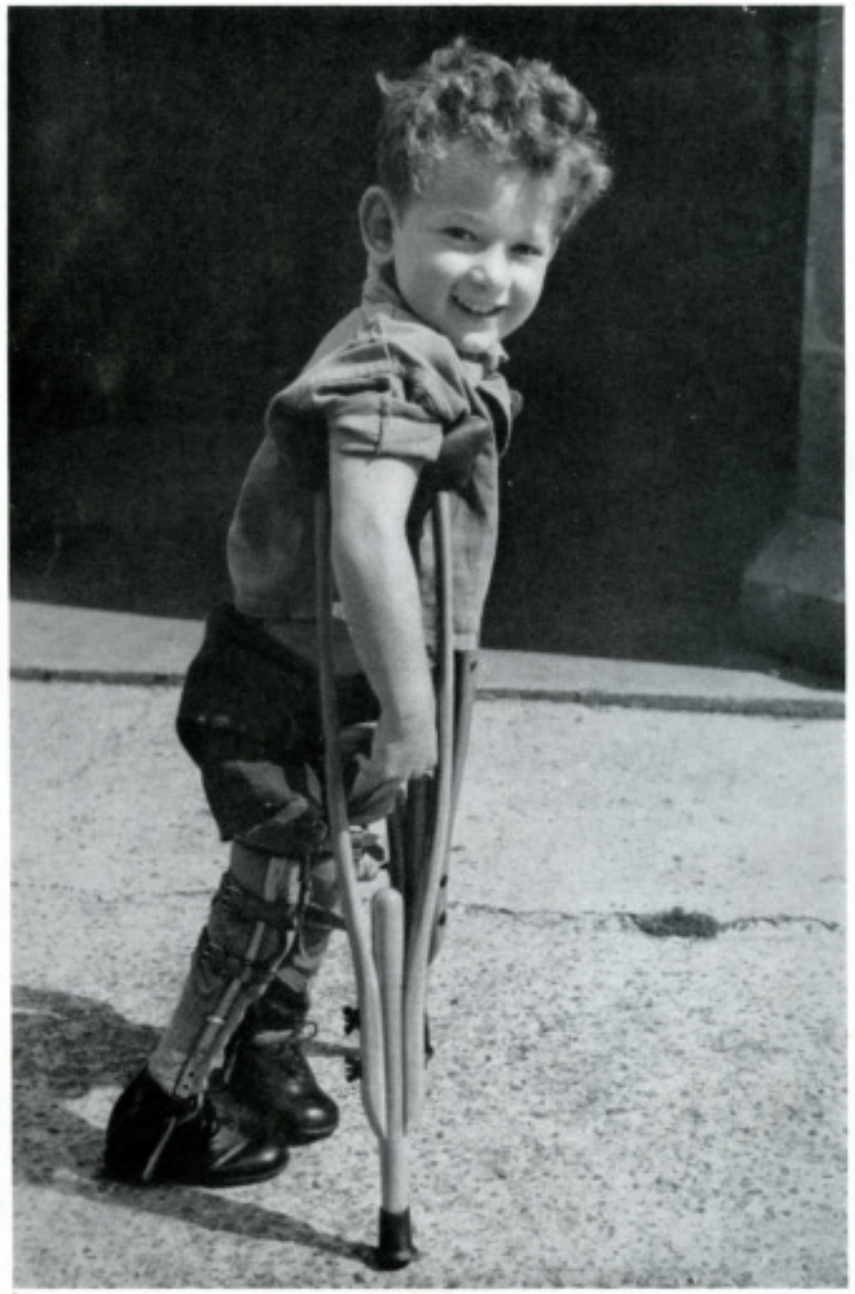
HERITAGE CHAILEY 1903-1948

"LAETUS SORTE MEA"



"HAPPY IN MY LOT"

HERITAGE

CRAFT

SCHOOLS AND

HOSPITALS · CHAILEY

1903-1948

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF

THE PIONEER WORK

FOR CRIPPLED

CHILDREN

CHAILEY

DEDICATED TO

ALICE C. RENNIE

MY FRIEND AND PARTNER

"*And yet the road is ours as never theirs,*
Is not the gift on us bestowed,
For us the joy of joys, old Pioneers,
We may not travel, but we make the road."

This book was planned in 1946, but publication has been delayed for two years in view of today's difficulties of production

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The Founder in 1903

PREFACE

BY SIR CYRIL BURT

M.A., D.SC., HON. LL.D. (Aberdeen)
Professor of Psychology, University College, London

IT gives me the greatest pleasure to respond to Mrs. Kimmins' request and write a brief Preface to her vivid history of the work at Chailey. I can say what Mrs. Kimmins could not—namely, that the Chailey Craft Schools which she has founded, developed, and supervised, form one of the most remarkable voluntary institutions in this country, and are due entirely to her wonderful insight, imagination and energy.

The Heritage Craft Schools will soon reach their Jubilee. They grew out of the Guild founded by Mrs. Kimmins in the South-East quarter of London, known as the Guild of the Brave Poor Things. The schools were the first residential school for cripples which combined hospital treatment with educational training. They began with only seven London boys drawn from the Guild, and brought together into a delightful country home in 1903. Their numbers quickly multiplied, and were housed in buildings which consisted partly of an old workhouse and partly of an industrial school—buildings which had been condemned as unfit for habitation, but were renovated by Mrs. Kimmins and her friend and partner, Miss Alice Rennie, and have since been enlarged into the marvellous schools that exist to-day. The hospital treatment is the best of its kind and has always embodied the latest methods and the newest ideas. The unique feature, however, is the addition of a normal and healthy training for useful work and for a happy social life. There the cripple is no longer treated as a sad and sorry helpless creature. The motto written over the main door of the Craft School by an armless boy with his toes, tells us that "Men are made here." Cripples of both sexes and of all ages are accepted from one month, and often earlier, up to the age of sixteen.

The development of the educational aspect is largely due to the active interest and

the original suggestions made by Dr. C. W. Kimmins, who was for so long Chief Inspector of the London County Council's Schools. He himself was in the forefront of the development of British education ; and largely with his advice the newest educational principles and methods were immediately put into practice at Chailey.

After a cripple has been for a few months in these stimulating surroundings, he has forgotten altogether that he is a cripple, or that to be a cripple is in any way unusual. An inferiority complex is a thing that he never develops. He is trained for useful work in adult life, and is prepared to take his place as a healthy citizen.

Girls as well as boys are accepted. Up to the age of five they are trained together. After that they are educated in their own separate quarters. From time to time we hear much of the trend toward co-education, and no doubt in certain circumstances and for ordinary children such a principle has its undoubted merits. But in dealing with crippled boys and girls it is, in my view, a sound psychological principle to keep the two sexes separate during the greater part of the school period ; and I may perhaps venture to hope that those who take an interest in the Schools in the near future will preserve the methods which do not merely seem best on theoretical grounds, but have also been confirmed by long first-hand experience.

During the first world war over 500 wounded soldiers were accepted at Chailey. These worked side by side with the boys. One could see a tall and well-built guardsman who had lost a limb being trained and supervised by a tiny youngster who was even more gravely crippled. In this way the mutilated soldier came at once to realise that his sad condition could be accepted without destroying all hope of a healthy future ; and the moral cure was as marvellous as the physical. In addition, nearly 600 raid-shock children were also housed in the craft schools and restored to normal mental health. During the second world war, wounded soldiers were once again welcomed to the Heritage, and a home was opened in the girls' quarters for tiny children who had been injured physically or mentally as a result of the " blitz."

The institution not only brought physical and mental benefits previously unthought of to those who were crippled in body or in mind. It served as a model for new educational ideas, and was visited by doctors, educationists, psychologists and

social reformers from all over the world. It has thus acquired an international reputation.

Chailey is not only a school and a hospital. It is a surgical and a psychological laboratory. New experiments are constantly being tried ; and the addition to scientific knowledge has been almost as great as the contribution to human happiness.

This institution must never die. For it to change its nature or its principles would be one of the gravest losses to education and to science. It is primarily an educational rather than a surgical centre, and must be kept alive as such.

The whole nation should be grateful to Mrs. Kimmins and her husband for what has been their life's work ; and the best way for gratitude to be shown will be to preserve the institution and its ideals intact.

FOREWORD

BY ANTHONY KIMMINS, O.B.E., R.N. (RETD.)

MY earliest recollection of the Heritage Craft Schools is at the age of seven, when my brother and I were dragged out of class at my preparatory school to answer an urgent telephone call from my Mother in Sussex. It was to tell us that the Chailey Parish Council had decided to sell the old tumble-down house (previously rented), the Heritage, and therefore in consequence she could now start planning her Colony for Cripples in real earnest. I wasn't quite sure at the time what it all meant, but one thing will live for ever in my memory . . . the excitement in her voice.

That was in 1909 and since then it has been my good fortune, as her son, and later in life my privilege, as a member of the Governing Body, and a Trustee, to watch the Heritage grow.

Some of the milestones in that growth are described in the following pages, but what is missing is any mention of the excitement and inspiration which carried Mother through from one achievement to the next, never looking back, never pausing for breath, but always surging on with but one thought, the welfare of her cripples.

Let's face facts. Chailey is—or was—a dictatorship, but a dictatorship in its finest sense. The present Heritage Craft Schools could never have been built in one lifetime had each vital forward step been fettered by committee meetings, showing of hands . . . and too much common sense ! No, it needed a woman with enormous drive and personality, a resolute knowledge of what she wanted, a tremendous belief in her own powers and—above all—an over-riding inspiration . . . ' The Public School of Crippledom.'

Heaven knows, the beautiful buildings and comforts of the Heritage are a sufficient achievement in themselves, but inside those bricks and slabs of Sussex stone exists something far more important . . . a spirit, which I defy anyone to find the equal of in any other similar establishment in the world.

Have you heard those children cheer ? Have you heard them sing ? Have you heard them read the Lessons in Chapel ? Have you shared—no matter how bad their affliction—their smiles ?

If you haven't, you don't know the Heritage, and you have missed something very wonderful.

In this, one of the most beautiful life works of modern times, Mother had at her right hand for most of the pioneering years, her great friend, Alice Rennie, a woman whose quiet charm and sense of beauty has left its mark in a thousand and one ways.

And behind the scenes, there was always the sage and thoughtful advice of my Father.

So the Heritage grew. Now, it will shortly be taken over by the Government under the National Health Scheme. There will be changes. There would have been in any case, for how can those who follow be expected to share the passionate devotion which inspired the Founders.

Love will inevitably be replaced by efficiency. Inspiration by system. Kind and admirable people will give of their best in a hundred and one ways.

The Heritage will move with the times.

But one thing can never be changed. The spirit of the children who are cured and educated there. *Lætus Sorte Mea*. That spirit will be passed on from one decade to the next in glowing memory of the woman who not only conceived the brilliant thought of the Heritage, but gave her best years and boundless enthusiasm to its fulfilment.

By far the greatest pride in my life is that that woman happens to be my Mother.

The Founder with

Brian and Anthony

GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To many who have helped to bring about this little book—but particularly thanks are gratefully given to

—The British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America, who, through the kindness of Mr. Bertram de N. Cruger and Mr. Gilbert H. Carr, who helped to make it possible for the book to be published.

—Professor Sir Cyril Burt, M.A., D.SC., the well-known psychologist, for the Preface.

—My son, Major-General B. C. H. Kimmins, C.B., C.B.E., for the general idea of the book, and many (often crushing) criticisms!

—My younger son, Captain Anthony Kimmins, O.B.E., R.N., retd., for the Foreword.

—The following, for kind permission for the use of their photographs : The British Council ; The Hamlin's Photo-News Service, Ltd. ; The Planet News, Ltd. ; The Keystone Press Agency, Ltd. ; The Fox Photos, Ltd. ; The *Sussex Daily News* ; The *Picture Post* ; The Avalon Press, Ltd. ; The London News Agency Photos, Ltd. ; The *Evening Argus* ; The Photo Press, Ltd. ; The Alfieri Picture Service, and others.

My personal thanks are most warmly given to

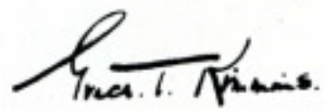
—The two Chairmen, who have seen the Colony grow from its small beginning in 1903 until this year of 1948—for 40 years the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, C.H., M.A., D.D., who so generously lent the Great Hall in the Bermondsey University Settlement for the Meetings of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things, and also arranged that the Council Meetings should be held in the London County Council Buildings in London. For this, and many other kindnesses, and for his unfailing advice and help the Heritage can never be sufficiently grateful. He presided over the Meetings of the Governors until his retirement from the Chairmanship in 1943, and then handed over to Colonel J. R. Warren, O.B.E., M.C., who has steered the good ship "Heritage" through the past five years until it is to be taken over in July by the Ministry of Health. It is impossible to thank him for his generosity and many gifts. His consummate skill as Chairman is known throughout the length and breadth of Sussex. Never can any Founder be grateful enough to two such Chairmen, who have brought this "Story of a Short Life" to so successful an issue—and I count myself most fortunate in having had their guidance and inspiration.

—To my Deputy Chairmen and Governors for their unfailing interest and help.

—and to my entire Staff, who have given me such loyal service, and who are "carrying on" the traditions of the Heritage under increasingly difficult circumstances in the merging of the old into the new.

—To all those publishers and friends who have allowed quotations from their works to be included.

—and last, but by no means least, to my Private Secretary, Miss Kathleen Butler, without whose unfailing help it would probably never have seen the light of day.



THE majority of the beautiful photographs in this book were the gift of the Regent Street Polytechnic School of Photography, and were taken by them for the Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures, which, by gracious permission of H.M. the King, was held at 145 Piccadilly, from July to September, 1939. It was organised by Mrs. Seymour Obermer and Miss Gluck, and H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in introducing the Exhibition, wrote as follows in the catalogue :

"I am deeply interested in the work of the Heritage Craft Schools and Hospitals for Cripple Children at Chailey, and I am anxious to secure the interest of the entire country on their behalf, so that the Heritage may indeed become a household word.

The aim of these Craft Schools is to treat and train crippled children so that they may become partly, if not wholly, self-supporting at the age of sixteen. They keep regular hours for lessons and play, almost regardless of bodily infirmity.

Their life is one of conquest over adversity. The educational work of mind and body that is being done at Chailey makes Mrs. Kimmins and her staff examples to us all. The place is an inspiration. It radiates courage, friendliness and faith.

When one sees these children lying in their beds, in their workshops, in their schoolrooms, in all kinds of positions, some flat on their backs, but each one smiling bravely, and anxious to do all that they can to hasten recovery, then one catches a glimpse of the spirit of greatness."

And so, through the magnificent rooms of Their Majesties' old home passed thousands of people daily, and by no means the least interesting of the gorgeous collection of ancient and historic treasures were the rooms of the Princesses equipped throughout by the work of the crippled children of the Heritage and, as a result, many a visitor pilgrimaged in after years to the Heritage at Chailey to see for themselves the boys and girls at work and at play.

The Chapter House of Southwark Cathedral

GUILD OF THE BRAVE POOR THINGS

"The courage to bear and the courage to dare are really one and the same."

"Until the war of 1939-1945 the Chapter House was headquarters for the Guild of the Brave Poor Things—a name taken from Mrs. Ewing's book about a cripple, "The Story of a Short Life." Cripples of all ages crowded St. Thomas's Street on Thursday afternoons, the blind led by their friends, the badly lame pushed in chairs to the Chapter House. Red was dominant in the waistcoats and shawls of the old people, who had learned to regard themselves as soldiers of fate. This Guild was the forerunner of the Heritage Craft Schools for Cripples, now at Chailey in Sussex."—

"The Londoner's England," published by The Avalon Press

THE GUILD OF THE BRAVE POOR THINGS

On St. Martin's Day, 1894, the Guild of the Brave Poor Things was founded, taking its often misunderstood title, its motto, Lætus Sorte Mea (Happy in my lot), and largely its general inspiration from Mrs. Juliana Horatia Ewing's book, "The Story of a Short Life." Irrespective of age, creed, or any other limit, the Guild gathered together all maimed people, whether men, women or children, and the first gathering of Guild Members actually took place in the hall in Cleveland Street, the property of the West London Mission—and in due course the Headquarters were moved to the Bermondsey University Settlement where the weekly meetings were held, until the ever-growing activities of the Settlement made it impossible for the Warden to continue to lend the Great Hall for more than one afternoon a week. The Guild of the Brave Poor Things and the Guild of Play were offered accommodation at the Chapter House of Southwark Cathedral. Mrs. Henry Fawcett, the wife of the blind Postmaster General, Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, The Lady Henry Somerset, The Lady Emmeline Pethick Lawrence, Mrs. Hugh Price Hughes, Lady Lunn, and many others were present at this unusual gathering. Little did any of them imagine what the outcome of that simple tea party on St. Martin's Day would lead to in the future—of the establishment of many similar branches of the G.B.P.T. elsewhere—and eventually of the foundation of the Heritage Craft Schools for Cripples at Chailey in Sussex.

It was a charity in the real and true sense of the word, and was founded to supplement already existing charities for afflicted people. Thus, when a Society provided a crutch, or a high boot, the Guild, with its social meetings, country holidays, and general all-roundness, saw that that crutch or high boot was put to the best possible use. Branches of the Guild were also formed at Bedford, Bradford, Brighton, Bristol, Grimsby, Hammersmith, Hereford, Hessle, Holloway, Hove, Hull, Kingston, Morley, North Kensington, Pentonville, Ramsgate, Reading, Southport, and the West London Mission.

During the intervening years many have been absorbed into the city and town charities, and have therefore achieved the object for which they were started. Several of the branches have their own holiday homes, and some very imposing buildings have been erected, which are kept open throughout the week for various classes and recreation.

THE ACCOUNT OF A GUILD AT WORK

by the late Miss Ada Vachell, *Head of the Bristol Branch of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things*

Guild afternoons were the red-letter days of the members, old and young. Outside the room where the Guild was held, long before opening time, a curious pathetic company might be seen waiting. There were blind ones being led; there were lame leaning on stick or crutch; there were many helpless in chairs and perambulators. One lad, whose face seemed to belie his paralysed limbs, had his chair pushed by a blind man, and the two had many a joke over each other's deficiencies.

