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THE CHESHIRE SMILE

The Quarterly Magazine of the Cheshire Homes

(founded by Group Captain Cheshire, V.C.)

Vol. 6, No. 1

SPRING, 1960

ONE SHILLING

“Action for Peace”

Some of the
R.A.F. Servicemen
who are helping to
build the new Home
in Johore, Malaya

THE CHESHIRE SMILE

Vol. 6, No. 1

Spring, 1960

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Jeromy Charles Cheshire—11 days old

Photo : Associated Newspapers Ltd.

To Follow in their Footsteps

It was the last day of January, a Sunday morning. Precisely at 8.30 the phone rang, and a voice said, "It's arrived!—at 4.30 this morning, a seven-pound boy."

So we heard the news that a son had been born at The Old Rectory, Cavendish, Suffolk, to Group Captain Leonard Cheshire and Mrs. Sue Ryder Cheshire, who were married in Bombay on April 5th, 1959.

The baby is being christened Jeromy Charles in March at Cavendish. His godparents are Father Clarke of Petersfield, the Marchioness of Cholmondeley, who helped the Group Captain when he first started the Homes, and Sister Maria, with whom Mrs. Sue Cheshire is associated in her welfare work in Germany.

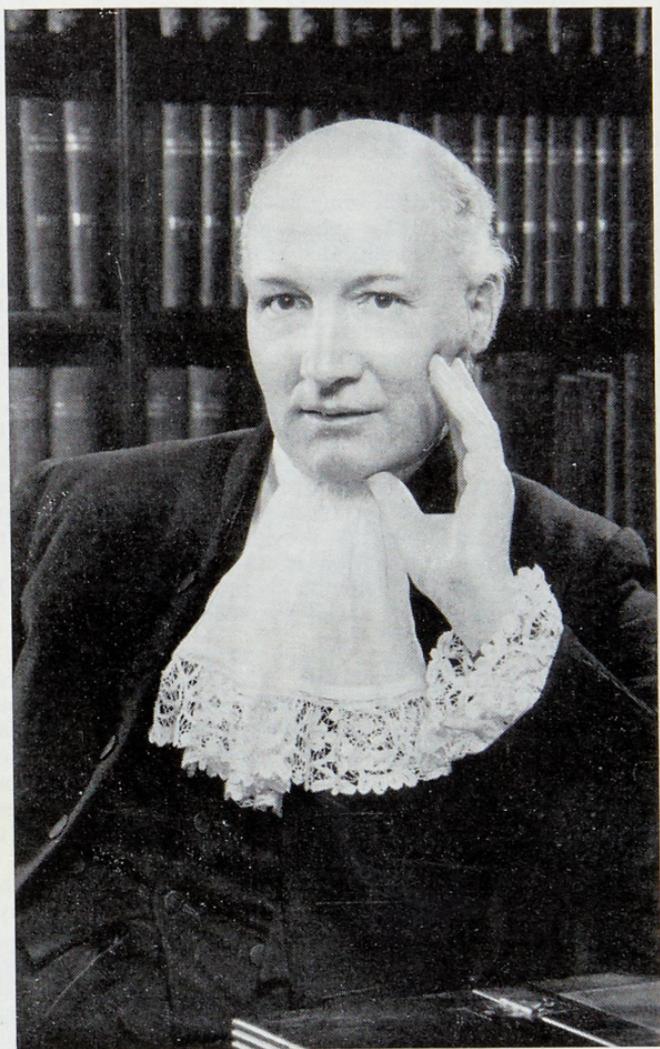
By a coincidence, young Jeromy arrived on the World Day for Lepers, the day on which the fifteen million lepers in the world are remembered, prayed for and helped in whatever way we can.

LORD DENNING

The first of a series of features on the Trustees

IN January 1952, the affairs of what is now known as the Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick were at a low ebb. There were only two homes—Le Court, which was in a state of physical disintegration, and St. Teresa's, then situated at Predannack on the bleak Lizard peninsula, which, to say the least, was distinctly under the weather. The one bright spot was the offer of the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust to replace the old Le Court with a modern building; and the Group Captain, as optimistic as ever about the future growth of the enterprise that he had launched, established a central Trust, with a one-room office in London but with no paid staff, the alleged object of which was to administer the new homes that few but he believed would materialize. The trustees were Miss Morris, Mr. Edgar, the Group Captain and myself, but it remained to find someone of wisdom and experience, bold enough to act as Chairman of a body that, if the prophets were heeded, had a good chance of dying of inanition. We approached Lord Justice Denning, as he then was, and ready as he always is to help a lame duck over a stile, he consented without hesitation. This was an act not only of faith but of courage, for it would be little short of disastrous if a man holding his eminent office were to be connected with a movement that for all anyone knew might wither away for lack of support. But Lord Denning has never lacked moral courage. Neither has he lacked determination to see a job through. For instance, the first meeting of the trustees was held at Le Court on Sunday, March 30th, 1952. It was a weekend of heavy snowstorms and many roads were impassable. Mr. Edgar, who lives some five miles distant, was completely marooned and, though all his farm workers and tractors were mobilised, it was impossible to cut a way through the drifts. Yet, undaunted by the prospect of being stuck *en route*, our Chairman set out on his forty-mile journey, driven by the intrepid Lady Denning, and arrived debonair and cheerful.

The Minutes of this first meeting consist only of three unimportant items and they show only too clearly the precarious nature of the venture to which the Chairman had committed himself. How different the position is now after eight years of his guidance. It is not going too far to say that much of the success that has



The Rt. Hon. Lord Denning, P.C.
(Chairman of the Cheshire Foundation)

Photo : Baron

attended the Foundation in that time is due to his enthusiasm for the good cause and to the energetic manner in which, often at the cost of his leisure, he has nursed its development. He has travelled up and down the country, sometimes to iron out a tangled situation, at others to inspire and persuade hesitant promoters to establish a new home where the need is great, and by his patience and forbearance in the conference chamber he has often produced harmony out of discord.

His legal career well-known

The distinction of Lord Denning as a lawyer is well-known even to laymen. His career in that sphere has been meteoric. Born in Hampshire in 1899, he was educated at Oxford, where he took two first-classes in mathematics and then, what is even more remarkable, a first-class in the final law examination after only one year's instead of the usual two year's preparation. It was my good fortune to be one of his three examiners on this occasion and I remember to this day my astonishment that anyone could have learnt and understood so much in so short a time. After a successful career at the Bar, he was appointed a judge of the High Court in 1944, only 23 years after leaving Oxford, and he immediately became known for two virtues which are so significant to the well-being of the Foundation—independence of mind and a determination to see justice done where humanly possible, even though this may involve a reasonable modification of antiquated precedents. Let me give just one example, intelligible to those unversed in the law, of his reluctance to be sidetracked by technicalities.

A case in point

The case, briefly stated, was this. The plaintiff had expressed his willingness to lend money to a company, provided that accounts were drawn up and that they showed a satisfactory state of affairs. The company, therefore, instructed the defendant, a professional accountant, to prepare the accounts, telling him that they were required for the enlightenment of the plaintiff, a potential lender. The defendant completed this task in such a careless manner that the company, which was in fact on the verge of bankruptcy, was made to appear comfortably prosperous. Acting on the faith of the accounts, the plaintiff made a loan of £2,000, every penny of which was lost.

Few would deny that justice required the defendant to compensate the plaintiff. There was, however, a technical difficulty. According to established law, a defendant cannot be liable for a careless, as distinct from a fraudulent, statement, unless he owes a duty of care to the plaintiff, and it had been held by a decision fifty-seven years earlier that no such duty can exist unless it has arisen from a contract between the two parties to the action. In the present case, the contract to employ the defendant was made by the company, not by the plaintiff. Lord Justice Denning, as he had by this time become, found for the plaintiff, arguing in a manner convincing

to many lawyers throughout the English-speaking world, for the decision created a great stir, that the law had developed in the last fifty-seven years and that nowadays the necessary duty exists at any rate "where an accountant prepares his accounts and makes his report for the guidance" of a potential lender. The learned Lord Justice, however, failed to carry his two brethren with him and on this occasion the plaintiff went empty away, but the moral of the story is that in an ever-growing institution such as our Foundation, where, human nature being what it is, cases of unfair or misguided treatment are bound at times to occur, it is a great comfort to have as Chairman a man whose almost passionate resolve it is to see that right is done to all manner of people.

Raised to Peerage

In 1957, Lord Justice Denning was raised to the House of Lords, where he became one of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary under the style of Lord Denning of Whitchurch. He has thus reached the summit so far as the legal profession is concerned, but this has in no way debarred him from undertaking many extra-judicial duties of a public-spirited nature. In the legal field, for instance, he has been largely instrumental in launching the British Institute of International and Comparative Law, of which he has become the first Chairman, while, among many other civil commitments, he presides over the National Association of Parish Councils. Let us hope that, into whatever new fields his altruism may carry him, he will long continue to preside over the fortunes of the Cheshire Foundation.

G.C.C.



Aerial photo of Greathouse, Wilts.

Photo: C. H. Woodward, Devizes

The
Cheshire World

A Miscellany of News from All Quarters

DISABLED RESIDENTS in the ENGLISH HOMES

as in Jan. 1960

	<i>Men</i>	<i>Women</i>	<i>Total</i>
Le Court, Hants.	26	13	39
St. Teresa's, Cornwall	13	11	24
St. Cecilia's, Kent.	16	16	32
St. Bridget's, W. Sussex	11	6	17
Amphill Park, Beds.	24	—	24
Staunton Harold, Leics.	25	18	43
Alne Hall, York	20	7	27
White Windows, Yorks.	21	9	30
Hovenden House, Lincs.	11	14	25
Seven Rivers, Essex	8	9	17
Honresfeld, Lancs.	5	5	10
Greathouse, Wilts.	16	12	28
Spofforth, Yorks.	6	4	10
TOTALS	202	124	326

SPOFFORTH HALL, near HARROGATE, YORKSHIRE

A family with a faith is surely a family with a future. At Spofforth we are a family with a great faith, and we hope a great future. There are now ten disabled people in residence.

As with the beginning of all Cheshire Homes, an empty house without faith could prove a weak link in the ever-growing "Cheshire Homes" chain. So from the start we packed that wonderful virtue into every step we took.

From time to time "brick-walls" loomed before us, such as compulsory plumbing. This alone entailed copper and lead pipes, valves, basins, extra toilets, drainage, etc. Could we surmount even this terrific expense without touching one penny of monies donated?

Within one week the necessary equipment valued between £500 and

£600 was on the premises, after an approach to twelve firms. One said NO, which was only the second time since we started that we had heard this small word.

Heating for the first floor seemed another deadlock, but spurred on by our plumbing success we again got down to things. Within ten days eight infra-red heaters were delivered, with the promise of more.

All this was the reward for faith in Cheshire Homes and our fellow-men. Now, each room heated, all plumbing completed, a bed light and bell for each patient—and we are all set for our next 16-18 patients.

Our next hope is to tap a fairly safe source for twelve new mattresses. We already have the bedsteads and some extra bedding.

So the equipping and establishing

of Spofforth Hall does not now appear a long, long, dark corridor simply lit by faith, but rather a bright lovingly-equipped and happy home, surrounded by faith.

This success was not achieved without much hard work, and here one must add a word for our grand week-end voluntary helpers. All the work was done solely at week-ends.

Looking back, one cannot help wondering how ignorant and prejudiced one can be. How many of us would not feel a little perturbed perhaps at the prospect of Borstal lads in *our* home. We did—even after agreeing to accept our first two volunteers from a nearby Borstal establishment. We need have had no fears. They were grand lads. There were plumbers, joiners, electricians, labour-

ers and scaffold erectors amongst them. But seeing what a Cheshire Home really stands for certainly brought out the best in them. They became keenly interested in all our work. Three or four have said that "when they get out" they hope there may be a Cheshire Home near them where they can help still further. How true it is, "there is so much bad in the best of us, and so much good in the worst."

Recently, when I was thanking them for a particular job well done, one lad spoke up and said "we enjoy coming. You see, you trust us. We look upon you as *one of us*, a proper toff." I accepted the compliment which I am sure was intended.

KATHLEEN PIKE.

MAYFIELD HOUSE, EDINBURGH

Further Details of the Scottish Home

An anonymous gift of £5,500 enabled the Cheshire Homes (Scotland) Committee to buy Mayfield House, East Trinity Road, Edinburgh, last November, and plans were at once drawn up to modernise it for its new role. The architect, Mr. Michael Laird, is arranging, among other things, for a lift to be installed, two more bathrooms on the ground floor, and ramps built to facilitate the future residents to get about in wheelchairs.

This work has already been started and it is hoped that the bulk of it will be near completion by April. If these plans are realised, the first residents will be moving in by early summer. Once the builders are out of the house application will be made for Part III registration, and later for nursing home registration.

It was many years ago that Mayfield House, formerly the home of the Salvesens of Leith, was handed over by Mr. Christian Salvesen, head of the well-known whaling firm, to the Royal Navy Benevolent Fund as a Home for orphan children. It was given up as an orphanage only a few months ago.

