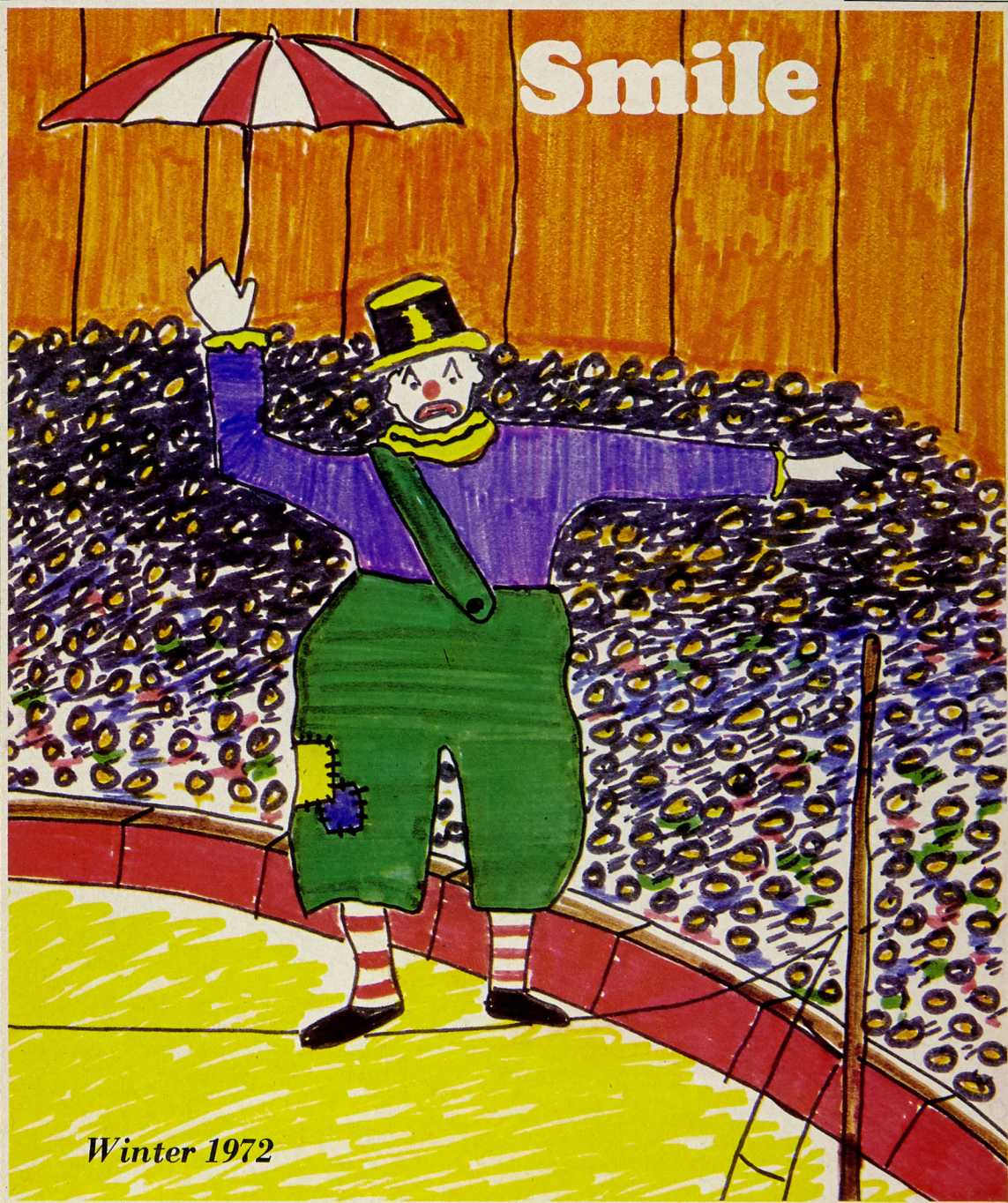


Cheshire

Smile



Winter 1972

The Chairman's Page

As I write this page in October Group Capt. Cheshire is in New Delhi for the Eastern Regional Cheshire Homes Conference. Seventeen years ago he went to India in answer to a pleading letter and started the first home abroad in a hut outside Bombay. There are now 19 Homes in India and as many in the countries represented at the Conference. We look forward to hearing about their discussions.

At Home it has been a busy summer for opening new Homes, extensions, and starting on building ventures to improve accommodation.

Douglas House, Brixham, Devon opened on 13th July.

Roelcliffe Manor, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough, Leicester opened on 9th October, 1972.

Fairfield House, Lyme Regis, Dorset will start this month with some children from Hawthorn Lodge.

Building commenced at the *John Masfield Cheshire Home, Burcot, near Abingdon, Berks* in August and should be completed by Christmas. *Appley Cliff at Shanklin, Isle of Wight* will be ready to take their first residents in November.

Sir Keith Joseph opened the extension and Day-care Centre at Seven Springs in September and reiterated in his opening talk the gaps in the social services that the Voluntary Organisations can help to meet. The Trustees had



A Foundation Feature by our Chairman, Lord Justice Edmund Davies.

a report on one such gap – the after-care of ex-psychiatric hospital patients in the Cheshire Homes hostels in London – and they are considering whether this work could be extended to other parts of the country. In this connection, I quote an extract from 'A return to living – for the mentally disabled' by Rt Hon David Ennals of the National Association for Mental Health:

'Too often disablement is thought of in purely physical terms: yet a man or a woman who has spent many years in a mental hospital may be as much "disabled" as one who is crippled with arthritis or has lost a limb. Many of them will always be disabled – especially the mentally handicapped or the schizophrenic. Yet many who have been forgotten in the back wards of psychiatric hospitals, written off as too institutionalised to live a free life again in the community, can be fully rehabilitated.

'There is Phyllis who is now 74. From the age of thirty until she has passed her seventy-first birthday she had lived, without a break, as an inpatient of a big mental hospital in the South of England. Two and a half years ago she had the opportunity of moving into a small group home run by the local mental health association. With three other ex-patients they live a family life, doing their own shopping, cooking and planning their daily programme. This new-found freedom has worked miracles for Phyllis. She has regained her human dignity as part of the local community. She saved enough to go on holiday by herself last summer and early this year decided she had the time and energy to take up voluntary social work – visiting lonely people in the area where she lives. From cabbage to sun-flower!

'There is another family group in one of our small homes in East Anglia. These four ladies, between them spent 125 years as mental hospital inpatients before their opportunity for freedom came. Now they are a happy, integrated group. They do a good deal of knitting – and their social life centres around the church just around the corner. They are very popular with the neighbours and often do baby-sitting for the young couples in the street. Another miracle'.

This opens up another vista of help, and is a further illustration of the need to be alert to new ways in which we can save those who might be overlooked for lack of a little imaginative sympathy by those who are so much more fortunate.

We wish everyone a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year – despite V.A.T.!

Edmund Davies

Cheshire Smile

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

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Deadline for Next Issue 29th JANUARY, 1973

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Cover Photo: 'Clown' by child artist Debby Pyburn,
National Children's Home Calendar 1972.

'Willy and Margaret', the spastic couple recently featured in the film 'Like Other People' being wheeled to a specially designed flat offered to them by Mr Malcolm Doney, Chairman of the Inskip Housing Ass., at Poole which made their marriage possible. (Photo: Spastics News.)



VIEWPOINT

'A Right to Love?'

A report under this title was recently compiled by Ann Shearer for the Spastics Society on 'public and professional attitudes towards the sexual and emotional needs of handicapped people'. Observe the question-mark: Miss Shearer was either in doubt whether 'to love' was a right, or (more likely) reflecting the ambivalent views of the non-handicapped, as she had found them.

My dictionary defines love as 'fondness; an affection of the mind caused by that which delights; strong liking; devoted attachment to one of the opposite sex; sexual attachment . . .'. Notice that 'sexual' is not the primary meaning of the word, nor even the second or third meaning. But nowadays 'sex' is in high fashion, and its significance in every situation much debated. So it's not surprising that sex-in-disability has its turn.

On the one hand we hear from the section who protest that we disabled are like everyone else, and we musn't miss out on this with or without a little help from our friends. On the other hand there are shocked decriers, mostly able-bodied and including some residential staff, who say 'they're too bound up with themselves to bother about relationships with other people' or who expect the handicapped to sit quietly, thinking beautiful thoughts.

All such attitudes are too narrowly conceived. What disabled people in 'homes' need first of all is an environment where it is possible to form relationships in relaxed and friendly atmosphere. Miss Shearer quotes: 'The vast majority of institutions for disabled people are so constructed as to make a close personal relationship with another resident extremely difficult . . . Personal relationships remain undeveloped, or, if developed, have a slightly coarse and comic quality about them'.

Partly that is a matter of space; a lack of privacy. But even having single rooms big enough for visitors will not solve the problem if staff walk in without knocking and treat friendships with either sex as a bit of a joke.

We published a poem eight years ago by the poet Roye McCoye, then a resident at Greathouse. (Eventually Roye did get married, and settled in Oldham.)



Looking for a Home

'My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than Empires and more slow'.

Andrew Marvell

Looking for a home to grow our love in,
room for our two wheelchairs
and a talkative green budgie, Ben —
'Where's Roye?' he calls. 'Kiss Joyce!'
We smile and I do as he tells me,
because we love each other. Hope for peace.
But it isn't so easy,
It's this way: no home, no room,
then no marriage. Only the uncertainty,
no warm affirmation, no calm surety.
And how do you tend your love,
bring it to full, thriving beauty,
if you haven't a home, a marriage,
a kind of unity perhaps, where it can grow?

Several Cheshire Homes are now making provision for married couples. There are many ways of doing this, for example, bungalows in the grounds, flatlets or double rooms. But even more than the bricks and mortar we need a change from the 'child in care' attitude, however kindly it is meant, to one which regards residents as adults, with an adult's rights — and obligations.

Not all of us can find our soul-mate, marry or have sexual relationships. Nor can all able-bodied people, however much they would like to. They have their frustrations too. But we can all love, in one of its many forms, and to do this we have not only the right but the necessity. Christmas, I think, is a good time for remembering such things.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

From Paul Hunt, London N8.

Priorities of Change

During 17 years of living in various institutions for the disabled, and in the 2 years since I left, certain questions have nagged insistently at me. What can be done to improve residential homes, centres and hospital units for the physically handicapped? What alternative forms of care might be devised which would prove more satisfactory? What changes in society are required if severe disability is either to be eradicated or to become no bar to full social participation?

In discussion recently a friend suggested that what was urgently needed was to have the views of people who are themselves in institutional care. Their ideas on the situation are more important than anyone else's, but are often the least taken account of by administrators, planners and politicians. If disabled people living in institutions were able to work together to work out proposals for change, they could obtain national publicity and a say whenever their future was being discussed.

I should be very glad to hear from people who are interested in this proposal, and have it in mind to put them in touch with each other. Hopefully, this would lead to formation of a group, the recruitment of more members and eventually the holding of a national conference on policies, priorities and methods of achieving change.

From Cheshire Home Resident.

Let us Live more Dangerously!

In the Summer issue of *Cheshire Smile*, it was pleasing to find that many of the thoughts and ideas expressed were so parallel to mine, although rather revolutionary.

'Viewpoint' particularly seemed to echo my own thoughts, especially in the view that residents should be able to use the homes as a 'jumping-off place', rather than a place in which to retire. Many of us do not want to retire from the world, but need more opportunities to take place in outside activities such as evening classes at nearby towns, or watching sports events on the spot instead of on television (though that is much

better than nothing!) But it cannot hope to replace the stimulus of outside contacts.

Even 'inside' there is in my experience little communication between 'they' and 'we' – the staff and residents, the committee and residents, the committee and staff . . . How often, for instance, are suggestions for planned building extensions asked or welcomed from the people who will have to live and work in them?

We should love to live fuller and more satisfying lives, and younger staff, fired with good-natured enthusiasm, should not be discouraged from organising more ambitious activities and outings.

It seems that the only answer is, as expressed by 'Viewpoint', to get rid of the semi-hospital idea. Why not social welfare officers, in charge of administration, with trained nurses concentrating on the purely medical side? A senior Sister could be in charge of that and known as Mrs – or Miss –. Nursing care requires a quite different talent from that of office routine and social organising.

Yes, *do* let us live dangerously! Let us go out into the wind and rain, pop into pubs, join evening classes. Don't confine us to the monotony of a hermitage, be it never so comfortable!

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AS I SEE IT . . .

by Paul Hunt

Louis Battye's recent proposal for widening the basis of Cheshire Homes Management Committee membership is welcome. But I confess to some doubts about his idea of inviting representation from organisations such as youth groups and trade unions. It seems to me that anyone who is going to be asked to make decisions about other people's lives should first have given some proof that he or she is genuinely interested, and not just seeking the prestige attached to committee membership. But I also believe that where there *are* managing bodies, their members should be acceptable to the people whose lives they govern. I suggest therefore that all permanent disabled residents should have the right to nominate and elect the outside Management Committee members of their Home.

For many years it has seemed obvious to me that we must aim at a situation in which disabled people are in a position to choose whether or not to live in a community. They should be able to decide the size of any group they *do* live in, and of course ought to have full control over the group's affairs. Ordinary adults in our society take these things for granted in family life, for instance. There seems no reason why things should be arranged differently just because people are physically handicapped. So I regard it as extraordinary that most Management Committees of residential Homes are appointed without any reference at all to the permanent inhabitants, and residents themselves are usually barred from any formal say in management and administration. It seems to me an essential step forward to have some elected representatives of residents as full voting members of the Management Committee. It also appears desirable that all residents and staff should be entitled to attend Management meetings to express their views on the matters in hand. And this kind of arrangement should lead on to a situation where an increasing number of major decisions are made by the community as a whole.

It would be wrong to set any artificial limit on how far this process of community responsibility could go. My own view, as I have indicated, is that large residential institutions for the disabled need replacing by financial and social arrangements which would make this a purely academic question. The fact remains, however, that because of the present size of most Cheshire Homes, and the way they are financed, it is necessary, for the moment at least, to have a majority of 'outside' members on Management Committees. The normal arrangement has always been that new members are simply invited on by the existing Committee,

which has itself originally been constituted before residents were admitted to the Home.