At last the doors were opened and in they came. The blind moved timidly with outstretched hands; the tap of crutches was heard, and the twisted and deformed ones limped slowly to seat or corner they had made specially their own. Down the long hall trestle tables were placed; round one, scattered with newspapers and magazines, the men gathered, while the blind clustered round the piano. All round the walls were hung flags and banners. The Union Jack had a very important place in the affections of the Guild, for, strange and incongruous as it may seem, this unwarlike company considered themselves a regiment of soldiers, and they were proud of their flag as soldiers should be proud. They were a small battalion, but they belonged to a great army of suffering ones. They had all fallen on life's battlefield, wounded and maimed—men, women and children. But the spirit of the Guild had put a new courage into their hearts and a new defiance of failure; the sword was gripped afresh by feeble hands as they realised that there was still a place for them in life, and that they were called, even with the strongest, to "Fight the Good Fight." High on the walls in red letters their motto was placed "Lætus sorte mea." Even the youngest could tell you what it meant, and the little white faces lit up as you asked them about it. The thought of bearing suffering as a soldier, and letting it "count up to be as brave as having one wound in battle," as the boy Leonard in "The Story of a Short Life," by Juliana Horatia Ewing, put it, meant much to the children. It wakened up the sense of heroism which is latent in every child, and brought a ray of sunshine to the monotony of pain. The flags —the outward symbol of the new resolve—were carried as proudly as in any

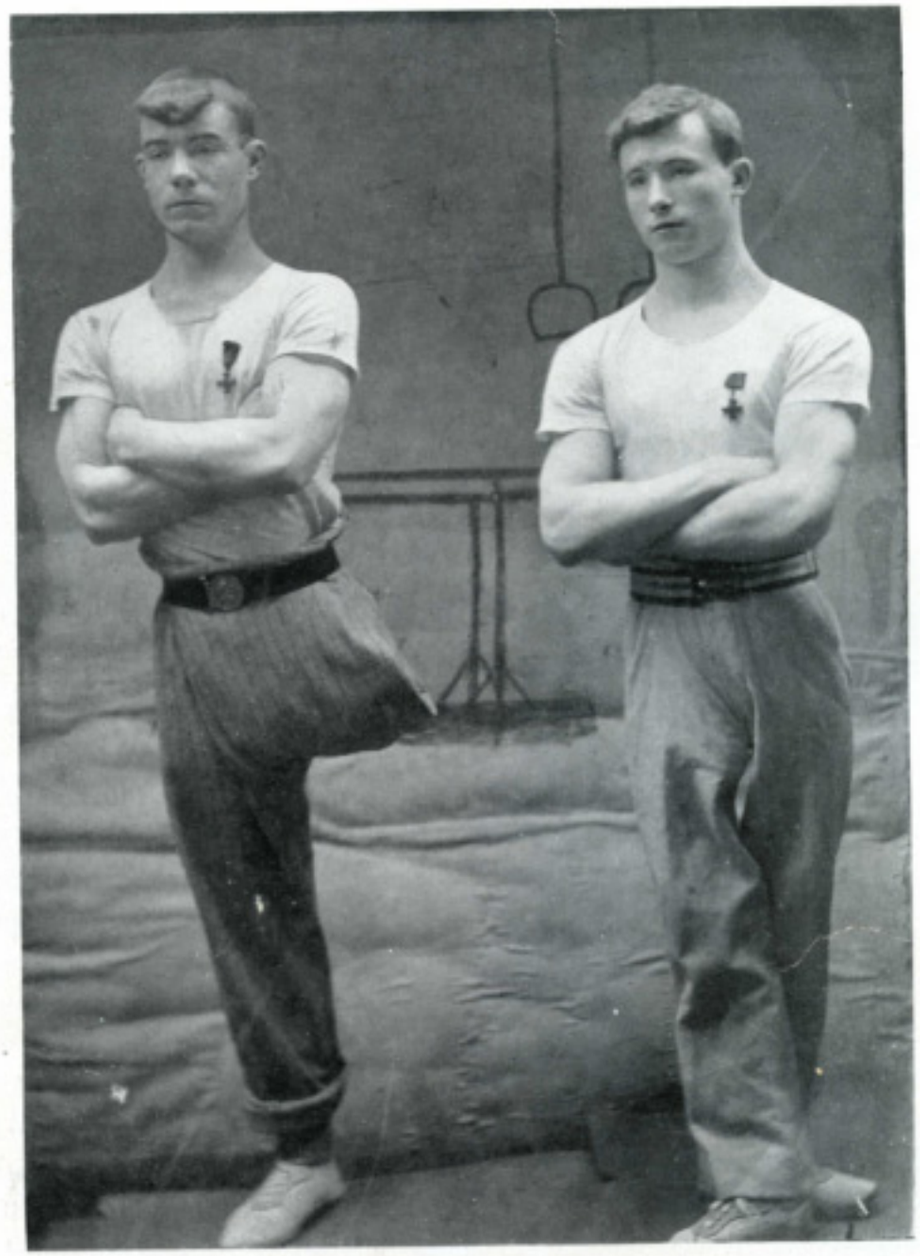
The annual visit to Chailey. Mrs. Robertson Lawson, the hostess, entertaining the old Guild Members from Southwark in the Kinnaird Speech Room. Each year a host, or hostess, was found who made this visit possible

battle-march, and hearts beat high beneath the red banner with its white inscription: "The Guild of the Brave Poor Things."

There is a picture by a French artist, Détaille, called "Saluting the Wounded." The wounded are marching past, a bloodstained, bandaged remnant, white of face, unsteady of gait. Drawn up on one side, to let them pass, is a regiment of cavalry, and every officer and man in that regiment, with bared head or uplifted hand, salutes in deepest respect the wounded men. Our Guild brings something of that salute to the wounded. We look round upon the Poor Things on Guild afternoons, at crippled, twisted forms and pain-stamped faces; the setting of their lives rises before one—the poverty-stricken homes, the daily burden of suffering; one lifts one's hand in a smiling salute to one and another who have caught one's eye across the hall; but to the courage and patience and sweetness with which, in so many cases, life is faced, there is another salute, an inward, and we give it with more than respect—even with reverence.

The Bishop of London in the daisy field with members of the Guild. This daisy field adjoining the well-known landmark of Chailey Clump, was bought by the late great and good Lord Llangattock as the site for the Girls' Heritage, which now covers almost the entire area

The Guild had brought among other things the joy of friendship into the solitary lives of some of its members. Then followed the weekly singing practice, when games were suspended and well-thumbed hymn-books and song-sheets took their place. Members were encouraged to sing and recite, and few afternoons passed without some one mounting the platform—with an outward pretence of bashfulness, but secretly with a mighty pride—to do something towards the general entertainment. Then the Benediction was spoken, and with much handshaking and fervent farewells the meeting broke up. "I wish the Guild was *every* day, I do," broke from more than one member as they limped away. The last crutch had been found; the last Brave Poor Thing had said goodbye. They had gone back to fight in the ranks, in their outer darkness of poverty and dullness and disease. Even if that afternoon were all, it was something to banish loneliness and misery for a few hours and bring one bright spot into the grey week; but that was the least part of it—they had taken away with them an inspiration that would last all the week. This was by no means the end, for out of the Guild grew the Heritage.



JAMES CORNELIUS GEORGE PRICE

Two of the first seven boys welcomed to the Heritage. George made the great West Door of the School Chapel of St. Martin, and was placed, when trained, with the well-known firm of Messrs. H. & E. Waters, of Forest Row, where he remained until his death many years after. James also left his mark upon certain early pieces of work—(see page 108)

HARRIET and EMMA

The first two girls admitted to the Llangattock School of Arts and Crafts for Crippled Girls. Both boys and girls are proudly wearing the medals which in the early days were worn by all Guild members. These were designed by the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., who gave unstintedly of his advice, and helped to win many new friends

A member of the Guild—Mr. Ware—who left his sole legacy of £2 to the Guild—hoping that with such wealth at its disposal it might face the future with no further anxiety about money matters!

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL OF CRIPPLEDOM

"The riches of the Commonwealth
Are free, strong minds, and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near her school the church-spire stands;
Nor fears the blinded bigot's rule,
While near her church-spire stands the school."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

This letter from the Rev. J. Scott Lidgett, C.H., M.A., Hon. D.D. (Aberdeen), first Chairman of the Governors of the Heritage, clearly shows his views with regard to the Heritage—

PAST — PRESENT — AND FUTURE

Bermondsey University Settlement, S.E.

Dear Mrs. Kimmins,

I am extremely glad to have the opportunity of expressing my heartiest agreement with all that the Bishop of London has said about The Heritage Craft Schools.

It has been your privilege to set on foot a work that is of first-rate importance, whether judged from the religious, educational, or economic standpoint. What you have been enabled to do is admirable in itself. Thanks to generous support and capable management, the work grows more extensive and successful every year.

In the light of the future your great experiment is still more important. You are carrying out an experiment which will undoubtedly be followed in the future both by public authorities and by voluntary enterprise. Hence many boys and girls whose lot would otherwise have brought to them the terrible sadness that comes from uselessness, still more than from sickness and suffering, will now have a prospect thrown open to them of leading happy, useful, and self-respecting lives. They will become a source of strength to the community, and not of weakness. For this you deserve the heartiest thanks and the most generous support of all who desire to promote true social reform.

With all best wishes,

Believe me,

Yours most sincerely,

J. SCOTT LIDGETT

THE CHILD OF THE GUILD OF THE BRAVE POOR THINGS

IN 1903 the first residential school with hospital treatment for cripples was founded.

The Heritage Craft Schools are now 45 years old. They began with seven boys, drawn from the Guild of the Brave Poor Things.

THEIR FUNDS WERE A £5 NOTE. THE ACCOUNTS WERE KEPT IN A PENNY NOTEBOOK.

Small as was its beginning, it filled a great want, and soon outgrew its early start. It was a cheap effort in the interests of cripples, for its expenses, so far as the public were concerned, were nil, all being met privately, and not until several years later was any public appeal made.

From then onwards, at a far larger cost, this scheme spread, not only so far as the British Isles were concerned, but to other countries.

To-day, over a million and a half has been spent on this Public School of Cripple-dom, and its fame is world wide.

Training and treatment went hand in hand from the very beginning, and the two world wars found the Heritage training and treating not only crippled children, but wounded soldiers, for from the outset it was realised by the Founders that however handicapped by war or circumstance, cripples could be made partially, or entirely self-supporting, and from those earliest days the word "impossible" was not to be found in the Heritage dictionary.

Soon the old workhouse and industrial buildings—in which the first boys were housed—were condemned as unfit for human habitation by the then Local Government Board, and the Education Authorities were insistent that new buildings must be forthcoming and—miracle of miracles—the Colony to-day stands as an answer to that challenge—as this pictured story in these pages shows.

How did it happen? Listen!

The first large sum—£500—came from the aged peer, the great and good Lord Llangattock.

Then a like sum from the baby daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Carnegie—when in long clothes—as a thankoffering for that long-wanted babe.

Two pounds came as a legacy from an old one-armed naval pensioner—member of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things.

Five thousand pounds from H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, the first Patron of the Colony, who, by a letter in *The Times*, asked for, and of course received, £5,000. Until her death Princess Louise was a most active Royal beggar in the interests of the Heritage.

Her Royal Highness was also a notable craftswoman, and when visiting the Heritage would often sit on a boy's stool and work at his bench, pointing out to the fortunate lad his mistakes, and encouraging him to do better.

The Memorial to the memory of the 28 boys who fell in the First World War, and which stands in the Hospital quadrangle, was designed, sculptured, and given by Princess Louise.

Then followed the erection of the long list of buildings as stated on pages 30-32 until to-day, with Her Majesty the Queen at Buckingham Palace as Patron, the Duke of Norfolk, P.C., K.G., as President, and the Rt. Hon. the Lord Mayor of London at the Mansion House as Chief Citizen of the Empire and an annual visitor to the Heritage, and a long list of Governors and Donors, this Public School of Crippledom takes its place as a centre of training and treatment for young crippled citizens, who in due course become skilled craftsmen, and second to none in their devotion to King and Country.

" Young Soldier ! whither goest thou ? "

" I go to fight . . . that the bowed heads may be lifted, and the trembling knees made firm—I go to fight . . to dry the tears of little children."

" May thine arms be blessed, Young Soldier."

AS WE WERE IN 1903

A corner of the dormitory in the old workhouse buildings. It was not surprising that the whole place was condemned by the Local Government Board as "unfit for human habitation." The rats were in sole possession, and swarmed everywhere.

The beds had to be dragged about when the rain poured in from the leaky roof.

There was no gas or electricity, only oil lamps, no telephone—the nearest public telephone was at Plumpton, five miles away, all water was pumped by hand.

Those were the days when ingenuity was taxed to the uttermost, but they were almost, if not quite, the happiest of all—full of adventure and promise.

THOSE who read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the story of this adventure in educational research, as shown in the pictures, will in all probability make pilgrimage to this remote village in the green heart of Sussex, and make the acquaintance of the staff and children herein described.

Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, the late editor of *The Times*, whose devotion to his own old public school is so well known, on the occasion of his first (but by no means his last) visit, at once named the Heritage

"The Public School of Crippledom."

As in all schools, change and growth are inevitable, but tradition remains unalterable.

Visitors to the Heritage feel at once that these schools are something more than a philanthropic organisation; in a way that is entirely unique, they provide a practical demonstration of the best principles of educational psychology, derived not from text books, but from a true love and study of English children and English traditions.

Sir Cyril Norwood, the well-known educationist, and late Headmaster of Harrow School, after a visit to the Heritage with some of his senior boys, wrote as follows:—

"*Thank you so much for all your delightful hospitality yesterday. I enjoyed every moment of my visit, and so, I know, did the boys. I am very sensitive to atmosphere, and the atmosphere was* right."

A great French missionary once wrote:—

"*If you desire to know what will promote the interest of any concern, find out how it started . . . something answering to it will revive it. It must stand by the law of its origin. We need to be faithful to our origin.*"

May we tell you

1. That the Heritage seeks the greatest good for the greatest number of cripples of all ages—from one month, and often earlier, to 16 years.

2. That we hope by arousing public and private interest to draw together both voluntary and professional help in a combined effort to give these children the very best of residential, preventive, educational and orthopædic facilities.

3. That it is necessary to carry out this plan as a whole, for in unity lies the strength of such work.

4. That while the Heritage derives a certain income from Government and educational grants, it also depends largely upon special efforts, annual subscriptions, donations, legacies, etc.

Why should the Heritage Colony be completed, and what does the Heritage give these crippled children besides the most modern treatment and training?

1. It shows them their position in relation to others, that they may know their place in the world of people.

2. It gives them an opportunity to learn how to get along with others.

3. It gives them the best of chances to learn life's values, and thus become round pegs in round holes for the social good.

4. It makes the children free of all inferiority complex, or of being left out of the scheme of life.

What does this mean to you and me? Just this: that the Heritage requires many more friends, and that able-bodied people need these children; for just as these boys and girls welcome friends in a most extraordinary way and extract courage and fortitude by the proper sort of sympathy, so too, from the child's small hand comes to the man, hardened perhaps by contact with big business, an ethereal something, a promise, a wider vision; but it is there. If friends of the Heritage will arise in greater numbers and these two needs be brought together, they will serve each other as the right hand washes the left.

The late Bishop of London, the Rt. Hon. and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Winnington-Ingram, visitor to the Heritage, in an appeal to the Press, wrote:

"*Nations, like individuals, are not judged in the end by what they do for the rich and powerful, nor by what they do for the profiteer. They are judged by what they do for the poor and needy, the hungry, the thirsty, the stranger, the naked, the sick, the prisoner, for little children. For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. There is no discharge from the duty of caring for those who cannot care for themselves. We neglect them at our own peril, and at the peril of the nation.*"

MILESTONES

1903 Foundation of the Heritage for Cripple Boys

1908 Foundation of the Llangattock Heritage for Cripple Girls

1908 Foundation of the Allardice Laundry, Girls' Heritage

1910 Foundation of the Robertson Lawson Housewifery School, Girls' Heritage

1911 Foundation of the Boys' Heritage Hospital (used during the First World War as the Princess Louise Special Surgical Military Hospital, and after the signing of the Armistice as a hospital for wounded pensioners)

1911 Foundation of the Llangattock Craft Schools for Boys—built to the memory of the Hon. Charles Stuart Rolls

1912 Foundation of the School Chapel of St. Martin at the Boys' Heritage—the gift of the late Mrs. Harcourt Rose, in memory of her husband

1913 Dedication of the School Chapel of St. Martin by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Winnington-Ingram, then Bishop of London. Sir Frederick Bridge designed the specifications for the organ, and brought down the Westminster Abbey Choirboys to sing at the dedication.

1917 Foundation of the Kitchener Huts—built by the crippled boys themselves during the First World War, to set free their own building for wounded soldiers. Chief donor, the late W. A. Sturdy, Esq.