The Secretary of the Scottish Committee, Miss Beryl Moody, an Almoner at Edinburgh's Royal Infirmary, writes, "We are all so looking forward to seeing Mayfield occupied. It is

really a lovely house, and I am sure it will be easy to build up a happy atmosphere. One of the most exciting features is the adjoining recreation hall with a stage and curtains—all set for the first concert party! The grounds are extensive, and there is a walled garden, fruit trees and glass houses. From the windows at the back there is a fine view of Edinburgh Castle and Salisbury Craggs.

"It was quite thrilling to wander through the house one day last summer trying first to picture the house as it was with the children in it all those years, and then to visualise it in the future, with our new residents building up a new tradition."

Already nearly 30 applications from all over Scotland have been received, thus confirming the view that there is a great need for a Scottish Cheshire Home, especially catering for the younger age group. The Admissions and Staffing Committee are meeting soon to decide on staffing arrangements, and to sift through all the applications, after which decisions will have to be made about age limits for admission and other matters.

There was a house-to-house collection in Edinburgh for a week last November, the week culminating in a



Mayfield House

flag day on November 28th. It was a Red Feather Week for the city, some 300,000 flaming scarlet feathers being handed out, as well as 10,000 leaflets. "My flat was like something out of Walt Disney," says the Secretary, "these feathers get everywhere." It must now be well-known over much of Britain that the Red Feather, an eastern symbol of joy, has been adopted by the Cheshire Homes as a badge of courage—the courage and fortitude of the disabled young people they look after.

The Chairman of the appeal committee, Mr. Maurice Heggie, Junior, spoke to the local press, "We are appealing to the people of Edinburgh whose response to worthwhile causes is well-known." The appeal week brought in over £1,800, and money is still being received. One member of the Salvesen family, Captain Harold Salvesen, has given a donation of £1,000.

Many prominent public figures are associated with the Scottish venture. Chairman of the Organizing Committee is Mr. Roger Orr, a victim of poliomyelitis. He has been active on behalf of polio sufferers, besides being connected with a number of other public bodies. Other members of the Committee are Miss Rodney Murray (sister of Sir Andrew Murray), a former Lady Provost of Edinburgh; Mr. A. E. Bromfield; Mr. W. A. Douglas, D.F.C., former Commanding Officer of Edinburgh's famous 603 Fighter Squadron; and Mr. Ian Scott of the Clydesdale and North of Scotland Bank. Serving on the Admissions Committee are Dr. Williamson of Southfield Hospital and Dr. Forbes, Assistant M.O.H., Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh office is: Cheshire Homes (Scotland), 18 Heriot Row, Edinburgh.

WALES CATCHES ON

(Reprinted from "The Western Mail")

During the early fifties Leonard Cheshire's Mission became well-known throughout his home county of Hampshire. Living in the neighbouring county was Mrs. Pat Shingle-

ton-Smith, the wife of a barrister, who became interested in the work.

The Shingleton-Smiths moved to Capel Evan in the heart of rural Carmarthenshire to take up farming.

Naturally, they became engrossed in their new mode of living and lost touch with the Group Captain and his work. Their interest was rekindled after their eldest boy had read Leonard Cheshire's book of his wartime experiences.

"We wrote to him," says Pat Shingleton-Smith, "and were told that he had opened 12 homes, one of them in India, where he then was. Having known his first struggles we were thrilled to bits. We then offered our help in any way to the Cheshire Foundation."

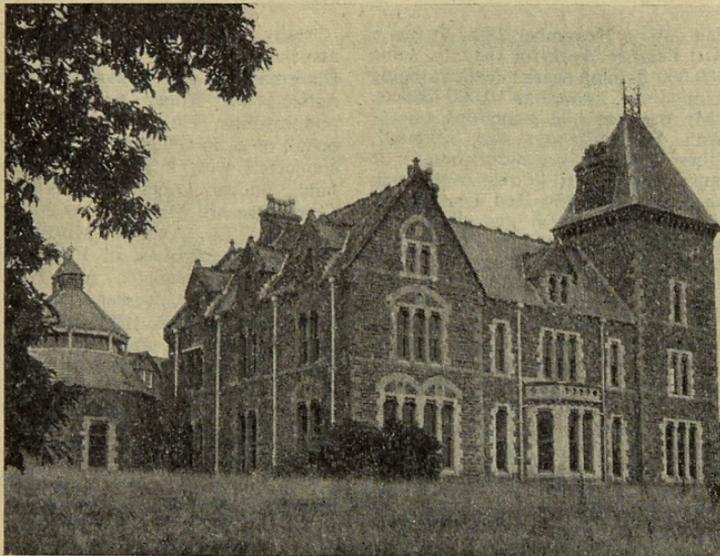
It was then that the Shingleton-Smiths had members of the staff of the homes to stay with them on holiday. Through these visits they came to know of a 23-year-old Welsh cripple—Rodney Lewis of Bedwas, who had been on holiday at a Cheshire Home.

Today, Mrs. Shingleton-Smith will

admit that it was the bravery and courage of Rodney Lewis, who unfortunately died in 1958, that gave her the determination to interest people in the establishment of a home in Wales. She had a staunch ally in Mr. W. F. Morgan of Barry, who has formed Friends of the Cheshire Homes in Wales Association.

The first idea was to establish a home at Bridgend. There a support group was formed but negotiations over suitable premises failed. The idea spread to Porthcawl, Swansea and Cardiff and now at last the dream of these people of goodwill is being realised.

As was mentioned in the Winter issue of *The Cheshire Smile* a suitable house has been found—Coomb, at Llanybri, near Llanstephan, in Carmarthenshire.



Coomb

Photo : Mayfair Studios, Carmarthen

HONRESFIELD

Once again the kind people of Crompton Support Group took over the Home on Christmas Day, cooking and serving the meals. Bury Support Group presented each patient with a gift voucher for £1 as a Christmas

present, and also looked after the arrangements for New Year's Day.

Two new residents have been welcomed, Grace Jones and Michael Kearney.

The central heating is now working at full blast, and the car parks and



Mrs. Jackie Parsons presents cheque to G.C. on behalf of RAFA, Carmarthen

Photo : Mayfair Studios, Carmarthen

paths have been re-laid and re-surfaced. Fire prevention work has also been completed, and by the time this is in print work on the panelling in the dining-room and the installation of bookshelves at the right height for the patients should be well in hand.

The final, and most costly, phase of the building programme envisages a bridge from the first floor to the land behind the house and the building of chalet-type sleeping quarters for the patients. This would mean that thirty patients could be accommodated. Experience in other Cheshire Homes has shown this to be the ideal number for economic running, and the Chair-

man hopes to start on the final phase before June of next year.

Once the new building is complete, the present house will be used for daytime accommodation and staff quarters. It will then be possible to provide more activities for the patients, particularly in the way of work rooms.

At the last Quarterly Meeting Mr. Fuller said that he had visited one Home where the patients were doing work for an industrial firm and were thus able to raise money and feel that they were useful members of the community. We hope to be able to do the same at Honresfeld before very long.

ATHOL HOUSE, DULWICH, LONDON

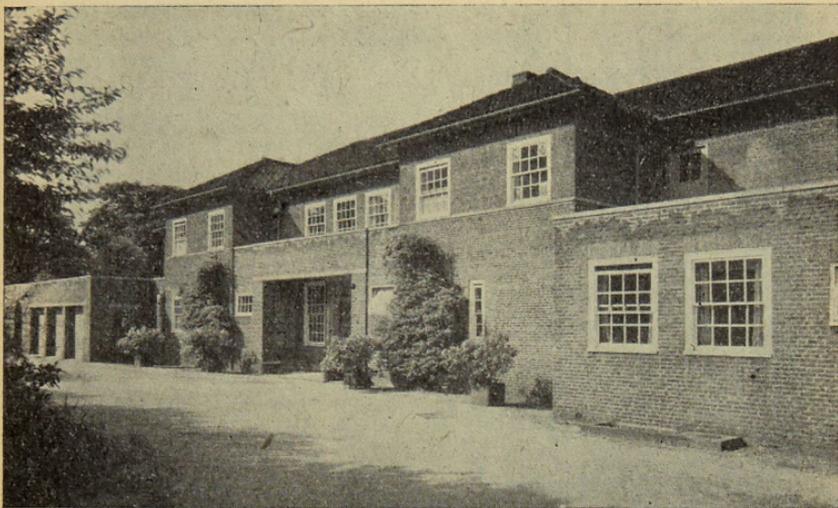
Some further details of the proposed London Home have now become available.

The house in College Road, Dulwich, the purchase of which has just been completed, is a magnificent residence designed originally by Sir Gilbert Scott. It was the former home of Mr. Basil Aldous, a well-known

Dulwich personality, Chairman of Dulwich College Estate Governors, and a city constructional engineer.

Purchase money came from many sources including local business men. The largest amount of £10,000 was generously contributed by the City Parochial Foundation.

Dr. F. S. Cooksey, who is associated



Athol House

Photo : Barr, London, S.E.

with the new Home, is Director of Physical Medicine at King's College Hospital, London, and a foremost British expert on rehabilitation. We hear that King's College Hospital staff, including occupational therapists, will help in making the new Home one of the best equipped in the country.

The Committee is going ahead as fast as possible with the work of adapting the property to suit the

needs of its future residents. "To enable us to do this within the time limit we have set ourselves, we need urgent and immediate help from all well-wishers," said a spokesman.

The cost of conversion and equipment will be considerable. Some of the money has already been promised, but there is a lot still to be found. Whether the offer is 5s. or £500 the money will be put to an immediate and most beneficial use.

THE WEST MIDLAND PROJECT

Over the £10,000 Mark

We have now collected over £10,000 towards our new home at Fergusson's Common, Penn.

Work on the foundations is almost completed. Drains and watermain have been laid and the access road is now ready for vehicular traffic. Our Architects and Quantity Surveyor are busy during these winter months preparing the drawing and bills of quantities ready for the builder to

start work on the superstructure early in May.

An appeal to industry has been launched and already there are signs of a good response. Now we want to extend the scope of our support groups by bringing in people from all parts of the West Midlands to help us to make a really big effort to open the Home by next Christmas.

STAUNTON HAROLD NEWS

As usual, we had a wonderful time at Christmas, with lots of concerts, parties and plenty to eat and drink. If I tried to give you a full account of our doings, the Editor would have a fit, so I'd better confine myself to what were, in the eyes of most of us, the two highlights of the holiday season.

The first was the third successive annual concert put on by the patients and staff. This year we got really ambitious and did a full-scale, six-scene pantomime, lasting nearly two hours. Written by Tom Gair and produced by Sam Bailey, it was a hashed-up version of Cinderella, under the title of "Cinders of Staunton Hall." I say hashed-up because, somehow, Cinders turned out to be a patient at the Hall, and throughout the show fun was poked at everybody and everything connected with Staunton. So far, we have had no writs for libel, but we have Mr. Crane, the Chairman of our Management Committee, who is a solicitor, standing by just in case! I only hope we don't get one from him himself!

The second high-spot was our annual party given by the "Friends of Staunton." As always, this was a great affair, lasting from the time they served up a wonderful full-scale Christmas dinner to patients and staff at 12.30, until about 9.30 at night. All that time, there was never a dull moment, with a party for the children of the staff (complete with Santa Claus, who arrived in a huge Christmas cracker), sing-song, led by a couple of our very good friends who are members of the Melbourne Amateur Operatic Society, a display by the Nottingham Scottish Dancers, and ending, as all good Christmas parties should, with carols, led by the choir of one of the local churches. Many other things happened during a very full day, before we went to bed, rather tired, but thanking God for the fact that there are such wonderful people in the world.

The patients of Staunton Harold Hall would respectfully like to draw the attention of all interested in the Cheshire Movement to the fact that, not only is our Home the best in Britain, but it is now the biggest! We now have 43 patients, compared

with Le Court, previously, I believe, the biggest and *second-best*, with 39.

Those interested in Staunton might like to know that there has been a slight reshuffle in the patients' committee, the Chairman and Vice-Chairman, Tom Gair and George Barnes, changing over positions. Tom asked to be relieved of the job because of nerve strain, and we all wish George the best of luck in this none-too-easy task which he has taken on.
T.M.G.

St. Bridget's

RECENT HIGHLIGHTS

As the result of a horse show organised by Mr. Clifford Smith and held by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Cundy at Avenals, Angmering, in August last, our funds have benefited to the extent of £500! The presence of Miss Jayne Mansfield, arranged by Major Danny Angel, helped to make the event such a great success. We owe a debt of gratitude to all those who worked so hard to produce such a wonderful show.

Lady Cahn, together with her friends, organised a Bridge Party for which she lent her house. The proceeds were divided between Dr. Barnado's and St. Bridget's. We have received from Lady Cahn over £108, for which we are most grateful.

We are again indebted to the "Cheshire Cats" for their efforts on our behalf. This time it is the magnificent gift of a Dishmaster.

From our anonymous donor we now have a Fri-Fri in the kitchen which is much appreciated by staff and patients.