The Trustees have formal power to refuse to sanction, or to terminate, the appointment of each Committee member. But, except where informal consultation takes place, residents themselves have no say at all in who their rulers are to be.

The merits or de-merits of existing Management Committee members are not in question here. Even if democratic elections were held tomorrow in each Home, and every single member of every Management Committee was re-elected by residents in a secret ballot, it would not affect the principle of my suggestion. When people *have* to some extent to be ruled by others, is it not desirable that they should at least be able to choose who their governors will be, and to replace them at intervals if they prove unsatisfactory? And what member of any Management Committee would want to continue in office against the wishes of a majority of residents?

I can think of a dozen supporting arguments in favour of trying 'representative democracy' in the Homes. The details could be worked out, safeguards written in, a variety of experiments tried — perhaps initially limiting 'elected' places to a minority for instance. What I *can't* think of is an argument against the proposal which doesn't in the end boil down to one of the old, old objections to democracy. And they can be answered in the old, old way by asking: Can you devise a better system?

How about some reactions from readers?
Is there a devil's advocate in the house?

Restoring Speech Skills

by Peggy Dalton

One of the aims of the Cheshire homes is to encourage residents to 'take part as they can in the day-to-day running of the home and to develop their remaining talents'. The over-riding aim of Speech Therapy is to develop or restore speech and language skills to a level which allows the fullest possible participation in social life and the fullest possible growth of individual interests and abilities. Where disabled people suffer both physical handicap and disturbance of speech or understanding of language the obstacles to real communication with others are doubly great.

Much of the speech therapist's work is with people who have other disabilities besides those directly related to speech. Many children need as much training in the use of speech muscles as in those for walking. A child born with a right hemiplegia may fail to understand the speech of others or have difficulty in producing even the simplest words. An adult who through an accident or 'stroke' loses the use of limbs may also find himself unable to speak clearly or even be reduced to a few sounds and gestures. The loss of mobility caused by some progressive diseases may also affect the muscles of the larynx, palate, lips and tongue. There is always the danger that disabled people's intelligence may be under-rated and this is far greater where there is a speech difficulty. Also, the capacity to develop talents and interests can be much reduced where there is a hindrance to the exchange of ideas through language.

Most of us take for granted the ability to understand what is said to us and don't value enough our facility with speech and writing. Only when a child is born with some disorder which prevents his learning these activities do we realise the large part they play in our lives. The loss of speech and language skills can cut people off from some of their greatest pleasures, as well as undermining confidence and increasing dependence on others.

What then is a speech therapist trained to do which cannot be done by those caring for people in the homes? We know that often communication can be established for people with no speech at all with the help of POSSUM and other equipment, together with the receptivity and support of friends. The speech therapist can't perform miracles, and can do little without the co-operation of these same friends. Her training, however, in all the physical and psychological aspects of speech and language, together with her experience of developing articulate and meaningful sounds from the poorest movement or rehabilitating language processes from disturbances of verbal recognition or memory, does enable her to work through the stages of growth or recovery in a steadily progressive way. She will be able to judge the timing of the next step, the extent of possible progress and where alternative means of communication will be needed to supplement speech.

Some examples will perhaps help. A ten-year-old athetoid child with a great desire to communicate was producing completely unintelligible, random sounds in her efforts, just as she produced involuntary movements when she tried to reach out or walk. First, it was necessary to gauge at what level the child would be communicating in terms of language. A careful assessment of understanding as well as potential mobility was essential. Then, just as in physiotherapy, she was

taught to inhibit the involuntary movements producing the jumble of sounds and gradually express what she had to say in more controlled attempts. This was long and hard work, but her satisfaction at being understood was tremendous. And at the same time, an immense amount of work was done on building up her language through stories, pictures and as much experience of things as she could manage.

A woman in her forties had had multiple sclerosis for several years; one of the most distressing features of which was the deterioration of speech through weakness of voice and slurred articulation. Her family had the greatest difficulty in understanding her and she was becoming more and more withdrawn and silent. But with a carefully planned programme of work aimed at improving her breathing, strengthening and conserving her voice and slowing down and sharpening her articulation, she was able to reach a level of easily understood speech. She had been interested in poetry in the past and we used some of her favourites to work on, as well as material related to every day matters of the home and family, news items and telephoning – which she had given up altogether. She was thus able, despite considerable physical handicap, to take a far more active part in life for some years.

A language teacher, suffering from a head injury due to a motor accident, was severely handicapped in walking and had difficulty not only in speaking, but in understanding when others spoke to him. The programme of rehabilitation was again slow and arduous, but he gradually regained some of his ability to converse and after a while, though unable to teach, could read again and take up many of his old interests. He began, with help, to correspond with people with whom he had lost touch and, also with assistance, wrote a moving but very objective account of his adjustment to a necessarily different but scarcely less active life.

These are just a few examples of where a speech therapist can help a disabled person to make the best possible use of the speech and language available to him. Just as managing to cope with physical handicap can restore confidence and independence, so coming to terms with speech and language problems can avert the dangers of depression and withdrawal from life. It is not just a question of being able to ask clearly for basic needs, though this is important. Though it may take much time and patience, it is possible for those with the minimum assets to build up real communication and exchange of ideas. Old interests can be maintained, perhaps in a modified form and new interests discovered. But above all, the vital links between them and other people, mostly formed by words, can be maintained and enriched.

Holiday Extraordinary

by Cindy Scott

I would like to tell you about my wonderful holiday which would not have been possible without the very hard work of Mrs Coulson and Major Kenyon of the H.O. Training Centre, St. Omer Barracks, A.C.C. Aldershot. I was last there in 1957 as a W.R.A.C. Cook.

It all started on 14th July at 5 p.m. when an Army minibus arrived with three W.O.'s and two privates. They escorted me to the airport at Glasgow for my flight to Lyneham in an R.A.F. Support Comet. When we reached Lyneham, the crew presented me with a bottle of champagne. With great care I was transported to meet my two pen friends and once again I had a wonderful escort of two Officers, a L.Cpl., two Privates and the Driver. Then I was taken to Ward 4, Officers' Wing of the Cambridge Military Hospital where I was looked after with much kindness.

Saturday came and I was taken out to visit the Birdworld, Holt Pond, Nr. Farnham. Again a super escort! This time it consisted of two Army Apprentices and L.Cpl. A.C.C. and driver. We all had a very good afternoon out and the weather was perfect, warm and sunny.

On Sunday morning, my three escorts and driver came for me for a family day with the Eckett family who live locally, returning to CMH at 6 p.m. for supper, T.V. and bed.

On Monday my faithful escorts arrived and drove me to the Army Apprentices College, where I had morning coffee and was taken on a conducted tour around the training kitchens to see the apprentices at work. At noon I had lunch with the apprentices. Then I was invited to see St. Omer greenhouses where I was presented with a super pot plant, afterwards back to the guardroom to say thank you to my hosts and to be given a plaque from the College and have photos taken. At 3 p.m. we all went out to meet my penfriend Mary Truby of the Greyhound Inn, Ash. It was such a beautiful day that we went for a drive over the Ash Ranges, through Farnborough, Fleet and Aldershot, returning to CMH at 5 p.m.

On Tuesday, with escorts, A.A.C. C.O., wife and son we visited Le Court Cheshire Home. The men watched T.V. while we girls were shown around the house and joined our companions later for afternoon tea in the library.

On Wednesday I was taken for my second visit to the Army School of Catering and from there to see the young W.R.A.C. Cooks at work. At 11 a.m. my senior escorts left me and the R.S.M. took me to Bisley Camp to meet the A.C.C. Rifle Team and then to the edge of the Rifle Range.

Cindy inspects the pies at Aldershot!



Then back to St. Omer for lunch at the Depot and Training Battalion where we were met by two L.Cpl. Officer Cadets. Later we visited the Cpls. Club for a large sherry. My next visit was to the 10th Co. W.R.A.C. where we were greeted by their young Captain and R.S.M. They took all of us for a tour of the ground floor and finished up at the O.R.'s kitchen. The Staff/Sgt showed us all around her kitchen. At 7 p.m. my escorts drove me to St. Omer Sgts. Mess where I was carried up two flights of carpeted stairs and spent a splendid social evening. Before I left I was presented with 40 cigarettes and an inscribed lighter 'To Cindy from all the members of the Sgts. Mess 19.7.72'. At 9.15 I waved 'goodbye' to my hosts.

At 7.15 a.m. on Thursday I was taken with my cases and bag of gifts to the minibus where the driver and Mrs Joan Coulson were waiting to take me back to Lyneham. When we arrived Major Kenyon and Captain Lloyd were waiting to take me into the reception room for coffee and photos. My plane was delayed for a few hours because of heavy mist on the runway and we arrived at Turnhouse Airport, Edinburgh at five minutes past two. Once again the faithful escorts turned up and it was back to Mayfield House by minibus just in time for a welcome cuppa. I would like to thank very sincerely all those who helped to arrange my wonderful holiday.



Brass Rubbing from Felbrigg Church, Norfolk, 1416.

Neglected History

by Harold Morel

Life in a Cheshire Home, of course, is utterly different to that outside, and I have now found myself being able to enjoy many leisure-time pursuits which I had previously put on one side as being too time-consuming. Brass-rubbing was certainly one of these. There are some forty-odd lovely little churches in Somerset which have managed to preserve their brasses, and thanks to my three-wheeled car, I have been round to them all.

The least recognised of all the records of the history of medieval England are the engraved memorial brasses still to be seen in many of our abbeys, churches and cathedrals.

What a great pity they tend to be put on one side and neglected by the visitor, because they are generally so very easily accessible. Even if they are not readily in view, an explanatory leaflet about the history of the church, features to look out for, etc. (generally to be found on a table just inside the door at the west end) will tell you *exactly* where to look . . . under which piece of carpet, maybe, or in which pew! The vast

majority of incumbents are very proud that their church has preserved these very 'different' aspects of history. Brasses are quite likely to be found in any *really* old church — that is, one which dates back four hundred years or so.

Up to the middle of the twelfth-century it was not unusual to see a large stone slab *inside* a church commemorating the death of someone (or even an entire family) buried *outside*. These slabs were placed in a prominent position on the floor where they could be seen and read by everyone. But their very prominence meant that they were sure to be walked on, and after a few years stood a good chance of being partly worn away.

But, at the turn of that same century, a refinement was brought to England from the Low Countries. Strips of brass lettering were added to the slabs, and what had previously been rather uninteresting took on a new lease of life with these touches of beauty. The popularity of these more sophisticated memorials grew rapidly, particularly when the engravers in this country realised that they had a new and much smoother surface to work on, one which enabled them to achieve more elaborate work. After only a few years full length figures appeared, completely replacing the old stone slabs. A large sheet of engraved brass was fitted into an indent carved in the slab, and it was held in position with pitch and brass rivets.

These brasses have always been extremely vulnerable, of course, and over the centuries have had to survive many historical 'hazards' . . . the Dissolution of the Monasteries; all the religious upheavals of the sixteenth-century Reformation; the Great Plague (which reduced the demand by as much as fifty per cent in some parts of the country); the Great Fire of London which followed a year later in 1666 . . . and we must not forget the bombing raids of the Second World War which also accounted for a good many! Parish records tell us there were over 10,000 incised slabs and brasses in this country up to the end of the seventeenth-century, but only eight per cent exist today.

Accurate likenesses, were seldom attempted. In fact, the mustachioed Sir Roger in one church may well have borne a remarkable similarity to the mustachioed wool merchant commemorated in the next village! But that, however, is of little importance to the historian; the brasses present him with an absolutely accurate pictorial history of the development of armour from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries; records of the costumes worn by the clergy, the lords of the manor, merchants, tradesmen and ordinary civilians, and, not least important, details of the ever-changing hair-styles of the ladies of fashion . . . a very valuable commentary on the every-day life of medieval England.

Keeping an Aquarium

by David Robbins

When people ask me what my hobby is, I reply 'Aquarium keeping!' to which comes an almost endless series of replies varying from 'Oh really?' to 'You don't do you?' which for some reason gives me the impression that just because I am confined to a wheelchair I should not be able to manage it!

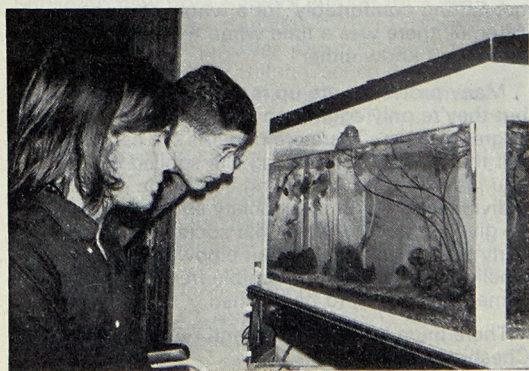
Anyway, believe me, I can manage to prove it. I have three fully stocked tanks containing quite a varied selection, from common Guppies right up to the more specialised sorts of fish, mainly Cichlids of one description or another who can be a bit troublesome at times, but in the normal running of things are by far the most intelligent of fish.

I have been keeping fish for 4 years now and I have found it to be a very interesting and pleasant hobby suitable for people confined to a wheelchair. My tanks are heated at a temperature of 22°C and fitted with undergravel filters which keep the clarity of the water at a very high standard.

As for breeding, so far I have succeeded in breeding Guppies, Swordtails and Convicts.

All in all, keeping an aquarium is a reasonably cheap hobby. To run my tanks costs about 40p a week. If anyone would like to know any more my address is — Greathouse,
Kington Langley,
Nr. Chippenham, Wilts.

David left shows Eric Proffitt (a French visitor from Nantes) his aquarium in his room (Photo: Reg Coates).



Three Needle Knitting

A satisfactory method of knitting even with the loss of one arm and four fingers. People who suffer from physical or mental handicaps which makes knitting difficult or impossible can now knit using a simple system and frame.

