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The Annual Garden Fete

By *Noirín Scully & Rita Conroy*



Once August is here, we know that the Garden Fete is hovering in the wings. With Anna Paterson directing operations it is bound to be bigger and better than ever. As always the emphasis will be on raising as much money as possible for the Hospital and to this end we will have more stalls, more produce and more activities for the children than ever before.

But we need volunteers to help on the day. People with loud voices who can sell the proverbial snow to Eskimos and men with strong muscles who can tote that barge and lift that bale!

We also need the following items:

Bric-a-brac, Plants, Books, Good Second-hand Clothes, Unwanted Gifts, Bottles of Wine and Spirits, Cakes and Breads, Jams and Preserves Soft Drinks, Water, Cordials etc

No electrical items please and we would ask that items would be in good condition. These can be left at the hospital on weekdays between the hours of 10am – 4pm.

The Fete will be held on:
Sunday 13th September, 1pm to 5pm.

Admission:

We hope to see you there.

A visit to Mount Usher Gardens

By *Noirín Scully & Rita Conroy*

May is a wonderful month when at last the winter-bare branches of trees are in full, leaf and the growing season is in full swing. Nowhere was all this more evident than at a recent visit to Mount Usher Gardens in Ashford, Co Wicklow. We arrived there on a lovely sunny morning and after a welcome cup of coffee and a scone in the café we bought our tickets and entered the gardens.

Mount Usher was originally a working mill and when it ceased functioning the property was taken over in 1868 by a well-known Dublin businessman, Edward Walpole and the gardens evolved over time since that date. In 2007 Donald and Simon Pratt assumed responsibility for the property and with their combined expertise we can be sure of enjoying the gardens for many years to come.





The Weir, Mount Usher

The first section led us between beds well planted with a profusion of flowers and this brought us to the more informal, unstructured and our favourite part of the garden. Bridges span the River Vartry as it flows down a number of weirs through the grounds so that no matter where you are you can hear the gentle sound of flowing water. Winding

pathways meander through woodlands carpeted with clusters of bluebells beneath majestic trees. Spellbound, we wandered through avenues bordered with dazzling displays of rhododendrons, azaleas and magnolias of every colour in full bloom. Truly words are inadequate to convey the magic of this wonderful place.



The copper beeches



Rhododendron in bloom



Rhododendron walk

We spent a wonderful hour in these beautiful surroundings and we left promising ourselves to pay another visit to this special place very soon.

Leopardstown Park Hospital Golf Society

By Mary Drury

The Golf Society got off to an active start at the beginning of the year when the new Captain, Mary Drury and Vice Captain, Katriona O' Keeffe, held a meeting of members to arrange the year's events. The aim of the society in the current year is to play good courses, within easy reach of Dublin, while at the same time keeping the costs reasonable. The downturn in the economy has made this achievable with many courses cutting their green fees to keep business going.

The first outing was to Beechpark near Rathcoole, followed by a first visit for the society to Naas Golf Course in May. Unfortunately, due to the inclement weather the visit to Charlesland was suspended and it is hoped it can be organised later in the year. The June outing is due to be held in Greystones in June followed by Newlands Golf Course in July. The Captains Prize is scheduled to take place in October on my own course in Craddockstown. This year's away visit in September will be to Mt. Wolsley.

To-date the outings have been well attended with between 20 to 24 enthusiastic members playing in the first two events. We hope that this will continue in the coming months and that the members who have not yet been out with us will do so.

The winners of the Beechpark outing were:

GOLFER OF THE DAY:
Sheila Lyall (32) with 36 points

CLASS 1:
Winner: Pat Smyth (10) with 31 points
Runner up: Eugene Noone (16) with 28 points

CLASS 2:
Winner: Alan Smith (27) with 30 points
Runner up: Ada Bradbury (26) with 29 points

The Naas outing was a singles stableford with a draw for secret partners, one golfer from each category, once the cards had been checked.

THE GOLFER OF THE DAY:
Irene Mc Nulty.

THE WINNING TEAM:
Angela Carrick & Dave Curley

RUNNERS UP:
Karen White & Ollie Mc Mahon.

Leopardstown Park Hospital Golf Society is about fun and craic as well as golf. We are very keen to have staff members participate and I would encourage anyone who is interested to join us. The Society caters for the professionals as well as beginners!