1917 Foundation of the St. Nicholas Home for Raid Shock Children—maintained by the *Evening Standard* and the late Lord Riddell

1918 Foundation of the Botches Home for Raid Shock Children—the gift of Mrs. Graham Rees-Mogg

1918 Foundation of the Kinnaird Speech Room—erected through the influence of Lord Kinnaird and the Y.M.C.A.

1920 Transference of the Crippled Boys from the Dartmouth Home, Blackheath (founded by the late General Sir Lynedoch Gardiner), to the Heritage

1922 The late Lord Trent, when Sir Jesse Boot, Bart., generously made it possible to carry out Sir Robert Jones's wishes, as Chairman of the Medical Board, with regard to increased medical and surgical facilities, operating theatre, etc., in the Boys' Hospital

1923 Erection of the Douty Song School—the gift of Mrs. Edward Douty

1923 Erection of the Water Tower

1923 Extension of the School Chapel of St. Martin (partially paid for by the proceeds of the sale of the Dartmouth Home)

1923 Erection of the Nurses' Comfort Room at the Boys' Heritage—in memory of the late Miss Comfort, Principal of Seaford Ladies' College

1924 Foundation of the Marine Hospital School, at Tidemills, near Newhaven, for Crippled Boys—the gift of the Warren family

1925 Erection of the War Memorial at the Boys' Heritage, designed, sculptured and given by the late H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll

1925 Erection of the Hatchment in the School Chapel of St. Martin to the memory of 28 Heritage boys who were sufficiently cured to fight and fall in the First World War

1931 Foundation of the School Chapel of St. Helen, at the Girls' Heritage, the gift of the late Mr. H. H. Hett and Mrs. H. H. Hett

1931 Erection of Pax Est, the Headquarters of the Princess Louise Own Heritage Girl Guides at the Girls' Heritage—the gift of Miss Helen Hett. Opened by the Lady Baden Powell, Chief Guide of all the World

1932 Erection of the Lily Warren Nurses' Home at the Marine Hospital School, Tidemills. Opened by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

1932 Erection of St. George's, the Residential Block for Boys. Opened by H.R.H. the Duke of Windsor, then Prince of Wales

1933 Opening of the restored old white Windmill at St. George's by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone

1935 Visit of Her Majesty Queen Mary

1935 Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Silver Jubilee Block at the Girls' Heritage, by Lady Louis Baron

1936 Opening of the Silver Jubilee Block by Her Majesty the Queen, then Duchess of York

1937 The Coronation Gift of the East Window, the Golden Reredos and Altar Frontal to the School Chapel of St. Martin, by the donor, the late Mrs. Harcourt Rose

1938 The gift of the Playing Field and Cricket Pavilion to the Boys' Heritage by Mr. J. C. Ionides.

1939 Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures at 145 Piccadilly, by gracious permission of His Majesty the King

1942 Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Queen Elizabeth Home for "Blitzed" Babes and Toddlers at the Girls' Heritage, by the Lady Katherine Phillips, in the unavoidable absence of the Duchess of Norfolk through illness

1942 Opening of the Queen Elizabeth Home and the Bernhard Baron Nurses' Home adjoining by H.R.H. The Duchess of Gloucester

1943 Opening of "Liberty", the Recreation Unit for the use of the crippled boys at St. George's—the gift of the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America

1945 Visit of Her Majesty the Queen, with H.R.H. the Princess Elizabeth and H.R.H. the Princess Margaret Rose. On this most interesting occasion Sir Henry and Lady Price of Wakehurst Place, Ardingly, made the munificent promise to Her Majesty of £50,000 towards urgent extensions to the Boys' Heritage and Hospital, and as soon as permits for building, materials, and labour have been granted, this work will be begun.

To this long list must be added the warm thanks of the staff and children of the Heritage for the evergrowing sympathy and interest of the kindly hearted people of the village of Chailey, in the green heart of Sussex, who, headed by the Rector and residents, year by year have generously supported the many efforts to increase the knowledge of the work, culminating in

1947 with the purchase from the Chailey Parish Council of two fields adjoining the Boys' Heritage, with a view to much-needed extensions, for which plans are in preparation.

1948 The gift of Warren Wood, Chailey, by the Chairman, Colonel J. R. Warren, as additional accommodation for Nurses.

"ROADS OF REMEMBRANCE"

The Roads of Remembrance Movement sprang into existence on the first Armistice Day at these Heritage Craft Schools, and regularly each succeeding year trees were planted on one or other of the various avenues immediately after the Great Silence

[The Memorial Trees were the gift of the leading Boys' Public Schools of England]

"NO OTHER MEMORIAL is so universal in its application as is the 'Road of Remembrance,' " said the Rt. Hon. the Speaker, when presiding over the Inaugural Meeting, which was held, by his kind permission, in the Speaker's House of the House of Commons. Such memorial can take a simple or ambitious form. You can construct an Appian Highway, or plant a tree in a village school ground. As the road is the parallel to life's pilgrimage, the tree, or *arbor vitae*, from Genesis to Revelation, implies revivifying force.

The inspiration we want for planting is not a utilitarian one; but utilitarian advantages are an inevitable accompaniment. The widening of a road is one of these. For a glimpse of the heritage that might be left to posterity, we may turn to the Far East, though even there achievement falls short of what could be adapted to the conditions of these countries. For a score of miles you may pass between gigantic, closely-planted cryptomerias leading as the nave of a cathedral to the gorgeous shrines of Nikko, themselves also embowered. These trees were planted centuries ago by a daimyo in lieu of the splendid gifts of other lords whom he was far too poor to emulate. The costly gifts have crumbled to dust, or are hidden in museum or palace, but the avenue remains a joy to wayfarers; in other words a living monument that is one of the proudest possessions of a nature-loving people. Where branches may spread widely there the British oak will grow slowly to forest-like proportion; where the space is narrow then the poplar, which France has made her own since Rousseau and the historic "trees of liberty." In any case the safest guide is to observe the trees that are finest grown in woodland or hedge-row, and then to choose a native or foreign variety of these.

Where agriculture must have first consideration; where the road is narrow and cannot be widened; where the lie of the land requires it, and where a wind screen is not necessary, there is the delightful alternative of small trees for spring

blossom, for autumn glory of foliage, and for edible or inedible fruit. And by a continuous tradition these trees also will remain to distant centuries if a sacred trust is established for periodic re-planting.

With almond, plum, and apple bursting into bloom along hundreds of miles of roadside, successive avenues being in rivalry, it is certain that the flower festival will establish itself among us. As to the last-named blossom, friends of this movement desire to see the "Victory Apple" extensively planted. In support of this there is space only to quote a line from the Song of Songs:—"As the apple tree is among the trees of the wood so is my beloved among the sons of men."

Next comes the thought, Who should plant the memorial trees? Surely not paid labour, but those who have a moral claim: the young relative, comrade, chum, or mate of soldier, sailor, or airman; the boys of his school or college; Scouts; brigade lads; members of his guild or trade union.

The trees can be neatly tableted with small metal shields. This would be the approved method of "hanging odes upon the branches," and cutting "warrior" upon the bark.

For patriotic service or ceremony, suggestions can be culled from notes taken at the first "Road of Remembrance" tree-planting at the Heritage, Chailey, in which the wounded soldiers of the Princess Louise Special Military Hospital, and the crippled boys of the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, Sussex, took part. Included in the programme were the following: Kipling's "Land of our Birth," the National Anthem, a special *Te Deum*, Blessing by the Bishop of the trees ranged before the altar, the Last Post, later the Reveille, and as Anthem, Blake's lines:

> "*Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand*
> *Till we have built Jerusalem*
> *In England's green and pleasant land.*"

Then "Land of Hope and Glory" as Recessional, during which the soldiers, attended by crippled boys bearing flags, carried the trees from the chancel to the road place for planting. Whilst the planting proceeded under skilled guidance, tree-planting songs were sung, an interlude being marked by the dedicatory address concerning the achievements of the men commemorated.

Thus in remembering those each Armistice Day who gave their all, we may redeem many stretches of road through, and between, towns and villages from the ugliness

The War Memorial to the twenty-eight Heritage boys who fought and fell in the First World War. It was designed, sculpted and given by the late H.R.H. Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll, Chief Patroness of the Heritage

which has fallen upon them, and so cause our country to be in outward reality, as it is in our hearts, the most lovesome place on earth; a land for which we are not only ready to die, but to live. Even a few trees planted for posterity will add new beauties to some neighbourhood.

"He who plants a tree,
He plants love.
Tents of coolness spreading out above
Wayfarers he may not live to see.
Gifts that grow are best;
Hands that bless are blest.
Plant! Life does the rest."

Surely in the planning of the new towns, about which one hears so much to-day, it would be an excellent opportunity to add new Roads of Remembrance to those already planted.

THE MASTER SHIPWRIGHT

The ships in Chailey Dockyard lay crippled as they could be,
Rigging and masts and timbers, and in no wise fit for sea,
And some, tho' new from the cradle, seemed only built to fail,
And none might work to windward in the teeth of a winter gale.

So the Shipwrights came to Chailey to succour the ships therein,
For this is the Craftsman's honour to prove what his skill may win;
But gravely they spake and graver, as they saw the halt and lame,
'We must send for the Master Shipwright,' so the Master Shipwright came.

And no man saw His coming, but His presence was noontide clear,
In the work of the toiling Shipwrights, who worked with exceeding cheer;
He wrought no mighty magic, but He taught them day by day
To use the gifts He gave them, for that is the Master's way.

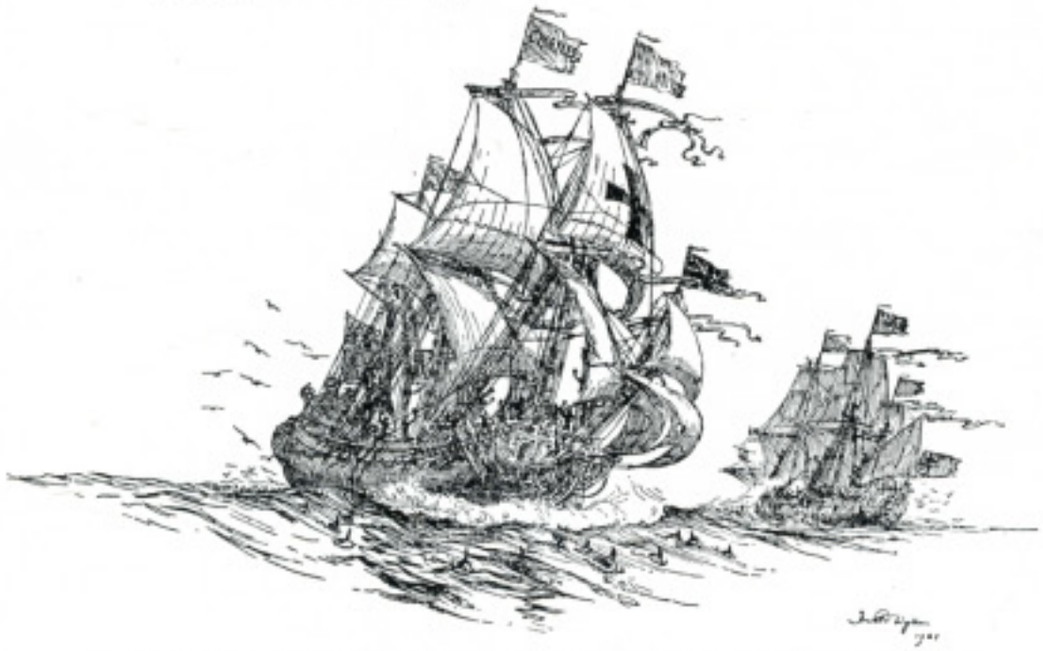
New Faith He gave to the Shipwrights, that shone in the craftsman's skill,
New Hope to the ships they tended, the Hope no wounds may kill,
But a message more than either, to toil for the Master's sake,
And the Shipwrights learned the message that the Master Shipwright spake.

For it wedded love to labour, and that's why their labour lives,
And who shall measure the giving, when the Master Shipwright gives?
Till the shipyard sang with service, as ship by ship was gained,
To carry whole her topsails, nor fear that a mast be strained.

So the craft from Chailey Dockyard go forth from the building slips,
('Twas ever the oaks of Sussex that fashioned the stoutest ships)
To speed with the summer breezes or to fight with a searching wind,
To join in the Master's service, in the service of mankind.

They hail and cheer in passing, they signal great and small,
For the mark of the Master Shipwright is on and through them all,
They carry the Shipwrights' message on a thousand new-won keels,
That men may know of the healing wherewith the Master heals.

Words by Rear-Admiral Ronald A. Hopwood, C.B.
Illustrated by Lieutenant-Colonel Harold Wyllie.
Set to music by Henry Coleman, Mus.Doc., at that time Organist and Master of the Choristers at the Heritage.



Reprinted, by kind permission of the Editor, from the Trafalgar Day issue of *The Times*, 21st October, 1921

NOTES : by Lieut.-Colonel Harold Wyllie

THE SHIPS in Chailey Dockyard may be described as follows, starting from the left :—

A ship newly arrived from sea. She has lost her foremast, but a jury foremast has been fitted by making use of spare foretopmast, and top gallant mast. The jury mast has been got "an end" by placing a spare lower cap on the stump of the foremast. She has a tender alongside.

The second ship is in as bad case as can be from the seaman's point of view. Her hull has been so badly strained "working to windward in the teeth of a winter's gale" that it has been necessary to frap the anchor stocks together athwartships, and to carry out the same with a cable passed with many turns right under the keel. Sails have been thrummed with oakum and are held by tackles over the leaks below the water line, while the pumps are kept going. The mainmast is sprung, but has been fished with spare spars from the booms and heavy tackles fitted to a timber head on either side to ease the strain on the paunch of the mast. Two of the fore shrouds have parted, but have been set up again by a shroud knot on the starboard side and by dead-eyes on the port side. But a tender is alongside with willing hands to work, and the ship will soon be ready to move into dry dock.

The third ship is alongside the sheer hulk, having her new masts hoisted in.

The second drawing speaks for itself. Two "Chailey" ships have met outside soundings. They "carry whole their topsails nor fear that a mast be strained," and have "dressed ship" after the manner of the time with masthead flags and pendants at every yardarm. "They hail and cheer in passing."

The period I have taken is about 1660.

THE BOYS' HERITAGE

THE TEACHER'S PRAYER

"Help me, O God, to see the living truth
Behind the printed page, behind the maze
Of facts and words and dates that I must teach
To minds that blindly grope their way along,
Not knowing what they seek or how to learn.
Help me to see the truth—and pass it on.

Help me to see the beauty of the world
That lies about me in my daily round;
Let not my heart be closed, my eyes be blind
To sunset glory or the light of stars.
Help me to see the beautiful, and then
To open eyes that else would see it not.

Grant yet one prayer, O Teacher of us all!
That I may never make myself a god
Of method or routine, for all such gods
Crush countless souls in their relentless grasp."

Anon.

THE MAIN ENTRANCE to the Llangattock School of Carpentry for crippled boys, erected by the late Lord Llangattock, in memory of his son, the Hon. Charles Stuart Rolls, the well-known aviator.

The words "Men Made Here" were painted by an armless boy with his toes, and are symbolic of the spirit of the place. The entrance step has been worn away by the crutches and feet of thousands of boys, many of whom are now doing extremely well in the employ of some of England's best-known firms. In this workshop there is a tablet which was subscribed for in pence by the mothers of Wales for presentation to Lady Llangattock, on the tragic death of her son, and was intended for the church at Llangattock, but Lady Llangattock felt that it would be an inspiration to the boys if it was placed in the building which was erected to her son's memory. Many have their own flourishing shops, employing in some instances large numbers of employees, and all, when possible, come back to their old schools for the reunions of old scholars.

TO LEARN BY DOING is the only method by which teaching can be lifted out of grooves. To make the children think, they must be actively engaged with consideration of concrete things. Progressive handwork, requiring accurate observation, means throwing overboard more stereotyped methods of instruction, but the result is overwhelmingly in its favour.

Is it not a fact worthy of note that the solid oak furniture at the Boys' Heritage has been made, and well made, too, by the boys? Hard Sussex oak is by no means easy to work upon, nevertheless, the benches, tables, forms, etc., have been most favourably commented upon by trade experts, who have seen the work.

"Hail to the cunning hand!
Hail to the cultured mind!
Contending for the world's command,
Here let them be combined."

The Llangattock Carpentry Shop

Boys at work in the CARPENTRY SHOP, where they are taught carpentry in all its branches, some reaching a very high standard of efficiency, as can be seen when one visits the Council Chamber, where the table and chairs, of good old Sussex oak—the gift of the Chairman—have been made by the boys, as well as the staircase leading to the Boys' Hospital, and the window and door frames. Work of this kind has naturally been impossible during the war years, owing to the lack of suitable wood, but the boys have made very good use of the big wooden crates which have brought so many generous gifts from America, and turned them into strong, wooden toys, which have been in great demand at the annual sale. Their special saint is St. Joseph, and a picture of the workshop at Nazareth hangs just inside the door of the Carpentry Shop. Sir Ambrose Heal, of the well-known firm of Messrs. Heal & Son, Ltd., is the Godfather of the carpenters. The children come from all parts of Great Britain, and occasionally from abroad. This is an education in itself, for the miner's boy from Wales, and the North, rubs shoulders with the shepherd's son from the Sussex Downs, and those from the West of England with those from the manufacturing districts in the Midlands.

Since this photograph was taken the rickety, unsafe old benches have been replaced by new ones, through the generosity of the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America, and Mr. Gilbert H. Carr, C.B.E., the Deputy Chairman of the London Committee, came down and formally inspected them before they were used. The old ones have stood up to 43 years' hard wear and tear, and it was fitting that the new ones should be dedicated to the memory of Mr. Percy Sykes, the first Headmaster of the Heritage, who for 36 years taught in the carpentry school, and to Mr. Franklin Delano Roosevelt. No one realised the worth of the Heritage foundation more than the late President of the United States of America, and the children used to write to him on his birthday and on special occasions, one boy writing and telling him that it was from the neck upwards that mattered, and that crippled limbs need mean little handicap where the will to do and achieve were concerned. The characteristic reply to this letter was carried about by the fortunate and proud owner, and at his request later on, when the boy died after an accident, the treasured letter was buried with him.

The interior of the Llangattock Carpentry Shop

Not every boy will reach the heights of helping to complete the furniture in the Council Chamber, but all will find their niche in the world's great workshop, and after all is it not better to "hitch your waggon to a star"?

"Keep on looking for the bright, bright skies,
Keep on hoping that the sun will rise,
Keep on singing when the whole world sighs,
And you'll get there in the morning.

Keep on ploughing when you've miss'd the crops,
Keep on dancing when the fiddle stops,
Keep on faithful till the curtain drops,
And you'll get there in the morning."