SETTING UP — The two work needles are secured in the clamp at an angle with the tips about $\frac{1}{2}$ " apart and the grooves facing inwards. The wool is threaded through the large eye of the third needle and then through the point eye. The clamp normally rests on the knees and one hand lies behind the tips to guide stitches to and from the tips.

CASTING ON — Loop wool around finger. Insert third needle into loop. Place loop of new wool formed at tip of third needle over the other work needle. Withdraw and pull tight.

PLAIN STITCH — Insert third needle into groove behind last stitch. Push along groove, well into stitch and carry stitch off. Place loop of new wool over second work needle. Repeat.

PURL STITCH — On withdrawing third needle carry new wool through the gap in the tips around the back of the next stitch and knit as for plain.

CASTING OFF — Insert third needle into last TWO stitches. Carry off and place loop on same needle. Repeat.

At the end of a row just knit straight back without reversal.

Model with size 8 needles complete £1.50
Larger model using rug wool suitable for very handicapped £2.25
Stainless steel needles £1 per pair extra.

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Sparkle Ahoy!

by June Rose

(Reprinted from SOCIAL SERVICES)

Sparkle has been in commission since June 1970. Wide decks for wheelchairs, a toilet especially designed to accommodate a wheelchair and an attendant, guide-rails at a convenient height as well as marine equipment made easier for the disabled all make it possible for the handicapped to act as effective crew or just enjoy life on the ocean in a small boat.

To date, 6,000 disabled of all kinds, including a party of spina bifida children, thalidomide

children (one little boy proudly took the helm with his feet) and a ward of mentally handicapped people have enjoyed exhilarating trips on board. The age limit is from nine to ninety (*Sparkle* did have a 98-year-old wheelchair sailor out for the day!) In August they took a party of blind pensioners from Chichester, many with additional ailments, out to sea. Despite minor mishaps, a choppy sea, two members of the party sea-sick and one elderly blind lady who briefly missed her footing and got wet; the verdict of all of them was 'when can we come again?'

Fishing is the most popular pastime for all handicapped. But ideally skipper John Turnbull finds that it is the younger disabled who get the most from a day at sea. *Sparkle* can carry between 10 and 15 disabled and up to 8 or 10 wheelchairs comfortably. But the skipper finds that it's the able-bodied passengers who get in the way, damage ship's equipment or even tread on the ship's dog 'Bosun!' Very often when associations for the disabled send out parties, more than one-third of them are able-bodied people. 'We prefer to take a larger proportion of disabled.' That is the reason for *Sparkle's* existence. Next year we will try to get the proportion right. A party of disabled ideally needs three competent able-bodied people.'

Sparkle was built through the efforts of a number of well-known sportsmen; Alec Bedser, Bobby Moore, Graham Hill and a host of other celebrities and lesser known athletes. Their Committee SPARKS (Sportsmen Pledged to Aid Research into Crippling) works closely with the National Fund for Research into Crippling.

The running costs of the boat are about £37 a day, and although no charge is made for the outing, donations are invited from those able to pay.

Sparkle will be moored in Poole Harbour until the spring. The official sailing dates are from May to the end of September, but Skipper John Turnbull and his wife Doreen take her out on fine days during the winter. 'We've even had disabled aboard when there has been ice on the deck and they've thoroughly enjoyed it', he said.

Bookings for *Sparkle* can be made through the Central Council for the Disabled, 34 Eccleston Square, SW1. Tel. 01-834 0747.

GROW UP!

by Rosemary Shevlin

It's wonderful to have our own magazine to voice our opinions. We feel a warm glow of satisfaction when anyone has had the nerve to put our private grouse in print – but you can get too

much of a good thing; we tend to emphasise the stereotyped complaining invalid we ourselves have such an objection to. Of course, every trade magazine is looked on as a forum for demanding its own 'rights', but let *us* step out of it. *We* don't want to be one-of-the-many, do we?

We, call us invalids, the handicapped, Residents, Patients or what-have-you are extra sensitive to our need for human respect. The way to get it is to earn it! Human nature being as it is, we have lots of petty hurts to add to our pains, but we also have time to think. Surely we are not going to let Cheshire Smile show that we waste that time making mountains out of molehills – and there's no one knows the cause of that construction job better than myself. You have to rise above it for your own peace of mind and be sorry for the bad-tempered girl who throws your paralysed limbs around like brushwood, and sorrier still for the unsuspecting man she will marry. It's so easy to be nice for a few hours in the week, but if you want to know me, come and live with me!

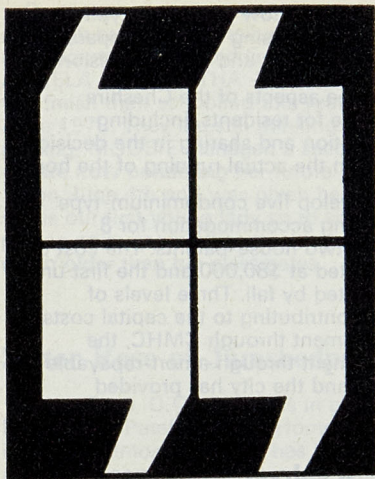
Doesn't the time that is wasted by too speedy attendants amuse you? The shoe that gets the careless lacing will later cause a fall, perhaps medical treatment, and then have to be tied properly! – Some time-saver, but sure we're all illogical.

Come to think of it, we're no angels either! Every person has to put up with inconveniences and if we have more than a normal share, we also have compensations. No group has so many well-wishers, ready to lay time, money and patience at its feet – and if an odd one puts his foot in it, there's many a factory-hand who has a lot more to put up with, and we're not a bit grateful! Oh, but we are, you protest! Then say so! How are people to guess at the beautiful thoughts in your mind?

Many of us can appear over-fussy about our comfort, but it is asking a lot to expect an able-bodied person to understand that a hair's breadth of a move can make all the difference to our 'sitting comfortably' for a whole afternoon. After all, there was a time when the all-knowing you didn't know either!

Many protesters are up in arms for *our* 'rights', but they're only egging on our natural aggressiveness. There are benefits we can aim at, but there's no use behaving like spoiled children; you just can't get everything you want. The individual has to fit into society and there must be give and take to keep that society working fairly smoothly. If every man elbows into the limelight demanding impossible freedom, someone is going to be crushed.

There must be *some* rules and rulers – even in Cheshireland!



Around the Homes

Opening of the First Cheshire Home in North America

*(reproduced from Raphael, Newsletter of
Australian Association of Ryder-Cheshire
Foundation).*

On June 17th, 52 former members of 617 Squadron flew from Gatwick Airport for a week's re-union in Toronto, Canada. Thirty of us were accompanied by our wives. Our party included Air-Chief Marshall Sir Ralph Cockrane who directed the Dams raid, Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, and Group Captain Willi Tait.

The re-union coincided with the opening of the first Cheshire Home in North America, McLeod House named after Mrs Margaret McLeod, the driving force behind the establishment of the Home, and the donor of \$68,000 purchase price. The official opening was performed by the Right Honourable Mr John Diefenbaker, a former Prime Minister of Canada, on 21st June. Mr Diefenbaker made a very thoughtful and entertaining speech on this memorable occasion.



McLeod House, Toronto, the left hand side of this large semi-detached showing some modifications which make it distinct from the privately owned right-hand portion. Here, the three residents and a friend enjoy a warm weekend afternoon on the front balcony (Photo by Forster).

Many gifts were announced including one of \$5,000 and one of \$2,000 as well as \$168.00, all in silver collected from the members of 617 Squadron, at a Reception the night before by Helen and Bob Knights who told us they were collecting for their Silver Wedding anniversary to be celebrated on the 21st. When the Opening Ceremony was over and we discovered the real reason for the collection we all made further donations: We felt that the first Cheshire Home on the North American continent had got off to a good start.

Present at the opening were three of the future residents who expected to move into the Home within three weeks.

Two further fund-raising efforts were held during the week. First was the showing of the film 'The Dam Busters' from which all proceeds were donated to the Cheshire Home. The other was the launching of first release of a special stamp and envelope commemorating the Dam Busters' Re-union and the Opening of the Cheshire Home. First profits from this amount to \$1,500.

It is proposed that the next Squadron re-union be held in Sydney in April, 1977 – the month so that we could march on Anzac day, and the year to allow for saving.

If there is remote hope of establishing a Cheshire Home in Sydney this would be the year to do it!

Ross Stanford

Canada's First Cheshire Home

On June 21st, 1972, Group Captain Cheshire joined with the Rt. Hon. John G. Diefenbaker in helping officially open McLeod House, Toronto; Canada's first Cheshire Home. To their disappointment, the initial three residents were unable to move in until over a month later, due to work being done to improve the old, three-storey structure. However, shortly there will be a full complement of five residents. The matron, who answers to the businesslike North American title of 'director', does not live full-time on the premises.

McLeod House is very centrally located in downtown Toronto, a couple of city blocks from the major Avenue Road - Bloor Street intersection. This puts it within easy distance of many of the attractions of the mid-town area a wheelchair-bound citizen may wish to visit. Thus, there is a multitude of shops close at hand, as is an art gallery, museum, and planetarium. Further afield there are other possibilities, such as Ontario Science Centre. But even without these, it is a very agreeable area of the city just to explore . . . green, shady parks and interesting old buildings. In short, there is no lack of things to do, should one be able to tear one's self away from the homely warmth of McLeod.

For it really is a charming old place. The high ceilings and decorous fireplaces of the living and dining rooms and of the upstairs bedrooms lend a genuine touch of elegance. Indeed, the new tenants have every reason to be proud of their new home and its surroundings, and hope that future Cheshire Homes in this country can be as fortunate in their breadth of support.

Roderick McFadyen

Dedication of the Saskatoon Home

(Reproduced from the Saskatoon Commentator).

The idea behind Cheshire homes originated more by accident than by intention, said Group Captain Cheshire, who was in Saskatoon in June for the official sod-turning ceremony at the site.

Today there are 120 different Cheshire homes in 24 different countries and Saskatoon is to be the next site for construction. To be located on Arlington Avenue and Louise, the Cheshire home will be operated for physically handicapped people.

Group Captain Cheshire said the home is designed to allow these people, between the ages of 18 and 50, to develop some feeling of worth regarding their function in society. He said the public is not aware of the contribution physically handicapped people can make to the community.

The handicapped were now setting up typing agencies in the homes, using different apparatus to overcome their disabilities and type professionally.

He outlined three aspects of the Cheshire home's programme for residents, including workshops, recreation and sharing in the decision-making involved in the actual running of the home.

Plans are to develop five condominium-type dwellings, providing accommodation for 8 handicapped and two house-parents. The cost of one unit is estimated at \$80,000 and the first unit should be completed by fall. Three levels of government are contributing to the capital costs; the federal government through CMHC, the provincial government through a non-repayable grant of \$16,400 and the city has provided 1.8 acres of land.

News from 'Raphael'

With the rest of North India Dehra Dun suffered heat wave conditions during these months, but situated as we are at the foothills of the Himalayas, our temperatures were tolerable - our very worst day touching a mere 116. Dehra Dun, an expanding town, is hard put to provide water and electricity for the growth of small industry and swelling population, and electricity failures were perhaps the worst aspect. Our 30,000 gallon storage tanks, installed in November 1970, continued to provide us with two buckets of water a day per person at a time when other districts had literally not a drop. However, there was not enough for the mass bathing of the children so down they filed each late afternoon to the Council tap across the river bed, there to wash under the 24 hour drip (a Council tap propensity the world over) to be followed by high jinks on the adjoining two acres of land, with the pigs and their piglets, and the goats, who were also trying to catch the splashes. Needless to say the children were delighted.

Little White House

These were holiday months. Sister Conchita, with the concurrence of Colonel Puri, decided on the experiment of sending as many children as possible to their families for a ten day break. The parents of most of our children, as is known, live in leprosy colonies and there was some hesitation not from a medical, but from a family relationship point of view. Some parents were unwilling or not contactable, and with our four little orphans thirteen children remained here. These had the happiest time, basking in more attention than is possible in the larger group. When the others returned it was very evident how much RAPHAEL meant to them and this love they translated into concrete terms. Never have we seen so many willing workers.!

On the whole school results were satisfactory, although two or three failures have been disappointing. The boarding school girls – ANGELA and MARTHA – passed quite well and will finish their schooling this year – July 1972/ June 1973. They are still thinking in terms of nursing. MOOSIE managed a second class and we are now pondering her future. She also turned 18 on June 4th and was given her very first sari; she is our first young lady so to speak, a lovely person and very intelligent, although regrettably much older than her classmates.

Sister Rose of Jamshedpur

Sister Rose, D.C., who was in charge of the Rustumji P. Patel Cheshire Home (Jamshedpur, India) for almost a decade has been transferred on another important assignment by their Order, and Sister Beatriz, D.C., a Spanish nurse, has taken over charge of the children.

Apart from the devoted service, love and care bestowed on the children by Sister Rose, she was responsible for developing the farm, deepening tanks and extensively cultivating the land. It will be difficult to replace her in these spheres.

Cheshire Homes in the Philippines

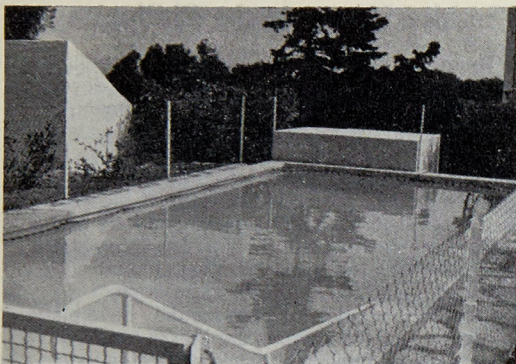
'There are five Homes in and around Manila, not large, but sheltering on an average a dozen disabled men and women each, who somehow or other seem to manage to run the Homes largely by themselves, i.e. they prepare all their own food and keep the place as clean as they are able and follow a craft of some kind as well. Of course, they have Sister's continual visits and help from outside sources too, but the amazing thing about the Philippines Homes is the great amount of self-help which they are able to produce. In one of the Homes for instance they have plans to open a barber's shop, in another, a room for manicuring and hairstyling. We were able to send them some wheelchairs about two years ago and this has made all the difference to their scope and that is why they are anxious for even more chairs to make more of the residents mobile. It really is a fine achievement, and I know they will be very happy to hear that you at Home Lodge are taking an interest in their progress.'