The Golf Classic:

It was decided to defer the holding of the Fund Raising Classic this year, given the economic climate. However it is hoped that things will have improved significantly this time next year and we will be planning the 2010 Classic.



Wedding bells ring loud and clear in Leopardstown Park Hospital



Some of the Guests from the hospital at the Wedding of Susan and Tony

Row 1 at top back: Mary O'Reilly, Ger Lee, Mary O'Toole
 Row 2: Marianne Byrne, Ger Robinson, Ann Akien, Mary O'Grady, Anette O'Callaghan
 Row 3: Mary George, Jacinta Slattery, Liz Cusack, Margaret O'Donnell
 Row 4 front bottom: Jean Keeley, Susan (Bride obviously), Rebecca Murphy, Louise Roycroft, Louise Donnellan



Tony and Susan

Susan who is receptionist at the hospital, was indeed a radiant bride when she married Tony on the 6th May 2009

Many of Susan's friends from the hospital attended and we hear that the party in the Beaufield Mews was most enjoyable.

The Victoria Cross for Valour

By Stewart Fleming

Introduction

Courage is a quality we admire because we know it helps us cope with everyday troubles of existence, from the terrors of childhood to the inescapable fact of our own death. In war, courage is not desirable, but essential. Without courage there is no power in earth to deter an aggressor, nothing to oppose the principle that might be right.

Anyone who has been close to the shock of battle knows that it provokes extreme reactions in people ranging from the utmost heroism to the most abject cowardice. Every army that has ever existed has found it expedient to reward the one, and punish the other. The principle of awards for courage is very ancient, but the Victoria Cross is unique. It is the supreme award for valour and no other nation has an exact equivalent to it. It is a decoration without classes or degrees, equally available to all ranks, which is awarded only for individual acts of courage "in presence of the enemy".

Since its foundation in 1856 only 1,351 men have qualified for the award.

The V.C. is rare because the occasions on which it can be won are mercifully few.

The Making of the Cross

The work of producing the Cross was entrusted to a firm of jewellers – Hancocks of Bruton Street, London. They sent sample drawings to the War Office, and these were submitted to Queen Victoria for her approval. The design she selected was similar to the Gold Cross which was first issued for the Peninsular Campaign some forty years before.

The Queen was most anxious that the award which was to bear her name should be of great symbolic value without being precious; it was therefore decided to make the Cross in bronze. Hancocks made the first Cross in copper. The Queen did not like it and her remark was "Copper would wear very ill and soon look like an old penny".

Hancocks were instructed to make the Cross in bronze, and an engineer was sent to Woolwick Barracks to take the bronze from a cannon captured from the



Russians in the Crimean War. Rather than destroy the cannon completely he sawed the cascabels and the "V.C. Guns" can still be seen minus their cascabels guarding the Royal Artillery parade ground.

Hancock first attempted to make the medals by stamping out the design with a metal die but the bronze was so hard it cracked the die, so they had to melt the bronze down and cast the Cross in a mould. When this had cooled, the fine detailed work was done by hand.

The Victoria Cross is still made by the same method today but the casting is now done at the Royal Ordnance Factory at Donnington.

The Origins of the Victoria Cross

During the Crimean War (1854-1857) the British Army and Navy, with the French, fought against the Russians. At that time there were many heroic deeds performed by junior officials and men, but there was no award available for such bravery. After some agitation the Distinguished Conduct Medal was issued for N.C.O.'s and men, but still many people thought there should be a supreme award for courage available to all

ranks. Queen Victoria took a great interest in the idea, and she herself approved the design and ordered that the Cross should be made in bronze and suggested the legend "For Valour"

Eventually the first Royal Warrant for the Victoria Cross was published in 1856 specifying that the award should be made regardless of rank, for outstanding acts of courage "in the presence of the enemy". Boards of enquiry were set up by the Royal Navy and Army and hundreds of

recommendations were considered before the final list was agreed.

At last, on the 26th June 1857, Queen Victoria presided over the first investiture in Hyde Park. Mounted on horseback, the Queen herself pinned the decoration on the chest of 62 officers and men – the first in history to receive the Victoria Cross. The first V.C was won by an Irishman, Charles Lucas, in 1854 during the Crimean War.

Veterans Report



We have organised several outings for patients since the April report. We went to Hunter's Hotel on the 9th of June when we were lucky with the weather enabling us to relax in the pleasant gardens.