From the School Anthology.

HAPPILY there is still a call for hand-made goods, and although machinery is fast ousting the beautiful old handicrafts for which Sussex was so famous in the olden days, such things as suitcases, attaché cases, music cases, and the like are still made at the Heritage, and are in great demand at the annual sale of the children's work held usually on the nearest Wednesday to St. Nicholas's Day—the Patron Saint of Schoolboys.

From the smaller pieces of leather the boys make purses, wallets, and every variety of little fancy things, for nothing is wasted at the Heritage, and every scrap of material used to the last inch.

There are still firms only too glad to employ cripples well trained in leatherwork. The leather shop and the boot shops have for their Godfather the Worshipful Company of Cordwainers, who have given them a lathe, and from time to time valuable gifts of leather.

In this workshop the boys also learn to do minor repairs to their instruments

Many famous people, Judges, Lord Mayors of London, University Professors, Musicians and the like, use the Heritage leather cases, and many members of the Royal Family possess (and we are told, use) the suitcases made by the boys in the Leather Shop—on the walls can be seen crocodile skins brought home from the Ganges, and the Nile, by Major-General Kimmins

On the occasion of the opening of an enlarged boot shop, the late Mr. C. H. S. Ellis, one of the Governors of the Heritage, when performing the ceremony said to the assembled wounded soldiers and the crippled boys:

"It was a happy thought which caused to-day, 25th October, to be fixed for the opening of this workshop, for it is St. Crispin's Day. St. Crispin, who is the Patron Saint of Bootmakers, was himself both bootmaker and saint, thereby stressing the intimate connection between good life and good work.

"Boots are made for the purpose of protecting men's feet and legs against the mud, wet and dirt which man must walk through on his way through life. However shapely and smart the uppers may be, unless the SOLE be sound and damp-proof the boot is a hollow sham of no real value.

"In a similar manner the SOUL of a man is the foundation of his character and is the spiritual protection against the manifold snares and temptations through which he must pass on his earthly pilgrimage; a waterproof sole on a well-sewn boot protects the physical man from wet and damp just as a sound soul keeps the spiritual man safe on the right path.

"The honest work which will be turned out from this workshop, which I now declare open, will demand the skilled hand directed by the honest mind; remember as you sit at these benches that nothing can excel the joy of completing a task to the best of one's ability, that there is music and poetry in the harmony of good craftsmanship, and that of a truth

'There are sermons in "shoes" and good in everything.' "

Mr. Ellis, holding up a boot, also spoke of the "tongue" that never told a lie; the "eye" that looks out for all beauty, and refuses to turn its glance upon evil and wrongdoing; and the "lace" that must be strong and dependable, just as an Englishman's word is his bond.

How much one wishes that every member of the British War Relief Society of America could have been present at this simple opening ceremony of the workshop which was also one of their many gifts to the Heritage during the Second World War.

St. Crispin is the Patron Saint of the Shoemakers, and an annual St. Crispin's Day Service is held, when the School Chapel is decorated with boots and shoes, of all shapes and sizes, together with the tools used in this craft.

THIS INTERIOR of one of the Bootshops shows the boys making and repairing their own boots. This is a very popular trade and it is never difficult to find good jobs for a well-trained bootmaker and repairer. The boots and shoes of the entire Colony are mended here, and a large proportion of them made. The boys are tested at all trades before the final one is chosen, and frequently employers come down and select a boy at his bench, and he is then given special training in the type of work he will be doing when he leaves at the age of sixteen. Many old boys have flourishing businesses of their own, and every boy learns to mend his own boots while at school.

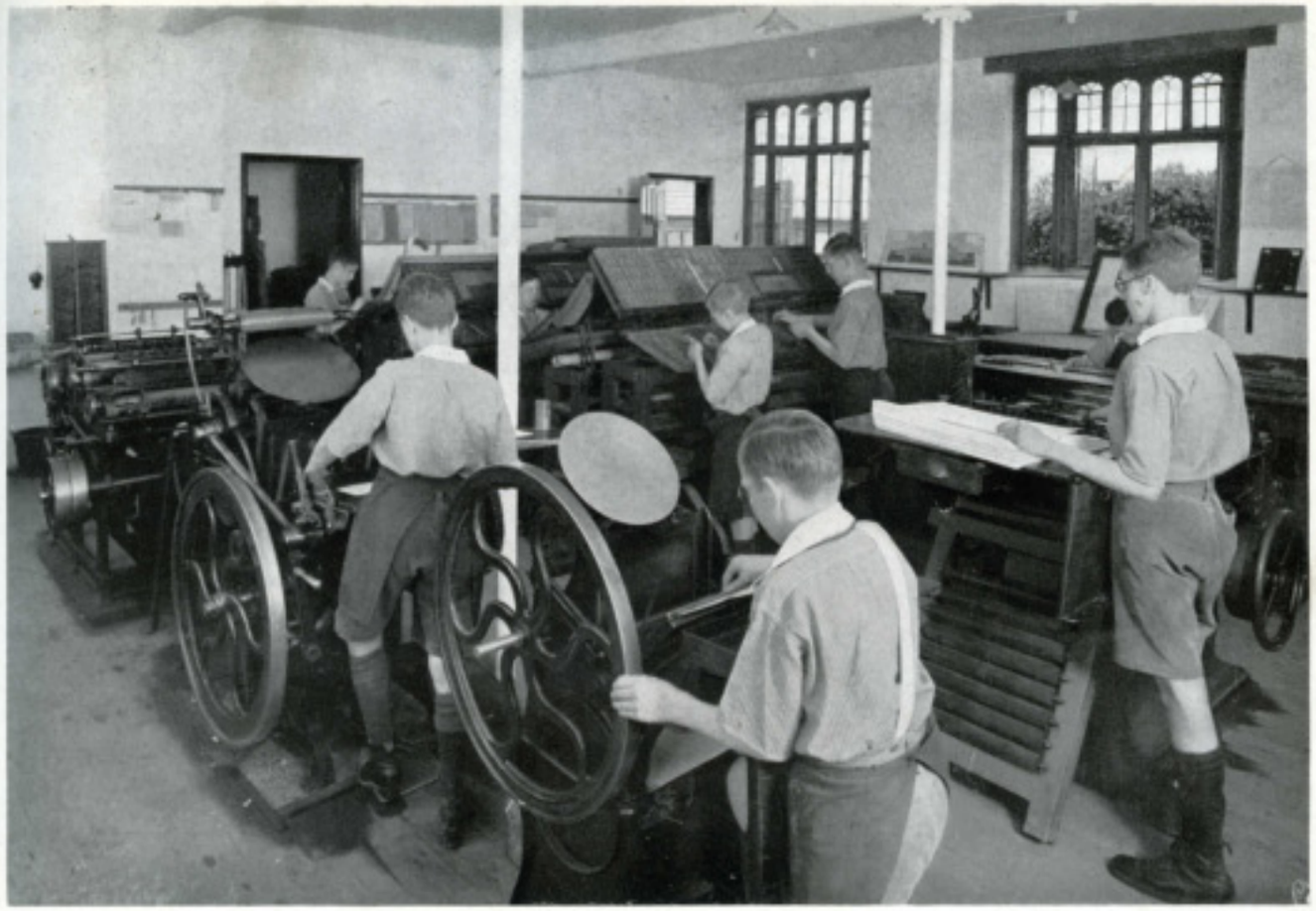
In the printing shop the boys are given an A to Z education in printing, and, as is the case with the other trades, the training they receive is taken into consideration by employers when they leave.

Most of the printing necessary in such a large Colony is done by the crippled boys, and their St. Martin's Kalendar is a well-known publication. Unfortunately, owing to lack of paper, it has not been published during the war, but there must be a copy of it hanging in many homes in this country, as well as overseas. It was in itself an education to the boys, being full of quotations and information, which otherwise they might not have known.

The Godfather of the printers is The Baynard Press, whose exquisite work is known everywhere, and whose finest production for the Heritage was the catalogue for the Exhibition of Royal and Historic Treasures, held by kind permission of His Majesty, at 145 Piccadilly, just before the outbreak of war. The Exhibition was organised by Mrs. Seymour Obermer and her friend, Miss Gluck, and was opened by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, and the proceeds devoted to the fund for building a much needed Nurses' Home. It attracted thousands of visitors, but unfortunately did not run as long as was hoped owing to the outbreak of war, but Lord Nuffield most generously made up the deficit. This Home still remains to be built, when restrictions will allow, and meanwhile the money is invested and definitely earmarked for that purpose for which it was raised.

This block of buildings, comprising the printing shop, the leather shop, and the gymnasium and ambulatory connecting it with the other buildings, was the gift of an American, and a Governor of the Heritage, Mr. Seymour Obermer, and its beauty equals that of the School Chapel, for it is the work of the same architect. A tablet in the gymnasium bears the following inscription :

TO RECORD IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT
AND WITH HEARTFELT THANKS
THE GIFT OF THE ENTIRE BUILDING
COMPLETE WITH WORKSHOPS AND EQUIPMENT
AND INCLUDING THIS GYMNASIUM UNIT
WHICH SET THE SEAL OF SUCCESS UPON THE
REMEDIAL WORK OF THE BOYS' HERITAGE
BY SEYMOUR OBERMER, ESQ.
1926



The Interior of the Printing Shop

The late Sir Sydney Nicholson, Founder of the Royal School of Church Music, whose great hobby was printing, shortly before he died sent his printing press and equipment to the Printing Shop. The first letter printed on it was sent to Sir Sydney, thanking him for his wonderful gift

In this gymnasium the boys are given remedial treatment of all kinds, but undoubtedly the most popular with the boys is the gym class, when swarming in and out of the ladders, and so forth, is found to be fun as well as treatment. Her Majesty the Queen, with the Princesses, was especially interested in a display given by the crippled boys, and in common with all visitors, amazed at the feats performed by these active young cripples.

Adjoining the gymnasium is a room specially equipped for artificial sunlight, and the whole department is devoted to specialised treatment under the direction of the Medical Director.

THE BOYS' SCHOOL CHAPEL is dedicated to St. Martin, and was the gift of the late Mrs. Harcourt Rose, and given in memory of her husband, in 1913. It is built of Sussex sandstone, with red-tiled roof, and the lofty spire is covered with oak shingles, and is a well-known landmark. It was a great delight to the late Mr. Rudyard Kipling, who was associated with the Heritage from its earliest days, even before it existed save in dreams, and at whose request this lovely shingle spire dominates the landscape in the midst of his beloved Sussex Weald. The photograph shows the south side, with the Douty Song School—the gift of Mrs. Edward Douty, in 1924.

The Song School consists of an open stone arcade connected with the nave by a large double door, and carrying a large half-timbered room. The oak windows, timbers and Sussex rough cast make it a very beautiful addition to the School Chapel.

The building itself is a replica of the Psallette at Tours, where the tomb of St. Martin is visited by thousands annually.

The Singing Cripples are famous, and are much in demand for weddings, funerals and so forth, and visitors from far afield are attracted to the services and religious plays which are given from time to time. The Choir was the first affiliated to the Royal School of Church Music, and the Heritage boys regularly take part in the Festivals.

The Godparents of the Douty Singers are Mrs. Graham Rees Mogg, who gave the Douty Song School in memory of her first husband, Mr. Edward Douty, Dr. Sydney Northcote, D.MUS., HON. A.R.C.M., Music Adviser to the Carnegie Trust, and for over 20 years Organist and Master of the Choristers at the Heritage and who is to be found on his old stool at the organ for many of the great Festivals, and the late Sir Sydney Nicholson, M.V.O., M.A., F.R.C.O., Founder and Director of the Royal School of Church Music.

The annual "Pilgrimage to Bethlehem" at the end of the Christmas Term is but one of the many occasions when the seating accommodation is taxed to the uttermost, and it is fervently hoped that the much-needed extension to the Chapel will soon be an accomplished fact. It is hoped to enlarge the Chapel as the School's War Memorial to the Second World War, for it is really a necessity that these crippled children should be able to worship in comfort, in spite of their crutches and artificial limbs—at present the chairs are so close together that it is impossible for the boys to kneel, as many of them wish to do. Special services are held in School Chapel on the Craftsmen Saints' days, such as St. Joseph for the Carpenters, St. Crispin for the Bootmakers, etc., etc., and on other special days, such as Baby Sunday, Noah's Ark Sunday, St. Francis Sunday, etc., etc.

The Water Tower, erected in 1924, is structurally part of the church, and has the double purpose of containing a tank with eight thousand gallons of water, and of providing access by stair to the Song School.

The Douty Song School and Cloister

THE BOYS' CHAPEL consists of a nave 76 ft. long, and an aisle and tower containing the organ gallery. The fine organ was a gift of a member of the Wills family, in response to an appeal made by the late Bishop Forrest Browne. The style is characteristically English in its mouldings, and general restraint of design.

The panelled plaster ceiling with heraldic bosses and carved angels upon the cornices is one of the principal features. The majority of the windows are filled with stained glass, including the Ewing Window, which was an Anglo-American tribute to the genius of Juliana Horatia Ewing, whose "Story of a Short Life" inspired the foundation of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things and the Heritage Craft Schools. The dedication of the Ewing Window was a memorable occasion. Bishop Winnington-Ingram, as Visitor, and an American Bishop conducted the service, and at the given moment Viscountess Harcourt (on behalf of the American nation) and Garter King at Arms (on behalf of the Ewing family) jointly released the American flag and the Union Jack, revealing the Ewing Window in all its beauty.

The East Window, with its golden reredos and altar frontal, were Coronation gifts. The exquisite frontal is a piece of the same material as was given by Their Majesties as a Coronation gift to Westminster Abbey.

The hatchment on the right of the photograph is a memorial to 28 Heritage boys who were sufficiently cured to fight and give their lives for King and Country in the First World War, and on the left is the figure of St. Martin, sharing his cloak with the beggar.

The architect was Mr. J. N. Comper, with his son, Mr. Sebastian Comper, who also designed the Seymour Obermer block of buildings which contains the Remedial Gymnasium, the Printing Shop and the Leather Workshop.

The interior of the School Chapel of St. Martin

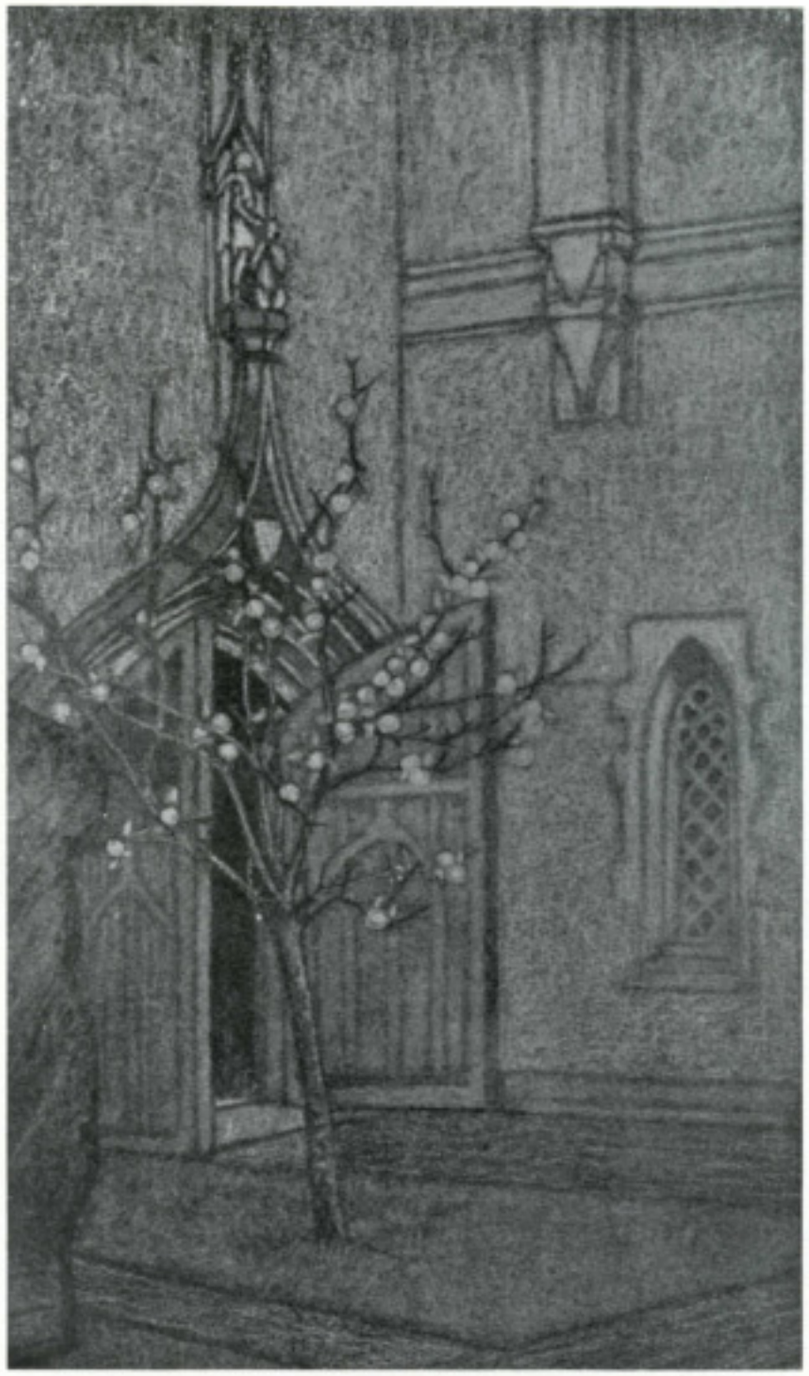
THE DOUTY SINGERS, with a former Chaplain, giving thanks for the Golden Apple Tree, outside the great West Door of the Chapel, which was the sole unaided work of one of the first seven boys on crutches.