(From a letter to ROSE HILL, Holme Lodge)

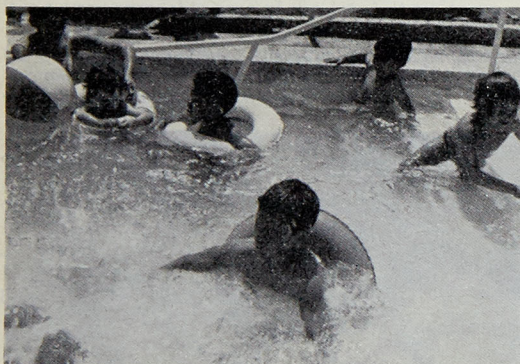
The children of the Addis Ababa home visited the Emperor Haile Selassie on his 80th birthday and took him flowers.

(Photo Ethiopian Herald)





Children at the Tangier Home enjoying the new pool.



Water Babies of Dar el Hanaa

On Saturday the 22nd July, 1972 Mr Charles Fenton of Halifax, England flew out to Tangier to inaugurate the swimming pool which he had generously donated to Dar el Hanaa the Cheshire Home of Tangier.

The 40 children had been getting more and more excited as the works neared completion. The builder, Mr Persichetti knew every child by now and he has become so fond of them that he goes to visit them everyday and at the same time cleans the pool of fallen leaves. He very kindly presented the Home with a cheque of £400.

The inauguration was a great occasion. The pool looked lovely and the water was clear and blue. The children were seated on the lawn between the palm trees talking to the guests and the Committee was greeting the Governor of the Province of Tangier and his retinue.

Soon after Mr Akalay the President of the Home made a short speech of thanks to Mr Fenton and read a telegram received from the Group Captain Leonard Cheshire. Mr Fenton then cut the ribbon and declared the swimming pool officially inaugurated. Immediately three boys from the Home dived in with great precision and showed everyone that they were more at home in the water than out of it.

After refreshments the children sang English songs in honour of Mr Fenton and then put on a very amusing play which was much enjoyed by everyone.

The Home is very grateful to Mr Fenton who not only helped us buy the property but has now given the children a pool which is the one thing they wanted more than anything.

From the Annual Report of Mount Lavinia Home, Ceylon

As the new Ward has not yet been completed, not more than 18 can be accommodated at present. Three youngsters, Vajira, Podiappuhamy and Wimalaratne, passed away during the course of the year. It was a merciful release for all three of them as they had suffered so much during their

short span of life. May they rest in peace. Thanks to Dr V. Edirisinghe, Kingsley and Cuckoo were both hospitalised for special treatment. Kingsley's condition was so vastly improved on his return that he went back to his parents. Cuckoo, too, is in a better frame of mind. Rani is progressing slowly, but steadily. Abeyisiri is feeling much better after his operation. Nita and Jane are the two seniors in the Home. Nita spent some time in Hospital and is back after a successful operation. Jane is getting on quite well.

Gunasiri and Mary attended a nearby school. Gunasiri (Grade 6) is 1st in his class and Mary (Grade 5) too is progressing satisfactorily. Saveri is very active and full of smiles. She is of great help to the Staff in the household chores. The other Podiappuhamy, who was transferred from the Negombo Cheshire Home, requires constant treatment and his condition is fairly satisfactory.

Regular classes are held for the young ones and every effort is made to improve their standard. Buddhist and Christian priests visit the home regularly and the residents are encouraged to go to the Temple and Church. New Year's Day in April and the Christmas Party in December were two happy occasions for both the young and the old. Visitors have repeatedly remarked that a very happy family atmosphere exists in the Home.

A birthday, an anniversary or a special day can be the occasion for our friends and well-wishers to subscribe to the Meals Calendar. Such contributions help towards reducing the feeding expenses of the Home and are gratefully accepted. We do hope that very many days in the Calendar will be marked in this manner. Needless to say, the residents look forward to these occasions. Cooked meals may be provided in lieu of cash contributions.

The Matron, Miss S. Subasinghe, resigned on being accepted as a trainee at the Service Corps of the Cheshire Foundation, Hampshire, England. She takes with her the best wishes of the residents and the Board of Management.

On a recent visit to England, Mrs M. T. Pandita-Gunewardena, the Honorary Treasurer, had discussions with Group Captain Leonard Cheshire. She also took the opportunity of visiting 'Le Court' one of the leading Cheshire Homes situated in Hampshire, England, and was most impressed with the honorary work done by volunteer workers. Group Captain Cheshire, who had visited the Mount Lavinia Home on two occasions in 1966 and 1970, had expressed pleasure at the way his idea of Cheshire Homes had been adopted over here to suit local conditions. Mrs Pandita-Gunewardena brought back information regarding the latest methods adopted and equipment and devices installed in the Cheshire Homes in England.

Tullov Topics

Tullov had its 'Barn Festival' and of course St Patrick's was in at the kill again! Our staff won the fancy-dress with a howl of an 'Emergency Ward 11' with Dr Kildare energetically operating on a vigorous patient, under the disapproving eye of the Lady with the Lamp!

We bid Mary Dobson God-speed in September - Our Chairman, Brendan Brophy, gave her a big break with a job in his expanding firm, and the glamorous Mary, who likes to put the finishing touch on everything, is off to Dublin now to do a full commercial course. She had already done a driving course.

We went from the sublime to the ridiculous - or visa versa - in a few days: from the circus to the Old Folk's party. Our old faithfuls - the local schoolboys turned up in droves to do the pushing . . . 'We'll have to do something for Tullov when Tullov does so much for us.'

We have another charming matron - Nurse Carroll. It's so homely to hear the nurses yelling 'Mary' when they want her helping hand. She's always ready to listen to 'Oh! do you know what I want.'

We're on tiptoe these days waiting for our annual highlight - the party in Kiltegan College, where the students get more 'with it' every year. We have the added interest of seeing their Wicklow village, which won the Tidy Towns Competition, and it will be cheering to see what a daub of paint can do for it - like the rest of us.

Rosemary Shevlin

The Rains Came at Spofforth!

On the 22nd July we held our Annual Garden Fete and what a shocking day it was! After waking after a night of torrential rain we optimistically kept reminding each other of the old saying 'Rain before seven', but 11 o'clock came and went and still the rains came, so I guess we were out of favour with the weather man.

However, we have some faithful friends and more people turned up than we dared to hope for. They patronised the stalls generously and our final figure proved to be beyond our wildest dreams as it was very little down on last year. Unfortunately we had to forfeit one or two of the events we had planned, but ah well, these things are sent to try us - better luck next year (we hope)!

Our sincere thanks to our loyal supporters who braved the elements to enable us to make a profit.

Wyn Reeder and Possum



Left: The Border Union stage coach pulls past John Knox's House in the Royal Mile, Edinburgh, last June at the start of its eight day run to London on behalf of the City of Edinburgh Lions Club and a sponsoring whisky firm. The last regular run was in 1845. Part of the proceeds was to go to Mayfield House, the Edinburgh Cheshire Home. (Photo: Scotsman Publication Ltd.)

Below: Danny La Rue greets Greenacres residents when he opened their Autumn Fair in October. It was the most successful ever. (Photo: Sutton Coldfield News.)



Douglas House — 'New World!'

(From Herald Express, Torquay.)

Miss Vera Branch, of Torquay, Miss Nancy Kitto of Brixham and Mrs Yetta Short, also from Brixham, are the first three residents to move into Douglas House, and their unanimous verdict is: 'It is like living in another world.'

Said Miss Kitto: 'The building and facilities are absolutely perfect, and it is wonderful to be with people of my own age group. Some of us have been living in homes with old folk of up to 100 years of age. We are very lucky to be here.'

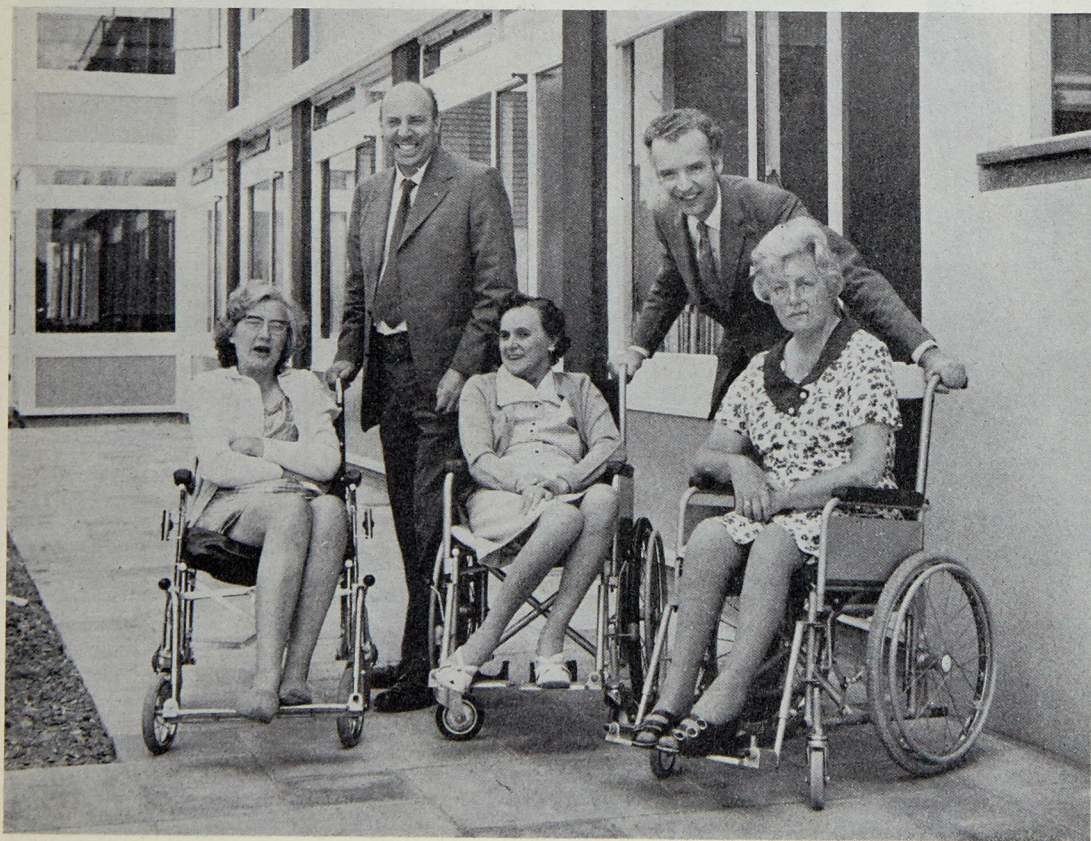
Eventually the home is to be extended to accommodate 34, although even then it is unlikely to be able to meet all the applications for accommodation there.

When the project architect, Mr Bryan Tanner, first looked over the property, he found a rather

seedy post-war house divided into 11 flatlets and standing in a large overgrown garden. It is doubtful whether anyone who lived there would now recognise the place, for the house has been given a thorough face-lift, and a large two-storey extension has been erected where the brambles once grew in profusion, commanding views over St Mary's Bay and Sharkham Point.

It is in the new extension that most of the facilities for the residents have been provided, with bedrooms both at garden and first floor level, arranged as singles, doubles and larger rooms to give the residents a choice of company or privacy. A room has also been set aside for an amateur radio 'ham' station which the Torbay Amateur Radio Society has undertaken to set up for the residents, a feature which has already proved very popular in other Cheshire homes.

The first three residents at Douglas House, chatting with Mr Hamish Turner, Chairman of the Management Committee (right), and Mr R. W. Wilkins, Vice-Chairman.
(Photo: Herald Express.)



The existing house has been utilised for the service care of the home, and includes a well-equipped kitchen, laundry and boiler-house and staff accommodation.

Great care has been taken to ensure the safety of the residents in the event of fire, with ramps to garden level provided at both ends of the home to assist a quick evacuation. If fire does break out a smoke detection signal will operate the fire alarms in the bedrooms and corridors whilst automatically closing the fire doors. Fire hoses are incorporated in recesses in each corridor and the curtains and bedcovers are flame-proofed.

In charge of a staff of 18 is Mr Peter Allen, a 38-year-old State Registered Nurse, who is the home's nursing superintendent. He is a married man with 4 children, and his wife, Julie, is also an S.R.N.

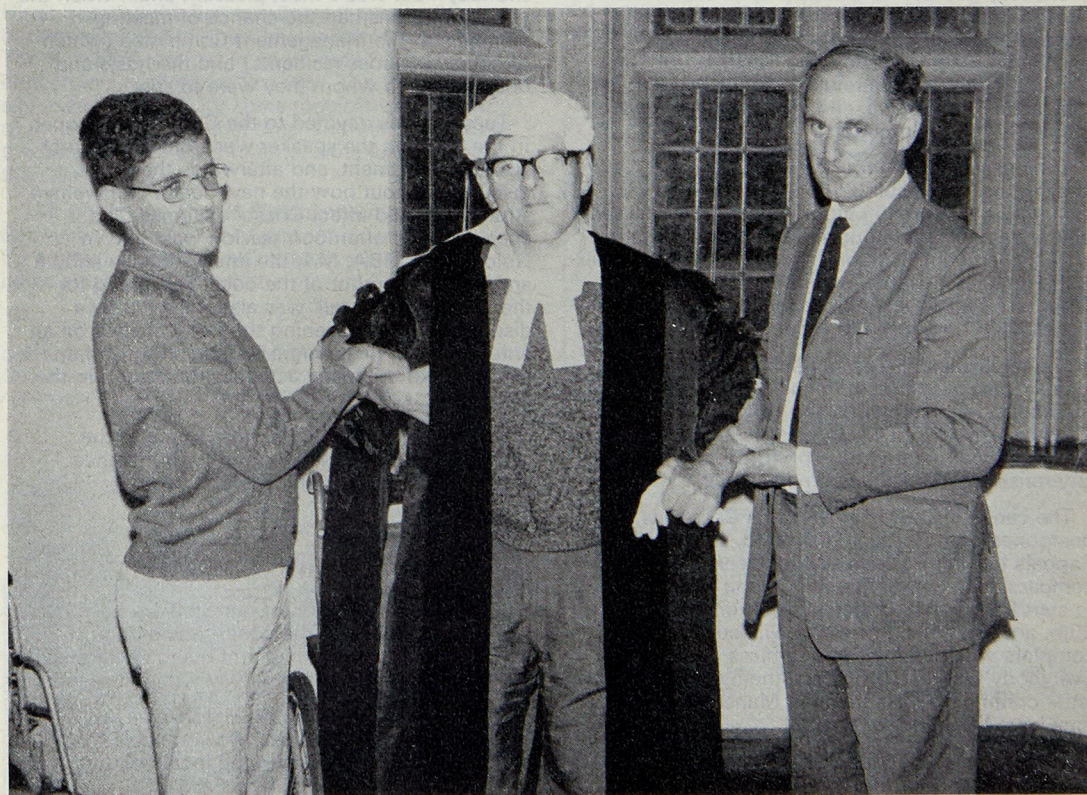
An official opening is planned for the Autumn (1972) and it is hoped that Group Captain Cheshire will be able to be there.