All our generous friends once again contributed a wonderful array of presents, food and entertainment for our festive season at Christmas, which were much enjoyed by all.

Le Court

CELEBRATIONS

Le Court Christmas celebrations, which are assuming a traditional character of their own, left nothing to be desired. Most people stayed to enjoy them, but three who didn't were Evelyn, Nipper and Paul Hanson, who were fortunate enough to be chosen for the Christmas Star Flight to Rome (reported elsewhere in this issue).

On New Year's Eve we had an informal party that went well, aided by rum punch, the usual marvellous buffet, a number of "acts" turned on by the less self-conscious, and Johnny Ayers' piano fooling.

Once again we are indebted to Mr. Wilkins for a trip to the Southsea Pantomime, and to lots of other people for various shows and outings.

Monica Humphries has left, but welcome new arrivals are Kehla Curry, John Jones, Andrew Norris and Keith Robson.

We are happy to report the engagement of two of our "slaves", Gilbert Thompson and Pamelan Benbow.

Bob East, who has been with us for eight years, died on February 28th.

Miss M. Pechey, a member of the Management Committee for five years, died recently. She was a good friend to Le Court and active in a number of other voluntary capacities. She can indeed be ill-spared.

Chapel Extension

Last autumn a scheme was started to enlarge the Church of England Chapel at Le Court. An appeal was launched in December, with the approval of the Management Committee, and the support and blessing of the Bishop of Portsmouth. Since then the sum of £500 has been collected—including an anonymous gift of £200—and it is hoped that work will begin before very long.

"SNOW WHITE"

On January the 9th the staff of Le Court presented "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" for the residents. This was an excellent effort by all concerned. As I work in Television production I found, not only the team spirit, but the avid interest in this production almost enviable when compared to many shows that I have worked on.



Staff presents "Snow White" at Le Court

(On the left)—Matron (left) as Queen Scarlet and Barbara Jarvis as Alexis.

(On the right)—Bill Roberts as Jenks and Monica Humphries as Jane.

With Matron as the Wicked Queen and Clive Duncan as Snow White we found countless laughs coming from the audience. Although impossible to single out, the rest of the cast must by no means take "second billing". As I have said, this was indeed a show of immense team spirit, not to mention the endless time that must have been taken up in off duty hours. The music was bright and the singers all well-trained by Henry Kerr, with piano accompaniment by Kehla Curry. The show was remarkably well stage-managed and was, I feel sure, appreciated by all who saw it.

A "SLAVE".

Greathouse

"WHACK-O"

Since last we wrote to the *Cheshire Smile* the Home has filled up and we now have twenty-eight residents. The need for these Homes is so very apparent, as we have had many more applicants than we could accommodate.

Christmas was great fun. It was really "Whack-o" for the residents and staff. During tea, Jimmy Edwards, who was staying with friends in the district during the holiday, arrived with his trombone as Father Christmas. He distributed Christmas presents and champagne, given by very good friends of Greathouse.

During this winter we have made a trip to Messrs. Wills' Tobacco factory at Bristol. This turned out to be a most interesting afternoon. A party have also been guests at a film show given at the R.A.F. Station, Lyneham, by members of the Comet Car Club.

This summer, instead of a Fete, the Oxford & Cambridge Players are presenting Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" for three evening performances and one matinee. This will be staged in the open air, in a lovely natural setting of yew hedges. The proposed dates are 7th, 8th and 9th July. The last evening performance will be by invitation, with supper in marquees.

L. G. ASPINAL.

NOTES ON HOVENDEN

Phyllis Downing, a resident here, has passed her G.C.E. in French. Mrs. Ford, a mistress at Spalding High School, came each week to give Phyllis lessons.

Father Christmas called on Christ-

mas Day and distributed the many presents on the tree. We had many groups of carol singers from the local Churches and Chapels and a large volunteer choir from Spalding High School.

A very "professional" concert party came on December 17th from Skegness and gave a performance, and also a personal gift to all members of the Home, residents and staff.

Three young members of the nursing staff are getting married next month. Already work has started for the Garden Fete to be held on July 2nd.

The Residents' Committee continues to flourish and is working hard to raise funds for our building fund and also has hopes of getting our own "bus" shortly.

There was a very successful firework party on November 5th. A lovely evening encouraged a lot of friends to come and enjoy the spectacle and to eat hot dogs after. Many of the patients were warmly wrapped up and sat on the terrace to get a near view and to talk to the guests.

MRS. R. M. M. READ.

PARALYSED HOVENDEN GIRL PASSES G.C.E. IN FRENCH

(Reproduced from
The Spalding Guardian)

A young girl with tremendous courage and ambition is 19-year-old Miss Phyllis Downing, a patient at Hovenden House, Fleet, who has just passed the General Certificate of Education examination in French at ordinary level.

Four years ago, Phyllis was stricken with poliomyelitis and is now almost completely paralysed.

Her home is at Gorleston and she has been a patient at Hovenden House, the Cheshire Home, for the past fourteen months.

Teacher

Before moving to the home, Phyllis spent over two years in Newmarket General Hospital and for eighteen months of that time was encased in an iron lung.

When a reporter asked the matron, Miss K. Walker, what had given Phyllis the urge to take the examination, Matron said, "She just wanted to feel that she could still do something."

Phyllis was learning French at school in Gorleston when she was taken ill with polio.

Because she was still very interested in learning more about the language, Mrs. Cyril Ford, French mistress at Spalding High School, has been going over to the Home most weeks to give her tuition.

Dictated

Phyllis reads a lot of French books and is now hoping to take the G.C.E. at advanced level.

Phyllis took the oral and written examinations at Hovenden House. An examiner came from Cambridge to take her for the practical part and for the written paper; an invigilator was present while Phyllis dictated to another person who wrote down the answers.

Although Phyllis can only move two fingers, she can still manage to write a little with the help of another person.

Visitors

Naturally, a girl with Phyllis's courage to face life has many friends.

Apart from her companions at the Home, a number of girls from Spalding High School regularly visit her, and quite often keep up a conversation in French for her benefit.

St. Teresa's

Mostly about Christmas

Here we are in the New Year and, of course, the first thing we want to do is to wish all our brothers and sisters, in all the Cheshire Homes, a very happy new year even though it will be some time in March before these words appear in print.

We had a very happy Christmas, many thanks to all who contributed to our happiness. Among these we especially thank—yet once again, but never too often—our very good friends from Mylor. Then we also think of the two visits of the St. Ives Company of the Salvation Army, under their truly sincere Christian leader, Capt. Leonard Grinstead. We certainly enjoyed the music from the band and we were invited to choose our own hymns (and tunes) on each occasion. The lounge (and corridor) were very tastefully decorated, the best ever—many thanks to the "Pirates of Penzance" (Rugby Club), who came up and spent quite an hour or two putting up the decorations. That wasn't all the "Pirates" did, they came on



Cliff Foster of St. Teresa's who hopes to be transferred to the new Plymouth Home shortly

another evening and sang carols—with real Cornish fervour.

Christmas Day really began with Services in the two Chapels, after this we gathered in the lounge and soon the toast was drunk to our esteemed founder "G.C.", and this time we, of course, also drank a toast to G.C.'s wife.

On the evening of Boxing Day we had a film show in the lounge, given, as usual, by Mr. Peters from Helston. In thanking Mr. Peters we also thank Mr. Lee, also of Helston, whose projector was used because Mr. Peter's projector is undergoing repairs.

"St. Teresa's Players" ended their season with a show in the lounge on December 11th. This particular show was for the Management Committee, their wives, and some of our very good friends. ONE of these very good friends is the Mayor of Penzance, we invited him and the Mayoress to the show and were delighted when they accepted the invitation.

Though starting much later with our shows in 1959 we were able to bank nearly £80 and we now have over £600 in the bank—not bad going for just three seasons. Now we hope to see our recreation and occupational therapy room really in being before the end of the summer. They say that everything comes to those who wait—well, we have waited, patiently, now . . . well, as I have said—here's hoping.

We look forward to our usual outings in the summer, such as the sea trips to the Scilly Isles and a trip or two by train to Plymouth. This year we also hope to have a coach trip for all. That is, we want to get everyone off for the day, once we can find a couple of coaches with the rear doors wide enough to admit some of the wheel chairs then we can get down to the business of where to go and all the other details. We want to make this the first of the Annual coach trips.

One very familiar face was missing from the "Festive Board" during Christmas, but we knew where Graham was, he was one of the lucky ones who went to Rome for the Christmas. He had a lot to tell us on his return and there was no doubt that he enjoyed every minute, even when he had to get up so early in

the mornings, and, finally—he does *not* get Spaghetti mixed up with his beard, he doesn't like the stuff.

L.H.

St. Cecilia's

Farewell to Mr. Worthington

Since our last report we have had a change of Chairmanship; Mr. R. S. Worthington retired from that position after three years of very worthy service, during which time the Home progressed tremendously. The present excellent conditions under which we live and the very happy atmosphere prevailing is a tribute to his untiring efforts, and all the residents join in thanking him for his work. We welcome Mrs. E. Woodmansee to the Chairmanship; she has long been connected with the Orpington "Friends of St. Cecilia's", and we know of her great interest in the Home and of her unbounded energy and we feel she is a worthy successor to Mr. Worthington.

Our activities have been numerous and we have been very fortunate in having frequent Concert Parties visit the Home. Christmas went with a swing—the Management Committee gave a very successful party on 19th December—they needed a week's holiday to recover from their efforts. One does not like to single out any particular group for mention but the visit of 36 boys from St. Joseph's College must be recorded. They took over the Home for an afternoon and evening, provided and served the food, gave a Concert, gave presents to all the patients and staff, sang Carols and showed a film. They left us breathless and exhausted, but it was a wonderful time. Our thanks are due to the "Not Forgotten Association" who invited our ex-Service patients to a Christmas Party at Buckingham Palace and also to Bertram Mills' Circus.

One of our patients, Tom Langham, has been fortunate in getting a part-time post as a Dentist. It just shows what can be done. But we don't like the gleam in his eyes when he looks round the rest of us, we prefer him to keep his hand in elsewhere!

The patients arranged a St. Cecilia's Day Concert, and we had some delightful musical entertainment from some well-known singers and instrumentalists.

Our new Roman Catholic Chapel is complete except for the furnishing, and we hope it will not be long before it is in use.

It is sad to have to record the passing of many of "our family"; Mr. Ernest Milton, Mr. Richard Pearson, Miss Martha Thompson, Mr. John Johnson and Mr. Frederick Hewison.

F. H. PARTRIDGE (*Warden*).

WHITE WINDOWS CHRISTMAS

Looking back on a very busy twelve months, it seems that a good deal of our activity was connected in some way or other with the dining-room extension, and it gives us a great deal of pleasure to announce that it was finished in time for the Christmas festivities. Everyone who has seen it has admired the light colourful decor and the feeling of space. After having been crowded in the two lounges for meals during the alterations, it really does seem large and spacious. The flat for the nursing staff has also been completed.

Our congratulations to one of the residents, Alan Croft, on the occasion of his twenty-first birthday on 5th January.

The Boys' Brigade of Square Congregational Church, Halifax, visited White Windows and presented a lovely mirror for the dining-room. This was their special Christmas effort, and we thank the boys very much indeed for the gift.

On 22nd December we had a Carol Service led by the Songster Brigade of the Brighouse Citadel, Salvation Army, while on the following evening the Rev. Scholefield and the choir of St. George's, Quarry Hill, gave us a service of lessons and carols. The lessons were read by the residents and members of the Management Committee. The collection at the Carol Service, amounting to over £4, was sent to the Mayor of Halifax for the World Refugee Appeal.

The highlight of Christmas was the party on 19th December, organised by the Ladies' Committee (district representatives). Everyone had a really lovely time, and we are most grateful to the ladies for all the work they put into it, particularly for the wonderful tea they provided. In the evening the residents' concert party gave an enter-

tainment, arranged and produced by our good friend, Miss Joan Williams. It was a very happy gathering enjoyed by all.

Father Christmas arrived on Christmas Eve and distributed gifts from the tree. Amongst the presents was 10s. for each resident from the patrons of the Triangle Inn. We are grateful to Mr. Collett of the Triangle and all who contributed to this unexpected gift. The Chairman of Sowerby Bridge Urban District Council, Councillor A. Butterworth, was present on Christmas Eve, and we were very glad to welcome him. Christmas Day and Boxing Day were, for the most part, spent quietly, but we must not forget the Christmas Dinner at which Mr. Rushworth, our Vice-Chairman, presided, when he carved an extremely large turkey.

A little while ago Toc H members from Brighouse re-decorated a small bedroom, and it now looks extremely nice in a warm shade of pink.

A NOVEL IDEA

Some Friends of White Windows at Gomersal had a novel idea for money raising. They sent a tea apron to their friends and neighbours, and asked everyone to sew a coin to the apron, underneath a little patch. Two aprons were received at White Windows, both covered with dozens of patches, and two or three of the residents had a busy time unpicking the patches. We were amazed to find that altogether there was £9 5s. 9d., mostly in small coins. We feel sure that Mrs. Parker and her friends will have no objection to anyone borrowing the idea.