To the visitor this looks just like an ordinary apple tree, but not so to the crippled boys, for by means of this tree, the sum of £38,000 was raised to build the St. George's residential block for boys which stands just across the common, by the old White Windmill. An appeal was launched and people were asked to give

Mrs. Robertson Lawson, a Governor of the Heritage, hangs an apple on the Golden Apple Tree in celebration of her mother's 90th birthday

£50 for a golden apple £5 for a golden leaf £1 for a golden pip

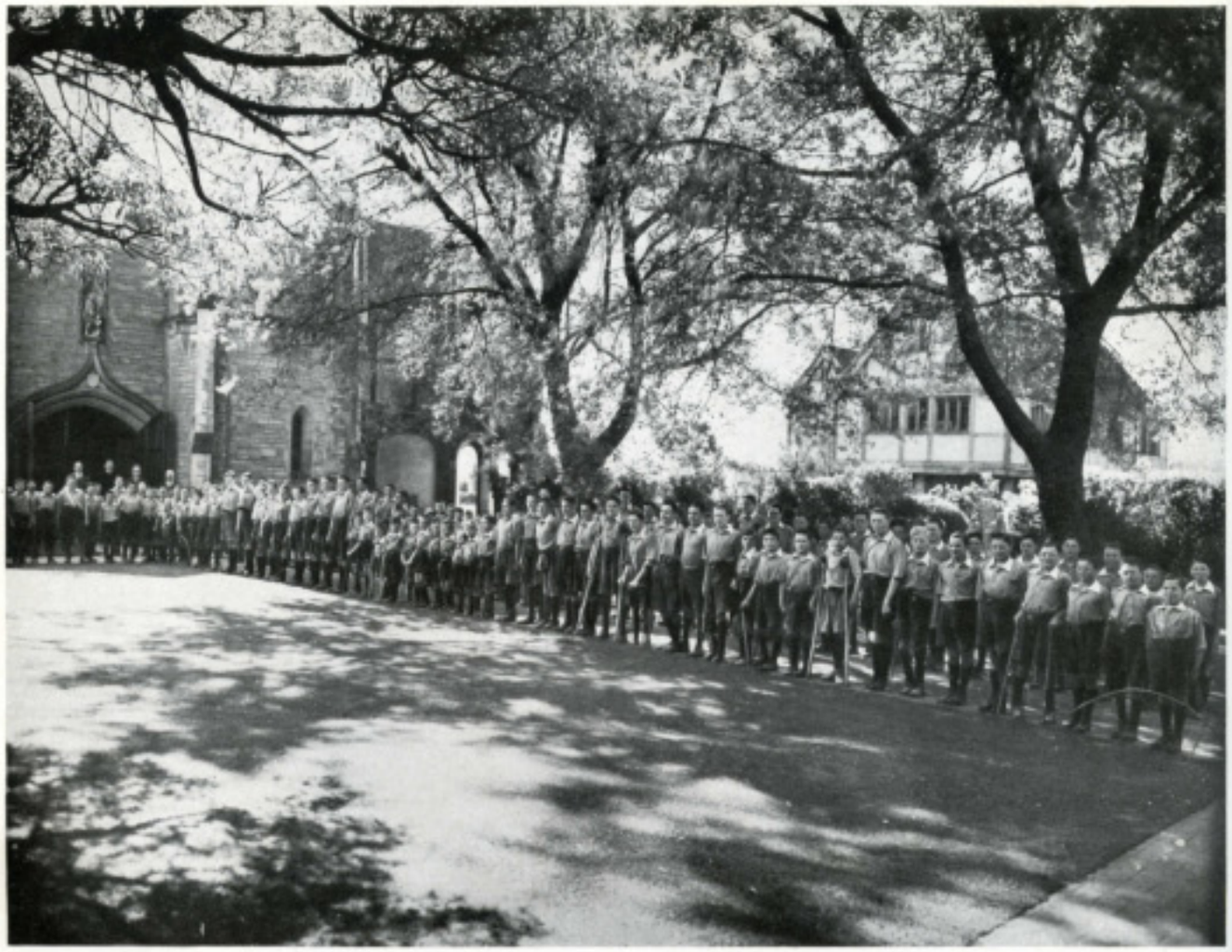
and every time the sum of £50 was received, an imitation apple—made by the Hospital boys—was hung upon the tree with great rejoicing. The tree stands where the children can see it from their beds on the Hospital Solarium, and the cripple boys pass it many times daily on their way to and from the schools and workshops.



The original of the cover design of the Golden Apple Book was the work and gift of Miss Dorothy Carey Morgan, when on a visit to the Heritage from S. Africa.

The Cover of this Book
is symbolic of Chailey
and Man's wider life.
It shows the Golden Apple Tree
standing at the West Door of the Chapel,
and above it, St. Martin.
The Door is the work of a cripple on two crutches,
who worked for a year, unaided,
to make it a beautiful gate
to prayer, self-conquest, and the Living God.
Opportunity to develop such skill
is part of our Heritage;
the more Apples, the more opportunity.
The Saints above, and our Children below, watch that Tree
and rejoice in each new fruit.
St. Martin, above, cuts his soldier's cloak in half
to give to a beggar;
and He who warmed His shoulders with the gift
was Christ.

MAJOR F. YEATS-BROWN, D.F.C.
of "Bengal Lancer" fame.



THE BOYS assemble before morning Chapel, after which they disperse to their various classrooms. On Sundays the usual services are held, to which visitors are always welcome. There is a resident full-time Chaplain.

The trees, so beautiful in summer, and almost more lovely in winter, were planted by the late Sir Israel Gollancz and Sir Archibald Flower, whose names will for ever be associated with the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon.

A soldier in the Princess Louise Military Hospital during the First World War. Wounded in the arm and leg, he was made the Warden of the Pigeons. He was only 17 years of age, and a great favourite with everyone. This picture appealed so strongly to the late Sir Robert Jones, Chairman of the Medical Board, that he had many copies of it made for distribution to hospitals and friends. This young soldier had a lovely voice, and with others of the military guests, sang in the choir with the boys in School Chapel

During the First World War of 1914-18, 590 raid-shock children were housed, also 541 wounded soldiers, many for over a year, and 56 wounded pensioners were admitted to the hospital.

Again in the Second World War, wounded soldiers were welcomed to the Boys' Heritage, and a special home was opened at the Girls' Heritage for children under five years of age who had been injured, or were ill, as the result of the blitzes, and many older children seriously damaged were also admitted to the schools and hospitals.

The wounded men were never happier than when working with the boys in the workshops, and practically every afternoon would find them hard at work at the trade in which they were particularly interested, much to the delight of the boys who eagerly welcomed their soldier guests, and on one occasion, when a batch of soldiers were discharged as being fit to return to their units, they all went off wearing shoes which they had made for themselves in the boot shops, much to their own pride and satisfaction.

Do you remember that little known old cobbler's delicious poem of "The first day at school"?—old Altegans has a vision of children all over the world, some wearing his shoes,

> "*As bending o'er his leather,*
> *He made many a song and shoe together*"

or Hans Sach, another old cobbler-poet, whose shoes were better than his song, or, as he adds whimsically,

> "*Better perchance, because of the song.*"

Anyhow, the fact remains, that many of our cobbler cripples find their way to the choir, and are among the brightest of our child actors.

Rarely, if ever, is a shoemaker boy out of work—many have their own shops in after life—and not only do they mend all the girls' and boys' and toddlers' boots and shoes, including many surgical ones, but make many of them also.

Visitors exclaim at the neat workmanship, for hand-made boots and shoes are rare in these days of machinery, and so it comes about that the St. Crispin's workshops are always popular, and incidentally a great saving in expense to the Colony.

With the wounded soldiers too it proved a favourite workshop—every crippled host had a crippled guest working with him at the bench, and many of the men

Wounded soldiers and their crippled hosts working together in the craft shops

left, when cured, proudly wearing the boots and shoes they had made, and few, if any, had learned this most useful trade before coming to Chailey.

Other soldiers made toys for their children, or little bookshelves for their favourite books, and one aspired to a cradle for his baby, who was born whilst he was here in hospital.

The crippled guests were matched to their crippled hosts—a one-armed man to a one-armed boy, and so forth: an experiment in psychology of immense interest to all educationists.

Typical of the friendship which sprang up between the wounded soldiers and the crippled boys is the story of the gypsies' baby. A soldier in his walks abroad found some gypsies had set up their caravans not far distant from the Heritage, and that a mother was greatly distressed because of the illness of her baby. He at once told the Boys' Matron, who promptly went down to investigate, and the result was that mother and child were soon temporarily housed in a detached hut at the Boys' Heritage, but after days of anxious nursing, the baby died. Great was the distress of soldiers and boys alike. The tiny coffin was made by them in the workshop, and the senior boys, with the soldiers, attended the funeral. Old clothes were unearthed from Matron's cupboard to make the chief mourners look as respectable as possible, and after the funeral the men and boys escorted the heartbroken couple back to their temporary home, after extracting from them a promise to come and say "goodbye" before once more taking the road. A collection was then made, and when the couple came, they found in the Heritage drive a handsome new handcart, complete with all the paraphernalia of pots, pans, brooms, brushes, clothes pegs, and all the things that go to make up a gypsy's outfit, and seated on the top of this weird collection was my younger son, Anthony, with my elder son, Brian, holding on to the handles, surrounded by the crippled boys and soldiers. The gratitude and joy of the gypsies was unbounded, and this incident is just typical of the Heritage sympathy for anyone in distress. Off went the gypsy and his wife cheered by everyone until out of sight.

Typical, too, is the following story of a small London boy who was missing when the bell rang for dinner. This was such an unusual occurrence that a search was made, but before long the truant appeared, with a swollen and tear-stained face, and made his own explanation. "I seed a funeral going along the road, and it

Bootmaking and repairing were favourite crafts with the wounded soldiers, and the men were very quick to learn this most useful trade, about which very few, if any, knew anything before coming to the Heritage

looked such a poor little funeral with only two or three people follerin', and I felt so sorry for 'em that I joined on, and that's why I'm late. The gentleman said I cried most beautiful, and gave me a shilling, and I 'ope it will 'elp to pay for to-day's dinner, and I 'opes I won't get into trouble for bein' late.''

Such was the swift response of the sharp-witted London child to sorrow of any kind.

THE MAGIC OF TOGETHER

The soldiers loved to be visited by the babes and toddlers from the Girls' Heritage, and here is a "blitzed" toddler helping—or hindering—a wounded soldier

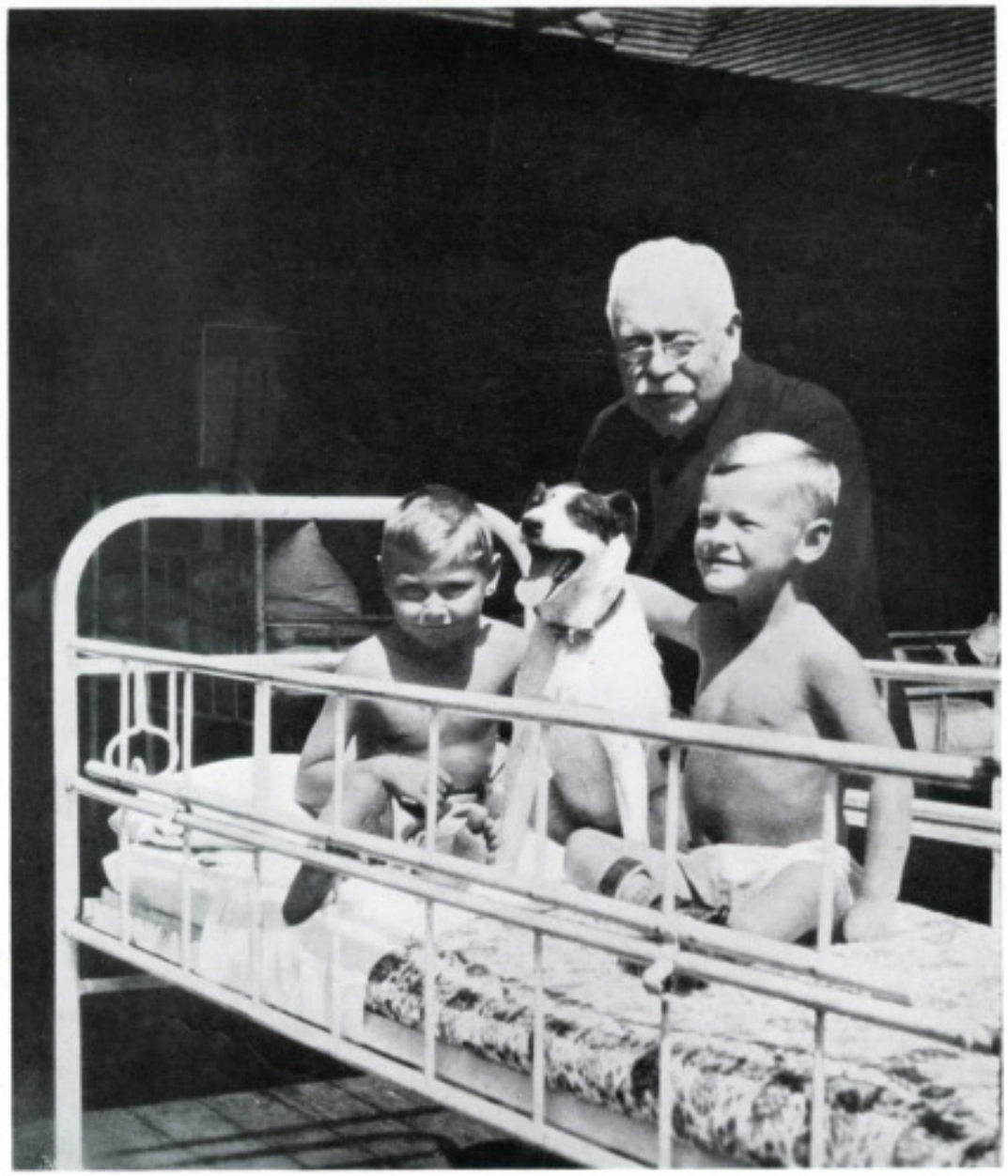
At the outbreak of the First World War the crippled boys willingly gave up their comfortable quarters to the wounded soldiers, and built for themselves a series of wooden hutments, known as the Kitchener Huts. The late Lord Kitchener presented them with their first Union Jack, and the hutments have now been replaced by the residential block of St. George's. An armless boy was clerk of the works.

EXTRACT from "The Life of the late Sir Robert Jones," by his son-in-law, Mr. Frederick Watson.

"In those early days," has written Robert Jones, "open air received but a nervous welcome. If a child exposed in the open air recovered from its ailments, it was accounted a proof of its 'strong constitution,' a draught of cold air called for a closed window, and a shower of rain meant a prelude to disaster. Hospital committees and even surgeons of renown shrugged their shoulders, and buttoned up their coats when they passed through the wards on a frosty morning. This all had to be changed, and the results are now commonplace."

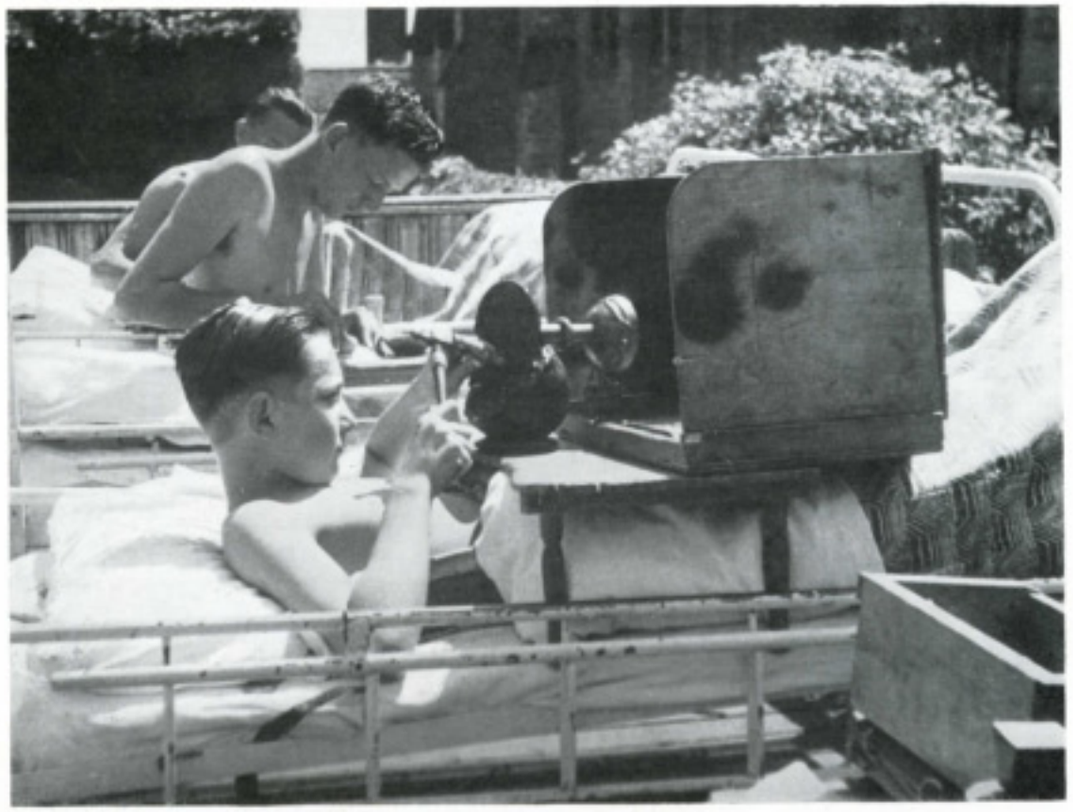
In 1903 was established another experimental centre at Chailey, Sussex. If Baschurch showed that crippled children could be physically cured by the principles of Nelson Street in the open air, Chailey proved that they could be mentally freed from the old legends of deformity. With his long experience of the courage and charm of suffering children, Robert Jones had always fought to dethrone the public delusion that they were by necessity fractious and morose. "Picture to yourselves," he said of Chailey, "a group of buildings situated in the most beautiful country and dedicated to the service of the crippled child. You will meet with no heartrending or nerve-racking sight, no agonising incident, but healthy-looking merry children and never a tear. I mean literally what I say, that I have never seen there a child crying. They are hard at work or hard at play, irrepressible in spirit, and yet fully disciplined. The spirit of Chailey is not spartan, but there is no maudlin sentimentality encouraged. The child's deformities and disabilities are rarely alluded to. He is filled with emulation and a desire to excel. If he has lost an arm, or leg, he still has one or the other so trained as to minimise disability. It is a perfect joy to see a one-legged boy run a race, and the pride of a one-armed boy, when he shows you what the remaining one has accomplished. Every boy and every girl fully realise that they are to be of service in the world. There are no drones at Chailey! See them at work in the carpenter's shop or in other industrial developments, and you will realise the happiness of it. There are no 'ca-canny.' They are taught the joy and morality of work!"

