sorinmade welcoming Brigadier Adebayo to Oluyole.



Little Home in Bethlehem

(Reproduced from 'Danybryn Digest')

Two years ago I was fortunate enough to go on a Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, where we spent a week in Galilee and then a week in Jerusalem. It was an unforgettable experience, but apart from the Pilgrimage itself I experienced another great joy when I found the Cheshire Home in Bethlehem. I always knew there was one somewhere in the Holy Land—I thought at Jerusalem, and I asked various people when I got there where it was. No one knew anything. It wasn't until the last day and we had a free afternoon that my luck changed.

We had spent the morning looking round the Praetorium, where our Lord was sentenced to death by Pontius Pilate. A charming Irish nun was our guide, and I asked her if she knew where the Cheshire Home was. Her face lit up and she said: 'Yes, I do, but it isn't here; it's in Bethlehem.'

My heart sank, because although it would have been an easy journey on the bus, that day was the anniversary of the Six Days' War between the Arabs and the Jews, and there was a transport strike with no public transport running. It was too far to walk, so I was resigned to my disappointment.

However, after lunch, the leader of the Pilgrimage asked us how we were going to spend our afternoon and I explained my difficulty.

He said he would ask our guide, whose name was Gabriel, if he could do anything—he was a wonderful guide and I was sure would help if he could. Sure enough, shortly after, he came to me and said that he himself lived in Bethlehem and he had found a taxi which could take me if he could come too! So Gabriel got home and I got to Bethlehem.

The Home was quite a small house in a street near the great church of the Nativity. As I went up the steps to the front door I saw a girl sitting in a wheelchair. I wasn't sure if she would understand English, so I asked her slowly and clearly if Matron was in, and she just smiled sweetly and beckoned me to follow her across a wide hall, pushing herself expertly in her wheelchair. She knocked on a door and Matron appeared. She reminded me at once of our own Matron, the same build, the same sweet voice, and so delighted at the unexpected visitor from home, as she was English.

I spent a wonderful two hours there. They had 12 children ranging from 3 to 16 years—though they were gradually changing over to young adults, as Matron felt their need was greater. She told me her difficulties when she started. It was the middle of winter with snow on the ground, and the children had no warm clothes but just sat about on the floor, which had no rugs on, sitting and staring. It was a different picture now;

The little home at Bethlehem, with Door-keeper.



they were all properly clad and were all mobile. The smallest boy fairly whistled round on his bottom and one leg, though he could walk quite well with calipers.

The children were all Arabs, as the Jews would never let a child leave its home, and the Committee were all Arabs, though the wife of General Dyan, the Jewish leader, had visited them at Christmas, brought toys and showed great interest in the Home.

Matron was developing the garden and had got some hens, and was also keeping two sheep in the basement as she was anxious to have a supply of fresh meat.

She had three very good young assistants—a cook, a teacher and an occupational therapist. The children were all learning English and they all went to church every Sunday to the Church of the Nativity, regardless of their religion—a true example of ecumenity! The girl who met me at the door was also in charge of the children's work. When she first went there she was very shy and withdrawn, but being portess and stallholder had obviously brought her out a good deal.

After a long drink of iced home-made lemonade, I reluctantly left, as I felt I could not keep the taxi waiting too long. Since then, as you know, Dolywren and Bethlehem have established a link, and I have received several letters and photos. Our Support Group again sent them £30 at Christmas, and we had a very grateful letter back from the Chairman of the Management Committee. Matron has now left them in order to pioneer another Home somewhere in the Middle East, as she felt that Bethlehem could now stand on its own feet. I shall never forget that wonderful afternoon, and I am glad that through the Cheshire Foundation I shall always have a link with the Holy Land.

Peggy Fitzhugh.

A Wedding in Bangping

The Bangping Cheshire Home in Bangkok, Thailand, is delighted with its first wedding. On July 9th 1971 Malee Ketlak was married to Virak Thephsuwan at a little ceremony at the Home. Malee has been a resident at Bangping since it opened in 1965. She is totally blind, but contributes towards the expenses of the

Home by making dinner-mats from palm leaf. Malee is an excellent worker and the mats sell well.

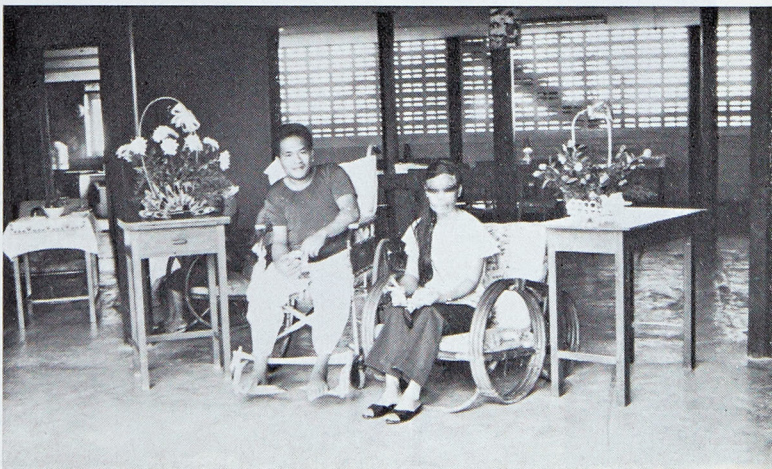
Virat has been at the Home about two years, and has T.B. of the spine. He helps Malee with her work, and as she said the other day: 'He is the eyes, and I am the hands.'

First Cheshire Home in the United States

David Graybeal, Chairman of the proposed Cheshire Home in New Jersey, N.S.A., says that their Committee was formed in February, after a visit from Ronald Travers. Previously Dr. Symonds had visited several Cheshire Homes in England and had brought the idea of starting one in New Jersey back with him. Then Ronald Travers' visit 'further inspired' them, and the Committee has been meeting regularly ever since. By-laws have been drawn up, and a narrative prepared and sent to the Department of Institutions and Agencies, Bureau of Community Institutions for their review and it is hoped, ultimate approval.

Mr. Graybeal also adds in his Progress Report (which appeals for voluntary help 'at all levels') that Group-Captain Cheshire will be appearing in a future David Frost Show. This should result in very welcome publicity for the new Cheshire Home project.

Virat and Melee on their wedding day.



Progress report from Ceylon

The Sir James and Lady Peiris Home in Mt Lavinia, has now been in existence five years. Owing to the generosity of the Rotary Club of Mt. Lavinia and the Cheshire Homes Foundation, Ceylon, we are now able to extend the accommodation, and the new 'Rotary Ward' will soon be finished.

At present we have 18 residents. Two of the children (Gunasiri and Mary) attend school close by, and Gunasiri is first in his class. All the other children are taught in the Home, where a volunteer also teaches English four times a week. Most of the children attended 'Children's Day Celebrations', organised by the Department of Social Services, and Mary won third prize in the Fancy Dress Competition.

Teamwork is an individual factor in the running of a Home, and the residents are encouraged to help the staff, thereby reducing the number required. The co-operation between staff and residents is such that a happy family atmosphere has been developed.

First Home in Argentina

(Reproduced from 'Buenos Aires Herald')

The first Cheshire Home in Argentina was officially opened last night by Mrs. Ileana Bell de Lanusse, wife of the President. The aim of the Home, a pleasant roomy bungalow with a large garden, is to provide comfortable living quarters for permanently crippled people who have nobody to care for them.

Although the official opening was held last night (July 6th 1971), the Home has been in use for over 6 months. At present there are 12 people living there—the full capacity of the building. Several of the residents hold jobs outside the Home, despite their handicaps. For those who are too severely crippled to do this there are opportunities within the Home itself to learn useful jobs suited to individual capabilities, such as flower arranging and assembling electrical light features.

More like a club than anything else, the Home, set in a quiet residential part of Pacheco and Arenades streets, offers its residents—average age from 30 to 40—good food, television, reading in a well-stocked library, and, perhaps most important, the company of people who are also handicapped.

Residents are charged according to their means, and those who have no money are taken in without charge. The Home

Residents of 'Hogaræs Cheshire' Buenos Aires.

depends entirely on charitable donations. There is no specialised medical equipment, but there is a regular medical check-up for everyone. The staff is composed of a husband and wife, whose job is to see that everything runs smoothly.

Mr. Greenwood's Journey

Mr. J. Greenwood, who is 77, has worked for the Foundation for 10 years and helped in some of the U.K. Homes. Earlier this year he started a trip to Ethiopia. En route he visited our Home in Tangier and from there travelled to Turkey, but when he was all set to travel into Ethiopia was refused entry because of his lack of visa. His intention was to visit the Addis Ababa Home to help them for a short time; however he had to return home. But he fully intends to return to Addis, possibly early next year!

Mr. Greenwood wrote a poem about his adventures, the first few verses of which we give below:

Three nights I was in the queue
Knowing my flight was overdue.
One thing I hope I'll never rue
My attempt to help that busy Sue.
You'll understand that tension grew
When the plane came into view.

The stewardess was a dear,
She almost shed a tear.
'Bad news', she said, 'I fear
That you're about to hear.
I'm to make it quite clear
That you can't fly on from here!'

The news sounded like thunder,
For my plan of action was asunder
Due to my tragic blunder.
I was in deep water, no wonder,
However, I avoided going under!

A Visitor at Mayfield House

(Reproduced from *East Midland Regional News*)

As the day approached I grew more and more excited, because not only should I see my Scots friends for the first time in 35 years, but in addition I was flying for the first time! The journey to Heath Row took four hours, but from Heath Row to Edinburgh only one hour and twenty minutes: a definite improvement on the ten and eight hours spent travelling to Auld Reekie by coach and train in my pre-M.S. days.

The flight was well worth every minute, and when I located a diminutive Forth Bridge from way up in the clouds I knew that very shortly we should be landing at Turnhouse. My flights happened to coincide with tea on the flight up and with lunch on the way back, so I considered myself dead lucky!

Suffice it to say that I arrived in due course at Mayfield House and soon settled in. The residents at Mayfield were indeed friendly to this Sassenach, and within a couple of days Andy had bought me a box of Edinburgh rock, and I had been 'adopted' by Hamish (aged 27), another holiday visitor, who assured my friends that it was only because of my walking-aid that we maintained such a relationship! As he was from Fife and correspondingly fly (viz. 'he's fly from Fife!') I had to watch him like a lynx: but he made a good holiday companion, provided he was not taken too seriously. In addition there was Peter, who said it was now his intention to come to Seven Rivers. next year—but maybe that was just a holiday promise; anyway, there was a snapshot taken of him with his arm round my waist in the hope that this would cement international friendship!

When my friend came to see me at Mayfield House I was seated by the window and recognised her immediately: not bad, after not having seen her for such a long time. My friend and her



husband took the week off work in my honour, and used to call daily for me in an (appropriately enough) scarlet car, taking me out to see the various sights. One day we went shopping in Princes Street, the Oxford Street of Edinburgh, where I bought my Scottish souvenirs, including a glengarry for myself. Then again we made a really early start and journeyed through four counties to the Menzies Pass, Dumfriesshire, then up, ever up, until we came nearly to the top, past the highest inhabited house in Scotland. Eventually near to the top we did stop and had a picnic among the sheep and gulls. It was most awesome, but made a very enjoyable occasion. On yet another day we took in the coast, and the white-tipped waves fascinated me as they rolled in; so did the colour

of the sea which changed from grey to green when the sun came out.