Town Clerk John of Greathouse

On July 21st I had the doubtful privilege of stepping into the shoes of the Town Clerk of Chippenham! He came to give a talk at one of our Toc H Meetings, and brought his robes of office with him. Although it was only for a moment I cannot say I would like to wear them for very long, as they are surprisingly heavy, and coupled with the weight of responsibility that goes with the office would be beyond my capabilities!

*John H. Smith
Sec. Greathouse Toc H*

John in the Town Clerk's robes. Supporting his dignity (left) French visitor Eric Proffit, and (right) the Town Clerk, Mr Peter Morris. (Photo: Reg Coates.)



Edinburgh to Petersfield Hitch!

(from the Le Court Newsletter)

Brian Line's hitch-hike from Princess Street, Edinburgh, to Petersfield Square was the main event of the month. He, Jan Church and George Burton left in their borrowed Daimler on Monday 11th September and arrived in Edinburgh that evening. The next two days they spent sightseeing in the city and the surrounding countryside, and they also visited the Edinburgh Cheshire Home. In a blaze of glory, televised, interviewed by reporters, and given an official send-off by Mr Wheatstone, the Chairman of the Edinburgh Cheshire Home, they left about 9.00 on Thursday morning. That day Brian and Jan got lifts in eight vehicles, including a Landrover and a heavy lorry (an experience Brian was glad to have but not anxious to repeat), and the party stayed at a motel at Doncaster for the night. On Friday they were incredibly lucky and got a hitch with a Winchester industrial engineer, Mr Colin Edwards, all the way from Doncaster to Petersfield. They were making such good time that they expected to arrive in Petersfield about 3.00 p.m., which meant a rapid reorganisation of plans this end, but in the event they got lost for a couple of hours on the North Circular Road and the only reporters who stuck it out were those from the Petersfield Post and Radio Solent. Mr Ray, the Chairman of the Urban District Council returned to the scene when they actually did arrive, and Mrs Rumbold waited patiently with the reporters.

Their exact time of arrival was 5.28 p.m., making the final result 32 hours 17 minutes, including the overnight stop. Four people guessed with a quarter of an hour of this, so the £50 prize was divided equally among them. One prize winner is in Fife, one in Derby, one in Germany, and the other was Mrs Phyllis Abrams, Vice Chairman of the Residents' Committee at Le Court.

The hitch-hike was an unqualified success in almost every way except financially. Instead of the hoped-for £750 profit, the Le Court Building Fund only grew by £77. But it was a great adventure and another triumph for Brian's enterprise and meticulous organisation.

The canoe marathon in aid of Le Court has been postponed until October 20th-29th, as one of the Sappers has had to have several weeks compassionate leave. The two young men plan to start from Tower Bridge at noon on October 20th, and we hope a celebrity will launch them, complete with coverage by the mass media. Everybody who has sponsored them will get a letter confirming their arrival in Manchester after they have finished the project.

The Cheshire Foundation Matrons' Conference was held at Le Court for the first time on



*Matrons' Conference 1972
at Le Court.*

September 18th and 19th, and on the 20th the Matrons went on to Hydon Hill Cheshire Home, near Godalming. Mrs Rumbold was anxious to make this Conference as informal as possible, and to include residents and staff in the social events. The reception and buffet supper on Monday 18th was a most pleasant affair, when the visiting Matrons had the chance of meeting members of the Management Committee (which of course includes residents) and the hosts and hostesses with whom they were to stay.

Tuesday was devoted to the Conference proper. In the morning the speaker was from the County Health Department, and afterwards there was a discussion about how the new health and welfare structure would affect Cheshire Homes. The speaker in the afternoon session was Selwyn Goldsmith ARIBA, MA, the internationally known architect and author of the book 'Designing for the Disabled'. His talk was also followed by a discussion. In the evening the residents laid on an entertainment, including a fashion show and an exhibition of the many activities that go on in the Home.

We were delighted to be host Home to the Matrons and hope they found the Conference instructive as well as enjoyable.

Activities at Alne

With the co-operation of our Staff we have made quite a few forays into the country-side in our own town bus, picnicking, and going as far afield as Lincolnshire to spend the day with old friends.

Thanks to members of the Linton-on-Ouse, 'Ancient Order of Buffaloes' we were able to enjoy a 'Mystery Tour' with the focal point at Whitby – greatly enjoyed by us all.

By courtesy of St Georges Home for the Disabled at Harrogate we have been given the facility of their heated swimming pool, and two of our younger residents go there once a week.

As the winter months creep on we are starting fortnightly sessions of Bingo with the help of the W.R.V.S. from the villages around us, which is always very enjoyable.

David Dunn

Ystafell Côr Meibion Treorci

On September 16th the friendship which has existed for some years between residents of *Greathouse Cheshire Home* and the world-famous Treorchy Male Voice Choir, was marked by the opening of Ystafell Côr Meibion Treorci – Treorchy Male Voice Choir Room.

24 members of the Choir visited Greathouse, and the Chairman, Mr Hadyn Erasmus, presented Alan Tutt, Chairman of the Residents Welfare Committee, with a plaque to be hung on the door of the room, as a symbol of the adoption of the new day-room by the Choir.

Mr W. J. 'Donna' Griffiths, Secretary of the Choir, recalled the first meetings at rehearsals on outings arranged by the Chippenham Branch of Toc H, which resulted in an unforgettable concert in Chippenham last year. The Choir had expressed the wish for some tangible expression of their friendship at that time, and the proceeds of the concert were used to redecorate and refurnish the room.

The Choir is to sing in Chippenham again on September 29th 1973. At present it is rehearsing for a new L.P., which will contain some of the items at last year's concert.

Reg Coates

Opening of Treorchy Male Voice Choir Room at Greathouse. Left, 'Donna' Griffiths, centre Alan Tutt, right, Haydon Erasmus. (Photo: Reg Coates.)



Progress at Murray House

We have now almost completed Phase 2, which means that by the time you read this our family should number 31. This has meant some very hard work by kind friends, not forgetting Matron and staff, who have done masses of painting and papering. The lovely bright colours have achieved wonders in eradicating the hospital image, which was our greatest concern at the beginning.

The majority of us are now proud possessors of our own bedrooms, and what a thrill it is to have a spot of your own to retire to when you feel the need of privacy, and to be able to entertain your friends in your own little 'DEN'! There is still a lot more we hope to accomplish, but we think marvels have been done in such a short time.

Our first Garden Fete was held on the 2nd September and what a glorious day it was! One of the few summer days we have had. There were over 4,000 people here and for our first effort we were thrilled to clear £2,400.

Alan Freeman opened the Fete and worked very hard on our behalf. Mrs Ben Worthington was responsible for the organising and certainly did a marvellous job. All in all, it was a day to remember.

Nancy Kinmont

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We also post by return the "Helping Hand" Reaching Aids. 26in. Featherweight £2'60. 32in. Longreach £2'85. 26in. Limpet £2'85. or Folding £3'70 all post free. We repair Helping Hands also. Leaflets on request, on these and many other interesting items.

**BATTENHURST DEVELOPMENTS
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An Exchange Holiday

I had been told what a lovely place 'Seven Rivers' is and so I decided to go there for an exchange holiday. Harry and I went on the 4th July and Amy and Charles came to Holme Lodge. I hope they enjoyed the exchange as much as we did.

We started from our Home about 9.20 a.m., but were late arriving at Seven Rivers as we had to go to a garage to get a wheel changed which delayed us and it was about 4 p.m. when we arrived there, at the right moment too, as they were having tea so we quickly got a 'cuppa'.

The journey was through beautiful countryside and there were places of interest such as Cambridge with the beautiful university and its surroundings. We were fortunate that at Newmarket there were race horses being taken for exercise. Essex is only a small county but I am sure can compare favourably with any other for beauty and places of interest.

At the home everyone was so friendly that I immediately felt at home and the staff were kind and helpful. Apart from the first Saturday and Sunday the weather improved to enable us to be out in the grounds, which have spacious lawns and lovely rose beds. There are some magnificent trees, notably firs and pines which must be very old judging by their girth. Numerous birds which come for crumbs and Charlie has a pigeon which is so tame it comes inside. In the grounds there is a lake which is popular with the water birds and ducks. Near the lake is a man's head carved in stone but I was unable to get any details about it, only that 'It's always been there'. The Home is of the Victorian era and several rooms are still in the original style. The church, St Georges, dates mainly from the 14th and 15th centuries. There is a very curious carved capital in the aisle and the figures of Adam and Eve over the South Door. The magnificent double-hammerbeam roof was erected in 1500. Several of the residents attend the services as the church adjoins the grounds of the Home.

On Tuesday afternoon several of us were taken to Euton Hall, the home of the Captain of H.M.S. Ganges. Tea was provided and served by the wives of the ship's company and the young trainees who also pushed us around to see the gardens. The band of the Royal Marines entertained with musical items. I was interested to learn that it was at this particular house that Henry VIII first met Anne Boleyn who was staying there on a visit to her aunt.

As it was such a lovely day on Wednesday, Mrs Latter arranged for Peggy and I to be taken to Walton-on-the-Naze, Dot was the driver and

Jane went with us to help. We were taken along the promenade and onto the pier and later had our tea watching the bathers and children. We did some shopping and before setting off for Seven Rivers we encountered Mrs Perks who is Warden at the Home and she kindly invited us to her home and made tea which we had on the lawn.

Charlie, Peter and myself with Dot driving and two helpers went on the Thursday to Harwich Quay. On the way we stopped at Wisby for a drink and saw a large number of swans on the river. After watching them for a few minutes we continued our journey and were fortunate to find several ships in harbour. One ship the 'Ready' was quite near and they allowed us through the gate to get a closer view. I asked one of the men if we could go aboard, he replied 'Sorry, no visitors allowed as the ship is loaded and will be leaving on Monday'. We went along a path by the edge of the sea and had our tea, during which we saw three ships go out, one of them the German ferry boat. Before leaving Harwich we bought some mementos of our visit.

On the Saturday evening we were entertained at the Home by 'The Red Feather' concert party. This talented group give concerts in aid of the Home and this particular show was their arrangement of 'No, No, Nanette'. It was a brilliant performance and everyone enjoyed it very much. Peggy gave the vote of thanks on behalf of the Home and a buffet supper was provided.

The rest of my visit went like a flash and all too soon the morning of my departure came. The staff and residents said 'Farewell' and asked me to go again next year, which I hope to do.

Rose Hill

St Anthony's at Home

Our Residents have now all taken their holidays for this year. A party returned last week from Pontin's Holiday Camp, Weston-Super-Mare, where they all had a marvellous time and very good weather.

St Anthony's held the Area Conference meeting for the West Midland Region of Homes, at our Home, and representatives of 6 Homes attended. The Conference was split up into several sections for discussion, i.e. - 1. Residents, 2. Matrons, 3. Administration (Secretary or Warden) and 4. Management Committee Members. This arrangement proved most successful and many interesting debates took place.

Finally, everyone met to talk over the day's business. Matron arranged a special Buffet Lunch, which proved to be most popular. Tea was also provided at the end, and everyone went home feeling very happy.

Midlands Regional Conference

The second meeting of the new Region was held at St Anthony's on 23rd September and was judged by everyone a great success. St Anthony's is fortunate in having enough space to accommodate a large number of visitors (in this case, delegates from the Cotswold Home; Greenhill House, Banbury; Greenacres; Redditch Steering Committee; the Hill). As one of the delegates from Greenacres, it seemed an endless crawl through Wolverhampton after the motorway spurt, but we eventually found the right turning and a rather alarming notice warning 'Beware of wheelchairs!' They must breed them tough there.

The house – purpose-built on one floor – was surrounded by most attractive lawns, gardens and terraces negotiable by wheelchairs, and itself seemed to merge pleasantly into the landscape. I approved the physiotherapy room, O.T. room and dining-room (splendid 'refectory' tables). The new single bedrooms are very nice too, but it is a pity they have no wash-basins!

Some of the advantages and disadvantages of a home like St Anthony's – one level, out of town – were high-lighted in the first discussion of the Conference, 'Fire Precautions'. Obviously it is easier to evacuate people, night or day, from a single-storied house. Everyone took this important subject very seriously and exchanged ideas on ensuring as much fire safety as possible. Fire doors and smoke alarms were particularly mentioned, and the advisability of evening 'safety checks' to see that T.V.s are switched off.

In the next discussion 'exchange of problems' (residents) some of the disadvantages of a house in the country were revealed: i.e. distance from shops, difficulty of transport for staff and visitors.

After an excellent lunch the conference was divided into 'sectional meetings', medical, administration, management and residents; finally meeting again as a whole body to assess the various discussions. It was interesting to see that several people attended meetings not of their own section. St. Anthony's architect, also a management committee member, spent time with each group to discover their reactions to past and future building plans. Generally, as one might have expected, residents approved single rooms (with one or two doubles). But there were doubts about the ideal recently proposed by Selwyn Goldsmith, of bed-sitter, kitchen and bathroom for *everyone*. It was felt that perhaps that was going too far.