Sir Robert loved to watch a cricket match and was the most keenly interested of spectators, applauding every catch and wicket taken with all the enthusiasm of a schoolboy.



THE LATE SIR ROBERT JONES, BART., K.B.E., C.B., D.L., F.R.C.S.

Chairman and Founder of the Medical Board of the Heritage, with his namesakes, Robert, and Bowser, the Hospital mascot



EVEN when in hospital the usual five hours of school are carried on on the same lines as for the ambulatory children—the mornings are devoted to the three R's and instruction in elementary subjects, and the afternoons to handicrafts.

In the Boys' Hospital, before the war, the boys learned toymaking and silversmithing, and the many visitors were always fascinated by the sight of the small forges on the beds, for the boys in the Carpentry Shop made small hinged work tables, with pieces at the back and sides to shield the flame from the wind when out of doors, and here the hospital boys would hammer and shape and rivet and solder to their heart's content, and produced some really lovely things.

It has always been the custom of the Heritage to have a special Godparent for each

craft taught to the children, and Mr. Houlihan, of Messrs. Liberty's, whose firm is of world-wide reputation, was the Godfather of the silversmithing. Representatives of the firm visited the Schools from time to time, and gave both master and boys valuable hints, and from time to time have exhibited specimens of the children's work at their premises in Regent Street, London.

A toymaking class in progress

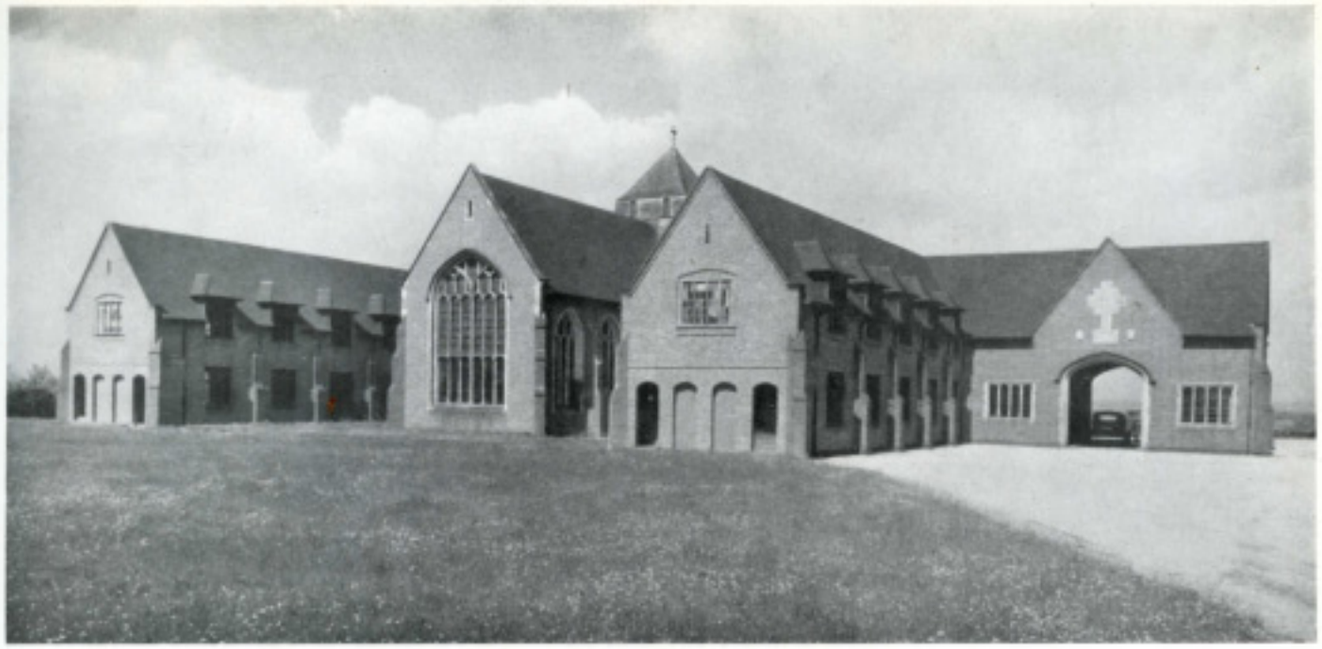
ST. GEORGE'S, the residential block for boys, is on the crest of the hill known as North Common, alongside the old windmill and pointed tree, and the position is in every way ideal. The dormitories and living rooms generally face south, and the sanitary wings and kitchen quarters to the north. There is an unrestricted view in all directions across one of the most beautiful parts of Sussex, and 300 yards down the hill the main road between Chailey and Haywards Heath separates the building from the parent group at "the Heritage." Such a position carried with it the responsibility of avoiding offence in the manner of buildings, and for this reason the traditional English brick style was chosen, a style which is seen perhaps at its best in what is known as the Tudor period. Another reason for the adoption of this style lies in the desire to give the young inhabitants of this building an "historic" environment, a better realisation of the continuity of history and at least an attempt to recapture something of our forefathers' sense of beauty and fitness of design, which exercises a sub-conscious effect on the mind. All the external woodwork is in naturally weathered oak; the ventilating tower over the dining hall is covered with oak shingles. The building is of two storeys, the upper storey being partly in the roof and lighted by larger dormer windows. It is planned in the form of a triple cross, viz. a long central block running from east to west, crossed by three wings running north and south, the middle wing consisting of the dining hall to the south, and the kitchen wing to the north, the east and west wings forming dormitories to the south and sanitary wings to the north. The central block terminates at the west in another dormitory wing, and at the east is an entrance wing with a self-contained suite of rooms. There are thus on both floors six large dormitories containing between them 120 beds. The architect was Mr. J. B. S. Comper, the son of Mr. J. N. Comper.

The six dormitories bear the names of their respective donors:

1. The late Mrs. T. P. Warren, and Colonel and Mrs. J. R. Warren, who also gave the land on which the buildings stand.
2. Mrs. Robertson Lawson.
3. The late Mrs. Percy Reid.
4. Sir Louis and Lady Baron.
5. By two donors who wish to remain anonymous.
6. In memory of Annie Margaret Clive-Bayley, a friend of crippled children.

Approach to St. George's. Note the apple tree carved in stone over the portico

The entrance hall at St. George's



THE DINING HALL at St. George's is naturally the central and architecturally the most important part of the building. It is open from the floor to the trussed timber roof, through both storeys, and it is thus nearly 40 ft. high, with a floor space of 65 ft. by 23 ft. giving seating accommodation for 150 at table. It is very amply lighted by high windows at the sides, and an exceptionally large window opens up nearly the whole of the south wall. All these windows are stone mullioned with simple traceries, and glazed with leaded lights. A row of steel casements down each side, in conjunction with the ventilation arranged under the eaves in the tower, ensures a constant supply of fresh air.

The hall is crossed at its north end by a minstrel's gallery 18 ft. wide, which forms the connection on the upper floor between the two halves of the building. A tablet on one of the walls bears the following inscription:

"*This Dining Hall was equipped by the Trustees of the Bernhard Baron Trust as a constant reminder of his interest in the growth and development of the Heritage Craft Schools, Chailey, 1933.*"

An old and melodious ship's bell, the gift of Admiral Sir Michael Hodges, late Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet, is hung in the tower above the gallery, and the tower is surmounted outside by a weathervane model of "Great Harry" in copper gilt.

To see the boys assembled in the great Bernhard Baron Dining Hall for an ordinary meal is a good sight, but to see it in all its Christmas splendour, with the huge Christmas tree laden with gifts and the minstrel's gallery crowded with visitors, is a sight, once seen, never to be forgotten ; or again, when the crippled hosts entertain a visiting cricket or football team to tea after a match, and to hear the animated discussions of the two teams as they compare their respective schools ; or again when the whole school enjoys a film or concert—these are sights which must rejoice the heart of Mr. Bernhard Baron and his descendants.

The plays, so ably directed and produced by the Housemaster, fill many a long winter evening, and give the greatest possible pleasure to packed audiences in "Liberty," the Recreational Unit, yet another gift from the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America.

The School motto "Lætus Sorte Mea" is written on the smiling face of each boy at this Public School of Crippledom.

THE YEW BY THE OLD WHITE WINDMILL: ITS MYSTIC MEANING

"This Yew Tree may be accounted a fit emblem of a Christian. You see it hath little outside bark, only a small rind ; to teach us not to make a great outside show of religion. Then it is a very lasting timber, much harder than oak, to show the soundness and sincerity of a Christian. It hath many branches, large and fair, to remind us to be plentiful in good works. It is always green and prospering, to declare unto us that a Christian should grow and thrive in grace. Yea, green in winter and the hardest weather, to show that a Christian is best in affliction; yea, then it hath berries on it to teach us, as then we are the best Christians, so then to bring forth most points of righteousness. It is a long-living and lasting tree, to be to us a type of immortality and lasting life."

Thus you see a man may read you a lecture from a tree.

"And suddenly one became aware of being watched! ! ! !

"Away past the house, perhaps six hundred yards, stood a ghostly windmill, with a face like that of a dark-eyed white owl, made by the crossing of its narrow sails. With a black companion—a yew tree, cut to a pyramid form, on the central point in Sussex—it was watching us, for though one must presume it built of old time by man, it had taken charge up there against the sky with its owl's face and its cross, a Christo-Pagan presence.

"What exactly Paganism was we do not, and never shall, know ; what exactly Christianism is, we are as little likely to discover ; but here and there the two principles seem to have married and dwell together in amity. For Paganism believed in a healthy and joyful body ; and Christianism in a soul superior thereto. And, where we were sitting that summer day, was the home of bodies wrecked yet learning to be joyful, and of souls not above the process."

So wrote John Galsworthy of the White Windmill and Yew Tree which stand as silent guardians of the Heritage Colony.

THE fine "smock" mill has long been a cherished landmark in East Sussex and is probably one of the finest in the country, representing the culmination of skilful design in the traditional type. Tradition says that with its companion, the yew tree, it marks the centre of the county. Standing as it does—and as windmills must—in a commanding position upon the crest of the hill, with the pointed yew tree beside it, this windmill has been carefully and exactly restored to make it what it was—a thing of beauty visible for many miles around. Inside the windmill there is a tablet which reads:

"*This Windmill was wrecked in the great gale of January 6th, 1928. It was restored by public subscription, and opened by H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, on October 4th, 1933.*"

The mill's first link with the Heritage was the renting of the property from the late W. W. Grantham, Esq., K.C., from whom it was eventually bought by Colonel J. R. Warren, O.B.E., M.C., Chairman of the Governors, and presented by him to the Heritage.

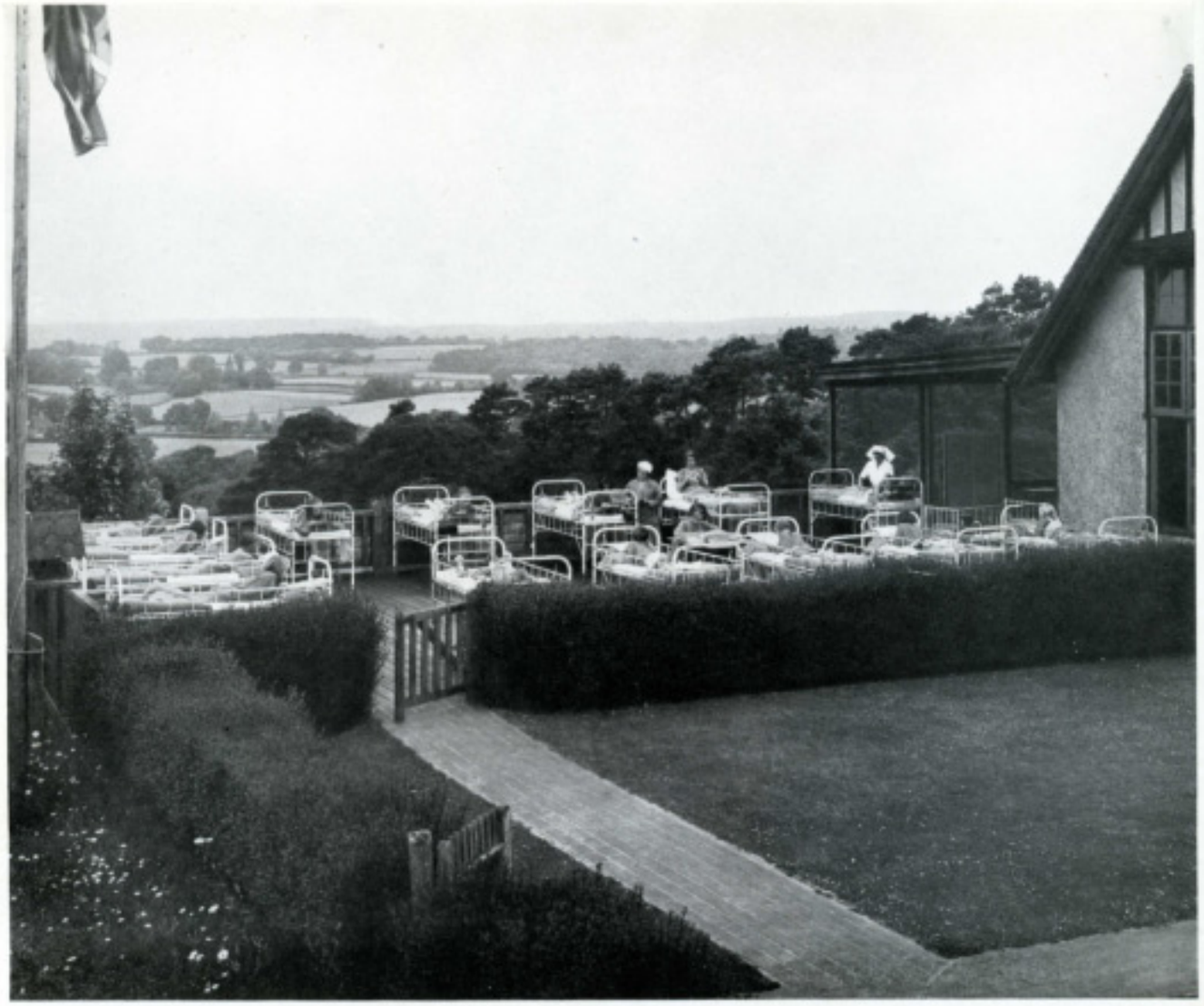
The Chailey windmill is larger than may be generally realised, as some figures and comparisons will show. Its overall height is 50 ft., as can best be realised by anyone who has seen the magnificent view obtainable from its top platform before the cap was replaced. In clear weather it is possible to see the sea. Its diameter at the base is 22 ft. and it took 2,300 square feet of boarding to cover its sides, and 650 lbs. of paint. Most surprising of all is its length from tip to tip of the sweeps —no less than 64 ft., this being almost the length of St. Martin's Chapel, and exactly that of St. George's Dining Hall.

The mill has long ceased to function as a grinder of corn and the machinery no longer exists, but the cap still turns, and the sweeps revolve, with proper precautions (the removal of the sweep shutters) against excessive speed and energy. Should occasion demand, the grinders could be replaced and its original function resumed. In the meantime the old mill provides three useful rooms, which were often used for emergency purposes during the war, and the lower one, before the War, as the Tuck Shop.

The late Mr. John Galsworthy called the windmill "the silent Guardian of the Heritage Colony."

The Playing Field was the gift of Mr. Jack Ionides, and during the war was ploughed up to grow potatoes, as a proof positive of the loyalty of the boys to King and Country in the days of war. As soon as possible, however, after peace was declared, the boys returned with shouts of joy to the Ionides sports ground

Young footballers in the making on the wind-swept Common



The children spend as much time out of doors as possible, and this spacious solarium commands one of the loveliest views in Sussex

THE GIRLS' HERITAGE

Miss Helen Keller, the well-known lecturer throughout the United States and Canada, and herself deaf and blind since the age of 19 months, as the result of illness, wrote to the Founder—

Wrentham, Mass.

Dear Mrs. Kimmins,

I deeply regret that I have delayed so long in replying to your letter. We have all had such a busy, distraught summer that it has at times been quite impossible for me to write, or even have letters read to me.

I am deeply interested in the work of the Guild of the Brave Poor Things. I trust that many will open their hearts to the needs of the crippled children in whose behalf you seek aid. No work could be more worthy of strong support than your efforts to extend the Craft Schools. It is good to give the unfortunate a living; it is still better to raise them to a life worth living. It is not so much the infirmity that causes unhappiness as the grief of a useless, dependent existence. The human being who does not use his limbs, his faculties, is less than human; the man who lacks an arm, or his eyes, but who makes the best of his incomplete self, rises to the highest moral stature of our race.

The sturdy, kind-hearted British people will surely be prompt to help their brave fellows to do something for themselves. It is the fundamental right of every one to realize himself, however imperfectly, and contribute to the common good, however little. Your schools—and may they increase until there is no need of them—will give to some of our hindered fellows the boon of self-support, a measure of contentment, and, above all, a bond between their lives and the rest of mankind.

Warmly wishing you success in a most noble work, I am,

Faithfully yours,

HELEN KELLER.