The colour TV with doors opening and shutting automatically were all novelties to me, and added to the holiday attractions of Mayfield. I sat up three nights running until 1.30 a.m. for the late-night film on BBC 2, and although I am not allowed to smoke at Seven Rivers I did just that for the whole fortnight! (I don't inhale.)

Jean Horner, a resident of Stonecroft House, with the Drifill Cup which she won for the best individual exhibit in the 1971 East Midland Regional Handicraft Competition and Exhibition.

There was a Hospitals Service on Scottish radio, so I sent in my name asking for 'Rose Garden' and had the pleasure of hearing 'For Isabella, on holiday from Seven Rivers at Mayfield House', which just about made the whole holiday complete!

Mayfield has a large coach which takes both wheelchairs and those on their feet, and we went in this to the Highland Show, at a place outside Edinburgh, and there saw plenty of Highland bulls, the Red Arrows rehearsing for their aerial display which started in Edinburgh the following day, together with six parachutists who all descended safely. After this we watched Show Jumping, the real thing as distinct from watching it on TV. I was disappointed



that we didn't see any cabers being tossed, but there it was!

My daughter telephoned me every evening, and came through as clearly as if there was no distance between us, and both that daughter and the one in Montreal wrote while I was up there. I sent off loads of cards, and used to type half a dozen a day on my typewriter which accompanied me to Edinburgh. There were great clamours for my return next year, but I said I couldn't afford it so near to 1971. However, I said I would like to come back in 1973 and with that promise we had to leave it. This definitely was the holiday of a life-time—but I still prefer Seven Rivers.

Again I returned home by air, being pushed out to the aircraft by the Captain himself. Incidentally, my escort to the airport was the grand-daughter of Mrs. Clark, whom we all know so well. Helen is working at Mayfield as an auxiliary.

Isabella Giles.

This Was my Life

(Reproduced from *Dolywern Digest*)

On Christmas week of 1936 I left school to start work at Port Penrhyn as a steam loco fireman on the quarry railway.

Perhaps I should begin by explaining what went on at Penrhyn in those days. There was a great demand for roofing slates, and a large tonnage was exported to such places as Belfast, Dublin and Siloth. Patagonia was also one of our main customers, as there is a large Welsh settlement.

Various grades of slate were produced for different purposes, also 'Fullersite' the trade name for a powdered slate product. Large pieces of high grade slate were treated separately, being cut and polished mainly for use as grave-stones. All these products travelled down from the Quarry by means of a six-mile long narrow-gauge railway to Port Penrhyn, where they were loaded on to the company's trawlers; the SS Bangor, Penrhyn, Pandora, Sybil Mary and Pamela. In spite of the long days and hard work I enjoyed it, and can still recall with pleasure the wonderful panoramic views from the train—Penrhyn Castle and its vast estate, and right over the Menai Straits to Anglesey.

However, after only a short while I

had a serious accident, when my face and hands were badly burnt, and for one and a half years I lived on 12s. 6d. a week compensation. On my return to work I was given a light job for a while. Engine brass had to be kept polished; boilers hosed down and parts oiled and greased.

By the time I was twenty I became a brakesman, again an enjoyable job, healthy too, out in all weathers. It was about this time that I began to fall about, and although I wasn't aware of it then it was the onset of Multiple Sclerosis.

However I was able to keep working until 1952, when I contracted pleurisy. This left me with a patch of tuberculosis on one lung, and for the next three years I had injections for this complaint, meanwhile living at home with my widowed mother until her death in 1956.

From this time on I still managed to continue living at home for a further nine years, with assistance from a home help and the district nurse, until my admission to Dolywern six years ago.

Tom Pierce.

The Green, Chrisleton

(Reproduced from *East Midlands Regional News*)

I visited this home on a lovely sunny day in June of this year, and would like to tell you about it, not only because I found it one of the most moving experiences I have ever had, but also because I think there are many people who do not know that the Cheshire Foundation has two homes which cater especially for severely sub-normal children. The other is called Hawthorn Lodge and is at Dorchester and I have not yet visited there.

The Green is well named, for it is in the centre of the village and faces the village green. I entered by a door in the wall which surrounds the garden, and found myself in a small cobbled courtyard gay with geraniums. The door into the house was wide open to a small hall decorated in light colours and more flowers, which gave an impression of happiness, and although it may sound odd to say so, of gaiety.

Matron (Mrs. Cox) came to the door to welcome me and took me to meet the wife of the Chairman, Mrs. Vere Arnold,

and we started on a tour of the home. Everywhere we went the same impression remained of light and pretty colours and large windows flung wide, full of sunshine and fresh air. Round the walls were the figures of traditional nursery rhymes, and in every room soft music was playing. This music is a form of therapy which is very pleasing and beneficial to the children, I was told.

In one room I saw a lovely little girl called Mary, who cannot walk or talk, and also has epilepsy, and so has to have slight sedation to control the disease. Her age is nine. Never shall I forget that child with her pale heart-shaped face and large dark eyes and curly dark hair, lying so still but holding my hand and looking at me with such trust. From the bedrooms we went to the bathrooms, where all the fittings are scaled to fit the ages of the children, which range from two years to eleven. The home has 22 children and a staff of fully trained nurses, and three part-time trained nurses, seven nursing assistants and two night assistants. All the children are doubly incontinent, but do show improvement with the training they are given in the home. Everywhere we went was spotlessly clean and showed not only the very high standard of management that obtains, but also the high sense of devotion to duty by the matron and her staff.

I was shown a cupboard with gifts of discarded clothing which would be sorted out for the use of the children, and cupboards with their clothes all neatly put away and ready for use.

A nice dining-room is situated next to the kitchen. The latter, which is new and excellently fitted up, and decorated in pale blue with yellow working tops, was like every part of the home, as clean as a new pin. The staff in white overalls were busy preparing the mid-day meal. This kitchen was mainly the gift of Lady Leverhulm, the President of the Home, and a wonderful gift it certainly is. Next we visited the playroom, where I met Paul, a very affectionate wee boy who couldn't have enough loving, and a little girl, again a lovely looking child as so many of these children are, who came and cuddled into my arm but who never speaks. The play area is fitted with swings and climbing frames, and Matron told me that it had been possible to teach some of the children to ride small bicycles

and for this activity there was a special hard-surfaced area.

On the day I visited, several of the children were out at the special schools provided by the Education Authority for sub-normal children, so I did not see them all.

The really heart-breaking thing is the rejection of these children by their parents once they are in the Home, not of course in every case, but sadly in many. In the case of one little boy, I was told that his parents come every Sunday and bring the other children and take him out in the car; no rejection in that family. It is, I think, understandable that it would not be possible for a mother to cope all and every day with a severely sub-normal child and the demands of a normal family life, but total rejection with never a visit, a postcard or a little gift, is quite a different thing, and to me something which is very sad indeed. How grateful it makes one feel for normal healthy happy children and for the devotion of people who give their lives caring for and bringing what happiness they can into the lives of those who, through no fault of their own, are denied the normal things of life.

I was told that sub-normal children have no appeal to the general public, and the Home has to work very hard to raise funds.

The charming old house needs constant repair, and new and up-to-date equipment for the children is always in mind. May there always be people who will stretch out a generous hand to help these little children to attain as full a life as it is possible for them to enjoy.

Marjorie Clark.

Holehird's Marathon Push

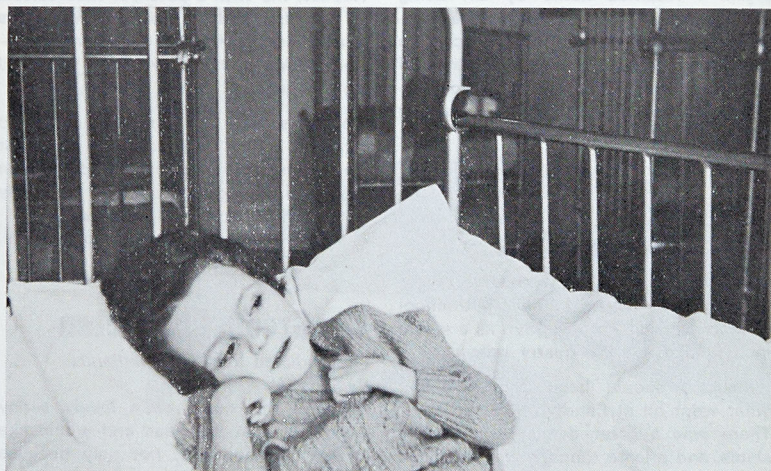
(Reproduced from the 'Holehird Herald')

June 12th—amazing! Weather just perfect! And the spirit that got into the day! We who had been resolved to endure the Push (all for the sake of filthy lucre and the goal of that minibus) actually found ourselves enjoying it. The spirit of everyone; pushers (regardless of sore feet and hands), the cheerful checkers, tireless co-ordinators and all those with the worry of keeping things running smoothly (and themselves doing a lot of running in the

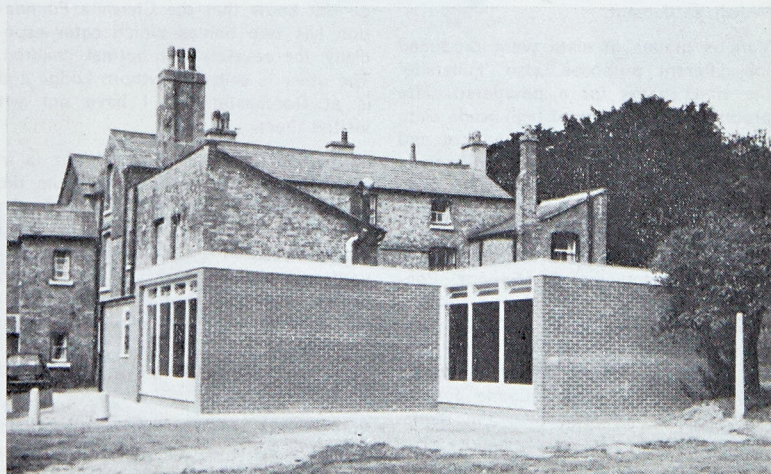
process), the dispensing of information and of the so-welcome refreshments, helpers of all kinds: all did wonders. Now that we think of it, those of us who merely rode seemed to have been plain idle!

And the spirit got into the crowds of holiday makers. We had feared that they might find us a nuisance—after all they had come to enjoy Bowness and the Lake—not to see us. But they entered into things wonderfully, bless them, in spite of being edged off the pavement by a non-stop procession of wheelchairs, a bedstead, a garden roller and various prams etc. Even a gentleman who, after

Mary, one of the little residents at the Green.



Extension to the Green, opened by Group Captain Cheshire in 1968.



having to step back rapidly, was seen waving his arms so excitedly that we feared the worst, proved only to be trying to attract our attention to give us a donation (one of many). So we went throughout the whole of that wonderful day.

We would like to say a word of praise for the generosity of our sponsors, who nobly paid out far greater amounts than they could have reasonably expected. Our Minibus Fund stands at £1,653 at the moment of going to press, just topping our original target.