Alne Hall

ENTERTAINMENTS

Various entertainments have been provided for the patients. We must thank those who have shown lantern slides—evidence of skilled colour photography. We much enjoyed the party given by Messrs. Rowntrees, which included a display of puppetry of a high order.

A collection of photographs by Mr. Cussey led to much discussion of his visits to Moscow, and we were given increased knowledge of the Russian people.

SEVEN RIVERS EXPANSION

The Home now has increased registration for 27 patients and has been gradually taking in new patients. It is with real regret that we report the death of Ron Day very suddenly in November.

Miss F. M. Burnett who has acted as Sister-in-Charge has been appointed Matron.

The Home was gay over Christmas, a party was held at which patients and staff put on a most talented concert,

and on Christmas Day the dining-room was full to capacity as patients, staff and volunteers all sat down together to a perfectly cooked meal.

The Bedford van has proved of immense value in enabling patients to get out to parties and shows and to do their own shopping in Colchester or Ipswich.

Miss Mary Wheatley, herself a polio sufferer, visits us to help with Occupational Therapy. This has resulted in greater interest and improvement in the standard of work produced.

P. E. HESSELTINE.



PICTURES FROM NIGERIA



(On the left) The first patient at the Ibadan Home, Nigeria. A girl of 21, who looks no more than a child of 10, she has suffered all her life from a form of anaemia, and has never grown.



(On the right) Clement, at the Nigerian Home, a boy of 14, paralysed by polio, but intelligent and has taught himself to write. It is planned to send him to school later on.

THE WRONG NAME

by Roye McCoye

A Controversial Dialogue to start you talking

"I still don't really see what's wrong with the word 'cripple'."

"Well, it has such derogatory overtones, for one thing."

"That's rather a vague objection. I know what you mean, though. But can't you be a bit more particular?"

"It's difficult. It's a bit fluid. But I'll try. One thing is that people tend to look down on 'The Cripple', to regard us as inferior beings. . . ."

"Umm. Inferior to whom?"

"Normal people, I suppose."

"Another vague concept. Who are these 'Normal people'?"

"Perhaps I should have said *physically normal*."

"Ah, that's better. What you're saying is, then, that physically normal people tend to regard us, cripples, as physically inferior, physically sub-normal. But surely that's true?"

"Absolutely. The trouble is that it seems to be such an easy, almost automatic, progression from regarding us as physically subnormal to regarding us as emotionally, morally, mentally and socially subnormal as well. And that simply is *not* true."

"Oh I quite agree there—as a general rule it simply isn't true. Though we must admit, I think, that there are quite a few exceptions."

"We-ell, I suppose we must. But not only to us—cripples, if you like. It applies to most classes and collections of people."

"Yes. But to get back to these people who regard us as sub-normal and all that. Of course, we all know them, with their 'Cripples? Ah yes; our unfortunate, sadly-stricken brethren. Poor things, they aren't like us so we must look after them, protect them, entertain them, give them something to do to pass the time—simple handicrafts, say. (How *clever* you are to make such pretty baskets, dear!) Don't be too hard on them. They're more to be pitied than blamed. And I doubt myself if there are half as many such deluded types as you seem to think."

"Or perhaps you haven't met as many of them as I have."

"Perhaps that's it. But whether there are many or few, surely you don't imagine that we can enlighten them merely by changing our name?"

"No—but it'd be a step in the right direction."

"Okay then. We remove the offensive word 'cripple'. What do we put in its place?"

"OLUYOLE" IBADAN, WESTERN NIGERIA

The First Cheshire Home in Africa

As we are such a new home, we thought readers might like to hear something about our activities.

Following Margot Mason's swoop on Nigeria in May 1959 a house was acquired at a yearly rent of £200. A well-wisher installed septic tanks, drainage and toilets. Furniture appeared from everywhere and the first patients were installed in June. Miss Flora Tassell, who came originally to assist in the establishment of the home, left Ibadan in December. Mrs. May Cutler (from Ampthill) is in charge at the Home and with her terrific energy is house-keeper, matron and mother to our eight patients.

The management committee under the Chairmanship of Dr. O'Beirn, who is the tuberculosis specialist for Western Nigeria, is now planning to build a new home on a site already chosen.

Support for the home is very encouraging. The Ministry of Health and Social Welfare, Western Nigeria, recently gave a £200 grant, thus showing in a practical way the Ministry's interest in the Home. All here in Ibadan are looking forward to another visit from Margot Mason (if we can survive her pace of activity when she gets here). Of course we all hope that the G.C. will also come and see us soon.

CHESHIRE HOMES, MALAYA

The Singapore Home

As was mentioned in the last issue of the magazine, the Singapore Home was officially opened on the 6th November by our Patron, Air Chief Marshal the Earl of Bandon. We had invited about 60 people, including our donors and sympathisers, and the whole affair was a great success. The residents seemed to enjoy it and were all out of their beds for the occasion. Our guests were very interested in the work, and we hope that seeing the Home will bring in more offers of help.

The new wings look very attractive indeed, bright and airy and commanding a wonderful view of the sea. At the moment the men's wings are fully occupied with 27 residents. We only have 4 women but more will be admitted soon.

On the 4th November we had a Film Premiere which brought in \$4,700/- and our share of the International Charity Film Premiere in April was \$4,451. The Red Feather

Day in May collected \$7,673. Unfortunately not so much as last year, but still very good considering the number of Flag Days in Singapore.

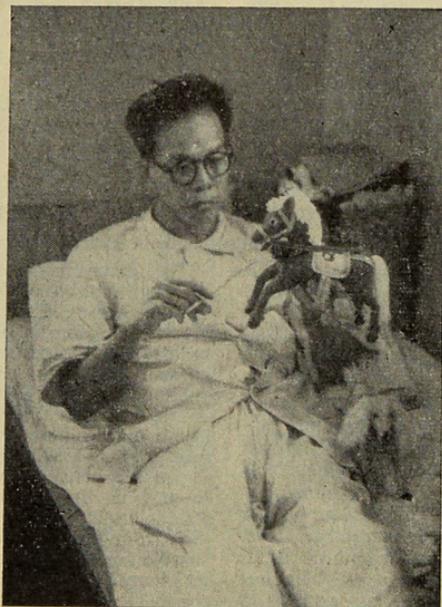
We are very lucky to have the voluntary services of Mrs. Ferguson, a trained nurse who is our Resident Matron, and who is doing wonderful work. She is assisted by a Chinese nurse and two medical attendants. Our residents seem to be very happy and contented and get on very well together. The majority are Chinese, but we have also a few Indians, Malays and Eurasians.

Mrs. F. A. L. MORGAN
Honorary Secretary.

Where There's Life . . .

In September, 1894, eighteen-year-old Maria Schubert was admitted to a Vienna hospital with an incurable bone disease in a leg. Today she is still there—same bed, same ward. "There are plenty of people worse off than I am," she says.

(Reproduced from "Titbits")



Handicrafts at Singapore

JOURNEY OF THE HEART

In the Christmas issue of *Woman*, the Cheshires, Leonard and Sue, described the thrilling beginnings of the new community, Raphael, the International Centre at Dehra Dun in India. We reproduce the article by permission of the Editor.

Here, in the foothills of the Northern Himalayas, a mile from the centre of the Indian town of Dehra Dun, lies a long wooded plateau which once belonged to the Indian Government. It is approached by a road bordered by pleasant-looking privately-owned houses which stand in rather overgrown gardens which are largely composed of hedges, fruit trees and a variety of colourful flowering shrubs.

Except for occasional cyclists and numbers of laughing children, the road seems almost deserted by comparison with the average Indian highway, crammed with straying bullocks and goats and all the wares of local tradespeople.

This road ends at a river bed, fast-flowing and filled in the monsoon, but now dry, the surface lined with gravel stones and small boulders. From time to time a bullock cart or a bicycle, or a nicely painted ambulance, crosses over; but one could hardly tell that most of those who rode in them were voluntary workers.

The banks on the other side are covered with bush and trees; at night there are lanterns, the smoke of fires, and the soft sound of voices.

A stranger arriving would be greeted by a man coming out of a large tent with raised hands, saying "Salaam." About five feet ten inches tall in height, and with a lined skin, he has dark brown quick-moving eyes, black moustache and is dressed in a khaki shirt, coloured checked waistcoat and white trousers.

Nearby is the first of a small row of houses built by a young ex-R.A.F. carpenter and his wife, an ex-W.A.A.F. who saved their fares to come to Dehra Dun and just receive food and pocket money. Further on up the newly-made road is a completed building, E-shaped, with pale blue shutters, and a low verandah at the front.

Here live a trained nurse and a laboratory assistant who came out

from England on their own resources to look after twenty-four mentally handicapped and disabled children.

No more buildings exist at present, for this is Raphael, our joint International Centre, which we are just in the process of building. On it we plan nine or ten Homes centred round a hospital, each catering for a different category of patient, including the physically and mentally sick, and infectious as well as non-infectious cases.

Thanks to the special permission of Mr. Nehru, a few of the stateless survivors of Nazi concentration camps will soon be coming from Europe to make this their home. There are plans, too, to educate and train abandoned and needy children, and for a rehabilitation scheme for ex-jailbirds.

One of those who have come to live at Raphael is Krishen Manoo, who was born 40 years ago in the wooded hills of Tehri Garhwal, 150 miles north of Delhi. Being gifted with an unusually keen and alert mind, and having been trained by his father to be a mason, he was soon looked upon as a boy with a promising future.

But shortly after his twenty-third birthday his arms and legs broke out in a mass of sores which became so uncomfortable and bled so frequently he could hardly carry on his work.

None of the villagers seemed to know the cause of the trouble, and they advised him to go to Dehra Dun and to seek professional treatment.

It was a twenty-eight mile walk, mostly on steep and rocky mountain paths and Krishen had never travelled so far from home on his own before, but his body was strong, and his mind full of hope.

Once in the city he went to the MacLaren Sanatorium where the doctor diagnosed LEPROSY and told him to report for weekly injections.

Not far from the hospital, situated in a kind of quarry, was a closely-spaced group of mud huts, in which lived other men and women like Krishen who had come in search of treatment.

Among these people he found two friends who offered him shelter—such as it was; and so he settled down to a new routine of life, learning to live by begging and to share whatever he was given with his hosts. Very soon—for his fellow lepers were not long in noticing his abilities—he was appointed the colony's official collector, and once a week was sent on the round of the shopkeepers for money and provisions.

Today, fourteen years later, he is the man who greets you as you walk up the slope to Raphael, and is the leader of the new colony which is being built to replace the other.

Here, the waterlogged depression of their quarry is giving way to the fertile plateau handed over by an interested

Government, the mud huts to brick walls and asbestos roofing.

Here will be no more begging, but in its place the means of a constructive life, for with the help of skilled direction and specialised tools sent by friends overseas, hands, once maimed and useless, can become productive.

Here, so we hope, will reign the affection and love of a family life, founded on a knowledge that God is our Father, and we, regardless of race or colour, His children.

In the steep hills of Mussoorie to the north, once darkness has fallen, there shines forth a glorious diadem of twinkling lights, as if dozen upon dozen of stars were hovering above the earth to remind men there that today, two thousand years after the star of Bethlehem had appeared over the infant Christ in the Crib, there are millions the world over to whom the meaning of Christmas is still unknown. Countless others for whom there is still no room at the inn.

RAPHAEL

Christmas Day was happily celebrated both at Govind Bhawan and at Raphael. At Govind Bhawan they had a special lunch—all the inmates, staff and guests, and one of the latter sang some nice carols. He was an Indian Christian boy. The children got balloons, toys and brooches.

At Raphael, there was a tea and a Christmas Tree. It was wonderful to see the children's faces light up as they received their gifts. Afterwards they had their favourite sweets and cakes. It was very lovely.

The lepers were given Rs.5 each to

buy clothes with, which is what they wanted. Chippy and Stella gave them a sheep which they divided and cooked.

The Christmas broadcast was heard by many. Jane's voice and Sakina's came through very well.

It became very cold at the beginning of January and it was nice to see big log fires burning in at least one room. Chippy and Stella improvised a brick fireplace in their tent, which made it very cosy. For the children we use a charcoal brazier. It gives a lovely glow.

Please turn up the other way

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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION "THE CHESHIRE SMILE"

"PATHFINDER"

by Ian Curtis

It was under the above title that BBC television presented a documentary film last December on the lives and work of Group Captain Cheshire and his wife, the former Sue Ryder. The producer of the film here gives an account of the making of it and some impressions of the places and people he met whilst visiting the Homes.

A film must have its own integrity. That is to say it must be an honest attempt by the writer, director, producer or whoever is responsible to portray his subject truthfully and imaginatively. Thus no programme should be judged solely as good or bad publicity, neither is its object to raise money for any cause, however excellent.

Then, as well as integrity a film should have a central character or characters and must show the march of events in relation to the characters, indicate motives and perhaps greatest of all convey the emotions and feelings of everyone in the film.