THE INTERIOR of the Bernhard Baron Schoolroom at the Girls' Heritage can quickly be divided into three separate classrooms when required. At one end is a raised platform for concerts, etc., and at the junior end are two lovely dolls' houses—one from Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret, and the other from the daughters of Lord and Lady Mountbatten of Burma. The desks were made by the boys of Sussex oak, to a special Heritage design. The building was the gift of the late Mr. Bernhard Baron, and unfortunately this photograph does not show the "black cats" which are to be seen here and there, wherever a Baron building is to be found, as a compliment, not only to the generous donors, but also to the well-known "Black Cat" cigarettes.

The girls are given a thorough training in needlework in all its branches, knitting, weaving and mending, and housewifery as well as the ordinary school subjects. They learn to make their own clothes, and often work to their own designs.

As on the Boys' side, the mornings are devoted to the teaching of elementary subjects, and the afternoons to craftwork.

The famous girls' school of Roedean, and that of St. Mary's Hall, have always taken the keenest interest in the crippled girls, as the "Roedean Path" bears testimony, and have played (and by no means always won) many a match at stoolball.

The fame of the Margaret Morris School of Dancing and Remedial Exercises is world-wide, and the experiment of using it for crippled children was made at the Girls' Heritage, with the most successful results, and their demonstrations of the Margaret Morris Movement never fail to enthral an audience.

A little song sent to Chailey by the late Sir Robert Jones, Bart., Chairman of the Medical Board, and set to music by Dr. Sydney Northcote, D.Mus.

When I get to Heaven I
Shall dance upon my toes;
(Just what the wingéd ones will say,
Only God knows).

And only those who love a light
Moving without sound,
Only they will notice me
Pirouetting round.

And those who know the still spell
Of rhythm's loveliness,
The ecstasy that I shall feel
Only they can guess.

Oh, it will be a strange thing,
In Heaven if I do
This thing that I never could
But always wanted to.

The Bernhard Baron Schoolroom

A Margaret Morris tableau in the daisy field

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL CHAPEL OF ST. HELEN was the gift of the late Mr. H. H. Hett and Mrs. Hett, and designed by their son, Mr. L. Keir Hett, who is also responsible for so many of the lovely buildings on the Girls' side of the Heritage Colony.

Here the children have daily prayers before school, and the usual Sunday services, as at the Boys'.

The boys were allowed to do some of the woodwork, and the late Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll—herself the most artistic of royal craftswomen—made and gave the altar furniture, and also carved the oak panels at the West End of the Chapel, and in the Collins Dining Hall. The singing of these girl cripples is very sweet and pure, and under the skilled training of a first-class teacher, they can at very short notice arrange a concert, and when this is combined with a display of Margaret Morris dancing and remedial exercises, it is doubtful if any of the best-known girls' public schools could give greater delight to any audience.

Their plays, too, are eagerly anticipated, and largely attended by the general public, and especially the clever and amusing programmes given by the House Girls, viz. those girls who show more aptitude for housework, cooking, laundry and housecraft as a whole, than for needlework.

Perhaps one of the most moving of all the Christmas festivities is the Nativity Play by the cripple girls, where, in addition to lovely music, appropriate costumes, and all the joyous accompaniment of carols, a real live babe is transported from the Princess Elizabeth Clinic, to take the part of the Christ Child in the manger. The sight of the babe playing with its tiny fingers and toes in the hay, and guarded so reverently and carefully by the crippled girl as the Virgin, is a breath-taking incident in a wholly lovely performance. This, and the Pilgrimage to Bethlehem, in the Boys' Chapel, are the two outstanding features of Christmas at the Heritage—totally different, and yet at heart telling the same story—and those fortunate to attend one or both realise the strong religious education given to these crippled children by means of such productions. When added to all this is the sheer beauty of the gaily decorated wards, and the feast of good things provided by generous friends, the real spirit of Christmas is perhaps brought home to one more poignantly here than anywhere else, and the hearts of staff and visitors alike rejoice to have shared in the Christmas happiness of this truly goodly Heritage.

H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth with one of the tiny babes from the Clinic which, by royal permission, proudly bears her name

HAPPY BABES from the Princess Elizabeth Clinic for Tiny Babes, where visitors always linger, which was founded by Mr. Seymour Obermer and maintained by him for years, until the world learned that to prevent is better than to cure, and built through the efforts of Pip, Squeak and Wilfrid, of *Daily Mirror* fame. The "Pet's House, Mirror Grange" travelled throughout Great Britain and abroad collecting funds which were devoted to the building of this clinic. Facing the building is the happy playground of the babes and toddlers. The children live, eat and sleep in the open air all the year round, and visitors always exclaim when they see them under these conditions even during the severe winter months, but the results prove without doubt that this type of life is the best possible for the children. Many of them are in an almost hopeless state when they arrive, but respond very quickly to the expert care and attention which they receive.

THE JUBILEE BLOCK AT THE GIRLS' HERITAGE, the foundation stone of which was laid by Lady Louis Baron on September 28th, 1935, was opened by Her Majesty, as Duchess of York, on June 10th, 1936, and the lower ward bears the name of H.R.H. Princess Margaret Rose. The position of the building is that which was previously occupied by some condemned Army hutments, which had done yeoman service, but through sheer decay were no longer fit for further use.

The chief front faces south, looking across to St. Helen's Chapel, the Bernhard Baron Schoolroom, with the lovely background of the Chailey Clump beyond. Sussex bricks and Sussex tiles were used in the building, so that it might appear to rise from the ground whence these materials were fashioned. The building is of two storeys, the two main wings to the south being set at an angle to gain light, sun and air to the solarium and interior. The large ground floor ward is arranged for beds from which access can be gained either to a north lying-out terrace when shade is required, or to a covered loggia or open solarium to the south. Beyond the ward is the toddlers' special bathroom, designed to make the daily tub an attraction to the children rather than the reverse, and another ward in the east wing, which is partly used as a playroom, where great care has been taken in the provision for educational and free play. On the first floor is a central ward, which has access to an uncovered balcony to the south, student nurses' bedrooms in the east wing, X-ray room, and so forth.

This is one of the finest buildings ever erected by the architect, Mr. L. Keir Hett, where the children, even if bedridden, can share to the full in the life of the Girls' Heritage.

It well may be that in the near future this type of building (so fully approved by educationists and the medical world alike) may be widely adopted elsewhere, comprising as it does, both dignity, usefulness, and above all, providing the happiest environment for the bedridden children. From this balcony they can watch the life of the Girls' Colony, as like a human tide it flows by them to church and school and play. They form the most enthusiastic of audiences for a stoolball match, Margaret Morris dancing, and outdoor singing classes. It is so right that such a building should contain so much variety, but alas, not all buildings can have such a lovely setting.

The Jubilee Block

This picture also shows part of the Alexander Block, the gift of the late Mr. Alexander, of Alexander's Bank
Note the black cat over the doorway—a compliment to the name of Baron

THE NURSES' LECTURE THEATRE was the gift of the late Lady Riddell, as a memorial to her husband, the late Lord Riddell, who was so greatly interested in every department of the Heritage, and particularly in the First World War, when a paragraph by him in the *Evening Standard*, stressing the need for help for war damaged babes and toddlers, led to the purchase and renting of houses near the Heritage, where 595 little victims of the war were welcomed, and given the necessary treatment in the peace and quiet of the country. This was thus the forerunner of the Queen Elizabeth Home for "Blitzed" Babes and Toddlers in this Second World War.

THE ROBERTSON LAWSON HOUSEWIFERY COTTAGE was the gift of Mrs. Robertson Lawson, who foresaw the need for a separate building in which to teach the girls housecraft and cooking, etc. It has served a grand purpose, and many a crippled girl has learned in it, not only the decencies of a well-ordered home life, but the love of beauty and cleanliness which they have carried with them into womanhood. The same donor was responsible for the Recreation Room.

THE ALLARDICE HAND LAUNDRY was the gift of the late Lady Riddell, and the Allardice family, to the memory of a young sister. In it the crippled girls learn the rudiments of laundry work, as in the Robertson Lawson Housewifery Cottage they learn housewifery, and the two gifts, side by side, with school and craft training in the Bernhard Baron Schoolroom, provide as complete a preparation as possible for a girl's future, should she in after life be called upon to rule over a small home of her own.

THE ROBERTSON LAWSON RECREATION ROOM with its outdoor gymnasium, as the state of the grass shows, is very much used by the children, and it is quite true to say that the girls equal the boys in dash and daring, and one day they hope to have a remedial gymnasium similar to that at the Boys' Heritage. It is quite certain that the girls would make good use of such a gift, and derive much benefit and happiness from it, but in the meantime, on fine days, they are very content and busy with their outdoor apparatus.
The Recreation Room was built and equipped by an anonymous donor in 1908, through the kindness of Mrs. Robertson Lawson.

IN 1941, an urgent request was made to the Heritage from the Secretary of the Invalid Children's Aid Association, in London, begging for the enlargement of the Princess Elizabeth Clinic, in order to make accommodation for at least 50 "blitzed" babes and toddlers under five years of age at the Girls' Heritage —war damaged babes—those pulled out of bombed homes, those discovered in shelters to have bronchitis and pneumonia, and others suffering from the effects of war-time stresses. Her Majesty the Queen, as Patron of the Heritage, caused to be written that Her Majesty "knew that the little sufferers would get exactly the right treatment and environment at Chailey" and it was decided that this need should be met, but on one condition only—that new money was raised and a new site obtained; and, miracle of miracles, the money was found, and a new site, adjoining the Girls' Heritage, was secured, thanks to the generosity of Mrs. Soames, and on February 24th, 1942, the Foundation Stone, which bears the name of the Duchess of Norfolk, was laid, and the new building was opened the following autumn, on October 7th, by H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, and with Her Majesty's gracious permission was called "The Queen Elizabeth Home for 'Blitzed' Babes and Toddlers." The architect was Mr. L. Keir Hett, of Messrs. Searle & Searle. The style of the building was governed by the materials that could be released under war-time conditions. Timber had to be cut down to the minimum, and a specially designed steel roof truss of light construction was used. The walls are of Sussex brick, made by the contractors, Messrs. H. & E. Waters, of Forest Row, and similar to those used throughout the Heritage building operations for some forty years. The wards, kitchen and playroom are planned as a single-storied building, while the Nurses' Wing, the gift of the Bernhard Baron Trust, and consisting of 28 cubicles and a sitting room, is on two floors.

The building is planned on simple lines—the wards with the verandah and solarium face due south to gain the maximum of sun, and the north terrace is so arranged to obtain the maximum of shade—with long vistas through ward and verandah, where fresh air can be inhaled, which is the life-lung for the treatment of the two-to-five-year-old child for whom this Home was provided.

The playroom and paddling pool provide joyous corners in this happy home, and, as in the Jubilee Block, the toddlers' bathroom, with its tiny baths, gaily-painted walls and floating ducks and toys, is a most attractive spot, and the gift of the staff of the Girls' Heritage, past and present.

The Queen Elizabeth Home for "Blitzed" Babes and Toddlers, with the Bernhard Baron Nurses' Home. It was a constant delight to the toddlers to visit their new home to watch its growth and to urge the builders to "get on with the job because the Queen is coming"

The toddlers have their own band—"Music hath powers to soothe the savage breast"—and really they play with a surprising amount of rhythm and their teacher is a past mistress in not only gaining their affection, but in her careful training of these small children.

It is only during the past few years that the great possibilities have been grasped of dealing effectively with the early stages of development, which are even more promising than at any later period. Psychologists, and the more practical of the educational experts now, at long last, fully realise that the two-to-five-years stage is far and away the most significant and precious of the child's life, and responds to special treatment in a very remarkable way. In this building it is possible to secure an ideal environment for research of the most valuable type. It was largely thanks to the kindness and generosity of the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America that the Queen Elizabeth Home was able to be built and maintained, and here we see Mr. and Mrs. Clark Minor, Sir Robert Appleby and other members of the British War Relief Society from New York, visiting the Home, with Mr. Bertram de N. Cruger and Mr. Gilbert H. Carr, from the London Committee. They were much amused with these little "mothers" of the future.

"Music hath powers to soothe the savage breast"
The toddlers' toy band—a great delight both to them and the many visitors to the Heritage.

A visit from Mr. and Mrs. Clark Minor and Sir Robert Appleby, of the British War Relief Society from New York, with Mr. Bertram de N. Cruger and Mr. Gilbert Carr, from the London Committee.

TABLETS IN THE QUEEN ELIZABETH HOME, GIRLS' HERITAGE

THE TABLETS *in the Queen Elizabeth Home have never failed to attract the attention of visitors, showing as they do the generosity of the warm-hearted American people to those innocent little victims of the Second World War. They also serve to remind the staff of the great debt of gratitude we all owe to the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America for championing the cause of these hapless children, many of whom could not have survived but for the care and attention received at the Heritage.*

* * *

H.M. THE QUEEN, Patron of the Heritage, received a gift for War Charities from the Women's Auxiliary Business Group of Mexico City, and sent the entire cheque to the Queen Elizabeth Home.

* * *

A LEGACY FROM THE LATE MRS. MANNING-DRIVER enabled the Heritage to undertake the building of the Queen Elizabeth Home, to which so many friends in America and England have also contributed.

* * *

In grateful acknowledgment that the first cheque received for the Queen Elizabeth Home was sent by THE PILGRIM TRUST. The site of this building was made possible through the sympathy of Mrs. Soames, and the Trustees of Sheffield Park.

* * *

To record with grateful acknowledgment and with heartfelt thanks the most generous sympathy, encouragement and practical help of the nursery equipment and furniture given by the MINISTRY OF HEALTH which set the seal of success upon this building.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HOME, 1942

These rooms were furnished by the BRITISH WAR RELIEF SOCIETY INCORPORATED OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, who also made generous gifts of money, equipment, food and clothes.

* * *

THE AMERICAN THEATRE WING OF NEW YORK CITY built these wards and solaria and provided much of the equipment. This tablet most gratefully acknowledges the gift.

* * *

To record with gratitude that these towns in America, through MRS. CHURCHILL and MRS. ROOSEVELT and "BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN," adopted our "blitzed babes" and sent their dollars. The thanks of all lovers of children are given to America for these gifts of money.
Headquarters:—New York; Akron, Des Moines, Lancaster, Ohio; Asheville, North Carolina; Baton Rouge, Louisiana; Bradford, Philipsburg, Pennsylvania; Denver, Colorado; Lake Forest, Winnetka, Illinois; Lexington, Kentucky.

* * *

THE CITY AND COUNTY OF LONDON BRANCH OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS SOCIETY AND ORDER OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM, THE BRITISH WAR RELIEF SOCIETY INCORPORATED OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, THE ENGLISH-SPEAKING UNION, "BUNDLES FOR BRITAIN" INCORPORATED, and THE WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES provided the clothing for the children.

* * *

This tablet records with profound gratitude the gift of this Nurses' Home by the BERNHARD BARON CHARITABLE TRUST. The furniture was given by the MINISTRY OF HEALTH and the BRITISH WAR RELIEF SOCIETY INCORPORATED OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Visit of the Chief Guide, Lady Baden Powell, who is seen with Dame Alice Godman, D.B.E., County Commissioner, and Miss Helen Hett, the donor of the Guide Headquarters

"Pax Est" is the Guide Headquarters for the Princess Louise Own Heritage Girl Guides, and was the gift of Miss Helen Hett, then Division Commissioner for Mid-Sussex. The architect was her brother, Mr. L. Keir Hett.

It was opened in 1931 by the Lady Baden Powell, Chief Guide of all the World, who planted the two trees adjoining the building. "Pax Est" is built of local Sussex bricks and tiles, and a large window with the Guide Trefoil fills the south gable end.

The interior of a sewing room for elder girls, showing Mary Cowley in charge. Mary was a forerunner of the Girls' Heritage, for it was seeing her, as a child in a London hospital, that led to the building of the Girls' Heritage. Incidentally, Mary nursed my two sons in long clothes, and is devoted to their children

An outdoor class

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Who doomed to go in company with Pain . . . . . .
Turns his necessity to glorious gain.

This boy was born in China, and although now in early manhood he is still very handicapped. He owns and drives his own car and has established a thriving business. He has the same charming outlook on life as he had at Tidemills, and the same happy smile

TIDEMILLS

THE OUTDOOR BOYS

"We are outdoor boys,
We will go out-of-doors in all weathers,
We will leave the streets and go to the open fields,
We will bathe whenever we can; and learn to swim as soon as we can,
We will wash our bodies daily with cold water,
We will clean our teeth,
We will sleep with open windows and lengthen our lives,
We will learn all we can from the lives of plants and animals,
We will write or draw some of the things that interest us,
We will open our eyes to the sky,
We will open our ears to the song of the wind,
We will open our hearts to our friends,
We will share all good things with others."

From the School Anthology.

THE BUILDINGS OF THE MARINE HOSPITAL SCHOOL AND HOSPITAL, AT TIDEMILLS, on the coast, near Newhaven, began with the conversion of an Admiralty hut, and have since grown until they cover an area of nearly 30,000 square feet, and with the Nurses' Home have a total length of 582 feet, which is 100 feet more than the overall length of St. Paul's Cathedral. Situated on a southern shore and actually within reach of the waves, a more ideal position for an orthopædic centre could hardly be imagined. The solaria (or open concrete terraces for beds, etc.) extend for 400 feet along the south front, with an area of 6,500 square feet, and will when desired accommodate all the 100 beds from the wards, which can be wheeled out into the sun at a moment's notice.

The buildings are for the most part timber framed and weather-boarded, but being exposed to the full force of the elements, and built actually on the shingle beach, the frames are necessarily bolted to heavy and extensive concrete foundations. The windows are for the most part a type which slide aside into the space between the inner and outer boarding of the walls, thus giving the maximum aperture when weather conditions permit.

As there are occasions when the sea flings large pebbles directly at these windows, external louvred shutters are provided on the weather side as protection.

In addition to the five long wards there is the well-equipped operating theatre with its anæsthetic room, preparation and doctor's room, post-operative and isolation wards. In the western half of the group there is a remedial gymnasium, massage and light departments, workshops and recreation room. In the carpenters' and shoemakers' shops those boys who are convalescent are taught trades, and as at Chailey, the mornings are devoted to elementary subjects.