Roy Hamilton and Carole Pouton

'All Things Bright and Beautiful'

(Reproduced from the 'Mid-Derbyshire Cheshire Home Newsletter')

Our spastic friend, Ann Taylor, recently staged a Flower Festival in her garden at Nether Heage. The theme was the well-known hymn 'All Things Bright and Beautiful', illustrated by ten tableaux prepared by Ann and her friend Tina Wall. Set against the colourful background of this sunny sheltered garden looking out to Heage Windmill dominating the skyline, the tableaux, ranging from Floral Arrangements to Well Dressing, bore out in every sense the words of the hymn, and it seemed natural that the guests should burst into song and give a spontaneous heartfelt rendering of these simple lines!

It was good to savour the happy atmosphere and realise what pleasure Ann's unstinting efforts give to so many, and to see Ann radiant, never so happy as when she is working for others. She was delighted with the result; a cheque for £26, bringing the total amount she has raised to date to £140.

Work at Green Gables is progressing, the foundations are in, and alterations to the existing house, which is to be the staff residence, are going ahead. Group-Captain Cheshire is coming to lay the Foundation Stone on October 8th, and we are all looking forward to this memorable day.

Rose Martlew

G.C. at Carnsalloch

In August we had a visit from Group-Captain Cheshire. We were pleased to see him looking so well, and greatly enjoyed talking with him. He discussed with us the pressing need for more Cheshire Homes in Scotland. The present two Homes have long waiting lists, and we all hope there will soon be another Home opened.

On the Tuesday evening a Coffee Party was held in our recreation hall, and the Group-Captain met many friends of Carnsalloch. He spoke of his pleasure in seeing the improvements carried out since his last visit, and thanked everybody, including our hard-working staff, for the help they had given. The next day he left for Edinburgh.

C. R. McGhee

A change for us at Athol House

Before the end of 1971, I would like, as one of the first residents of Athol House, to pay tribute to the wonderful work done for us by Sister Leo, who retired as Sister-in Charge last March. It is largely due to her efforts and encouragement that we consider this Home to be the 'piece-de-resistance' of the Cheshire Foundation. It was a sad day when she left us after nine years and it seemed that Athol House would never be the same again, but we are fortunate in having Sister Carmel to carry on her good work. Sister Carmel has been with us on and off for ten years and we hope will be here many more.

Rosemary Glass

Patricia goes to Buckingham Palace

(Patricia Fell of Beechwood was recently awarded her Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Award.)

We showed our passes, and were told to drive through the quadrangle to the large entrance, where we saw a long, wide flight of stairs covered in red carpet. Seeing a policeman I asked him what we should do. He directed us round the front to another big entrance with red carpet,

where stood a gentleman in morning dress, between two sentries in full dress uniform. He asked us where we were going. I explained, and he said: 'I'll take you up in this lift. It's the family's private entrance.' He then snapped his fingers and two footmen came and carried the chair up the steps. The lift was only small, and just outside were two gorgeous gold chairs with red velvet seats. I sat in one, waiting for the lift to come up again.

Then we set off down a long corridor. On the walls were paintings, one about 6 ft by 20 ft of the Coronation of King George V and Queen Mary. Our feet sank into the deep red carpet. We passed the office where the Queen works and eventually came to two large doors, resplendent in white and gold, which our guide opened. It caused a little stir when we came through these very different doors!

On this occasion, due to the large number of people attending, it had been decided not to have the Presentation in the Ballroom, but to put about 60 winners in various rooms. We were shown to ours, which was blue, white and gold. Each room had marshals on duty: one came to us and told us to put Patricia's chair at the end of the front row, and I was told to stay with her in case the Duke stopped to have a word and I could help to answer any questions. (I gathered that the Duke usually spoke to groups, as there was not enough time to speak to every individual.) While we were waiting music was played by the Band of the Coldstream Guards.

The big moment arrived. The Duke of Edinburgh came into the room and made his way round the groups until he came to us. He stopped to have a word with Patricia, asking her what she had done for the Award. When I told him about the 30 mile marathon he bent down and looked under her chair. I asked him what he was looking for. 'For the motor that took this chair 30 miles!' I explained that human hands and feet had propelled the chair, but that it was an endurance test to sit in a wheelchair and be bumped over uneven roads for that distance.

The Duke was charming and full of humour, and Patricia was thrilled that he had stopped to speak to her. She was beside herself with joy when he patted her on the knee and said 'Well done!'

The time came for us to leave. We were making our way down the corridor when a voice said: 'Excuse me, I am looking

after this party.' It was our gentleman in morning dress. Once again he opened those big impressive doors of white and gold and we were taken back to the private lift. How kind he was to be waiting there for us!

We had had the most wonderful afternoon ever, had been treated like royalty indeed, chauffeured round London, attended by gentlemen in morning dress, guards, at the door, given a red carpet—what more could anyone want!

We got on the train for Wakefield, Patricia tired but happy, with her Gold Award brooch and Certificate to remind her of the time she went to Buckingham Palace. Not that she will need much reminding, for I think the event will stay fresh in our minds for the rest of our lives. I owe a big thank-you to Patricia for gaining this Award, and giving me the chance to enjoy the wonderful afternoon at Buckingham Palace.

Jennie Whitehead

Canal Trip by Oaklands

A cool but fine day made for the success of our first trip on the Canal—26 miles, 9 hours and 12 locks to Glasson Dock and back—voted great, and we returned windburnt. The wind miraculously dropped for our *Evening Jamboree*, when we were joined by Management and Support Group members and friends. A *Country and Western Group* (sausages and onions grilled in the open) gave us ideas for a bigger effort next year.

September 4th was an important day for two of our staff, Melvyn Shepherd and Ruth Wiggins, who were married at Lancaster Baptist Church. Afterwards we saw the bride looking very chic in her white lace wedding gown. We wish them well.

Holidays have included Annette's as a pilgrim to Lourdes with the Lancaster Diocese, and Shirley's week in Benidorm, enjoying the Spanish sunshine. Now we are eagerly awaiting the opening of our extension in October.

M.B.

St. Cecilia's and the U.F.O.

The back garden of a small house in Bromley, Kent, became the centre of colourful activity on Saturday 17th July, when a Garden Fete in aid of St. Cecilia's Cheshire Home was held there. Not an especially remarkable event, you may think, except that on this occasion it was organised entirely by six girls, members of the U.F.O. (Under Fifteens Organisation), a club formed by themselves in March 1970.

In January this year they started visiting St. Cecilia's Home and they have since become regular callers, working on a rota to ensure that two members visit each week. They help with the duties which would otherwise fall to staff—cleaning wheelchairs, making beds, etc.—and also assist individual residents where they can.

Having read in the local newspaper of the present difficult financial circumstances which the Home is facing, the club devised ways in which to contribute, and they now run a dog-walking service at a small charge.

The fete was blessed with sunshine and sufficient people attended to fill the garden and keep the stall-holders busy. With some skill, ice cream cornets were despatched from a quickly-melting source. Several side-shows—among them Tombola, Roll-a-penny and Guess-the-name-of-the-guinea-pig (who went missing during the proceedings but was eventually recovered)—attracted a constant flow of participants, whilst those children successful at the Win-a-goldfish competition proudly displayed their prizes in water-filled jam jars. The popularity of the white mice caused some amused concern among parents, who wondered what kind of reception these purchases would receive when they reached their destinations, especially as the mouse originally obtained by the U.F.O. had unexpectedly produced shortly afterwards, and the sex of those being sold was doubtful!

The Home was represented by two residents—Bill Smith and David Floom, who has lived at St. Cecilia's for thirteen years. In his brief speech during the afternoon, Mr. Jim Treacy, member of the Management Committee at St. Cecilia's, recorded the appreciation of the Home, emphasising particularly that for an event

of this kind to be undertaken by young people was most praiseworthy and encouraging.

The afternoon raised a total of £52.

David Floom

U.F.O. Members.



David Floom serving at a Stall with Caroline Grimes, Member of U.F.O.



From Mote House

Nico Roosendaal joined our Staff early this year to help in the kitchen. He came to England to learn the language, attended night school and has passed a Stage 1 examination in English. Nico offered to help with a sponsored swim for the Alexandara Rose Day Diamond Jubilee, and was well supported by residents and Committee members. Sixty lengths of 30 yards each were swum, resulting in £65; a very fine effort.

During the summer we had four Spanish students working as orderlies—their cheerful and charming company has left us many happy memories, and we hope they in their turn have taken back some slight improvement in their English!

Larry's 21st Birthday celebrations started at 12 mid-day with a record played by our local station, Radio Medway, and from then onwards were in full swing until 12 midnight. An outsize birthday

cake in the shape of the figure '21' was made at Mote House, and telegrams and cards decorated the library. Telephone calls came from as far afield as Guernsey; Larry's birthday has left us all with a zest for our next party in November.

After 8 years of dedicated service as secretary Miss Eileen de Ritter is leaving Mote House. This premature retirement has been forced upon her by increasing disability. Everyone at Mote House wishes her happiness in her future life 'somewhere in Hampshire'.

H.E.

Miss Patricia Hensby and Mrs. Eileen Bradshaw with some of the entries and the Inter Homes Cup, and the Henry Marking Group Cup both of which were won by Hovenden House in the East Midland Regional Handicraft Competition and Exhibition held at Stonecroft House June 18th and 19th 1971.



"Three cheers for 'Our 'Enry'"

On the 18th September my team Crystal Palace were playing away against Tottenham at White Hart Lane, but while they were putting their energies into the game we were having our Annual Garden Fete. This year it was opened by the ex-holder of the British, European and Commonwealth Heavyweight Boxing Championships—Henry Cooper, O.B.E. A very friendly and jolly person, much better looking than the person you see on TV. After opening the Fete, he signed autographs which raised £13 for us. Most of the stalls raised more money than last year, especially the 'Pig and Whistle' (no need to tell you what that was!), Tom-bola, Bottle stall and the Raffles. The

weather was kind to us too, being nice and warm which brought people from miles around to buy our goods. We were told later on that we had exceeded last year's total and that we'd raised £1,400, to which our grateful thanks go to all who helped us in any way to make our Fete so profitable. After a successful afternoon, I heard Crystal Palace had lost. What a way to end a lovely day!

Sarah Oldfield (Athol House)

Cheshire Tattoo in Edinburgh

On the 25th August we had the pleasure of a two-day visit from Group-Captain Cheshire. It was wonderful to have him with us once again. On the first evening

there was a Wine and Cheese Party at Mayfield House, and on the Thursday we had our *Cheshire Tattoo* in the grounds of George Heriot's School. Among those taking part were the massed Pipes and Drums of the Royal Artillery, the Royal Engineers and the South-East Region Fire Brigade. Edinburgh City Police Horse Detachment demonstrated how they work among the public, and Police Cadets gave a very brisk Gym Display.

The biggest event of the evening was an historic Tableau of the Region Fire Brigade. It was great fun to see the very first fire brigade and the brigades of later years up to modern fire equipment. Many of the items were lent by the Fire Brigade Museum by kind permission of the Firemaster, Mr. James Anderson. Grateful thanks to the many helpers such as the scaffolding workers, Red Cross, Venture

Residents' Stall at Athol House's Annual Garden Fete.



Scouts, Army Cadet Corps and Women's Junior Air Corps. The March Past and Salute were taken by Group-Captain Cheshire.