These precepts, as I see them, are the heart of a good documentary film. Applying them to the BBC's Christmas film "Pathfinder" about the work of Leonard Cheshire and Sue Ryder I found a fairly definite form emerging. One couldn't have better central characters than the two Cheshires. There they were, dedicated, devoted, austere and friendly, mystical and practical, reliable and unpredictable, bending the passage of events to their will and probably ultimately affecting the course of history. So that first one had to look at them and then, where possible, to look at the world through their eyes. Their world comprises many countries and hundreds of people who have become Cheshire or Ryder-Cheshire patients, committee members, trustees, and staff. So, as civilisation can be viewed as the way in which people live in their own country, to make a film about the Cheshire work is in a small way to make a film about civilisation.

Getting to Work

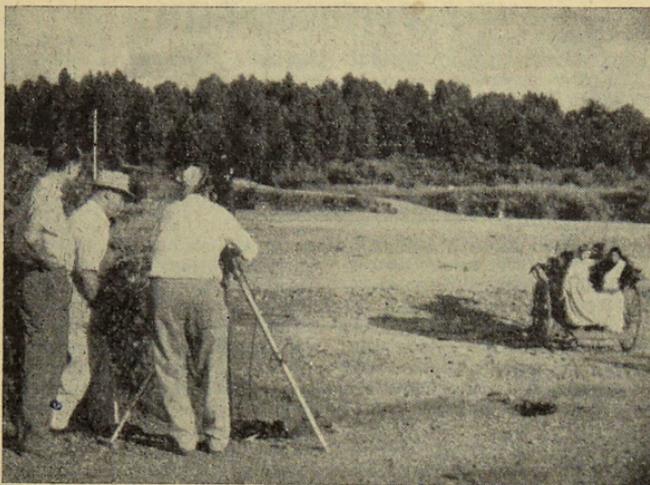
From this excellent beginning one gets to work, and this involves breaking the story right down into its smallest component parts and then after its been filmed, putting it together

again. One of our first sequences was Christmas Day. To show a real Christmas Day on December 23rd, 1959, you must shoot it on December 25th, 1958—on which day we moved into Greathouse, Chippenham, under the care of Squadron Leader Aspinall. The dining-hall needed a lot of light, about four kilowatts, which we provided. It was pretty bright and the evening was enlivened by a running campaign between the cameraman Bill Morris and the Warden as to whether the lights should be on or off. The switch was conveniently near at hand for all parties, but finally we got our pictures which were first-class and the Squadron Leader said he thought the specialist's bill for damage to patients' eye-sight would not be more than a hundred guineas!

After this start the remainder of the filming becomes a little blurred in my mind, leaving only isolated incidents. There was the Fete at Le Court, where thunderstorms all morning produced nervous tension all round, dispelled sharply at two o'clock by set fair sunshine synchronising with the BBC Film Unit's return from the local pub—coincidence, no doubt. There was Family Day at Amptill, which went smoothly I think. There was the day we took the invalid carriages out on the main road and the day we shut the editorial staff of *The Cheshire Smile* into a cupboard under the stairs and kept them there for four hours to get twenty seconds of film—our fault, not theirs. It was a difficult spot, that cupboard.

India

In India the best things stand out very brightly. First I think the tremendous beauty of the site at Raphael across the river from Dehra Dun with the low Himalayas in the background and the contented feeling of the Children's Home which Barty and Jane



B.B.C. Film Unit at Raphael, Dehra Dun, India

run there, and of the lepers' new homes in the little wood. In spite of erosion, monsoon floods, and utterly uncleared land I personally felt that the big hospital, the other Homes, the staff, and indeed the whole great project would appear there in due course exactly as the Cheshires planned them. Exactly how this will be achieved and paid for I do not know, but I am quite certain that it will all happen.

At Jamshedpur the Children's Home run by Stanley Ashton stays in my mind; once more because of the beautiful site and secondly, because of Stanley's own blunt north country co-operative down-to-earth manner. Anyway, one couldn't have a better beginning to a conversation than "I can hardly hear you at all. I haven't had a new battery in my hearing aid for over six months", answered by "funnily enough I have one in my pocket for you." For Cheshire Headquarters in England had given us half-a-dozen to take out to him.

Lastly, it was an immense experience to have met Mother Teresa, who runs her own small organisation in Calcutta literally to care for the dying.

Poland

Then there was Poland—perhaps the most exciting venture to me of

them all. For we had filmed the despatch of the first Polish Home from a factory in Wolverhampton, received magnificent shots month by month from the Polish Film Unit, the Polska Kronika Filmowa, in Warsaw, who were working with us and who finally sent us coverage of the opening by the Polish Vice Minister of Health. This and the film of the Cheshire wedding in Bombay which we were very kindly allowed to take, arrived in our cutting rooms before anyone in this country had seen them and were very stimulating and moving.

Little to criticise

I find that a good method of approach to a subject is to ask oneself not what is good about it, but what is wrong; and applying this to the Cheshire organisations I would say remarkably little. The vision and leadership without which all ventures perish are manifestly there. In my opinion the work of the staffs and committees of the various Homes cannot be overpraised. To them I think goes most of the credit for turning a disorganised idea into a well organised Home, often one which is almost a showpiece. In conjunction with this it seems to me that the Trustees add a very desirable sense of solidity to the whole enterprise. Perhaps if there is a

criticism about the British Homes one wonders whether occasionally too much attention is paid to the buildings and not enough to the patients. Agreed, if the roof falls in, life would be uncomfortable for one and all, but on the other hand the happiest Homes seem to me to be those where the patients are continuously involved in their own and others' occupations.

I would put in also a plea for the Children's Homes all over the world. Adult patients in Cheshire Homes are very vocal—their voices can be heard lifted to the high heavens over injustices, inefficiency, or the necessity for shooting a particular scene six times. Children are not able to do this and events of any sort leave a much greater mark upon them. I would think one of the duties of any patient or helper in a Cheshire Home would be to take a personal interest in the Children's Homes.

A criticism one meets over India runs roughly that "a handful of Cheshire Homes in India are just a drop in the ocean. What good can they do?" I would say to this, "All the good in the world—you have to start somewhere and a start has been made." There is great goodwill in India towards the Homes and approval and help from the Government. Even so an enormous amount of work seems needed both to advance and to consolidate the present position.

I still find the Polish venture the most exciting. The Poles are a fundamentally brave and spiritually free

people creating out of chaos and overcoming enormous obstacles. The help the Ryder-Cheshire Mission is giving with its special hospitals is much needed and provides an additional stepping-stone in their continuing progress towards health and happiness. But I strongly feel that the Polish Homes should each have a large nameplate stating that this hospital was given by the Ryder-Cheshire Mission as a gift from the British people to the Polish people. At the moment they are anonymous.

A Suggestion

If I were a Cheshire patient I think that above everything else I would try and use my imagination and take a specific interest in one or more Cheshire projects. I would try and visit another Home, anywhere, every year or two, or perhaps take an interest in the Cheshire radio transmitter chain, an inspired idea which doesn't seem to get much support. Nowadays I think all forms of communication and travel bring good with them. The thing is not to go empty handed, even if you can only take your own personality with you.

In conclusion, I would like to say that the credit we gave the Cheshire organisation at the end of the film was indeed sincerely meant. We met nobody in the whole of your set-up in any country who did not go out of his way to give us all the help possible. So please accept our thanks again—from all of us to all of you.

VIEWPOINT

Dear Mr. Spath,

You ask for opinions of the centre pages of the Winter number of the "Smile". I think it a very good idea to print on lower grade paper rather than cut down on news. It would not worry me if it was all on that paper as long as we can have as many pages as possible, particularly of items that are "home grown". I read my "Smile" from cover to cover, with especial interest in items written by members of Le Court that I know, as I met many of them, including yourself, when I spent more than twenty-four very happy hours there some eighteen months ago.

I rather like the idea of having pictures of the members of the various Homes on "Smile" covers; nevertheless, I also like the Winter number cover very much. Several of my friends here read my copy, and now there is a Home in Scotland, perhaps I will be able to persuade them to order their own "Smiles".

I'll end by wishing you and your "Smile" every success.

Yours sincerely,

Enice Spinks (Dumfries).

Worship in the Homes

The St. Giles' Fellowship of Prayer

We all know that the Cheshire Foundation started with the inspiration of one man—Leonard Cheshire. If it had not been for his faith and perseverance in the old Le Court, this inspiration could never have blossomed into action. It would have died when the old building was condemned as unsafe to live in. As it was he handed his inspiration on to people of all denominations who had the means, and the desire to help.

Many of those who help in Cheshire work or live in the Homes gradually catch the Cheshire spirit and become conscious that there is a spiritual bond between them. Many feel this bond should be strengthened by forming a fellowship of prayer; some prayer groups have been established in individual homes, or amongst people working for them. To bring these groups closer together the following lovely prayer has been adopted as the Cheshire Prayer, expressing the very spirit of the Foundation:

Teach us, Good Lord, to serve

Thee as Thou deservest,

To give and not to count the cost,

To fight and not to heed the

wounds;

To toil and not to seek for rest;

To labour and not to ask for any

reward

Save that of knowing that we do

Thy will.

St. Ignatius Loyola.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS BROADCAST

On Christmas Day the BBC broadcast their usual round-the-Commonwealth programme, but this time it originated from Sydney—the first time it has come from outside London.

The producer, Wilfred Thomas, gathered material from many countries on his way to Australia, and one of the places he visited was Raphael, the Ryder-Cheshire International Unit at Dehra Dun in India. The north country voice of Jane Wehner was heard in the programme telling something of the work there. Nearly a year ago she left her job in the Path. Lab. at the London Hospital for Tropical Diseases to serve under Leonard Cheshire.

In addition it has been suggested that the St. Giles' Fellowship of Prayer should be formed, which prayer groups could join, if they so wished, and which would be open to individual people of all denominations.

A Calendar is being published setting out a particular aspect of Cheshire work to be remembered each day in prayer. It contains suggested short prayers and readings that could be used, if so desired. A form of evening service, already being used by one home is also included. The calendar will cost one shilling (postage 2d. extra) and will be available from The Secretary, Le Court, very soon after this is published.

It is hoped to circulate additional leaflets from time to time to keep members of the Fellowship fully informed of all new developments in the work. In this way new ventures may not only have the inspiration of our founder to launch them, but also the strength of prayer to aid them.

(*Ed.*—We had hoped to publish with the above article a complementary one on the "Family of the Cross" which is the corresponding Fellowship for Roman Catholics in the Cheshire Homes and friends outside. Unfortunately, this has had to be left over till our next issue.)

"WIDER HORIZONS"

We have received the first three copies of "Wider Horizons", a new duplicated monthly magazine of interest to the disabled and the home-bound. The magazine has started off well with some quite excellent articles and other features. We wish the editors every success. Anyone interested should write to Mrs. W. M. Rawson, Houndhill Cottage, Marchington, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

One idea that the magazine is particularly concerned to bring into being is an exhibition of work by disabled artists. It is visualised as embracing not only paintings, sketches, cartoons, engravings, etc., but small handicrafts of high quality. *The Cheshire Smile* warmly welcomes the suggestion, and will do all it can to encourage it.

WHY?

At the risk of flogging a dead horse (and what a horrid picture that cliché conjures up!) here is a postscript to the discussion about uniforms. Many people seem to think the whole thing is a lot of fuss about nothing, so it might be as well to explain the underlying principle more clearly. If the residents in Cheshire Homes are merely physically disabled they want to live as nearly normal lives as possible. Few of them need more than help with dressing, feeding and so on—they aren't *sick*. To be looked after by nursing staff wearing uniforms and caps implies that they're patients, that they're ill. It not only makes their struggle to look upon themselves as ordinary human beings more difficult, but influences the attitude of the general public towards them. And heaven knows we've got an uphill fight to educate the general public into realising that physical handicap doesn't make people "different". They can be just as whole and well-adjusted and active personalities as any able-bodied men and women.

How many?

Last summer someone from another home visited Le Court, and when he was asked what the atmosphere was like where he came from he said, "Well, it would be all right if it wasn't for the women"! As he made this provocative statement to two of the women here he had to explain it pretty quickly. He told them the trouble was jealousy. The women residents were jealous of each other and of the nurses. It seems there were about equal numbers of men and women in this home. Now at Le Court the proportion is much better arranged; there are two men to every woman, so of course everybody's happy. (For some extraordinary reason quite a few of the men prefer an unattached bachelor existence).

This raises a serious question of policy. To produce a contented community how many men should be provided for each woman? Too high a male population might bring new problems. The women might not be

able to make their influence felt at welfare meetings and other important occasions. We can't all have the charms of a Cleopatra or the strength of character of a Florence Nightingale. Two men to one woman works quite well. Three to one would be better, though. On reflection, perhaps four to one is the ideal.

How long?