This seaside Home was the gift of the Warren family, and was opened in 1924. On April 29th, 1932, H.R.H. the Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, visited Tidemills to open some additions—the Lily Warren Nurses' Home, the gift of the late Mrs. T. P. Warren; two new wards, named the Michael and Mary Wards (after Mrs. Warren's grandchildren), and a new reception hall.

The architect was Mr. J. B. S. Comper.

The School equipment included two boats, and the boys had the greatest fun in catching fish for their meals, and also for the Harvest Festival services in the School Chapel at Chailey, and when Bishop Winnington-Ingram paid his annual

The morning dip

The Michael and Mary Wards

visit to Tidemills and Chailey, he used to jokingly tell the boys that, by the time he reached London, he had a long trail of cats following his car because of their gift of fish with which he was always presented.

Here can be seen a shipbuilding class in progress, for whether at work or at play, as much time as possible is spent in the open air. In the distance is the lighthouse at Newhaven, and the arrival and departures of the cross-channel steamers never failed to interest the boys.

Tidemills is, in itself, another type of lighthouse, guiding the crippled boys into the desired harbour of healthy independence. After operations at Chailey the boys are transferred to Tidemills to convalesce, and during the Christmas and summer holidays, when the Chailey schoolboys go home, those who are bedridden, or not considered fit to travel by the doctors, go to Tidemills and greatly benefit by the change of air and scene.

ALAS! THAT ALL THIS MUST NOW BE READ IN THE "PAST TENSE," FOR DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR THE ENTIRE UNIT WAS COMPLETELY AND ENTIRELY DESTROYED, AND NOT A TRACE OF THIS MOST NECESSARY AND LIVE PART OF THE BOYS' HERITAGE REMAINS.

But the foundations are still there, and the foundations and traditions of any and every place are what matter most. Before long it is hoped to see another Tidemills arise again to play its own particular part in the life of the Heritage boys.

Dr. Augustus Rollier, of Leysin in the High Alps, Admiral Sir Michael Hodges (late Commander-in-Chief of the Atlantic Fleet), the late Sir Robert Jones, and many other distinguished educationists and surgeons, regarded Tidemills as one of the most vital sections of the Heritage, and only those responsible for the organising of the Colony know what the loss of it has meant to the work on the boys' side as a whole. No group of buildings could be nearer the sea than Tidemills, for they were literally built on the shingle, and the combination of sea and the air from the Downs behind proved of rare value to the health of the boys, who made marvellously quick recovery after operations, and returned to Chailey fit in the fullest sense of the word to benefit by training and treatment in the larger community life there.

The Headmaster is seen giving a practical lesson on shipbuilding. In the distance is the lighthouse at Newhaven

The interior of the Carpentry Shop. Through the open doorways can be seen the immense length of the building

The sitting-room in the Lily Warren Nurses' Home

Miss Powell, the Matron, and Nurses in the corridor of the Nurses' Home

CRAFTSMANSHIP AT CHAILEY

THE MASTER WORKMAN

"O Master Workman, if Thou choose,
The thing I make, the tool I use,
If all be wrought to Thy design,
And Thou transmute the Me and Mine,
The noise of saw and plane shall be
Parts in the heavenly harmony,
And all the din of working days
Reach Thee as deep and peaceful praise."

Anon.

THE CRAFTSMEN

"Confederate hand and eye
Work to the chisel's blade,
Setting the grain aglow
Of porch and sturdy beam,
So the strange gods may ply
Strict arms till we are made
Quick as the gods who know
What builds behind this dream."

From the School Anthology.

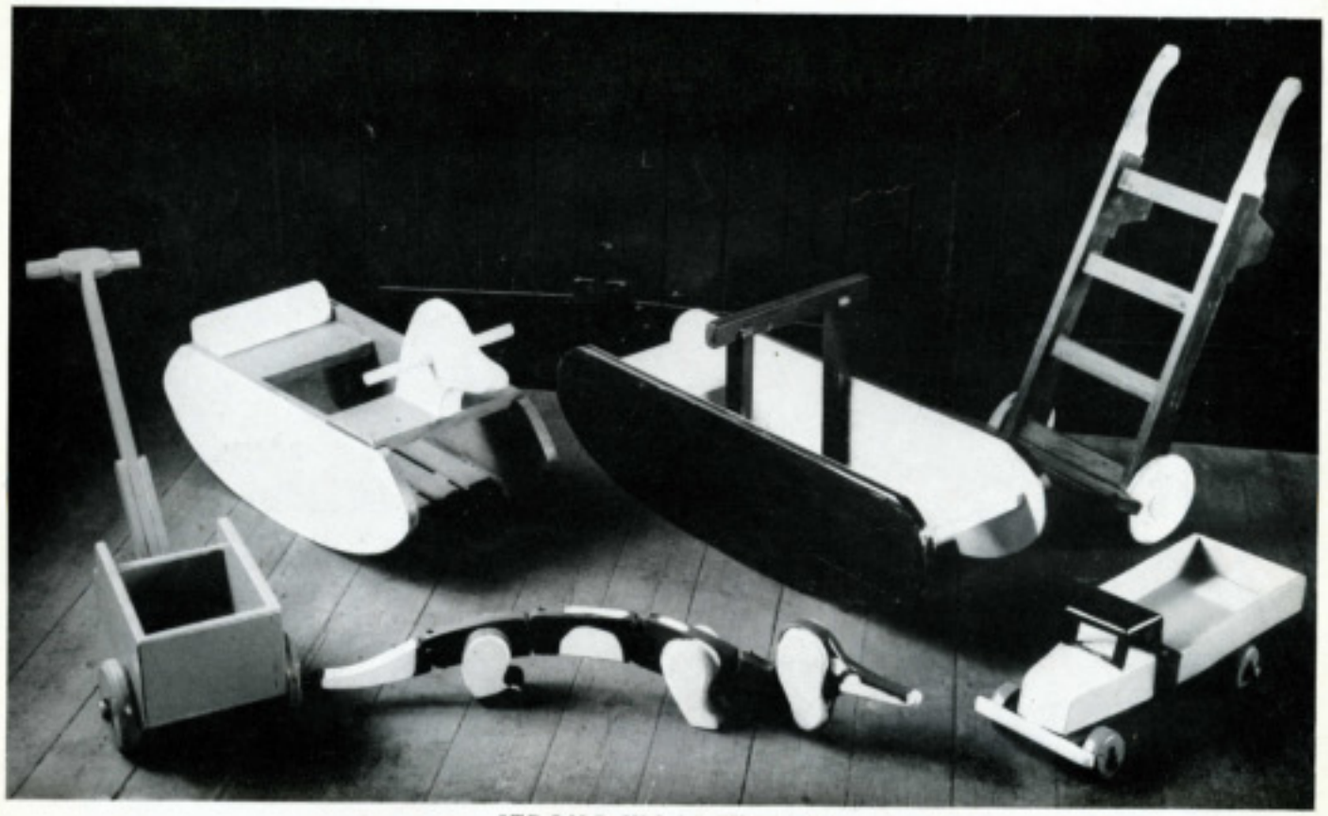
We fully recognise that to give people happy hours is a glorious thing, but if, at the same time, we can help to make life—ordinary, hungry life—beautiful and good to them, if we can help the tiny seeds of hope and love and faith and self-control to grow, if we can lure forth ideals, surely this is true education. Carlyle concludes his chapter on the "Everlasting Yea" with the words: "Produce, produce! Were it but the pitifulest infinitesimal fraction of a produce, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee: out with it. Get leave to work in this world—'tis the best you get at all; for God in cursing gives us better gifts than man in benediction. God says: 'Sweat for foreheads,' men say: 'crowns', and so we are crowned—gashed, by some tormenting circle of steel which snaps with a secret spring. Get work. Be sure 'tis better than what you work to get."

Nursery furniture, the work of the first seven boys in the very early days

A corner of the Council Chamber of the Boys' Heritage, showing the solid oak table and chairs which were designed and made by the boys

The uplifting of labour—a common phrase of to-day—depends largely upon the uplifting of the labourer; that is, upon qualifying him for service that shall ennoble, as every craft exercising thought, intelligence and skill must tend to do.

TURNERY



STRONG WOODEN TOYS

CASEMAKING

BOOTS AND SHOES

SILVERSMITHING *done by the Hospital boys before the war. The blades of the paper knives were made from old ivory handles of beer engines*

As it is now impossible to obtain the materials for silversmithing, the Hospital boys make these delightful soft toys and do felt work

SOFT TOYS *made by the crippled girls; also weaving, knitting and poster work*

SPECIMENS *of the work done in the Printing Shop by the crippled boys*

A Guard of Honour of crippled boys

VISITORS

Visitors to the Heritage feel at once that these Schools are something more than a philanthropic organisation; in a way that is entirely unique, they provide a practical demonstration of the best principles of educational psychology, derived not from text books, but from a true love and study of English children and English traditions.

Fun and games in the hay. General Sicè, the Head of the French Croix Rouge, with Madame Sicè, are seen talking to Her Majesty, who was greatly interested to hear that they were hoping to start another "Chailey" under his direction in France. It is good to be able to record that this dream has now become a reality.

Her Majesty and Princess Elizabeth were very interested and intrigued with the babe in the Rollier swing

A crippled boy makes the speech of welcome to delegates from the British War Relief Society Incorporated of the United States of America

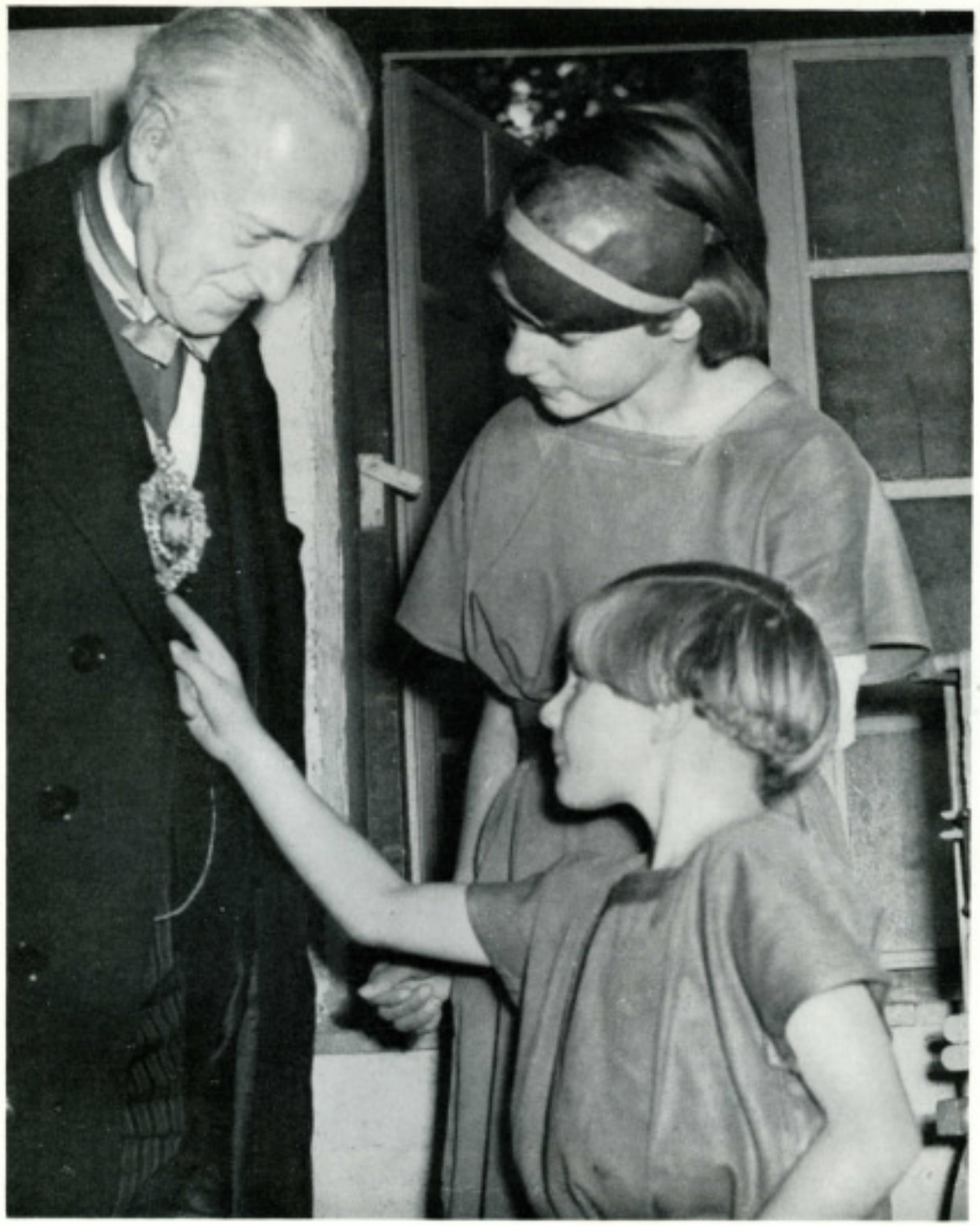
Mrs. Clark Minor is greeted by "Uncle Sam" and "John Bull"

A representative from the Ministry of Health visits the Queen Elizabeth Home for "Blitzed" Babes and Toddlers

The Bishop with some of the Choristers at Tidemills. The Rector of Bishopstone was their Chaplain, and the choirboys used to sing in his lovely old church each Sunday

The Bishop receives gifts from the crippled boys from the steps of the War Memorial

Dick Whittington and his Cat welcome the Lord Mayor of London, the Lady Mayoress, and the Sheriffs and their Ladies



The Lord Mayor of London allows two of the blitzed crippled girls to inspect his jewelled Badge of Office

THE WORK OF THE HERITAGE CRAFT SCHOOLS is distinctly illuminating—it has shown clearly how the efforts of a small group of workers may be guaranteed, uniting in a common interest of love for little children, so to order the education and well-being of these "little lame dogs" that they may be stronger, happier in their straitened lot, and better than those who have gone before them, and "learn and labour truly to get their own living in that state of life into which it has pleased God," speaking in the still, small, but inexorable voice of heredity, "to call them."

The Heritage gateway has opened up a wide field of interesting research, and by the special teaching carried on in the schools has furnished a trustworthy picture for all to see, and now that the experimental stage is merging into the realm of statistics and results, will, possibly by effective measures, be the means of saving untold suffering–curtailing lives of uselessness to countless children–and tending eventually to reduce the pitiable regiments of our stunted, maimed, and physically defective, who are at one and the same time a disgrace to these enlightened days, and a future burden upon our rates if left untrained.

There is an ever-increasing determination that no school child shall go hungry or suffer for want of food, and doubtless the after success of The Heritage scholars, and their rapid strides both in craft work and general mental stimulus, is due largely to the fact that in these schools matters concerning health and good habits are of nearly primary importance, and a special treatment and careful observation of the children guaranteed by the services of highly-skilled doctors, nurses and teachers.

For the crippled child there is really only one satisfactory solution to the question of how best to help them—two or three years in pure air, with good food, living under healthy surroundings—this may permanently heal some, and will strengthen all. No training of crippled children can be safely undertaken unless under some such arrangements. "All but omnipotent," it has been said, "is early nurture—hereby we have either a doddered dwarf bush or a high, towering, wide-shadowing tree; either a sickly yellow cabbage or an edible, luxuriant green one."

Those who work at these schools have need to be alert at every turn, to rely much upon insight, sympathy, and individual enthusiasm. Much tact is required to stir the wish to work, and to take a pride in good work done. Sympathy may, and does, help a lame dog over the stile, but magnetic power–keen penetration–amounting at times to positive genius, is required to "detect the robust dog, who is shamming in order to save the trouble of jumping."

Ethics and æsthetics are twin sisters, and at these schools not an hour of each day's work but has its lesson, learnt to so much better purpose because unconsciously.

It is necessary that discretion, much forethought, a vast amount of tact, great earnestness, and the most carefully thought out administration on the part of all taking office in such schools should exist, or the experiment will be a bitter failure. The wisest and most implicit co-operation must exist between those who plan and those who carry out the system, for there are risks enough to run in these pioneer schools, and one cannot allow these children to become victims of machine teaching or any form of "rings." Such schools as these will always be more liable to abuse than any others ; but the adoption of the Heritage methods into other schools, and the starting of many more on similar lines, will be their justification.

The late Bishop Winnington-Ingram

Visitor to the Heritage from the time when it existed only as a dream until his death

His annual visit, lasting for several days, was one of the outstanding events of the year, and looked forward to eagerly by staff and children alike. An enlarged copy of this delightful photograph was presented to each department on the occasion of his last visit.

The Bishop's rules for happiness by which he lived—

To care for the body;
Possess a good conscience;
Cultivate the mind;
Possess a sense of humour;
Have a loving faith in God;
Have a happy faith in another life.

THEN [1903]

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Head Master: MR. PERCY SYKES
Medical Officer: HAROLD STEVENS BASDEN, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.(LOND.)
Dental Surgeon: ALFRED MITCHELL PARTRIDGE, L.D.S., R.C.S.(ENG.)

NOW [1948]

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ALL CHANGES WHILE NOTHING CHANGES

"THERE is not a dream which may not come true, if we have the energy which makes or chooses our own fate. We can always, in this world, get what we want, if we will it intensely and persistently enough. Whether we shall get it sooner or later is the concern of fate; but we shall get it. It may come when we no longer have any use for it, when we have gone on willing it out of habit, or so as not to confess we have failed. But it will come. So few people can conceive a great end, and work towards that end without deviating and without tiring. But we all know the man that works for money day and night gets rich; and the man who works day and night for no matter what material power gets the power. It is the same with deeper, more spiritual, as it seems vaguer issues, which make for happiness and every intangible success. It is only the dreams of those light sleepers who dream faintly that do not come true. We get out of life, all of us, what we bring to it; and that, and that only, is what it can teach us."

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