The interest in Cheshire Homes seems to be widening these days, and we are having visitors from many different lands. In our 'Visitors' Book a Malaysian student left his signature with thanks for hospitality as 'Tah very much!'

We are sorry to have to announce the death of Colonel Roth, one of the Friends of Mayfield. With his wife the Colonel was a regular visitor and helped in many ways in the background, quietly and with kindness. We shall miss him.

Marriage

Harper-Sweet-Escott: On June 26th 1971, in Eastbourne, Roy Harper to Katherine Sweet-Escott, Assistant Secretary at 7 Market Mews. See photograph on page 18.

Deaths

Burton: On 26th July 1971, Barbara Mary Burton, a resident at Springwood House since 1970.

Jones: On 29th July 1971, Joan Jones, aged 46, a resident of Hovenden House since 1967.

G.C. with friends at Mayfield House.



MacMillan: On 30th September 1971, Catherine MacMillan, aged 61, a resident of Carnsalloch since 1963.

Martin: On 2nd October 1971, John Martin, aged 41, a resident at Carnsalloch since 1966.

Barnes: On 12th September 1971, Douglas Barnes aged 69, resident at Heatherley since October 1961.

Jones: On 27th September 1971, Mary Jones aged 45, resident at Heatherley since October 1966.

Reflections

Song of the river
Song of the trees,
Song of the wild birds
Upon the breeze,
Death-knell of winter
Joy of the spring,
Those are the blossoms
The new year will bring.

But what of the old year?
Beholding us now,
The fallen leaf
And blackened bough,
A blanket of mist,
The veil of glory,
Boy to be king,
The old year story.

Douglas Norris.



Notes and News

Miss Chapman notes:

1. I visited the house in Toronto which it is hoped will be the first Canadian Cheshire Home. It is very English looking, in a pleasant street inside the city. I would think the number of residents to begin with will be 6-8.
2. Set No. 14 have now qualified, and congratulations go to them. Cheryl Leigh from Ghana is the first Overseas student to qualify.
3. Set 18 are now in their fifth week; the second group to attend Eastleigh Technical College. There are two students from Overseas; from Malaysia (Jason Lee), and from Mauritius (Mamode Raumally).
4. Robert Aytoun Girling has enjoyed a seven-week students' tour in Canada and the United States. Perhaps he will be writing to you about it. At present he is working at Matfen.

The Cheshire Foundation Service Corps
Telephone :
Blackmoor 421 (Office)
Blackmoor 426 (Students).

Two West Country homes

At Greenhill House, Somerset

The Cheshire Home at Greenhill House, begun in 1961, is a medium-sized country house situated at the west side of the village of Timsbury, with a hill rising steeply behind it to the north, and with a pleasant view of the green fields of Somerset on the other three sides.

Since 1964 there has been room for 21 residents, whose ages range from 23–84. Nearly all the residents take part in making handicrafts of one sort or another. The principal efforts are pottery-making and leatherwork of numerous types, including Dorothy bags, knitting-needle cases, wallets, purses and cushions. Rope horses and giraffes are also made!

The potters concentrate on small bowls, ashtrays, plaques, candlesticks, reading-lamp holders, pottery leaves and an assortment of models. Several local Red Cross 'home-bound' people also join in, and work with the Greenhill House potters. The home now has its own pottery and kiln in the garden, and the residents cope with all stages of the process, even to mixing and experimenting with glazes. This has brought an individual charm to the finished articles, as no two people produce the same results when glazing. A resident, Ruby Lynn, has taken charge of the kiln and does all the loading and firing very efficiently.

The potters are encouraged only to tackle work which they can complete among themselves, and they have developed into a very good team with a mutual feeling of achievement. They all work to the limit of their capacity, and as it becomes necessary another member of the team takes over with the next step. As confidence and strength are gained, individual limits constantly advance.

The potters are justly proud of their work and are greatly encouraged by the ready sale it commands. They are producing things of beauty and with a certain primitiveness which appeals very much in these days of mass-produced plastics.

Other residents do handicrafts in their own time. Peggy Jordan knits dishcloths and I am sure is the West of England champion! Jan Moffat knits nylon trimming into bath mats and coverings for coat hangers. Edith Bowditch specialises in nylon pot scourers and Charlie Tucker makes rugs and also turns Christmas cards and match boxes into useful 'nests'.

The handicraft sessions, both communal and individual, have their 'blossom-time' in bi-annual exhibitions presented in Bath and at the annual fete. The handicrafters cannot be thanked enough for their labours on behalf of the Home.

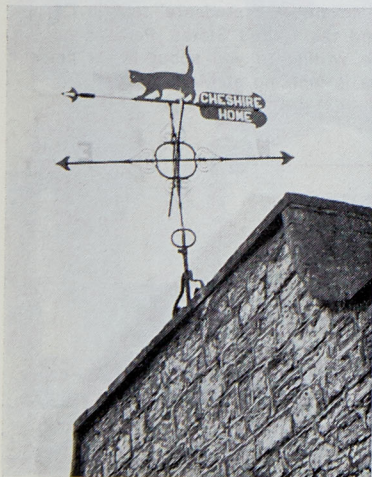
All those who can manage it are encouraged to take part in the day-to-day running of the home; laying tables and tidying up after meals, conducting the business of the Home's shop, washing or drying up when there is a staff shortage.

The small size of the house makes it awkward to manoeuvre powered chairs, but one is on the way for George Belcher (the youngest resident), and a set of 'L' plates will soon be required! George took 'O' level English and English Literature recently at Greenhill House, with the Warden acting as Invigilator.

The residents have a variety of backgrounds—some have been in business in their earlier years. Charlie Tucker and Bill Waite were both involved with farming, David Ayles with barges in the London area, Cyril Bodman served with the Royal Engineers, while six others have been handicapped from a very early age.

We should at this point mention Mrs. Makinson, who was Matron from 5th April 1964, until her sudden death in a car accident in 1970. She gave a great deal to the Home, and never for a moment accepted any problem as being insoluble, inside or outside the Home. She presented us with a very splendid 'Cheshire Cat' weathercock (see photograph), which was made by a local master craftsman. It depicts a Cheshire Cat returning home, and symbolises the return to their home of the residents living there. To the best of our knowledge it is unique.

The Home however was very fortunate in that Mrs. Maguire was already working there as Sister and was able to accept the post of Matron with far less difficulty than could a stranger.



The Warden served in the Royal Regiment of Artillery for many years and feels that his old Regimental motto 'Ubique' (everywhere) is a very suitable one for his present job! Although not responsible for any direct fund-raising he is the chief spreader of the Cheshire 'gospel' in this part of Somerset, including Bath and the County of Bristol. He talks to a great many groups every year within a wide radius of the Home, and in so doing acts as the Greenhill House Sales Promotion Manager! He may also be seen to blush at the mention of a remarkable occasion when his trousers started to fall off during a talk to the local Mothers' Union!

Greenhill House has always been run on a Warden and Matron combination, and it is felt very strongly that this is the right composition for the control of a Home.

Unfortunately there is no accommodation for auxiliary nursing or domestic staff; which necessitates finding them locally. But Greenhill House is very pro-Service Corps, and looking back we can only wonder however we managed without them. We are one of the training Homes for the Service Corps, and the first Administrator, Miss Hilda Moore, SRN, was on the Management Committee before taking up that appointment.

Greenhill House is small enough to have remained an intimate home, and there has never been a residents-versus-staff problem which seems to have arisen from time to time in some of the larger homes.

The major annual event is undoubtedly the holiday at Exmouth, when we take over a private hotel and have a jolly good week by the sea. Having been there for a number of years we are now accepted as an annual event, and many local friends and well-wishers help us in different ways. A trip up the Exe is usually organised by the Rotary Club. A party at a local hostelry is given by another group; chair pushers appear in the evening to push people to places of entertainment, and so on. It's the whale of a week!

Apart from their fund-raising activities and help with transport, the Friends of Greenhill House provide a weekly Bingo session in the Home, and a New Year Sherry Party, not to mention Christmas presents for everyone. The Home is lucky in having a Community Service Ambulance (with tail-lift) fairly near at hand, which can usually be obtained for external evening functions. It also brings outside people to the pottery.

There are too a number of Young Wives' Clubs, Schools, Women's Institutes and Townswomen's Guilds in the area who bring entertainment or ask us to their productions. The Independent Order of Foresters give us a monthly entertainment, and the Variety Club of Great Britain and the Bristol Film Unit each produce a film every fortnight in the Home.

For day-to-day entertainment there is a colour TV. This wonderful gift was made by someone who used to live in the house during the war, and felt she would like to give something in memory of her husband.

What does it all add up to? How much does a Home achieve out of all it sets out to do? The answer is not a simple one. Every Home has its own individuality; perhaps by reason of the house or buildings, old or new, perhaps by the personalities of the residents, staff and Management Committee—perhaps by a combination of all these forces. Of one thing, however, I am sure, that there is not a single person involved with a Home who is not vitally important to its happiness and viability.

Whenever people ask me about the strengths and weaknesses of Greenhill House I always reply: 'Come and see.' A Home cannot have too many friends—we are always glad to see fresh faces and meet new people. So if your journeying brings you to the west of England and you have an hour to spare, don't forget to look in at Greenhill House in the village of Timsbury near Bath.

A Look at Cann House

Cann House had been in being five years and a half when I became a resident in October 1965. I was, however, not without experience of a Cheshire Home for I had spent nine and a half years at St. Teresa's in Cornwall.

The first two residents at Cann House, Edwin Welsh and Cliff Foster, arrived in March 1960, and also had been at St. Teresa's. Now (July 1971) there are 29 residents, 15 female and 14 male.

Situated on the south-eastern edge of the village of Tamerton Foliot, Cann House stands in lovely well-wooded grounds. The house was built in 1863 so is just over a hundred years old. Plymouth City Centre is about five miles south, and on week-days there is a half-hourly bus service to and from Plymouth, hourly on Sundays.

As is the case with most, if not all Cheshire Homes it was, for the first three or four years, a struggle to keep on an even keel. But the grand voluntary help of various individuals, a good Management Committee and a small but efficient staff, along with a gradual influx of good, sociable residents the home prospered and became a lively and happy one.

This article is not meant to be a history of Cann House, neither will it go into details about the administration. All I wish to do is to let anyone who may be interested see how we pass the time in our home, which I feel sure practically all of us think is the best Cheshire Home in the country!

Our interests are varied and cover a number of pastimes and hobbies, many of which help to bring in a steady—even if small—contribution to the financial needs of Cann House. Let us, for example, mention Jay Hazelwood. Jay is an artist and has sold quite a number of his oil paintings. Mainly he does landscapes, but he can and does turn out other subjects with equally sound craftsmanship. Jay is an unassuming and far from conceited fellow. He has a quiet, even reserved, manner, yet is very friendly, and was for a while Chairman of the Residents' Committee.

This reference to the Residents' Committee brings to mind the fact that we have a very good Committee of five at Cann House, under the chairmanship of Maurice Freeman. For the past two years this particular committee has done a great deal to maintain a good atmosphere in the home as well as working out various schemes for the residents' welfare. It is my opinion that a good Residents' Committee is a necessity in every Cheshire Home. Here at Cann House it is something not merely tolerated but encouraged by the Management Committee and Warden/Secretary.