Shocking news has reached Le Court. At one of the homes there are separate sitting-rooms for the men and the women, and in a second home the men commandeer the sitting-room two evenings a week and the women are banished. In these days of equality of the sexes such unfriendliness, such superiority is scarcely credible. What—apart from being able to tell bawdy stories without constraint—can the men possibly gain from it? (And they could tell bawdy stories in their bedrooms). Women can play card games with just as much single-minded concentration as men. Look at village whist drives. Maybe they can't take part in debates and discussions so adeptly, but that's only because they haven't had the opportunity to practise. If the Oxford Union admits women. . . . The age-old gibe that women gossip has long been exposed as a fallacy. Well, at any rate, that they gossip any more than men. Their conversation can be as intelligent as men's, though not often on such a high plane as football results it must be admitted. Not the least contribution they can make is their civilising effect. It is well known that men living together without the tonic company of women degenerate in their standards of behaviour, and become brutal and licentious. How long can the men of these two homes justify their outdated, unchivalrous and scandalous behaviour?

Another True Story

A small girl met a bishop for the first time, dressed in all his magnificence and scarlet robes. She gazed at him in awe for a moment, then bent down, lifted the hem of his robe and asked, "Have you got knickers to match?"

"INDEPENDENCE UNLIMITED"

We have spoken to you of "Independence Unlimited", which was born as a result of this section in the magazine. Although we only just mentioned it, we did promise to give you more news concerning its progress.

After the ideas about it had been discussed we went into action, first of all producing a leaflet, which was circulated to engineers, garages, carpenters, amateur mechanics, etc. The leaflet ran as follows:—

"When a person is unable to do certain things for himself it is often possible to invent some form of ingenious apparatus, usually simple, sometimes complicated, by which he may gain a measure of independence and lead a happier, more useful life. But it is not always easy to obtain these aids to independence. Ideas must be forthcoming; materials must be available; the apparatus must be made!

"How then, with their limited scope, are these people to obtain help?

"We believe that this question can be answered through Independence Unlimited, an association which has been formed to provide these aids to independence which mean so much to those who need them. Independence Unlimited is a fellowship of the Cheshire Homes and members of the public who are willing to give some small service to our cause.

"This service can be rendered by Engineering Firms, Garages, Tradespeople, Professional and Amateur Mechanics, Draughtsmen, etc., who might volunteer to give periodical, practical aid in the following ways:—

"By machining, fitting and perhaps assembling small parts.

"By supplying tools and materials.

"By giving a little help, now and again, in our own workshop at Le Court.

"If you join us we wish to make one point quite clear. Our demands will not be excessive. Perhaps an occasional request for a small pulley or spindle; a few washers and screws; a hacksaw blade; maybe a spot of welding or a supply of your odd pieces of rod, tube, sheet metal, etc.

"We shall only call upon your

resources to provide something which we cannot produce ourselves. Perhaps you may not be called upon at all, but the value of your membership will lie in the fact that you will be there in case of need.

"We ask no subscription. The only condition of membership is that any service undertaken by members shall be free of charge.

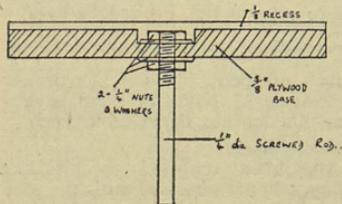
"This is a brief outline of our aims. We are certain that with this outside co-operation the scheme will be successful. Some of our aids are already in use and if your interest has been aroused you may obtain further information about Independence Unlimited from Mr. L. Mawer, O.T. Manager, Le Court, Liss, or from Mr. C. H. Darby, Wood End, St. Mary's Road, Liss.

Since we sent out this leaflet we have had a wonderful response from both professional and amateur workmen. Tuesday evening of each week is now reserved for our meeting in the workshop at Le Court, to plan work, make and assemble whatever is required. If all the members of the group do not come each week they have probably done some woodwork or some metalwork during the week for us to assemble and fit on the Tuesday evening. Or even though no material object is produced and presented, members leave with ideas and schemes to think about, so that they come back with suggestions and drawings and, it is hoped, the answer to a sticky problem the next time they come. So far our only real problem has been in producing drawings of aids and gadgets in a draughtsman-like manner, in order that they can be understood by the craftsmen who are to carry out the work.

A small table

As yet not many objects have been produced, but we are getting into stride. To start with, we are concentrating on an idea that came from Greathouse. It is a small table structure for wheel chairs which has been found valuable for placing ash trays and cups on. In position it is very firm and reliable, and can be easily taken out when not needed.

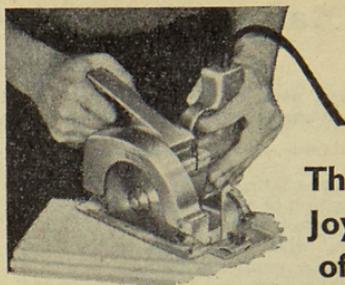
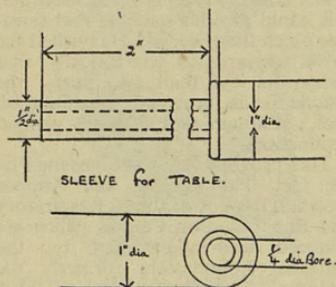
In case you think it would be of use, here are the measurements and materials required, with a few notes on how to set about making it.



A piece of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. plywood is needed, turned to a diameter of $5\frac{1}{4}$ in. This is recessed $\frac{1}{2}$ in. to a diameter of $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., so leaving a suitable edge to prevent objects falling off. The centre should now be recessed even deeper, to the depth of the thin nut you intend using. Through the remaining thickness a $\frac{1}{2}$ in. hole should be drilled.

We next need 3 in. of brass rod of $\frac{1}{4}$ in. diameter, threaded for approximately 1 in.; also two suitable washers and nuts. Place one nut followed by a washer on the rod, and slide on the table followed by the other washer and nut. Make sure the top of the nut, the rod, and the table are all level. To complete this part of the structure, tighten up the bottom nut, thus pressing the washer firmly against the underside of the table.

Now to make it rigid a flanged sleeve of $\frac{1}{2}$ in. diameter is required with a $\frac{1}{4}$ in. bore. This can be fastened or, if convenient, let in to the arm of the chair. If the wheelchair is of wood it is easily dealt with, but if it is of tubular metal a jubilee clip can be attached to the sleeve and then screwed up round the tubular arm. Nine out



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of ten users of this table find that a position along one of the arms is satisfactory. If you are like the tenth and don't find this suitable, then a cranked rod the shape of a motor car starting handle can be fixed to the table, allowing it to be brought directly in front of you, or even farther away than the arm.

Jobs for the Disabled

With Christmas approaching, more casual labour will be taken on by the Post Office, shops and factories. May I make a plea that some sort of consideration be given by managers when engaging these extra people?

Remember the disabled who can do certain work and give them some preference over teachers, etc., who are already paid for their holiday and who are now invading a source of employment many people who are unable to follow full-time work really need.

R. Thomas, 33 Park Ave.,
Stoke-on-Trent.

(Reprinted from a December "Titbits").

Man-made Muscle—For the Paralysed

by Don Murray

First news of an extraordinary device developed in America; in time it will enable many of the helplessly crippled to enjoy useful, productive lives.

Out of a father's anguish has come an invention of rare promise. It is expected to help hundreds, perhaps thousands, who have been crippled by infantile paralysis, strokes, arthritis, spinal injuries and a host of nerve and muscle disorders. The device, a man-made muscle, was developed by Joseph Laws McKibben, one of the most talented nuclear physicists of our time, who until now has perhaps been best known for having directed the designing and building of the complex electrical timing devices which set off the first atomic bomb.

When Dr. McKibben's daughter, Karan, then eight years old, was stricken with paralytic polio seven years ago, he tried to use his scientific skills to create a livable world for her. While she was still in an iron lung, he built a switch so that she could turn the respirator off and on with her chin—he wanted her to be able to do *something* to get into the battle of her own rehabilitation. He created a workshop full of slings, hooks and exercising gadgets to help Karan's wasted arms. He designed a board on which she could be strapped and tilted, so that she could be wheeled easily round the house. Then, while visiting the Respiratory and Rehabilitation Centre at Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, near Los Angeles, where Karan had been taken for treatment, he met Dr. Vernon Nickel, one of America's outstanding orthopaedic surgeons.

The most basic physical skill a human being uses to translate simple thoughts into action is a pinching movement of the thumb and the first two fingers. Without it, he can't pick up anything; he can't feed himself. Month after month Dr. Nickel's staff had tried ways of imitating the movements of a human muscle: electric motors, mechanical arms, pis-

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tons, magnetic devices, hydraulic contraptions. None of them gave a person a delicate, dependable pinch.

Thinking it out

McKibben returned to his Los Alamos home obsessed with the idea of creating an artificial muscle. Unlike most inventors, he did not go to a workbench surrounded with tools. He faced a blank piece of paper armed with one tool: a trained brain. Mathematical formulae led him to believe that the best way to imitate the expansion and contraction of a human muscle was to experiment with a double helical weave, the criss-cross kind of pattern you see in a Chinese finger puzzle, which gets tighter the harder you try to pull it off a finger. He reasoned that, if you could make this weave expand and contract by means of some kind of gas, you could imitate the action and efficiency of a muscle.

McKibben next designed and built a loom, on which he used fishing line to weave the first artificial muscle. He ran a thin rubber hose through it and placed fasteners on both ends.

Now he took his invention to Dr. Nickel. The device didn't look like much—just a foot-long piece of woven hose. But when they filled it with compressed air, it bulged like a fighter's biceps. And when the air escaped from it, the artificial muscle went down in the same way that a natural muscle does.

Dr. Nickel instantly recognised that this could give his patients that sensitive pinch they needed. He pushed the work forward so energetically that today, in less than two years, the muscle is an accepted rehabilitation tool, although not yet in general production.

This progress has been hastened by the fact that Rancho Los Amigos Hospital has one of the 16 Respiratory and Rehabilitation Centres which are financed and maintained by the National Foundation, formerly the National Foundation for Infantile

Paralysis. At these Centres doctors, scientists, technicians and therapists all work together to solve the rehabilitation problems of the severely paralysed, whether they suffer from polio or not.

Thus, when McKibben brought his "muscle" to Rancho, a team of experts was ready to develop it. Dr. Nickel handed the toughest assignment—putting the muscle to work—to Roy Snelson, an expert in designing and fitting devices which help the severely crippled to use their bodies.

Snelson filled a woven insulation sheath with a bladder made of tubing used by surgeons. He machined metal ends for the hose. Then, to link up the muscle, he used a flexor-hinge hand splint, a metal scaffold that supports the forearm and hand, enabling a helpless hand to pinch if power can be supplied.

The next problem was: what gas to power the muscle? Tests led to carbon dioxide, because it can be stored in a small space, is inexpensive, available, and, in a tank, with special

valves, safe to use. Finally, a tank small enough to allow the patient maximum mobility was designed.

The idea in practice

Now came the job of fitting a muscle on a human being. A patient must move some part of his body to operate the device, but no two patients are alike. One may be able to shrug a shoulder; another, bend an elbow or rotate a wrist. Each brace built to utilize an artificial muscle must be individually tailored.

The first to test the new muscle was 19-year-old Hollis Nelson, who suffered polio five years ago. An iron lung saved his life and, later, doctors taught him to use his remaining undamaged chest muscles to breathe. He had been a weight-lifter when he was stricken; he was proud of his physique. Now he could move only his left foot, and that just slightly. He was bitter and frustrated.

Hollis Nelson's right hand is now in a special aluminium brace. When his left foot presses a hair-trigger pedal all the way down, the brace



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closes his right hand as quickly or slowly, firmly or gently, as he wants. When he relaxes his foot, his grip stays closed, firm. When he pushes the pedal half way down, his hand releases its grip.

Hollis can live at home. He can feed himself, undo buttons, play draughts. He even delights in showing how he can pick up a double-edged razor blade and hold it by its cutting edges.

Hollis is bright and confident now. As he flips the pages of a book, picks up a pencil and begins writing his school homework, he says, "Before the muscle I had no future. It has opened new fields to my imagination." One goal is to study law.

Dorcas Clark, an attractive blonde in her late twenties, and mother of two children, is also a quadriplegic—paralysed in all four limbs from polio. She was in hospital, unable to brush the hair out of her eyes or put on lipstick. Dorcas can only move her left knee slightly sideways, but that is enough to operate the valve of an artificial muscle. Today she lives at home.

Mildred Alexander can operate the artificial muscles on her right arm by shrugging her right shoulder. She can insert a sheet of paper into her electric typewriter. She is even learning to do embroidery, and when her husband comes home from work, they invite friends in for cards—which she places in her right hand and plays with her partly mobile left hand.

Dr. Nickel, meanwhile, has perfected an operation to fuse the joints of a paralysed hand, placing two fingers and the thumb in such a position that the patient can get maximum pinch with minimum bracing. This year 15-year-old Karan McKibben will have this operation and be fitted with one of the artificial muscles that her father invented.

Further research

All over America, in the network of centres sponsored by the National Foundation, co-ordinated research is going on.