Speaking as a newcomer to regional conferences, I felt that these were proving very worth-while and also enjoyable. I shall look forward to the next one at Greenhill House, Banbury.

R.W.C.

Roy Waite of Beechwood gets his Silver Medal

(Reproduced from Huddersfield Examiner.)

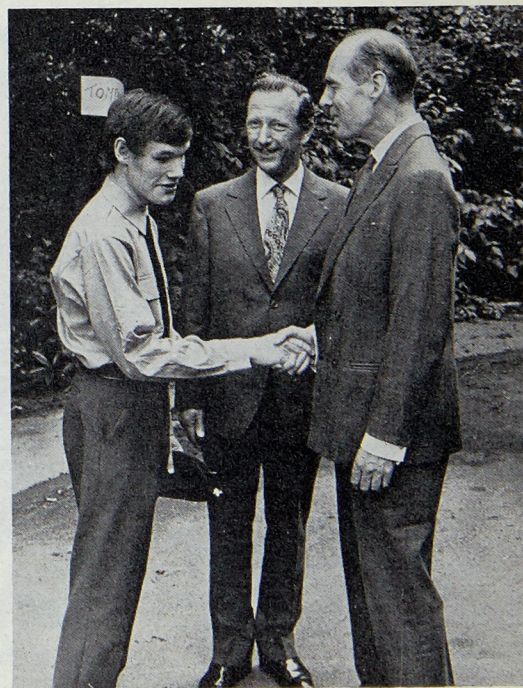
Roy Waite, the blind winner of a silver Duke of Edinburgh Award Scheme medal, received the medal from Group Captain Cheshire in July.

Roy, aged twenty, moved to Beechwood after being at Scholes Children's Home, Holmfirth. Among the things he did to win the award were: helping handicapped residents at Beechwood; learning to swim after only 12 lessons; and competing – under atrocious weather conditions – in a 30-mile expedition along part of the Pennine Way.

Roy is thought to be only the second blind person in the country to have reached silver medal standard.

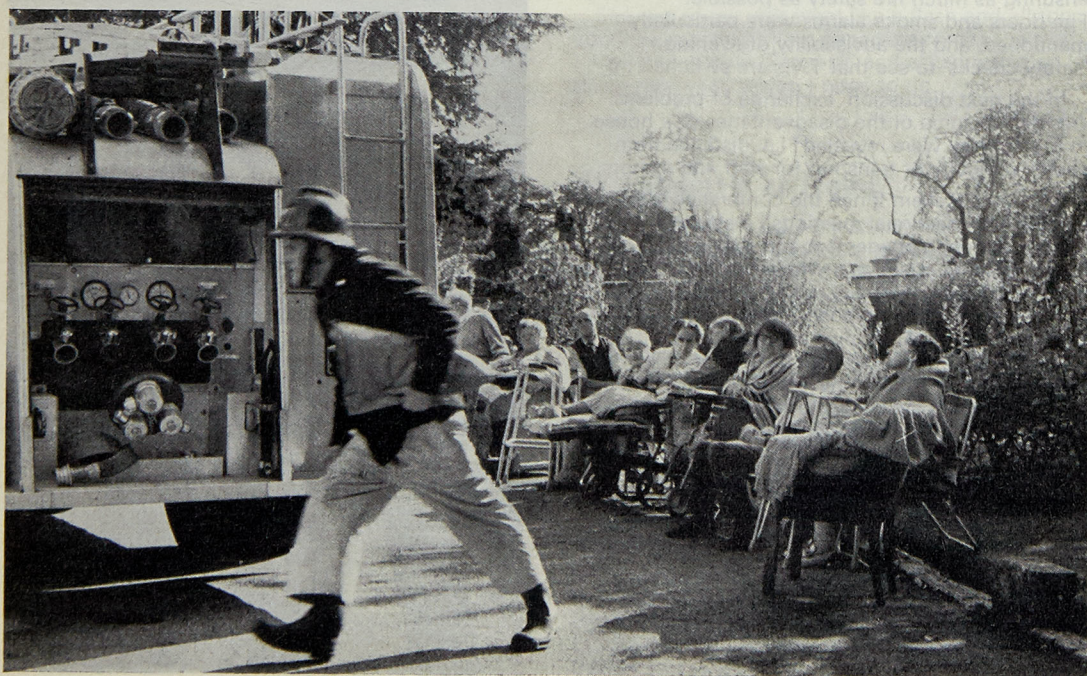
Group Captain Cheshire was accompanied by his family at Beechwood – Northern Cheshire Homes' Family Day. 16 homes were represented and 30 residents attended. In the afternoon Baroness Masham talked about 'Life in a Wheelchair'. Another guest was Dr Agerholm, Trustee of the Foundation.

*Congratulations for Roy from G. C. Mr N. Holliday, Chairman of the House Committee, looks on.
(Photo by courtesy Huddersfield Examiner.)*





Photographs by courtesy of the Cheltenham Newspaper Co.



The Home Fires Burning

On the 12th September the Home became twelve years of age and, as is the custom here we had a birthday party with about 150 guests (see photo).

On October 5th the fire alarm system rang for the first time outside the usual practice we have here on Fridays. The Matron and Staff were having their lunch break, but they acted quickly to evacuate residents from the basement and ground floor. In three minutes four fire engines were here and firemen entered the Home from the front where a crowd of Cheltenham College girls, members of the press, reporters and photographers had collected.

Unfortunately, they missed the drama behind the scene as residents trapped on the top floor were brought down at the back of the building. First down the fire escape was Ian Wilson, a local man who was seriously ill in the sick bay, then came members of the fair sex who were having their coiffures attended to and were in various stages of shampoo and set. They followed Ian, and the sight was a little pathetic, but believe me, we have had many a giggle since.

Thanks to the foresight of a former Cheltenham Fire Chief who was on the Management Committee several years ago a fire system had been

installed which sounded the alarm in the Fire Station and Home simultaneously. This consists of metal domes in all rooms which trigger the alarm when the room becomes overheated.

The fire was believed to have started above the matron's flat when a flue pipe which passed through the roof void caused overheating of nearby timbers.

We express our gratitude for the swift action of Matron and Staff together with Mrs Allen the lady hairdresser, Mrs Jessop, our physio-therapist and her husband and our neighbour Mrs E. Barr who worked magnificently to assist the Fire Service.

Bob Hughes

Editors Note – Bob adds a 'news flash', with thanks to the Lions Club for a much-needed new heating boiler at a cost of £1,500, (in order to keep the home fires burning) – but it is to be hoped in the proper place this time!

Cheshire Homes Stamp Club

E. A. Hand, the Secretary of the Stamp Club, sends us this colourful set of stamps, issued by the Polish Government to celebrate the Olympic Games 1972.



Stamps issued by the Polish Government to commemorate the 1972 Olympic Games in Munich, West Germany

The King's Horses and Coomb

One of the highlights of the year at Coomb must surely be the visit of the King's Troop, Royal Horse Artillery. Some 24 horses and riders came out to the Home some days after their display at the local United Counties Show and the quieter animals were led round the assembled residents and visitors and enjoyed being patted and fed with various goodies which included sugar, wine gums and Smarties! Several of the braver residents and staff and the Chairman, Mr. Danny Davies, were helped to mount, much to the delight of the assembled company.

One resident, June Adams, was unfortunately not well enough to join the others so with the co-operation of the Officer in Charge, four horses were led round to the open windows of June's room and were persuaded to put their heads through the windows to say hello to a delighted June.

When one recalls the performances of the King's Troop at many functions especially their exciting and fast riding, it is difficult to believe that these were the gentle friendly creatures which gave so much pleasure to the residents at Coomb. All are most grateful to horses and riders for this treat.

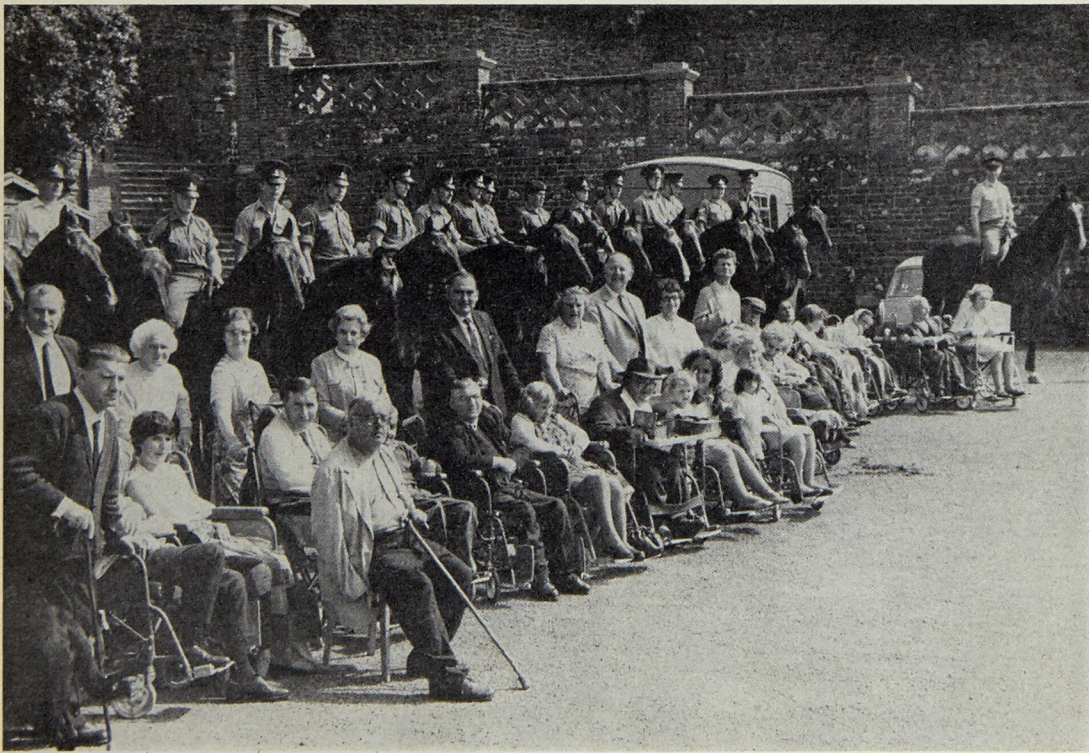
The First Wedding at The Hill

A champagne reception, and a honeymoon in one of Blackpool's largest hotels followed the wedding on 5th August, 1972, of two Residents of The Hill, Sandbach.

Looking as pretty as a picture in a full-length white lace dress and matching hat, Miss June Bonnett, who made The Hill her home four years ago, married Mr Arthur Evans, from Macclesfield who moved into the home 12 months ago. The church was packed to capacity with members of their families, including Arthur's brother Barry (also a Resident at The Hill), fellow-residents, members of the Management Committee and many Home supporters.

June was given away by Mr Charles Lowe, Chairman of the Management Committee, her matron of honour was Mrs Margaret Mellor and her bridesmaid Miss Peggy Proctor (both nursing orderlies at The Hill) who looked charming in full-length blue dresses, with ribbons in their hair. The best man was Mr Peter Martin, a voluntary worker and friend of Arthur.

The King's Troop and Coomb residents.



At the reception for 120 guests, given by the Management Committee, the couple cut a 3-tiered wedding cake made and presented by Mrs Peter Brandreth, daughter of Mrs Jean Cross, secretary of the Home.

June and Arthur were given a rousing send-off from the guests, who tied old cans and shoes to the honeymoon car: with the wheelchair-confined couple went the best man and the bridesmaid. The 24-hour honeymoon was a wedding gift from an admirer and Arthur saw the sea again, after many years.

The bedroom to which they returned the next day had been decorated in pink and blue and their beds were given by the Residents and Staff. The quilted bedspreads and matching curtains in sugar-pink were also wedding gifts.

Group Captain Leonard Cheshire was unable to be present but sincere wishes for the happiness of June and Arthur in their new life at The Hill were received from him.

E. Cross

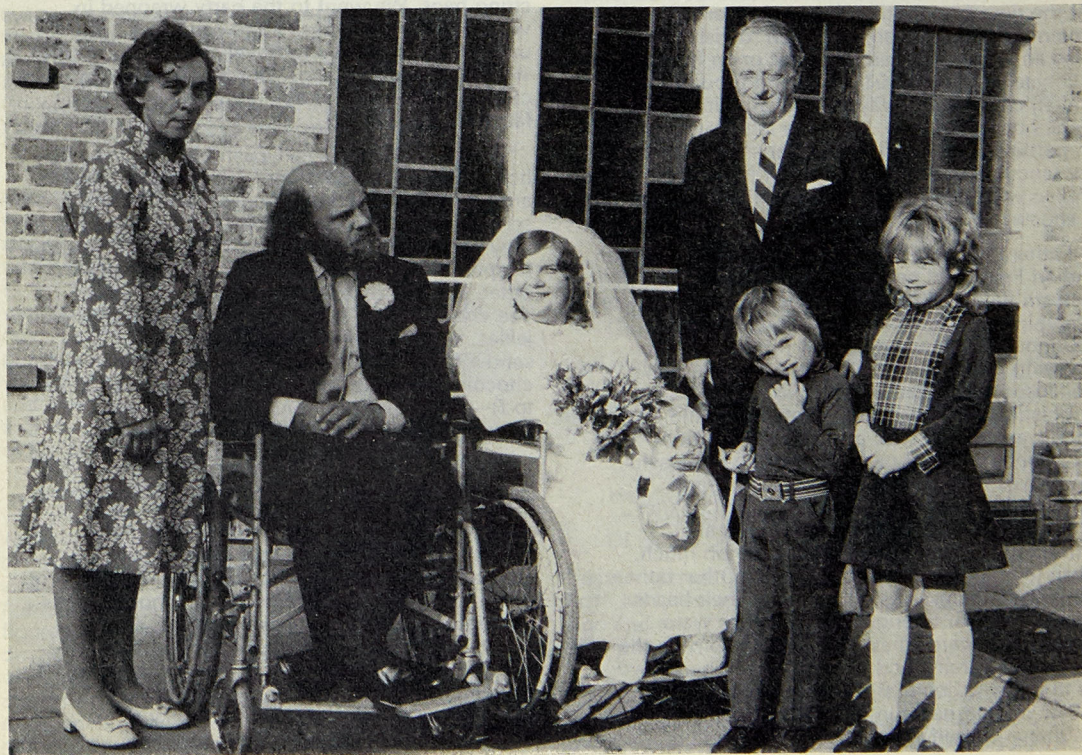
Another Wedding at Hydon Hill

Ann King and Brian Hunt were married on October 7th at St Joseph's Church, Milford, and are now living in a chalet flatlet at Hydon Hill.