We have three or four philatelists among us, two of the more ardent being Helen Hockley and Ken Garrett. We also have a Radio Ham, Frank Turner, who spends most of his time in his 'shack', on the second floor. Frank is a cheerful and sociable Fellow, and his call sign is G3/IJK, other Radio Hams please note!

Vera Clements is another very busy resident; she does some excellent tile work, from ash trays to cocktail tables. Vera also puts together the Cann House Newsletter each quarter.

In the front hall there is a display cabinet in which may be seen the jewellery made at the home. Nancy Libby is our 'jeweller', and the various objects on view give ample proof of the care and patience that Nancy puts into her work.

We have a shop (or as it is sometimes called, a canteen) under the capable management of Miss Pamela Harvey.

It has been my good fortune to find, on the whole, a jolly sociable community in the two Cheshire Homes where I have been a resident. Of course, the only real way to reach Group Captain Cheshire's ideals is by family spirit and team work all round, with Management Committee, Matron, Staff and Residents all pulling together. Not—definitely NOT a sort of officers, NCO's and men under a rigid, hospitalised or institutionalised sort of discipline. Fortunately we have nothing like that at Cann House.

By May Wood ('Chippy')

Working in Cann House

On the 28th of March 1960 I walked gingerly down the lane towards a large house which was to be a Cheshire Home. It was known as Cann House. Although I had previously been for an interview I felt terribly nervous, for I was still not quite sure if I would like it. I pondered over one of the questions the matron had asked me: why did I want to work in a Cheshire home? (I told her I had always wanted to help someone less fortunate than myself). After I had worked for a week I understood why she had asked it. At first I was very emotional, but I had to fight it, and since then Cann House has become part of my life and I have loved every minute.

I met my colleague who was to work with me, and together we started. The first day will live in my memory for ever. We were expecting our first two residents at about twelve o'clock. We had a quick sweep up and did the best we could with what we had, as in those very early days we had to 'make do' in a lot of ways. However, everything was ready; the television cameras were there, our Chairman, members of the Committee and of course our very dear Matron.

I think the climax came when we all sat round the large dining-table for lunch. It was indeed a happy and memorable occasion. In order for the lunch to be a success it meant a lot of work for the few staff, which included my colleague and myself, the Cook and her assistant and one male nurse. We had no trollies then, so we ran up and down the long corridor with trays. I well remember going home tired out, but very happy to be going back the next day. The Spring of 1960 was a very beautiful one. It was lovely walking down the lane and then into the drive, with the rhododendrons in all their magnificent colours. The magnolias and azaleas too were beautiful to see.

Once inside the house the daily routine would begin. My colleague came from Scotland, so she was nick-named 'Kiltie' by one of the residents, while I went by the name of 'Chippy' because my surname was Wood. The name has remained all these years, and it would seem strange now if anyone called me anything else!

The work was very hard in the beginning, as we had so much dust and dirt to clean up every day. Each Sunday we had voluntary helpers painting windows, walls or ceilings, as there was so much to be done before we could have a full house. I don't know how we should have managed without those voluntary helpers.

Perhaps the most frustrating time was when the lift was installed. There was dust and grit all over as everything had to be brought in through the front door. But it was all worth-while when we were able to take our first wheelchair resident into the lift and upstairs.

Front View of Cann House.



Of course as the house filled more staff were taken on. Despite all our ups and downs, we always made time to have a laugh and a cheery word with everyone. In working in a Cheshire home for eleven years I have found that it is a good tonic for the residents if the staff are allowed to have a word with them now and again. Quite often we tell them some of our own funny little episodes, and it does your heart good to see how much they enjoy listening to you. After all if it brightens up their lives just a little bit then it is worth-while.

There was a grand atmosphere in the home in those early years, possibly I think because everyone worked as a team. It didn't seem to matter if we were going home 20 minutes later than we should have been. The highlight came in September 1960 when the home was officially opened by Group-Captain Cheshire himself. I had heard a lot about him, but had never met him in person. He is indeed a charming and humble man. We were very proud when he came to shake hands with us and to thank us for what we had done to make Cann House into a home.

I have many happy memories of those early years and could fill a book with them! The staff were a grand team and we always saw the funny side of things, even when on many occasions we forget and turned the wrong tap on in the sluice, only to receive a complete shower-bath! One day too my colleague was merrily washing the corridor floor when she managed to slip, and the next moment we saw her calmly sitting in the bucket of water. It was a case of all hands on deck mopping up water everywhere. The funniest part though was when she appeared, minus her own clothes and wearing a very long white coat several sizes too big.

It is now 1971 and much progress has been made. During the last two years we have lost some of our dear ones: it is surprising how much one misses them too, but I suppose being with them so many years and having done so much for them one is bound to feel that way. I do a lot of shopping for various people and every day one does a few little extras. We have a very dear and tolerant Warden, and I am quite sure she closes her ears to a lot of things. I think one has to in a place like a Cheshire home where, as I mentioned earlier, it is good for the residents to have the staff cheer them up a little.

We were very sorry this year to lose our very dear Chairman, who has served us faithfully over the years. Unfortunately she had to resign owing to ill health, but all our good wishes go with her for the future. We now have another charming Chairman, who I am sure will be ready to listen to our problems if and when we have any.

It is June now and quite soon I must attack the making of Christmas cards again.

Last year I made about 4,000 for the home and the sales were a great success. A tremendous amount of work is involved, but when you see the results then it has been really worth it. It is amazing too how many cards are sent to us, and if any of the senders should read this then I would like to say a big 'thank-you' to them.

I have enjoyed so much working at Cann House all these years, and would not change it for any other job. I would say here though, that one must possess the qualities of patience and understanding to be ready to face the frustrating moments and the emergencies which arise from time to time. I know I shall have to retire one day, but I don't think about it yet. I hope I may continue to work among the people I love so much and who have become part of my life.

Lovely loos

by Rodolph Cribb

(Reproduced from the *BRA REVIEW*)

I got some pleasant surprises this summer on visiting Eastbourne, a resort very familiar to me since first going to school there in 1933. This time I discovered that the Borough Council has made special provision for the many handicapped people who visit or live in Eastbourne.

First, the small Wish Tower car park contained a few spaces reserved for invalid carriages only: cars with disabled persons were naturally also allowed in these spaces. But unfortunately on a bright summer's day they were all occupied before 11 am which shows that more are badly needed.

Looking for the men's lavatory by the bandstand and wondering whether the step or steps into it would be manageable, I suddenly saw an arrowed sign *Wheelchair Toilet*. The door showed the *Vacant* label but it would not open and was obviously locked. Near it was what appeared to be a light switch but a closer inspection revealed it could be a bell push-button. Perhaps it will be labelled at a later date *Ring for Attendant*—that would be helpful!

The attendant appeared very quickly when I rang and unlocked the wide door. Needless to say it was completely level. The toilet was large and excellently equipped for the disabled. There was plenty of room to manoeuvre a wheelchair and place it near the lavatory basin which was built on a raised concrete plinth to make it a more convenient height for disabled users. Along the right-hand side of the lavatory basin, and at the back, was a thick L-shaped handrail so securely fixed to the wall and to uprights that it would easily bear the weight of a person struggling from a wheelchair to the lavatory seat. A pendant switch in just the right place rang a bell in the attendant's room.

Only criticisms of a minor nature can be made. For instance, I thought the tiny wash-basin badly positioned between the wall and the handrail which got in the user's way. There was no soap, not even a liquid soap dispenser, and no means of drying one's hands.

But, above all, these excellent facilities should be better advertised. A few signposts at strategic points on the Marine Parade could for instance proclaim *Special Wheelchair Toilets—200 yards*.

Eastbourne may not be unique in providing what one might call 'convenient conveniences'. But I certainly have not seen anything comparable elsewhere. Not in

'Lovely Loo' in Croyde, North Devon! David Martin of Le Court, reports that this has inside grab-bars, hand-rails and sufficient room to turn a wheelchair completely round, without the occupant's banging his feet on basins, walls or pipes. Blessings, says David, upon the Parish Council!



Bexhill, Brighton, Cromer or Hastings—to mention some resorts visited in the past twelve months. Indeed in Hastings all the men's toilets seen on the seafront were down a flight of steps! (There was one *Ladies* on the level.)

Bournemouth, one of the largest seaside resorts (and regarded as a Mecca for the aged), is no better. A walk along the lengthy seafront revealed that most of the toilets were up or down steps. There was only the occasional one on the level but these had no special facilities for the handicapped.

The urgent need for this was strikingly demonstrated when a man pushing his wife in a wheelchair approached a toilet on the Bournemouth seafront. He helped her out of the wheelchair and to the entrance door. Then, of course, he had to retreat and leave her to stagger in as best she could. How much easier it would have been for her in Eastbourne . . .

The new CHRONICALLY SICK AND DISABLED PERSONS ACT 1970 imposes upon all local authorities the duty of providing toilets specially adapted to the needs of the disabled. This part of the Act only came into operation at the end of November, but it is not too soon for BRA local branches and even individual members to be asking their own local authority when and how they will be implementing the Act.

As was pointed out in the autumn REVIEW, there is a danger that some local authorities will not take their new obligations very seriously. Persuasion, pressure and publicity must be employed by local branches against the slothful. We must never rest until proper toilet facilities for the disabled are provided in every area.

BOOK REVIEWS

Come on in, the Water's Fine !

Once in the water many disabled people achieve an instant parity with the able-bodied: they can swim as well as they can—or better. The sensation of liberation—no crutches, corsets, braces etc.—is very strong and exhilarating. Similarly the feeling of physical power—matter over mind—achieved in archery or table-tennis is tremendously exciting for handicapped people. Usually a measure of physical improvement can be seen, muscles strengthened and capabilities stretched, and invariably a psychological uplift as you yourself achieve movement and action after perhaps years of impotence.

Why don't more disabled people indulge in sports, especially swimming? Because, yet again, of the bugbear accessibility: steps, narrow corridors, inconvenient changing cubicles, bar the way.

*Sports Centres and Swimming Pools** is a study by Felix Walter, F.R.I.B.A., of their design, with particular reference to the needs of the physically handicapped. The Disabled Persons' Act 1971 laid down that there should be access provided to new buildings. Mr. Walter shows that this provision can benefit some able-bodied people; for example, family changing facilities and larger lavatories in swimming pools can also be used by parents with small children.

The work-study involved research in Finland, Norway and Sweden, with discussions in all these countries as well as in Britain.

The idea that the disabled would wish to take part in sports as well as view them is still fairly new. Professor Ludwig Guttmann, who inaugurated the famous Stoke Mandeville Games, writes an introduction to this book, which shows in letterpress and with illustrations that improved standards of general design and detail could overcome the majority of the difficulties, provided the disabled user's needs were fully considered at the design stage. At this stage too there is minimal additional expense. As the Press Release says:

'Mr. Walter's Study should make it easier for the intentions of the Act to be fully carried out as far as sports buildings and swimming pools are concerned. Then the disabled child and adult of the future may not be cut off from what many consider

to be one of the best parts of life, both for enjoyment and for health—but may go with his family and friends instead of being left behind.'

* Sponsored by the Thistle Foundation to further the work of the Disabled Living Foundation at £150. Enquiries to Miss K. Barnett, Disabled Living Foundation, 346 Kensington High Street, W.14. (Telephone: 01-602 2491).