At the Houston, Texas, centre, scientists and doctors have designed an electric switch to control the gas which activates an artificial muscle. It is so sensitive that a barely visible tremor in the patient's own muscle—

for example, when he tries to use a wasted arm—is enough to put the artificial muscle to work. This is a great advantage, because the patient's brain does not have to be trained, as Hollis Nelson's was, to signal a movement to his left foot when he wants to pick up a pencil with his right hand.

At Vanderbilt University school of medicine in Nashville, Tennessee, engineers and doctors are using the Houston switch and missile-age electronics to carry this idea a step further. Normal muscles go to work when the brain sends electrical messages through the nervous system. Even in the most paralysed people, who lack enough strength to nudge a hair-trigger micro-switch, some of these messages, however faint, may still reach the muscle.

At Nashville they have developed a tiny electronic receiving station which can be attached to a previously useless muscle. This station will receive the messages from the brain, amplify them and send them to the switch which controls the flow of gas to the artificial muscle. When electronic controls are perfected, a patient will just "think" he wants to do something, and his artificial muscle will work as quickly and naturally as a normal one.

Hollis Nelson, who has worn an artificial muscle longer than anyone else, says, "It's on from the time I get up until I go to bed. With it I can do almost anything I want to."

(continued from page 37)

The chair she uses today is the prototype of many models her husband is developing. Mr. Anderson has taken out a patent and is now producing chairs commercially for the benefit of all handicapped persons.

It takes him two days to make a chair, and each one is tailored to suit the customer's particular handicap. Some are electrically operated by push-button to raise or lower the seat.

Necessity, that persistent mother of invention, has brought a revolutionary wheelchair into being. And the inventor claims it will be a particular boon to those in workshops or at home. It will help them to achieve greater mobility, and to lead fuller and happier lives. He is now working on a special outdoor chair.

T.B.

“THINGS ARE MOVING”—

TOWARDS TWO-SEATERS FOR THE DISABLED

In their years-old dogged struggle with the Ministry of Health for the supply of two-seater vehicles through the National Health Service, the Invalid Tricycle Association at last feel that “things are moving”. An editorial in the Association’s journal, *The Magic Carpet*, reports intense activity in the House of Commons. Brigadier Sir John Smyth, V.C. (Cons., Norwood) was particularly concerned, pointing out that the promise had been made in the Conservative Party Manifesto (“Particular attention will be given to providing more suitable vehicles for the badly disabled”). Sir John said that the present antiquated carriages should be replaced with a sensible two-seater car.

In answer to the old objection that if two-seater vehicles were introduced the disabled person might not drive the vehicle himself but allow his pas-

senger to drive it for him, Sir John said “What does it matter? The main point is that the very last people who should be made to travel alone are the badly disabled.” And John Tyrrell, the I.T.A. Secretary, who was a member of the delegation that went to urge the Health Minister to change the law, said, “The present set-up is stupid and unkind. Why shouldn’t disabled men be able to go out for the evening together with their wives?”

Replying to a battery of questions from many M.P.’s in the House the Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister, Miss Edith Pitt, gave open door, although evasive, answers, whereas formerly the door had always appeared firmly shut. She said the whole matter was under urgent review, but the Minister was not yet ready to make a statement.

(continued on page 38)

A REVOLUTIONARY WHEELCHAIR

The following article describing a new type of wheelchair appeared in *Spastics News* and is reprinted by courtesy of the Editor.

“My wife is a marvel around the house,” Mr. Anderson confided in me. “She keeps the flat tidy, cooks, washes, irons, makes beds and even changes our grandchild’s nappies, all from her wheelchair.”

I can vouch for Mrs. Irene Anderson’s culinary ability. The lunch she served was first-class; it was a novel experience being waited upon by a handicapped person.

The telephone rang during lunch and, with lightning speed, Mrs. Anderson turned her wheelchair round and was out of the room in a few seconds. The secret, of course, lies in the special wheelchair that her husband, Henry, an automobile engineer, designed and built in the garage below his mews flat in West Hampstead.

For, 18 months ago, polio struck 43-year-old Mrs. Anderson, leaving her paralysed in both legs. “Life looked pretty grim,” she said, “and it was very irksome sitting all day in a wheelchair doing nothing. One day I said to Henry that my life would be

much happier if I could only do my housework sitting in my chair.”

“Henry had a 1934 Morris,” she continued, “with the hydraulic jackall in it. This gave him the idea of fitting an adjustable seat to a wheelchair of his own design.”

The chair is built of lightweight steel and aluminium alloy, is slightly wider than a normal dining room chair, and can be manoeuvred easily through the narrow doorways of the tiny flat. It can turn on its own axis and the seat is raised and lowered by means of a simple lever, operated by the occupant, on either side of the chair.

This means that Mrs. Anderson can adjust the height of the seat nearly nine inches when she wants to get at shelves normally out of reach or to pick up objects from the floor. Even feeding the budgie on his high perch presents no problem. Another advantage is the absence of a protruding footrest so that the chair can be taken close to cupboards and tables.

(continued on page 36)

WINGS OF HEALING

This play was performed by the children of the Remedial Class of the Ivanhoe Secondary School, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leicestershire.

Players: *June, Desrine, Timothy, Gillian, David, Malcolm.*

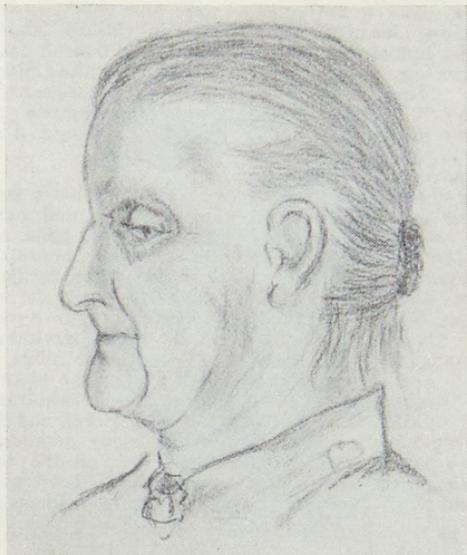
- CURTAIN UP
- June.* Have you ever been to Staunton Harold?
- Desrine.* Yes. That's where the sick people whom the doctors find hard to cure live. They all live in a big Hall.
- June.* Do you know who opened this Hall for these unfortunate people?
- Desrine.* Yes. He was a man called Leonard Cheshire.
- Timothy.* I've heard that name before somewhere. Wasn't he a famous airman?
- Desrine.* Yes. That's right. For some time he led the famous Dambusters in the last war. He was given the Victoria Cross for his bravery.
- Timothy.* What did he do when the war with Germany was over?
- Desrine.* He flew with the American Air Force and was the only British airman to see the atom bomb drop on Japan.
- Gillian.* Was he excited?
- Desrine.* No, he was disgusted. He realised that an atomic war could bring endless misery to mankind. He left the Air Force a very sick man and had to go to hospital.
- Malcolm.* Was he in hospital a long time?
- Desrine.* Yes. For several years. While he was ill he decided to spend the rest of his life doing good and helping people in need. He first bought some second hand buses and turned them into travelling churches. He relayed messages of peace on a tape recorder from his sick bed and arranged for pictures of the atom bomb explosion to be shown and what it did to people.
- Malcolm.* Did he get better?
- Desrine.* Oh yes. The first thing he did was to open a Home for very sick people. He nursed them himself.
- June.* That must have cost a lot of money. Did he pay for this himself?
- Desrine.* Yes he did, but there came a time when he had spent everything he had.
- June.* What happened then?
- Desrine.* The people of this country came to help him. They sent him money so that his good work could continue.
- David.* Did he open any other Homes besides Staunton Harold?
- Desrine.* Yes he opened several in this country, also a school for handicapped children, but Staunton Harold is the biggest Home.
- Gillian.* I read in the paper the other day that he had been to India opening Homes there.
- Desrine.* That's right. There is a lot of sickness in India. He has also been to Poland and other countries doing just the same.
- David.* What made Leonard Cheshire do all this after the war?
- Desrine.* Only God knows. He can work his spirit in any person who is best fitted for carrying out His work. Leonard Cheshire must have been such a person.

CURTAIN.

(continued from page 37)

A continually disquieting feature of the Ministry attitude in these matters is the separation of the ex-service and civilian disabled into two classes. Out of the 14,000 disabled drivers in the country only about 2,000 are ex-servicemen. If the Ministry could be made to discontinue this invidious distinction then a major part of the battle would be won.

We feel that the I.T.A. are fighting for many of us in the Cheshire Homes, and hope to see a speedy and successful conclusion to their campaign.



Mrs. ANN WILKS

Ten years ago—when Le Court was young—an elderly lady arrived to be greeted by the Group Captain, who took her to her room, made her welcome and introduced her to the nurse. Mrs. Wilks, who was surely to become the “grand old lady of Le Court”, indeed of the Cheshire Homes, had come to play her part in the family.

Listening to Mrs. Wilks now, as she recounts her vivid stories of the “old days” it is easy to be transported back to the atmosphere of the old Le Court. There were three other residents in her room, and “’twas a pretty old place.” The Group Captain kept her in bed for a few days, for she was 87 years of age and things had been hard at home for some time past, her daughter was unwell and it was not possible to carry on there. But G.C. allows the abilities of no one to lie dormant for long. “I hear you are a good darter,” he said, presenting Mrs. Wilks with a pair of his own socks. And from that moment there

have been few days when Mrs. Wilks has not been plying her needle.

But that was not all. There was help needed in the kitchen, and in the laundry, sorting out the clothes for this large family. In the summer G.C. used to bring up a great bath of fruit or vegetables to be prepared—there were few idle moments. And at the end of each full day G.C. used to come round to see that everything was alright. How they missed him when he went away!

Mrs. Wilks is now 97 years old. Her vivid memory forms a fascinating link with a world that none of us knew. Born in the Parish of East Meon, little Ann went to school when she was six. There were no cars of course, not even bicycles, so the two-mile walk to school was taken as a matter of course—she did it every other day, and worked pretty hard at home morning and night too. On the days when she did not go to school Ann “bided at home to mind the other children.” Schooling cost a

penny a week, but before she was 13 Ann went into service. This meant very hard work, starting at 7 a.m., milking the cows, fetching water, helping with the housework, and in the summer evenings going out to cut the corn. "They don't know what work is now!" says Mrs. Wilks throwing up her hands. £7 a year, no day off, or if she went off for a half day she had to be back to milk the cows or pay someone else to do it!

Today she has an anglepoise light directed on to her needlework—how different from 80 years ago! "We used to go and gather rushes and put them in a great dish with a lot of fat and that was our light." Later they used candles. They had to grind their own pepper, too, and break their own sugar and kill their own pigs. "Those were happy days—when you had to sing to your old cows else they wouldn't give no milk!" And you had to put on a white cap to make the four-poster beds in case your head should touch the frieze!

Ann Wilks was married on Christmas Day when she was 21. There were four children; one daughter is now in Canada, another in nearby Liss. It is difficult to list the grand- and great-grand-children, but now there is a great-great-grand-daughter. Surely few families can boast five generations living and all fit and well? (See picture).

Mrs. Wilks' life in the new Le Court is still busy, and *extremely* useful. She mends, by hand, all the bedlinen for the entire house, and when she lays down her needle she reads or chats. Although she spends most of her time in her own room she goes to the Chapel for services and thoroughly enjoys all the films, concerts and parties that take place in the house. Dressed in her white lace blouse, and her velvet jacket, and escorted by one of her many admirers, Mrs. Wilks enters into all the activities of Le Court with a heart as young as any of the young residents around her.



The Wilks family—five generations

Photo : C. White, Midhurst

THANK-OFFERING

Crash Survivor finances trip to Rome

Perhaps you remember the Strato-cruiser crash at Prestwick on December 25th, 1954, in which 28 people lost their lives. The lone survivor was 55-year-old Harry Russell, managing director of a London Air Transport Company. Last year Mr. Russell planned a £1,000 Christmas gift in thanksgiving for his survival. It took the form of a charter flight to Rome for some 40 sick and disabled people.

Mr. Russell is not a Roman Catholic and the members of his party were not all Roman Catholics. "I am not a religious man at all," he said, "but I thought I might pay for my life by giving people a little help with their faith."

To the reporter who wrote up the story for *The Sunday Dispatch* last October he recalled that as he recovered consciousness after his Prestwick escape, a Roman Catholic priest

was bending over him and praying for him. "I was a bit annoyed at the time," said Mr. Russell, "but I couldn't help being impressed by his fervour." Since then he has been brought face to face with other examples of faith and what it can do for people. He went with Group Captain Cheshire on pilgrimages to Lourdes and Dachau. Six months ago he began putting his planes at the disposal of the (R.C.) All Night Vigil Group for their weekend pilgrimages to Lourdes. He asked G.C. to sit on the Committee which selected the really deserving cases for what was to become known as a "Christmas Star" Pilgrimage. Out of the selected 40, 7 were from Cheshire Homes.

"You know," said Mr. Russell, "I can't help thinking that something or someone was looking after me in that plane crash."