They met whole on holiday at Lulworth Court (holiday home for the disabled) a year ago. Brian used to be a student of abstract art at Cardiff College, and both Ann and he now make seagrass stools in the work-shop at Hydon Hill.

Friends at the wedding included those who had recently taken Brian and Ann to Lourdes.

*Ann and Brian Hunt, with the Matron and Warden of Hydon Hill.
(Photo: Kenneth M. Bryant)*



Countries of the Moon

by R. Wilding

When I was two years old (they said) I demanded so loudly and persistently to be given the moon, that my father, exasperated, climbed up a step-ladder and hooked it down for me.

This story, if true, doesn't say much for my youthful intelligence. Even at two I should have known the difference between a cardboard moon and the real one. But it does say something about my father. He would have enjoyed the moon-trip venture, although he would have been disappointed at the moon's (so to speak) mundane content. The astronaut's vocabulary would have driven him to distraction, for he loved words. I grew so familiar with the poems he read to me that I could recite most of them by heart, which stood me in great stead later on when I lay enclosed in an iron lung and needed an antidote to terror.

Father was also intoxicated by 'foreign parts'. At the time (the thirties) it wasn't nearly so common to go abroad, and even to visit France was an adventure. Father stayed on in India for two years after the 1914 war, and brought home Indian carpets and prayer-mats, curtains, brass pots, hookahs, clubs . . . The latter were useful in battle games, and I was never short of material for fancy dress, though I was apt to confuse Indian with Red Indian and describe myself as a squaw.

Father liked to attend my birthday parties as an Indian Fakir, and perform conjuring tricks with an Eastern flavour. I remember one to do with snake-charming, where snakes of evil-smelling and glutinous substance grew out of flower-pots, swaying quite realistically in the air until they collapsed into a heap of dust. We were less sophisticated in these pre-Sooty days, and this trick was greeted with awed applause. Not all father's efforts, however, were so successful, and I was frequently embarrassed by them. I would have much preferred a 'hired conjurer', just as, lamentably, I preferred 'shop cake'. I thought too that father fraternised too much, even joining in some of our games. Other fathers contented themselves with putting their heads round the door to enquire how things were going: afterwards they might offer sherry to the collecting parents and perhaps drive one or two of the guests home. But father was a great joiner-in, and never in a half-hearted fashion — he threw himself with gusto into everything.

His Indian attachment embraced many aspects. At one time he had been in charge of a mule train; thus he was able to give valuable advice to both my pony and myself at our lessons. His Indian servants had included a Dhobi (washerman) so he also knew about washing clothes, particularly in the open air and on flat stones.

Mother was instructed how to make curry in the Indian manner (very hot), and this father continued to eat even after the Indian period had merged into the French and finally the Polish at the beginning of the Second World War.

We read a lot of Kipling (again, traitorously, I preferred Stalky to either Mowgli or Kim), and poetry with what are now very outmoded sentiments, such as bearing the White Man's Burden and Dying for the Queen.

Father took great trouble dressing for my parties. His turban had to be wound correctly, a delicate task which took him from lunch till the party began. I was busy getting myself ready at the same time, and that was a lengthy business too. Children's parties were far from being the casual jeans-and-crisps affairs they are now. We wore long party dresses with frills round the hem and sleeves, and black or bronze dancing slippers with crossed ribbons, which we carried in embroidered string bags. We went to the party wrapped in velvet cloaks (with scarfs and cardigans underneath if we had to travel by tram — but this was decidedly *infra dig*). Our hair was laboriously curled with an iron or curling rags — only very fast girls had perms!

The party began at half-past three, with half an hour of quiet guessing games while late-comers arrived. Most of us were from the same class at school, with a sprinkling of girls asked because they had asked us or because they lived next door. In spite of this we were rather shy with each other, and sat about waiting to be organised. Tea was at four o'clock and lasted a full hour with jellies, trifles (without sherry, of course), sandwiches (mostly egg or banana), cakes, tarts, chocolate biscuits and the cake ('Happy Birthday to R—'). We were in honour bound to eat everything and usually did.

After tea we returned to the drawing-room and were instructed to play another quiet game, in case we were sick, while waiting for the conjurer. After that there would be ice-cream — a much rarer treat then — and finally perhaps a spirited game of Sardines or Murder. The arrival of parents and cars was greeted by the host parents with relief, as averting possible chaos, and guests were removed speedily before they became over-excited. There were no boys present, unless it might be the host child's brother, looking tight-lipped and sulky in his school uniform.

It didn't occur to us to wonder whether we enjoyed these parties: they just happened in their season. But I did dislike the custom of delivering the invitations by hand at school. There were some nasty moments while you waited to see if your name was among the chosen.

While I was dressing for the party I could hear father muttering Hindustani curses as the folds of his turban collapsed. The turban and a pair of beaded slippers were the most Indian garments he had: with them he wore Army puttees, his pyjamas and an elderly dressing-gown which looked 'exotic' and so possibly oriental. The whole ensemble impressed us, and we never doubted its authenticity. I was only bashful about the performance.

Father remained faithful to India till the end of his life. It was his most potent dream, and his wildest and most unobtainable one. France, which he was able to visit several times, exerted less of a pull, though he was very fond of it.

The Polish attachment was rather different. Father had never been to Poland (although he had declared his intention of going there as soon as the war was over), but Edinburgh in 1940 was a cosmopolitan city where 'Free' Norwegians, Dutch, French and Poles gathered and were everywhere encountered. At sixteen I found the atmosphere stimulating, and the Fall of France and the Battle of Britain tremendously exciting affairs, though almost as distant as Flodden or Culloden. My father, who had survived the First World War, should have been more realistic.

Inevitably from among the many nationals father selected the Poles for his chief interest. They were the biggest group, and we had two staying in our house: an elderly Colonel who was writing a scholarly book on 'Poland's Access to the Baltic' and his wife. I fell madly in love with their son, rather to my relief, for judging from novels and other available information I was puzzlingly backward in matters of love (it wasn't yet called sex). 'Mietek' had beautiful brown eyes and was very charming: he had little English, and his mother guarded him like a hawk. The rest of the family was left behind in Poland.

Mietek's sole shortcoming from my point of view was that he wore no uniform. Most of the Polish Army in Edinburgh were cavalry officers, with spurs, silver eagles and polished riding-boots, and some had crimson-lined cloaks which they flung carelessly about them. They were dashing figures, and combined in their temperament both the gaiety and the melancholy which were the very stuff of romance. Their accounts of the real adventures and hair-breadth escapes they had experienced before coming to Britain were mingled with stories of Polish history hundreds of

years ago. In a city like Edinburgh we didn't find this strange.

I set about helping father with enthusiasm. There were classes in Polish cooking (we ate the results: tripe — 'flaki' — and beetroot soup — 'borsch' — at home), Polish dancing (my knees ached so much I could hardly stagger down Princes Street), Polish history, music, literature — which I took myself, on the strength of some acquaintanceship with 'Pan Tadeusz'. And there were classes in the Polish language, which I dutifully attended, and was able in the evenings to have Mietek hear my vocabulary.

Father rushed about the city in a blackness like a witch's cat, for this was the time when traffic was permitted to show only the slightest gleam of light. As well as attending most of the classes and meeting individual Poles (his job as P.R.O. at the B.B.C. brought him constant introductions) he made frequent visits to Scottish-Polish House, where we had social evenings and concerts.

One Pole I remember very clearly from among the many we met. He was a quiet man with a deeply lined face, who kept in his breast pocket a cigar-tin containing a few grains of Polish earth. Like the Moon-Men he had brought them an immeasurable distance. My father, though his memories were less austere, was akin to him.

Tapati

Tapati! Tapati! Tapati!
My sweetest daughter.
Fulfilled my life
Great my laughter.

Half my life
Full of thee
Light and Fair
E'er Green see.

My soul of soul
Heart of heart
My flesh and bone
Of all the part.

Heaven and earth
Earth and heaven
God and man
One shape going.

T. Mukherje.

(Shri Mukherje is severely disabled. 'Tapati' is the name of his lovely little daughter of whom he is justly proud — Editor, FELLOWSHIP, Bombay.)

What is a Matron?

A matron is a person who, if she seeks to maintain discipline is an old battle-axe. If she does not she has no backbone.

If she is friendly and jokes with the staff and the patients she is being familiar. If not she is standoffish.

If she deals harshly with a nurse she is hard-hearted. If she is lenient she is being disloyal to the Sister.

If she takes an interest in the details of a patient's treatment she is interfering. If she does not she is no help to anyone.

If she does frequent rounds she is a nuisance. If not she is neglectful.

If she dresses smartly she is frivolous. If she does not she has absolutely no personality.

If she is charming to visitors she is putting on an act. If not she has no social graces.

If she goes away for frequent weekends she is shirking her responsibilities. If she does not she thinks she is indispensable.

If she gets on well with the Committee it's because she knows which side her bread is buttered. If not she is an obstructionist.

If she is single she is lacking in human understanding. If she is married she can't be giving full attention to her work.

If she has outside interests she is not putting duty first. If she has no interests she is an old stick-in-the-mud.

If she is sitting in her office she is pretending to be busy. If she is not there, then she ought to be.

If she dies young there was a wonderful future before her. If she grows old, people wish she would retire before she does any more harm.

(Reproduced from *'H.I. Notes'*, the magazine for the Home for Disabled in South Australia).

It's a curious feature of the human mind that we seldom envy people who are incomparably better-off than ourselves but we can be very very jealous of those who are just a little bit better-off, especially if they belong to our group. It's not the able-bodied person I envy, it's the polio-disabled person who has been left with a couple more muscles than me.

P.E.D.

BOOK REVIEWS

'No Feet to Drag?'

This 'progress report' for the disabled, by *Arthur Butler* and *Alfred Morris* (published by Sidgwick & Jackson at £2.50) holds an implicit reproach in the title. Indeed, the reluctance, to put it no higher, of some councils to implement the Disabled Persons' Act makes such a reproach understandable.

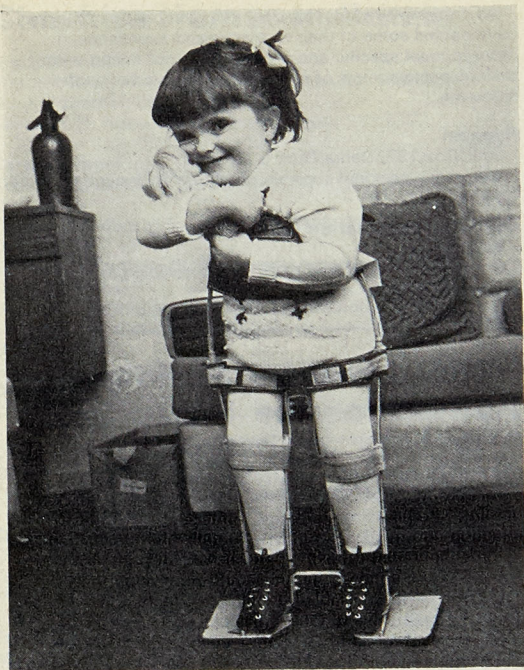
The many individual stories of hardship and frustration make the reader sad and then violently angry. So often what is needed to improve immeasurably the quality of life for a disabled man or woman is something quite small: a ramp or a raised lavatory seat. With incredible meanness and lack of imagination some councils refuse to do even this for their disabled, even though the result may be that the person has to be put into hospital, at enormous cost to the tax-payer.

The time taken for action of any sort is often very long indeed. Meanwhile the patient's condition may have deteriorated, so that the apparatus is no longer of use. If one waits long enough the necessity passes.

But it isn't only the local authorities who are to blame. (A number, and often not the richest, have done a great deal for the handicapped; some even before the passing of Mr Morris's Act.) The government's new pension for severely disabled people needing constant attention both day and night is a useful advance, but the need is thought to be far too strictly interpreted, as many examples cited in the book show.

Finally and possibly most importantly of all when we are apportioning blame there is the attitude of the general public. Until recently this has been ambiguous, a mixture of sweeping under the carpet and sickly sentimental. Again the authors of 'No Feet to Drag' quote examples of public apartheid; landlords, cinema managers and restaurant owners who didn't want people in wheelchairs. Any disabled people can give their own examples.

But now, say Mr Morris and Mr Butler, the 'breakthrough' has come and the situation is changing radically. The government is providing more money and another attendant allowance for those slightly less severely disabled, and local governments are stepping up their provisions for them. In particular, more public buildings are being made accessible to the handicapped at the proper time, i.e. at their construction. Gradually people are becoming more accustomed to seeing



(Photo: By courtesy of The People.)

disabled people going about 'just like anyone else', and it is this public awareness which will be the crucial factor in more aid for the handicapped.

There is much to be done. But Alfred Morris's Act was passed only in 1970. We're a little late, as usual, but we're getting on with it now.

'Arthritis Handbook'*

This 'Patient's Manual' by Dr Darrell C. Crain of the Arthritic Rehabilitation Center, Washington, is an interesting example of the growing popularity of 'patient-involvement' books, which seek to explain the disease to the sufferer and advise him on how to cope with it.

If carefully and responsibly done this can be a great help, both to the patient and his family. Far from alarming him or turning him into a hypochondriac it usually has a calming effect. Some things may be worse than he imagined, but others are very much better! At any rate it is a relief to know the facts, that many others are in the same boat and that there are several practical steps to be taken.