An Archery session at Bellahouston Sports Centre, Glasgow.





'Music Hath Charms . . .'

*Music and the Physically Handicapped** is a report on a report. The original was a survey, the first in the country, by Irwyn R. Walters, O.B.E., B.A., B.Mus., F.T.C.L., which listed recommendations, showing how the present situation was unsatisfactory. The report reviewed here is of the Study Conference held in April 1970 to discuss ways of implementing those recommendations.

There can't have been many surprises about the findings : for example, that music 'can play an important part in the contentment and social acceptance of disabled people'. I don't think 'acceptance' is quite the right word here, with its implication that non-musical disabled are beyond the pale! Obviously what is meant is that music offers opportunities for meeting people socially at concerts, clubs, theatres, etc., both when listened to passively and even more when you are actively engaged upon making it. Or it can be enjoyed at home by radio, tape or record-player, and as man has found over the centuries will calm the jaded and inspire the faint-hearted.

This surely is the important point : only in one respect does the situation of the disabled differ from that of anybody else; that of accessibility; the problem of not

being able to get at the concert-hall because of steps or to find transport to go at all. Usually it is possible to arrange group outings, but the individual concert-goer without a car has much more difficulty. In theory this is the sort of thing being dealt with under the new Act, but Utopia is not with us yet. Even those local authorities who really want to help are limited by having to spread their money too far and too thinly.

Other wise people's needs are similar. Schools could do more to interest children in music; then if they do not show much response at the time the seed has been planted. 'Ordinary' schools as well as 'special', for accidents, disease and old age are common to us all.

Although it is desirable, as suggested here, that local authorities recognise the need of the physically handicapped (like that of other people) for music, I doubt whether particular facilities need be granted them, except those of access and possibly publicity. Here you must be careful not to suggest music as a *remedy*, or a form of therapy. Therapy is a cold word for a Beethoven symphony which can make you weep with joy—or a Gilbert & Sullivan opera which can make you weep with laughter!

* Report of the Joint Study Conference, April 1970. Disabled Living Foundation, 50p.

Sing All Together !

*The Ulverscroft Large Print Song Book** contains 79 popular songs and hymns that everybody knows and loves to belt out at parties or on the way back in the coach. I knew them all myself, with the single exception of 'Gundagai'—'There's a track winding back to an old-fashioned shack . . .' does anyone know the tune of that one? Admittedly 'Bless 'em All' did not have the words I remember from my WAAF days, but perhaps that's just as well, particularly in Large Print!

It's striking to see how few songs have become popular since the First World War; I recognised only 'Roll out the Barrel' and 'You are my Sunshine'. Perhaps 'Yellow Submarine', say, will be included when teenagers of the sixties are old enough to find it nostalgic. But this is a most useful book for clubs and other organisations for the elderly and handicapped.

Ulverscroft Large Print Series are celebrating their seventh birthday this year. These books are a god-send to the partially-sighted, and the list contains sections of Westerns, Mysteries, Romance, Non-Fiction, Boys and Girls and Devotional. Lists can be had on request from the publishers, and should be ticked against the appropriate volume required, which may then be had from a Public Library (or bought; large quarto size £1.05, small octavo £1.25 plus postage. Both with large print). Many people are finding that with these books they are able to read for themselves again; a delight they had thought was lost for ever.

* Published by F. A. Thorpe, Ltd., Station Road, Glenfield, Leicester, LE3 8BR, at 20p including postage.

Blood Thicker than Water?

First I had better, as they say, declare my interest. Recently, having to spend a week in hospital I took *The Gift Relationship** with me, and was actually reading it while having a blood transfusion. It was a busy ward, and several such transfusions were given every day and as a matter of course. In many cases the result was nothing short of 'miraculous'.

I had three pints. At £16 a bottle (according to a nurse) that was £45-worth, which fortunately for me I didn't have to pay for. (Nor would I, even had I been a private patient.) None of this money would go to the donor. I could rely on the blood being free from impurities, and I would not have to 'pay back' afterwards with an equal amount of blood. But only in the United Kingdom could I be sure of all those things.

Professor Titmuss's thought-provoking book is much more than a study of the blood transfusion services, though that provides some interesting information too. For example, English reasons for donating blood vary from 'to get a good cup of tea' (obviously frivolous', commented Professor Titmuss), to the laconic 'no money to spare. Plenty of blood to spare.' There are many tables for the statistically-

mindful of transfusion services in this and other countries with particular reference to the United States. It is interesting to note that Sweden has a 100% paid donor service, and the Soviet Union 50%, while the U.K. has almost 100% voluntary service.

For thousands of years man has prized blood, often regarding its properties as magical. Even today there are peoples who believe that losing blood will permanently diminish them, and in England there are sects who for religious reasons refuse to allow transfusions either for themselves or their families. 'Blood is the Life', says Deuteronomy, and there is no substitute for it. More, there is no substitute for one's own blood group—another person's may be fatal. At the same time, with the age of ever more sophisticated operations and life-saving techniques the demand for blood is growing. Is blood just another commodity to be bought and sold under 'market-place' conditions? Professor Titmuss concludes that a commercial market in blood is dangerous, because of the risks to health for both donors and recipients, because of the costs to the patients—usually those most unable to bear them—and because the market produces in the long run greater shortages of blood.

A young housewife giving blood at a donor session.



'The Gift Relationship', as the name implies, is a study in altruism and the 'right to give'. The voluntary blood donor's gift is almost disinterested. He has no contact with the receiver, is not thanked by him, has no material gain. 'If it is accepted that man has a social and a biological need to help, then to deny him opportunities to express this need is to deny him the freedom to enter into gift relationships.'

This is an appropriate season to consider the meaning of gifts and of gift relationships in society. Blood is at once the simplest and the greatest gift that one man can give another.

* '*From human blood to social policy*', by Richard M. Titmuss, published by George Allen & Unwin at £1.65 (paperback).

Parking problems

The Local Authorities Traffic Orders (Exemptions for Disabled Persons) England and Wales) Regulations 1971. The Disabled Persons (Badges for Motor Vehicles) Regulations 1971.

Following the passing of the Chronically Sick & Disabled Persons Act, new regulations designed to ease our parking problems become operative from 1st December 1971.

Up till now disabled *drivers* have been able to obtain a badge from the local authority for the area where they lived or worked entitling them to certain exemptions from parking regulations *in that authority's area only*. From 1st December a badge issued by one authority will be valid in other authorities' areas, and certain minimum exemptions will be given in all areas. It also becomes possible to obtain a badge for a car carrying a disabled passenger.

There will be three classes of badge :

- I For Disabled Drivers.
- II For cars carrying disabled passengers.
- III For Institutions, such as Cheshire Homes, caring for the disabled.

Badges will continue to be issued by the local Borough, Urban District or Rural District Council. It is hoped that the designs will be standardised.

A Class I badge can be obtained by any user of a Department of Health & Social Security invalid tricycle, anyone who has or could have had a grant from the Department towards fitting hand-controls to a car and any other disabled driver who is unable to walk or who has substantial difficulty in walking. In the latter case the authority may require the applicant to produce a doctor's certificate or to be examined by the authority's doctor.

For Class II (Disabled Passenger) badges the criteria are :

- (i) That the passenger is unable to walk or has severe difficulty in walking, and
- (ii) that the vehicle has been constructed or adapted to carry disabled persons (e.g. a private ambulance) or is an ordinary motor car.

Cheshire Homes can obtain Class III badges for any of their vehicles (not necessarily ambulances) which are used to convey disabled people.

The badge must be displayed in the inside of the windscreen else the vehicle will not qualify for exemption. It must only be displayed when the vehicle is (I) being driven by a disabled driver, (II) carrying the disabled passenger, (III) carrying disabled people.

The exemptions allowed by the badge are :

- (i) to park in a meter bay without paying and to remain in the bay for more than the prescribed length of time, and
- (ii) in a street where waiting is restricted, e.g. to 20 mins in any one hour, the restriction will not apply.

However, you do not have blanket exemption from all restrictions. You may not park on a yellow line, nor in a bay reserved for residents or motor-cycles, nor in a street with an all-day restriction, e.g. 'no parking from 8.30 a.m. to 6 p.m.'; a coach may not be parked in a meter bay and you must move if a policeman tells you to.

Although a badge will be valid all over Britain, it will not confer any benefits in certain parts of Inner London, that is, in the City, Westminster, Chelsea and Kensington and those parts of Camden and Islington from Euston Road southwards. If you live or work in this area you will be able to obtain a special badge. Other disabled people will have to observe the same rules as the able-bodied. A pity, but there it is. We still have some problems left.

Your local authority may have allowed other exemptions besides those listed above and if so these will continue, but don't expect to find things the same everywhere. Disabled Scots motoring south of the Border should be warned that Sassenachs do not, in general, allow parking in 'No Parking' areas.

If you already have a disabled driver's badge issued by your local authority you needn't rush to replace it. From 1st December it will confer the same rights in other areas as if it had been issued under the new regulations.

P.E.D.

Lincolnshire Car Competition

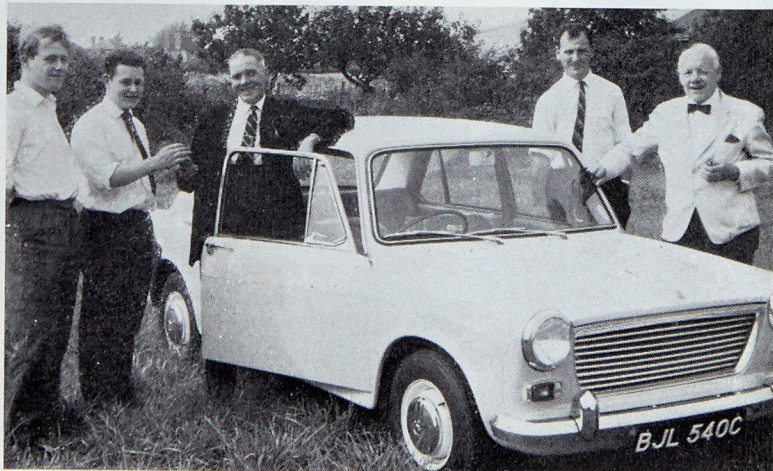
The winner this year was Mr. T. E. Barton, Bicker, near Boston, with a time of 9 hrs. 42 mins. 5 secs., and £725 profit was made.

The Competition is closing down after running for 10 years, during which two Minis and eight Morris 1100's have been won by people as far apart as Thorney Island in Hampshire and Kinloss in Scotland. £9,085 profit has been raised for the five homes supported by the competition: Hovenden House and Stonecroft; Addis Ababa in Ethiopia; Marrakesh in Morocco and Likoni in Kenya.

It was first conceived in the Spring of 1962, when one of the residents at Hovenden mentioned to Mr. Martin Middlebrook how he would like to try running a really big raffle, possibly with a Minicar as a prize. Mr. Middlebrook seized on the idea and set about making plans. (In fact, this is a competition, not a raffle, prizes for which must not exceed £100.) The first need was to mobilise a large army of helpers, and these were immediately forthcoming from among the staff and residents of Hovenden and many local people. But it was soon obvious that they would have to spread their wings further afield.