An Account by One of the Pilgrims

Paul Hanson (of Le Court)

Early on the morning of December 22nd I, and two other patients from Le Court, set out for Blackbushe Airport where we joined the other pilgrims. We eventually took off at 10.0, an hour late, and had a very pleasant flight to Lourdes, where we landed at 2.30 p.m. local time, and spent an hour and a half in pouring rain. We were taken by coach right to the Grotto where we had Rosary and Benediction, and some of the pilgrims went to the baths. We had hoped to spend four hours there, but due to starting late, we cut our time short. As we approached Lourdes by air, the chalky-white mountains looked wonderful against a dark grey sky. The rest of the flight to Rome was also very pleasant, and as we approached Rome in the dark, the lights of the city below us showed up very clearly, all different colours. We landed at Ciampino Airport at 10.0 p.m. and were met by very comfortable coaches which took us to the Convent just outside Rome where we were to

stay. After a hot drink most of us retired to bed, although some of the party set out for an All-night Vigil at the Russian Church in Rome.

The following morning we went by coach, and in brilliant sun, to St. Peter's for Mass. As we passed through the city gates and went down the hill, we had truly magnificent views of Rome. Arriving at St. Peter's, we had a few minutes to admire the view of the vast Square from the steps of the Basilica, from where the Square looked truly beautiful and spacious in the sun, which was sparkling in the waters of the fountain. After Mass we were shown round St. Peter's which is truly magnificent, and some of us went downstairs to see the tombs of Pius XII and other Popes, including, of course, St. Peter himself.

Pope grants audience

In the afternoon of the same day, we went to the Vatican where we had a mass audience with the Pope, a most charming old man, who spoke to us

all in Italian, his speech being translated for us. He thanked Mr. Russell for his wonderful charity and promised, "I will personally pray for his spiritual and temporal welfare over Christmas". And to us the pilgrims, Pope John said, "I have, thank God, enjoyed good health all my life. I cannot equal the sufferings of you good people."

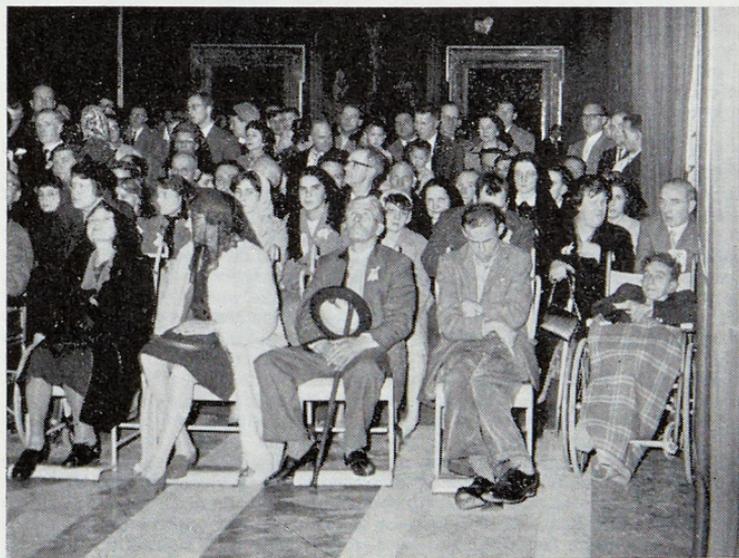
In the evening one of the two planes used on the trip returned to London with some of those pilgrims who had been on the All-Night Vigil, together with Miss Margot Mason and a film cameraman who had been filming us for the BBC TV Newsreel on Christmas night.

The following morning, Christmas Eve, we were taken to St. Paul's Outside-the-Walls for Mass, after which we were shown round. St. Paul's, although very large, is not, I think, quite so beautiful as St. Peter's. After this we were taken on a sight-seeing tour of Rome, seeing all the historic buildings, monuments, fountains, etc., which were very fascinating and beautiful, despite the pouring rain.

In the afternoon at the Convent we had a sing-song, at which we persuaded the Italian girls working in the kitchen there to sing with us. They were very good. At night we attended Midnight Mass at the Convent, which was preceded by Matins sung by the nuns. We eventually got to bed at 3.0 a.m.

On Christmas morning, by special invitation, and in glorious sunshine, we went to St. Peter's for the Papal Mass, which was most inspiring, especially the singing of the Sistine Choir when they sang *Adeste Fideles*. Never have I heard anything quite so beautiful or moving. St. Peter's was lit by hundreds of electric chandeliers, which created a wonderful effect, and the sun was shining right on the Pope as he said Mass. Afterwards we saw him carried round the Basilica and out to the balcony in his special chair to give his message to the world.

In the afternoon at the Convent, after a chicken dinner, we had a party which went on from 2.30 till 10.0, with just a break for supper, followed by Rosary and Benediction and a carol in front of the very beautiful Crib.



Some of the Christmas Star Pilgrims in the Vatican after their audience with the Pope

Photo : Pontificia Fotografici, Felici

On the morning of Boxing Day we visited the International College for Mass at which the students sang. Afterwards they showed us their Crib, which depicted Christianity in Ceylon. There are 24 nations represented at the college, and they take it in turns each year to make the Crib. They spent a lot of time talking with us. The College is a magnificent building, in a wonderful position on a hilltop overlooking Rome. In the afternoon we were the guests of the English Speaking Centre in Rome at a tea party given by them.

Sight-seeing

After early Mass at the Convent the next morning, we went to see some of the pilgrims off at Rome Central Railway Station, the largest in Europe, a massive building. After this we went on another sight-seeing tour which included the new part of Rome still being built, which was very interesting, especially to see that the public buildings were built in classical style. We also stopped at the Catacombs, but weren't able to see much due to the dangerously steep steps. It was at this point that we were presented with two bottles of wine by the scouts who had helped us all the week. In the evening at the Convent we were visited by the Mother Abbess, a most charming person, who spoke to each of us, saying how much they enjoyed having us there.

And so came the morning of our departure from Rome, and after early Mass, we left the Convent for the airport, seen off by our many Italian friends and helpers, and the Mother Abbess. We eventually took off at about 10.0 a.m. in glorious sunshine, again an hour late. We all settled down to a very pleasant flight, but when we were about half-an-hour out from Rome, one of the passengers was taken very ill and we were forced to turn back to Rome where an ambulance was waiting to take him to hospital. It was 12.0 when we finally took off again, and by this time we were two hours late. We had a most pleasant flight across the Mediterranean, with blue skies and sunshine above us, and below us the sea looking like a huge sheet of frosted glass, only broken by the Isle of Elba. And, away in the middle distance, great banks of fleecy cloud. It was not

long, however, before we crossed the French Riviera and found ourselves flying right on top of this cloud, which was very attractive to look at, but which proved extremely bumpy. Most of the passengers were sick, although it didn't affect me personally; indeed, I thoroughly enjoyed it. This went on until we reached Lyons, where we landed for refuelling, and from then on the flight was quite smooth.

We eventually landed back at Blackbushe Airport at 8.0 p.m., several hours late. At the Airport we were met by the Le Court "bus". So ended a most unforgettable and successful week in Rome, during which we were granted many wonderful privileges which we would not normally have had, thanks to Father Borelli in Rome. None of us were very keen to return home.

This article would not be complete without saying a heartfelt "thank-you" to Mr. Russell, who made the visit possible, and to those really wonderful Italian people who were so very kind to us all, and without whose help the pilgrimage would not have been the success it was. I have never known such warm, devoted people. A big "thank-you" also to those people on the pilgrimage who helped to organise the event, especially to our chaplain, Father Slevin.

INTER-HOME GAMES

The idea of having team games between the various Cheshire Homes has been suggested once again. Edwin Hand of Greathouse thinks we should ask through the magazine whether there is much interest in this suggestion. Are there enough people in the Homes who would like to take part in inter-Home contests in such games as chess, draughts, crib or even various kinds of quiz-games?

The ultimate idea is to have teams visiting other Homes, but, of course, that is possible in only a few cases as yet. What can be done even now, however, is the holding of inter-Home contests by correspondence. It is felt that this friendly rivalry would promote comradeship in our growing Cheshire family. What do readers think?

Please write to Edwin Hand, Greathouse, Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wilts.

THE ORIGIN OF THE HOMES

In May 1948 Group-Captain Cheshire came across an old man dying of cancer whom no one wanted and who was about to be discharged from hospital. After trying very hard to find somewhere else for him to go, but without success, he took him into his own house and nursed him until he died. In the course of doing this he discovered others who were in much the same situation, and took them in too, turning the house into a home for the incurably sick.

This was the beginning of a mission for the relief of suffering which, thanks to the help and support of a great many people the world over, has expanded ever since, so that there are now fifteen Cheshire Homes in England, others in India, Malaya and Nigeria, and several more in active preparation elsewhere.

BASIC PRINCIPLES

1. The Homes have developed and expanded, not according to a pre-conceived plan, but as opportunity or need has presented itself, and normally in some premises for which no one else could find a use.
2. They care for the incurable and homeless sick—those for whom the hospitals can do nothing further and who have nowhere else to go.
3. They are run as homes rather than hospitals, for their function is not to administer curative or surgical treatment. Thus they offer the affection and freedom of family life, the patients being encouraged to take whatever part they can in the day-to-day running of the house.
4. They are undenominational. Patients are admitted according to need, irrespective of race, creed or social status, all being asked to live together as one family.

ORGANISATION

The management of each home is vested in a committee, chosen to be as representative as possible of the local community. Thus the homes fit naturally into the framework of their surroundings and the patients have a sense of belonging to the area.

There is a central Trust known as THE CHESHIRE FOUNDATION HOMES FOR THE SICK TRUST. This Trust, which is a registered charity, presides over the homes, owns all the property and acts as a guarantor to the public that the individual homes are being properly managed and in conformity with the general aims of the Cheshire Homes. The Trustees, who are specialists within their own subjects, are for the most part public figures—and all, of course, unpaid. Similar Trusts have been established to control the homes in India, in Malaya, and in Nigeria.

FINANCE

The Homes are privately, not State, owned and run, having no capital behind them and being largely dependent on voluntary help and subscriptions. Although precautions are taken to see that those patients who are in a position to contribute towards their maintenance do so, no one is turned away because of inability to pay. Thanks to the co-operation of local health authorities, Benevolent Funds, etc., grants are forthcoming for the majority of the patients, leaving a substantial amount of the daily maintenance costs to be found by the individual Homes, which, once established, are expected to be self-supporting.

The Cheshire Foundation Homes for the Sick

Founder:

GROUP CAPTAIN LEONARD CHESHIRE, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.

Trustees:

Group Capt. L. Cheshire, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C.	Dr. Basil Kiernander, M.R.C.P.
Dr. G. C. Cheshire, F.B.A., D.C.L.	The Lady St. Levan, J.P.
The Rt. Hon. Lord Denning, P.C. (Chairman)	Miss C. E. Morris, M.B.E.
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Secretary: Miss M. S. Mason, 7 Market Mews, London, W.1.

(Telephone: GROsvenor 2665)

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

LIST OF HOMES

England		Tel. No.
Le Court, Liss, Hants.	Blackmoor	364/5
St. Teresa's, Long Rock, Penzance, Cornwall	Marazion	336
St. Cecilia's, Sundridge Avenue, Bromley, Kent... ..	Ravensbourne	8377
St. Bridget's, The Street, East Preston, West Sussex... ..	Rustington	1988
Amphill Park House, near Bedford	Amphill	3173
Staunton Harold, Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Leics.	Melbourne	71
Alne Hall, Alne, York	Tollerton	295
White Windows, Sowerby Bridge, Halifax, Yorkshire	Halifax	81981
Hovenden House, Fleet, Spalding, Lincolnshire	Holbeach	3037
Miraflores, 154 Worple Road, Wimbledon, London, S.W.20 (rehabilitation of ex-mental patients)	Wimbledon	5058
Seven Rivers, Great Bromley, Colchester, Essex	Ardleigh	345
Honresfeld, Blackstone Edge Road, Littleborough, Rochdale, Lancs.	Littleborough	8627
Hawthorn Lodge, Hawthorn Road, Dorchester, Dorset (for mentally handicapped children)	Dorchester	1403
Greathouse, Kington Langley, Chippenham, Wilts.	Kington Langley	235
Spofforth Hall, near Harrogate, Yorkshire	Spofforth	284

Cheshire Homes India (Central Office: P.O. Box No. 518, Calcutta)

Bethlehem House, near Vinayalaya, Andheri, Bombay.
Shanti Rani House, 13 Upper Strand Road, Serampore, West Bengal.
Govind Bhawan, 16 Pritam Road, Dehra Dun, U.P.
Vrishanti House, Katpadi Township, near Vellore, South India.
Rustomji P. Patel Cheshire Home, Sundernagar, Jamshedpur.
Banarsidas Chandiwala Swasthya Sadan, Kalkaji, New Delhi.
The Cheshire Home, Covelong, Madras.

Cheshire Homes Malaya (Office: 10b Chulia Street, Singapore)

Tana Merah, Nicoll Drive, Changi, Singapore.

Cheshire Homes Nigeria (Private Mail Bag 5094, Ibadan)

Oluyole, Cheshire Home, College Crescent, Ibadan.