'Today', says Dr Crain, 'Everyone is interested in arthritis'. One may wince at his opening sentence:

'Congratulations, arthritics, on your medical ancestry', but it seems that the disease was known to primitive man, and to such famous people as Julius Caesar, Frederick the Great and William Pitt.

The Handbook is divided into three parts: the first deals with true arthritis and other rheumatic diseases; the second with gout and the third (the appendix) is about menus, exercises and mechanical aids.

'Naturally, not all cases are alike. But each sufferer will find much valuable information within these pages that will apply to him. The patient's doctor will advise him which parts are relevant to his case.'

**published in London by Arlington Books at £2.25.*

Fancy a Go at Snip-Snap-Snorum?

This is one of the many games featured in *Waddington's Family Card Games* by Robert Harbin, the well-known magician. (Published by Hamish Hamilton at £1.90).

It provides a strong counter-attraction to the telly, especially where there are children or young people, or where — as in homes for the disabled — there is a captive audience!

The book is divided into sections, i.e. games for two, gambling games, patience, and also includes some simple card tricks.

Some homes might like to form a 'Solo Club', or again there's always that 'Snip-snap-snorum', guaranteed to get the party going!

'Still at Home with Multiple Sclerosis'

This useful booklet follows its predecessor 'At Home with Multiple Sclerosis', adding to the information given there and bringing the rest up to date.

It is essential reading for both M.S. sufferers themselves and their families, and includes articles on many aspects of M.S., including those of rehabilitation, employment, mobility, aids for the disabled, moving and handling. Perhaps the book's most useful function is to indicate where information can be sought on a wide variety of problems. Too often in the past disabled people have felt frightened and helpless, and with no idea where to turn for advice. The unknown is more frightening than the known. At least one can do something about the latter.

'Still at Home with M.S.' can be had from the M.S. Society, 4 Tachbrook Street, London SW1V 1SJ, price 30p per copy (including postage).

Marriages

Hunt-King: on 7th October 1972 at St Josephs Church, Milford, BRIAN HUNT to ANN KING. The couple will live in a chalet flatlet at Hydon Hill.

Evans-Bonnett: on 5th August 1972, ARTHUR EVANS to JUNE BONNETT at St John's Church, Sandbach Heath. Both residents of The Hill, they will live in a double room there.

Shelton-Statham: on September 30th 1972, GEORGE SHELTON to MERCIA STATHAM, at the Parish Church of St Mary and St Hardulph, Breedon-on-the-Hill. Both residents of Staunton Harold.

Deaths

Barks: On 9th August 1972, WINIFRED BARKS aged 46, a resident at Holme Lodge since January last.

Davies: On 15th June 1972, SALLY MAY DAVIES, a resident at Mayfield House since 1968.

Dibbams: On April 20th 1972, WILLIAM DIBBAMS, aged 62, a resident of Heatherley since 1967.

Greig: On 18th May 1972, MURIEL GREIG, a resident at Mayfield House since 1966.

Payne: On 3rd August 1972, BARBARA PAYNE, aged 51, a resident at Heatherley since 1965.

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 Foundations 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.

Gabriel Rehabilitation Centre

Madras.

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

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. Disabled people are admitted according to need, irrespective of race, creed or social status. The average number of residents when the Homes are completely established is 30.

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

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.

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. E. Elliott, Esq., J.P./R. G. Emmett, Esq./Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher Foxley-Norris, K.C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., M.A./The Earl Ferrers/Major T. V. Fisher-Hoch/J. R. Handscomb, Esq./J. H. Inskip, Esq., Q.C./H. E. Marking, Esq., C.B.E., M.C./T. Peace, Esq., M.C./B. Richards, Esq./Peter Rowntree, Esq./W. W. Russell, Esq. (Vice-Chairman)/N. R. Trahair, Esq.

Secretary: Miss C. T. Short.

Assistant Secretary: Mrs K. Harper.

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

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

Cheshire Homes in Britain

Bedfordshire

Amphill Park House, Amphill. Amphill 3247 (3173)

Buckinghamshire

Chiltern CH, North Road, Gerrard's Cross SL9 8JT.

Gerrard's Cross 86170 (84572)*

Carmarthenshire

Coomb, Llanstephan. Llanstephan 292 (310)

Cheshire

The Hill, Sandbach. Sandbach 2341 (2508)

Cornwall

St Teresa's, Long Rock, Penzance. Marazion 336 (365)

Denbighshire

Dolywern, Pontfadog, Wrexham. Glynceiriog 303

Eithinog, Old Highway, Upper Colwyn Bay. Colwyn Bay 2404

Derbyshire

Green Gables, Wingfield Road, Alfreton

Devon

Cann House, Tamerton Foliot, Plymouth. Plymouth 71742 (72645)

Douglas House, 33 Gillard Road, Brixham. Brixham 4787

Dorset

The Grange, 2 Mount Road, Parkstone, Poole.

Parkstone 188

Dumfries

Carnsalloch House, Dumfries. Dumfries 4924

Durham

Murray House, St Cuthbert's Road, Blackhill, Consett.

Consett 4000

Edinburgh

Mayfield House, East Trinity Road, Edinburgh EH5 3PT.

031-552 2037 (4157)

Essex

Seven Rivers, Great Bromley, Colchester. Ardleigh 345 (463)

Glamorganshire

Danybryn, Radyr CF4 8XA. Radyr 237 (335)

Gloucestershire

Cotswold CH, Overton Road, Cheltenham GL50 3BN.

Cheltenham 52569.

Hampshire

Le Court, Liss. Blackmoor 364 (229)

Hertfordshire

Hertfordshire CH, St John's Road, Hitchin SG4 9DD.

Hitchin 52460 (52458)

Kent

Mote House, Mote Park, Maidstone. Maidstone 37911 (38417)

St Cecilia's, Sundridge Avenue, Bromley BR1 2PZ.

01-460 8377 (7179)

Seven Springs, Pembury Road, Tunbridge Wells.

Tunbridge Wells 31138 (20130)

Lancashire

Honresfeld, Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough.

Littleborough 78627 (78065)

Oaklands, Dimples Lane, Garstang, Preston.

Garstang 2290 (3624)

Springwood House, Garston, Liverpool L25 7UW.

Garston 7345 (5400)

Leicestershire

Roecliffe Manor, Woodhouse Eaves, Loughborough,

LE12 8TN.

Woodhouse Eaves 890250

Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch LE6 5RT.

Melbourne (Derby) 2571 (2387)

Lincolnshire

Hovendon House, Fleet, Spalding PE12 8LP.

Holbeach 3037 (3241)

Stonecroft House, Barnetby. Barnetby 344

London

Athol House, 138 College Road, SE 19. 01-670 3740 (6770)

Monmouthshire

Llanhennock CH, Llanhennock, Caerleon, NP6 1LT.

Caerleon 545 (676)

Norfolk

The Grove, East Carleton, Norwich NOR 94W.

Mulbarton 279

Northumberland

Matten Hall, Matten, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

Stamfordham 212 (383)

Nottinghamshire

Holme Lodge, Julian Road, West Bridgford NG2 5AQ.

Nottingham 89002

Oxfordshire

Greenhill House, Twyford, Banbury. Adderbury 679 (667)

Burcot Brook, Abingdon

Somerset

Greenhill House, Timsbury, Bath BA3 1ES. Timsbury 533

St. Michael's, Axbridge, Somerset. Axbridge 358 (204)

Staffordshire

St Anthony's, Stourbridge Road, Wolverhampton WV4 5NQ.

Womburn 3056 (2060)

Surrey

Hart's Leap Children's Home, Hart's Leap Road, Sandhurst,

Camberley. Crowthorne 2599

Hydon Hill, Clock Barn Lane, Hydon Heath, Godalming.

Hascombe 383

Sussex

Heatherley, Effingham Lane, Copthorne, Crawley.

Copthorne 2232/3 (2735)

St Bridget's, The Street, East Preston, Littlehampton.

Rustington 3988 (70755)

Warwickshire

Greenacres, 39 Vesey Road, Sutton Coldfield.

021-354 7753 (7960)

Westmorland

Lake District CH, Holehird, Windermere. Windermere 2500

(387)

Wiltshire

Greathouse, Kington Langley, Chippenham.

Kington Langley 235 (327)

Yorkshire

Alne Hall, Alne, York OEG 73. Tollerton 295

Beechwood, Bryan Road, Edgerton, Huddersfield HD2 2AH.

Huddersfield 29626 (22813)

Champion House, Clara Drive, Calverley, Bradford LS28 5PQ.

Bradford 612459 (613642)

Kenmore, Whitcliffe Road, Cleckheaton BD19 3DR.

Cleckheaton 2904 (2724)

Marske Hall, Marske-by-the-Sea, Redcar TS11 6AA.

Redcar 2672

Mickley Hall, Mickley Lane, Totley, Sheffield S17 4HE.

Sheffield 367936

Spofforth Hall, Harrogate HG3 1BX. Spofforth 284 (287)

White Windows, Sowerby Bridge. Halifax 31981 (32173)

HOMES FOR PSYCHIATRIC AFTER-CARE

London

Miraflores, 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon SW 20.

021-946 5058

Gaywood, 30 The Downs, Wimbledon SW 20. 01-946 9493

Nicholas House, 3 Old Nichol Street, Bethnal Green, E 2.

01-739 5165 (9298)

*Residents' Telephone No. in brackets.

Cheshire Homes in Britain—continued.

MENTALLY HANDICAPPED CHILDREN

Cheshire

The Green, Christleton, Chester. Chester 35503

Dorset

Fairfield House, Lyme Regis.

Hawthorn Lodge, Hawthorn Road, Dorchester.

Dorchester 3403

Cheshire Homes Overseas

Secretary, 5 Market Mews, London W1Y 8HP.

Tel. 01-499 2267

Argentina

Buenos Aires

Canada

Toronto, Port Credit (Ontario), Saskatoon

Ceylon

Mt Lavinia, Negombo, Kiala Matala

Chile

Concepcion, Santiago

Eire

Ardeen (Co. Wicklow), Barrett CH (Dublin), O'Dwyer CH

(Co. Mayo), Rathfredagh House, (Co. Limerick),

St Lawrence CH (near Cork), St Patrick's CH

(Co. Carlow)

Ethiopia

Addis Ababa, Asmara (Clinic)

France

Holy Land

Bethlehem

Hong Kong

Chung Hom Kok (near Stanley)

India

(Office: Ch. Homes India, 18 Nemi Rd. Dehra Dun, U.P.),

Bangalore, Baroda, Bombay, Burnpur, Calcutta,

Coimbatore, Dehra Dun, New Delhi, Jamshedpur,

Katpadi Township, Covelong, Madurai, Mangalore,

Ranchi, Poona

Kenya

Mombasa

Malaysia

Johore, Kuching (Sarawak), Selangor (Kuala Lumpur)

Mauritius

Tamarin (Floreale)

Morocco

Marrakesh, Tangier

Nigeria

Oluyole (Ibadan), Orlu, Lagos

Papua and New Guinea

Port Moresby

Philippine Islands

(Philippines CH Inc. Manila), Sinag-Tala for Men Quexon

City, Sinag-Tala for Women Village Project 8, Quirino,

Novaliches, Quexon City (Sheltered Home)

Portugal

Carcavelos

Sierra Leone

Bo, Freetown

Singapore

CH Singapore

South Africa

Chatsworth CH (Durban), Queensburgh CH (Natal),

Fairhaven CH, Muizenberg (Cape Province), Port

Elizabeth

Spain

Las Planas (Barcelona), Masnou (Barcelona)

Thailand

Bangkok, Siri-Wattana CH (Bangkok), Soi Thongpoon

U-thid (Bangkok)

Uganda

Kampala, Tororo, Baluba, Saroti

USA

Madison (New Jersey)

West Indies

Georgetown, Barbados, Jamaica, Trinidad and Tobago

Overseas Homes include those for crippled and mentally retarded children, and for burnt-out leprosy cases.

Further information from the Secretary (address and Telephone No. above).

2 Sue Ryder Foundation

Sue Ryder Homes, Cavendish, Suffolk CO10 8AZ

Tel.: Glemsford 252

Founder: Sue Ryder O.B.E. Charity Reg. No. 222291

Registered as a Charitable Foundation, completely undenominational and relying on voluntary contributions and small grants from local authorities, the Foundation was started by Sue Ryder to bring relief to any who are sick, lonely, homeless, or in any kind of need. It seeks above all to render personal service to the survivors as a small token of remembrance not only to the living, but to the millions who died and suffered and endured in our common cause. The Foundation is not restricted to helping only survivors but is devoted to the relief of suffering on a wider scale. Thus the work is a living memorial and as such strives to help adults, children of all ages who are in need, sick or disabled whoever they may be.

Sue Ryder Homes (United Kingdom)

Cavendish, Suffolk. Hickleton Hall, Doncaster. (Homes for disabled of different age groups. *Stagenhoe Park*, near Hitchin. (Holiday/permanent home for survivors of the Resistance and Nazi Concentration Camps and their children. Also disabled patients).

Sue Ryder Homes (Overseas)

Germany, Grossburgwedel. (8 cottages for families and single persons).

India, Sue Ryder Medical Aid Foundation, Bangalore. (Voluntary teams of doctors and nurses). Ryder-Cheshire International Centre, *Dehra Dun, U.P.*

Israel, Nathanya. (Homes for girls).

Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Greece. (Individual case work).

Proposed sites in Volos (Greece) and Canea (Crete).

Poland, 25 homes. Yugoslavia, 21 homes.

3 Missionaries of Charity

This Order founded by Mother Teresa of Calcutta, numbers over 500 Sisters and 90 Brothers who run a large number of Homes for the Destitute in many countries of the world. Enquiries to: Co-Workers of Mother Teresa, Corbiere, 27 Queen's Avenue, Byfleet, Surrey.

4 Order of Charity

A non-denominational and voluntary society working to bring medical aid to leprosy sufferers in all countries.

A Founder member of the U.K. and European Committees of Anti-Leprosy Organisations. Enquiries to: The Secretary 50 Fitzroy Street, London W1.