Each summer a new car was bought, and at weekends taken to farms and agricultural shows, etc.—places where numbers of people gather. R.A.F. Stations throughout the country have provided the second biggest collecting-ground. Mr. Middlebrook's brother, Squadron-Leader G. Middlebrook, sent tickets to every major R.A.F. base. These were the only tickets sent through the post.

We must congratulate Mr. Middlebrook, the organiser, on this marvellous total of £9,085 presented to the five homes over the past ten years, and to thank him and his many helpers for their hard work and tenacity in achieving it.



*One lucky winner receiving his car!
From left to right: two members of the
Boston Young Conservatives, the winner,
Mr. B. Reavill, Mr. Martin Middlebrook,
and Col. G. A. Grounds, Treasurer at
Hovenden House. (Photo: 'Lincolnshire
Standard'.)*

Mission for the Relief of Suffering

Registered in the U.K. as a Charity

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

President: Mrs. Lakshmi Pandit

Out of the combined work of the Sue Ryder Foundation 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.

As one step towards this goal, the member Foundations have pooled some of their resources and experience in order to meet specific and urgent needs not falling within their respective terms of reference, and have set up the following:

Raphael

P.O. Box 157, Dehra Dun, U.P., India.

Under the personal supervision of Sue Ryder and Leonard Cheshire, and staffed in part by volunteer nurses, physiotherapists and others from Australia, New Zealand and Great Britain. This Unit, which was started in 1959, now

cares for nearly 300 persons in need, including 130 leprosy patients, 80 severely mentally retarded children, and 64 destitute children. There is also a 40-bed hospital.

Gabriel Rehabilitation Centre

(Punavazhvo Illam), Mandappakkam Village, St. Thomas Mount, Madras-16.

A residential Training Centre for the disabled, including leprosy sufferers.

Chairman: Mr. S. Aruldoss.

Superintendent: Mr. A. F. Morris.

1 The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick

Registered in accordance with the Charities Act 1960

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 and to develop their remaining talents. Dis-

abled 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 as representative as possible of the local community. The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick

Trustees: Dr. Margaret Agerholm, M.A., B.M., B.Ch.(Oxon)/Peter Allott, Esq./Group Capt. G. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C./Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire, O.B.E./Mrs. M. M. Clark, J.P./R. G. Emmett, Esq./The Earl Ferrers/Major T. V. Fisher-Hoch/J. R. Handscorn, Esq./J. H. Inskip, Esq., Q.C./H. E. Marking, Esq., C.B.E., M.C./Miss C. E. Morris, M.B.E./T. Peace, Esq., M.C./B. Richards, Esq./Peter Rowntree, Esq./W. W. Russell, Esq. (Vice-Chairman).

(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.

Secretary: Miss C. T. Short.

Assistant Secretary: Mrs. K. Harper

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

Hon. Treasurer:
R. G. Emmett, Esq.

United Kingdom

7 Market Mews, London, W1Y 8HP
Telegrams, Cheshome, London, W1
Tel: 01-499 2665

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

The Rt. Hon. The Lord Denning, P.C.

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

U.K. Cheshire Homes Directory

		Tel. Nos.	
		Office	Residents
Alne Hall, Alne, York, OEG 73	Tollerton	295	—
Amphill Park House, Amphill, Bedfordshire	Amphill	3247	— 3173
Athol House, 138 College Road, London, S.E.19		01-670 3740	— 6770
Beechwood, Bryan Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield, Yorkshire HD2 2AH	Huddersfield	29626	— 22813
Cann House, Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth, Devon PL5 4LE	Plymouth	71742	— 72645
Carnsalloch House, Kirkmahoe, Dumfries	Dumfries	4924	—
Champion House, Clara Drive, Calverley, Pudsey, Yorkshire LS28 5PQ	Bradford	612459	— 613642
Chiltern Cheshire Home, North Park, Gerrards Cross, Bucks. SL9 8JT	Gerrards Cross	86170	— 84572
Coomb, Llanstephan, Carmarthenshire	Llanstephan	292	— 310
Cotswold Cheshire Home, Overton Road, Cheltenham, Gloucestershire GL50 3BN	Cheltenham	52569	—
Danybryn, Radyr, Glamorgan, CF4 8XA	Radyr	237	— 335

		Tel. Nos.	
		Office	Residents
Dolywern, Pontfadog, Llangollen, Denbighshire	Glynceiriog	303	—
Eithinog, Old Highway, Colwyn Bay, Denbighshire	Colwyn Bay	2404	—
The Grange, 2 Mount Road, Parkstone, Dorset			
Greathouse, Kingston Langley, Chippenham, Wiltshire	Kington Langley	235	— 327
Greenacres, 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwickshire		021-354 7753	— 7960
*Green Gables, Wingfield Road, Alfreton, Derbys.			
Greenhill House, Timsbury, Bath, Somerset BA31 ES	Timsbury	533	—
The Grove, East Carleton, Norwich, NOR 94W	Mulbarton	279	—
Harts Leap, Harts Leap Road, Sandhurst, Camberley, Surrey.	Crowthorne	2599 5222	—
Heatherley, Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley, Sussex	Copthorne	2232/3	— 2735
Hertfordshire Cheshire Home, St. John's Road, Hitchin	Hitchin	52460	— 52458
The Hill, Sandbach, Cheshire	Sandbach	2341/2	— 2508
Holme Lodge, Julian Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, NG2 5AQ	Nottingham	89002	—
Honresfield, Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Lancashire	Littleborough	78627	— 78065
Hovenden House, Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire PE12 8LP	Holbeach	3037	—
*The John Masefield Cheshire Home, Nr. Abingdon			
Kenmore, 100 Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton, Yorkshire BD19 3DR	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, Monmouth, NP6 1LT	Caerleon	545	— 676
Marske Hall, Teesside Cheshire Home, Marske-by-the-Sea, Redcar, Yorks. TSH 6AA	Redcar	2672	—
Matfen Hall, Northumberland Cheshire Home, Matfen, Northumberland	Stamfordham	212	— 383
Mayfield House, 107 East Trinity Road, Edinburgh, EH5 3PT		031-552 2037	— 4157
Mickley Hall, Mickley Lane, Totley, Sheffield, Yorkshire, S17 4HE	Sheffield	367936	—
Mote House, Mote Park, Maidstone, Kent	Maidstone	37911	— 38417
Murray House, North Lancashire Leonard Cheshire Home, Oaklands, Dimples Lane, Garstang, Lancs.	Garstang	2290	— 3624
Oxfordshire Cheshire Home, Greenhill House, Twyford, Banbury, Oxon.	Adderbury	679	— 667
St. Anthony's, West Midland Cheshire Home, Stourbridge Road, Wolverhampton, Staffs.	Wombourn	3056	— 2060
St. Bridget's, The Street, East Preston, Littlehampton, Sussex	Rustington	3988	— 70755
St. Cecilia's, Sundridge Avenue, Bromley, Kent, BR1 2P2		01-460 8377	— 7179
St. Michaels, Axbridge, Somerset	Axbridge	358	— 204
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	Tunbridge Wells	31138	— 20130
S-W Lancashire Cheshire Home, Springwood House, Springwood Ave., Liverpool L25 7UW	Garston	7345	— 5400
Spofforth Hall, Harrogate, Yorkshire HG3 1BX	Spofforth	284	— 287
Stanton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire, LE6 5RT	Melbourne (Derby)	2571	— 2387
Stonecroft House, Barnetby, Lincolnshire	Killington	344	—
*Torbay & East Devon Cheshire Home, 33 Gillard Road, Brixham, Devon			
West Surrey Cheshire Home, Clock Barn Lane, Hydon Heath, Godalming, Surrey	Hascombe	383	—
White Windows, Sowerby Bridge, Yorkshire	Halifax	31981	— 32173
Mental Rehabilitation Hostels			
Miraflores, 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon, S.W.20		01-946 5058	—
Gaywood, 30 The Down, Wimbledon, S.W.20		01-946 9493	—
Nicholas House, 3 Old Nichol Street, Bethnal Green, London, E.2		01-739 5165	— 9298
Homes for Mentally Handicapped Children			
Hawthorn Lodge, Hawthorn Road, Dorchester, Dorset	Dorchester	3403	—
Fairfield House, Lyme Regis, Dorset			
The Green, Christleton, near Chester	Chester	35503	—

Overseas Homes

Secretariat : 5 Market Mews, London, W1Y 8HP. Tel : 01-499 2267

ARGENTINA Buenos Aires. Hogares Cheshire para Lisiados, Casilla de Correo 896, Buenos Aires.

CANADA Ontario Cheshire Home Foundation (Hon. Sec : A. W. Finlay, 9 Langton Avenue, **Toronto 12**)

Toronto Cheshire Home, 11 Lowther Avenue, Toronto. (Chairman J. Dixon)

*Cheshire Home, Mississauga, **Port Credit**, Ontario. Chairman, Mrs. W. Bouch, 1491 Indian Grove Road, Port Credit, Ontario).

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Cheshire Home, **Mt. Lavinia**.

Cheshire Home, Wester Seaton Farm, **Negombo**.

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Fundacion Hogares Cheshire De La Esperanza, Casilla 3337, **Santiago**.

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Ardeen, Shillelagh, Co. Wicklow. Tel: Shillelagh 8.

Barrett Cheshire Home, 21 Herbert Street, Dublin. Tel: Dublin 62883.

Rathfredagh House, Newcastle West, Co. Limerick.

St. Laurence Cheshire Home, Nr. Dunkettle, Cork.

St. Patrick's Cheshire Home, Tullow, Co. Carlow.

ETHIOPIA Chairman: Ato Desta Girma.

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

CM

The Cheshire Clinic, P.O. Box 1383, **Asmara**.

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HOLY LAND Chairman: Mr. Judeh S. Araj.

Cheshire Home, ~~Babiskak~~ Street, P.O. Box 100, **Bethlehem, via Israel**. Administrator: Mrs. May Cutler

C

HONK KONG Chairman : Mr. K. S. Lo. p.o. 15061

Cheshire Home, Chung Hom Kok, Nr. Stanley.

INDIA Chairman: Major-General Virendra Singh. Managing Trustee: J. A. K. Martyn, O.B.E.

Office: Cheshire Homes India, 18 Nemi Road, Dehra Dun, U.P.

The Cheshire Homes in India are as follows:

Cheshire Home, Rustam Bagh Estate, H.A.L. Main Road, Domlur, **Bangalore, 17**.

Cheshire Home, opp. Buddhev Colony, Kareli Baug, **Baroda**.

Bethlehem House, Cheshire Home, Andheri, **Bombay, 69**.

Cheshire Home, **Burnpur**. P.O. Burnpur, Dt. Burdwan, W. Bengal

C

Shanti Rani House, 13 Upper Strand Road, Serampore, **Calcutta**, W. Bengal.

Cheshire Home, **Coimbatore**. (Major M. Krishnaswami, L.M. & S., Cheshire Home, Sowripalayam Road, Peelamedu, Coimbatore 4).

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

Banarsidas Chandiwalla Swasthya Sadan, Kalkaji, **New Delhi**.

C

Rustomji P. Patel Cheshire Home, Sundernager, **Jamshedpur**, Nr. Tatanager, Bihar.

L

Vishronthi Illam, **Katpadi Township** (North Arcot), Madras State.

Anbu Nilayam, **Covelong**, Chingleput Dt., Madras.

Cheshire Home, 4 Pykara Road, Pasumalai, **Madurai 17**.

Cheshire Home, **Kankanady**, **Mangalore, 1**.

*Cheshire Home, Meathmarg, **Ranchi**

Cheshire Home, Bishop's Compound, **Poona, 1**. Office address: 19 Right Flank Lines, Wanowrie.

KENYA Chairman: Air-Marshel Sir Francis Fressanges, K.B.E., C.B.

Furaha Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 6038, **Mombasa**.

Amani-Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 8552, Lenana Road, Kilimani, **Nairobi**.

MALAYSIA

Johore Cheshire Home, Jalan Larkin, **Johore**, Bahru.

Sarawak Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 1267, Ridgeway Road, **Kuching**, Sarawak.

Rumah 'Amal Cheshire, 7½ Mile Ipoh Road, Batu Caves, Selangor, Kuala Lumpur.

MAURITIUS Chairman: Mr. Frederic Robert.

Tamarin, Cheshire Home, Floreal.

MOROCCO Patron: H.E. The Princess Lalla Fatima Chairman: Mme. J. M. Cherifa d'Ouezzane.

Foyer Koutoubia, Parvis de la Koutoubia, **Marrakesh**.

Dar el Hanaa, 3 Place des Aloes, Marshan, **Tangier**.

NIGERIA Chairman: Federal Chief Justice Adetokunbo Ademola.

Oluyole Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 1425, Ibadan

Orlu Cheshire Home, Ubulu Postal Agency, Eastern Central State.

Mushin Cheshire Home, P.O. 374, 91 Agege Motor Road, Mushin, **Lagos**.

PAPUA and NEW GUINEA

Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 1306, Boroko, via **Port Moresby**.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Philippines Cheshire Home Inc., Carmel Subdivision, Project 8. Quezon City.

'Kakayahan'—Road 13, Urduja Village, Caloocan Boundary, Novaliches.

The Pangrap Sheltered Home for Disabled People Inc., 64 Maria Curia St., Quezon City.

*Four new homes in preparation.

PORTUGAL Chairman: Sr. Joao Guades de Sousa.

Lares Cheshire em Portugal, Patio de Lencastre No. 4, Lisbon, 2.

SIERRA LEONE Chairman: The Hon. Banja Tejan Sie.

Sir Milton Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 128, **Bo**.

Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 916, **Freetown**.

SINGAPORE Chairman: The Hon. Mr. Justice Tan Ah Tah.

Singapore Cheshire Home, Singapore Council of Social Service Building, Room E-2, 2nd Floor, 11 Penang Lane, Singapore 9.

SOUTH AFRICA Chairman: The Hon. E. F. Van der Riet, B.A., D.F.C.

Chatsworth Cheshire Home, 74 Road 217, Chatsworth, Durban, Natal.

Queensburgh Cheshire Home, 890 Main Road, Moseley, Natal.

Office: Cheshire Homes, Natal, P.O. Box 3827, Durban, Natal, S.A.

Fairhaven Cheshire Home, 1 Baden Powell Drive, **Muizenberg**, Cape Province, South Africa.

Office: Cheshire Homes, Cape of Good Hope, P.O. Box 808, Cape Town.

*Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 848, **Port Elizabeth**, Eastern Province.

SPAIN Chairman: Dr. M. Supervia Ramiz.

Hogar de la Amistad, Las Planas, **Barcelona**, Spain.

Hogar de la Amistad de Masnou, Avda de Navarra 68, 40 4a, Masnou, Barcelona.

THAILAND

Rangsit Home: 25 Chitlom Lane, Ploenchit, Bangkok 5.

Siri-Wattana Cheshire Home, Bangping, c/o Khunyung Thavil Prakob Nitisar 65 soi 19 Sukhumvir Road, Bangkok.

Soi Thongpoon U-thid, Phaholyothin Road, Rangsit/Changwad Pathumthani, **Bangkok**.

UGANDA

Cheshire Home for Paraplegics and Infirm, P.O. Box 6890, **Kampala**.

*Cheshire Home, **Tororo**. (Alan Walker, Esq., P.O. Box 223, Tororo).

Baluba Cheshire Home, P.O. Box 151, Iganga, Busoga.

Cheshire Home, **Saroti**.

USA

***Madison**, New Jersey. Chairman: Rev. Prof. D. Graybael, Drew University.

WEST INDIES

*Cheshire Home, **Georgetown**. (Mr. John Fernandez, P.O. Box No. 94, 24 Walker St., Georgetown, Guyana).

The Thelma Vaughan Memorial Home, St. George's, Barbados.

*Cheshire Home, **Jamaica**. (Felix Fox, O.B.E., P.O. Box 271, Kingston).

Cheshire Home, St. Andrews Gardens, San Fernando, **Trinidad and Tobago**.

*Homes in preparation. **C** For crippled children. **CM** For mental-retarded children. **L** For burn-out leprosy cases suffering from consequent disabilities. Overseas Homes are generally known by the names shown in bold letters.

2 Sue Ryder Foundation

Registered in the U.K. as a Charity

Sue Ryder Homes, Cavendish, Suffolk.

Tel: Glemsford 252.

Founder: Sue Ryder, O.B.E.

Hon. Advisers: Sir Eric Berthoud,
K.C.M.G., M.A./Mr. K. Johnstone,
C.M.G./Sir George Clutton, K.C.M.G./
Mr. J. Priest, J.P.

Hon. Medical Advisers: Dr. Grace
Griffiths, M.B.

Dr. W. T. Tillman, M.D., M.R.C.P.

Dr. M. Ryder, M.B.

General Treasurer: Mr. B. Morris,
F.Comm.A.

Secretaries: Miss C. Brooks/Miss S.
Jollands/Miss C. Curran/
Miss H. Payre.

Completely undenominational, and relying on voluntary contributions, the Foundation was started by Sue Ryder to bring relief to survivors who, as a result of Nazi persecution, particularly in homeless or in some kind of need. It seeks above all to render personal service and affection to the survivors as a

small token of remembrance, not only to the living, but to the millions who died. Thus, the work is a living memorial. The Foundation is not restricted to helping only survivors, but is devoted to the relief of suffering on a wide scale.

Sue Ryder Homes for Concentration Camp Victims

Stagenhoe Park, Nr. Hitchin, a permanent Home for 30 survivors.

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

Chairman: Mr. G. Bostock.

Housemother: Miss Mollie Trim.

St. Christopher Settlement,

Grossburgwedel, Hanover.

Chairman: Frau Dr. Flügge.

Eight homes and several flats.

St. Christopher Kreis,

Berlinerstrasse, Frankfurt a.M.

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

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Poland

In co-operation with Director J. Sieklucki,

Office for Co-operation with Foreign Countries, Ministry of Health and Social Welfare, ul. Miodowa 15, Warsaw. Twenty-five Homes.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Yugoslavia

In conjunction with Mrs. F. Defranceski, Secretariat of Health and Social Welfare. Twenty-three Homes.

Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Greece

Individual case work.

Homes for the Sick and Disabled in Israel

Chairman: Dr. Kurtz.

Home to be established.

France

Le Plan due Castellet, near Toulon, Home for children.

3 Missionaries of Charity

Mother Teresa was born in Albania in 1910. In 1928 she came to Calcutta to join the Loretto teaching order. Here she remained for 20 years until the call came to devote her life to the poor and destitute. So with the permission of the

Church she founded a new congregation, the Missionaries of Charity, dedicated to the service of the poorest and most abandoned. Today her Order, which numbers 470 Sisters and 90 Brothers, runs 24 Homes in India, mostly for the

dying, many schools, and has now spread to Ceylon, Tanzania, Italy, Australia and Venezuela. Enquiries to Mother Teresa Committee (U.K.), c/o 2 Silvermere, Byfleet Road, Cobham, Surrey.

4 The Order of Charity

Registered in accordance with the Charities Act 1960
50 Fitzroy Street,
London, W.1.

President: The Lady Diana Cooper

Hon. Medical Consultant:

Dr. Stanley Browne, O.B.E., M.D.,
F.R.C.P., F.R.C.S., D.T.M.

Vice-Presidents include:

The Earl of Longford, Archbishop
Roberts, Bishop Trevor Huddleston,
Sue Ryder, O.B.E. and Group-Captain
Leonard Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.

The Order of Charity is a non-denominational and voluntary society working to bring medical aid to leprosy sufferers in all countries. It originated in France under the inspiration of Raoul Follereau and was established in England in 1949 by Major W. Angus-Jones, O.B.E.

In spite of modern advances in the treatment of leprosy—drugs that are effective in all kinds of leprosy have been available for about twenty years—only one patient out of every five has any chance of receiving any treatment at all for his

disease. The Order gives regular help to a number of leprosy projects in different countries and aims to make the facts about leprosy more widely known. It was a founder member of the United Leprosy Aid Committee (U.K.) and of the European Committee of Anti-Leprosy Organisations (ELEP).

Enquiries to the Secretary, 50 Fitzroy Street, London, W.1.

Small Advertisements

Has anyone in the Homes something to sell? Or have you any needs you wish to make known? Why not use this section?

Note to Advertisers. All enquiries, and matters regarding advertising in *Cheshire Smile* to be sent to: The Secretary, *Cheshire Smile*, Greenacres, 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

An Ideal Gift

Do you know you can make a gift of a year's subscription to the **CHESHIRE SMILE** to your friends or relations?

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Hand made goods of various kinds are available, or can be ordered, at most of the Homes. Why not visit your nearest Home, and see if there is anything you would like?

The Cheshire Homes need volunteers for organising fund-raising events, for undertaking transport runs, for working in the Homes in their spare time—anyone who feels drawn to this kind of work.

Do you collect Green Shield Stamps? If not, the following Homes could make

good use of them—Heatherley, Le Court, Athol House, Llanhennock, Greenacres and Mote House.

Spare parts for electric indoor wheel-chairs wanted by London Cheshire Home (Athol House), and Le Court.

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If you would like to receive the 'Cheshire Smile' regularly, please fill in your name and address and post this form, with a remittance for 10s. or 50p to the Treasurer, The 'Cheshire Smile', Greenacres, 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield, Warwicks.

(N.B.—Receipts are sent only on request.)

Mr./Mrs./Miss

(block capitals)

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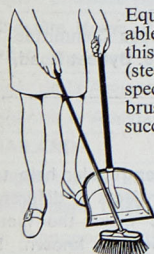
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BATTENHURST DEVELOPMENTS
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Tel: Sandhurst 300

New Bus for Cotswold Home

1. It was a happy occasion when the Cheltenham Rotary Club handed over a wheelchair-bus donated by them to the Cotswold Home. On the right of the picture is Mr. J. Threadingham (also in a wheelchair), the President, and a former Chairman of our Management Committee. He was responsible for putting into motion the coach project, and this was

his last official act as President of the Rotary Club to present it. Standing on his right is Sir George Dowty (deputising in the unavoidable absence of our Patron, Lady Dowty), who accepted the new conveyance with much gratitude on our behalf. By his side is Mr. T. Smallwood, the present Chairman of the Management Committee, and, standing among the residents, Matron M. Doherty.



1

2. In pensive mood, when Group-Captain Cheshire recently called at the Cotswold Home. (Photographs by Cheltenham Newspaper Co. Ltd.)