The Summer Band Concert by the No. 1 Army Band took place on the 17th June and was much enjoyed by all who attended. The Chief of Staff, Lt General D Early was in attendance which was much appreciated. Major Ed Hillen, Veterans' Chairman, thanked the Band for their performance. The afternoon



Cmdt. Mark Armstrong, Director of Music

concluded with strawberries, cream, savouries and a glass of wine.

On the 30th June an outing took place to the National Yacht Club, Dún Laoghaire. We thank the Club for making us so welcome.

Saturday 11th July was the day arranged for the Wreath Laying Ceremony in the War Memorial Gardens, Islandbridge. A large crowd attended the ceremony including a number of our Leopardstown Hospital residents and also representatives from

the Chelsea Pensioners who were on holidays at this time.



Jazz at the garden party

The Patients' Garden Party was held on Saturday 18th July. There was a good turnout of patients and friends who enjoyed the Phoenix Jazz Band performance.

We would like to thank Joan O'Neill and Aileen Kerr for organising several outings for the patients during the last couple of months.

We are pleased to welcome the new Welfare Officer of the Royal Air Force Association, Pete McWilliams, assisted by his wife Lorraine. They can be contacted on 0404 46914 after 20.00 hours or mobile 086 8135613



Socialising in the Yacht Club

The Annual Garden Party

By Rita Conroy

The Annual Garden Party was held on Saturday July 18th and was a great success. It was actually held indoors because the weather was a wee bit threatening). The residents, their families and friends, staff and their families and volunteers of Leopardstown Park

Hospital all had a lovely afternoon.

Starting with a friendly welcome from the "big man" (on stilts), great music (and dancing), great food (thanks to the Catering Department), an exceptionally talented juggler who had the kids and even their grandparents in



Enjoying the garden party



Hanna Butterfly

gales of laughter, a patient and artistic face painter who produced some beautiful and some scary faces. A big, big thank you to Ger Lee for her hard work, it certainly was appreciated. Well done.

Frankie Hennell's Corner



Hello again dear readers

The weather seems to be taking up again, thank God!

First of all, congratulations to Marijeta on the birth of her bouncing baby boy at home in India. We all look forward to her return.

The Army No. 1 Band was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody. I'm nearly nine years watching them and that was the best I've ever heard. Their



Frankie and May

arrangement of the Blue Tango was absolutely brilliant, and we are looking forward to seeing them yet again, please God.

I'd like to add a photograph of May and me which was taken in Jersey (St. Heliers) 35 years ago.

Cheerio for now.

Frankie

Quick Quiz

Q. What is the closest star to the Earth?

Q. Where is Nelson's Column located?

Q. In which year did the Titanic sink?

The Answers to the Quiz in the last issue...

1. The Jazz Singer

2. 10

3. Feather Weight

Just a Sniff

By Don Cameron

'I'm getting gooseberry', said the lecturer as he sniffed deeply from the glass. He looked up and enjoyed the moment as he closed his eyes once again, lost in contemplation of the wine swirling about in his glass. The class was silent as we sniffed our glasses, following his lead, trying to understand the wonderful aromas filling our nostrils. Mumbles of agreement soon filled the room as we began to understand the beauty and pleasure of the smells that we were experiencing. It was a moment to remember but nothing like one that I had experienced some years before.

It was Christmas Eve, and I was on my way home with the last of my shopping, when I passed the front door of my old school. It was many years since I had left the place and in all that time I had never darkened its doorway. So it was as much a surprise to me as anything else when I found myself knocking on the large, carved door and hearing the sound echoing in the hallway behind it. I wondered what I was doing and grinned at the thought, when I heard footsteps approaching and then the door swinging open.

I introduced myself to the Christian Brother who stood in front of me, and I could see that he was as intrigued at my presence as I was. 'Come in, come in' he said and we shook hands warmly. 'It's a real surprise', he added and I could only smile and agree.

We chatted as we walked and he told me about teachers who had passed on since I was a pupil. He did remember some of them who had only recently retired and pointed to photographs hanging in the hall, many of which were fading and showing a dirty yellowish hue. Times past indeed, I thought, when my guide asked if I would like to see the 'old place', something that only twenty minutes earlier I hadn't even thought about, but now looked forward to excitedly.

The place had changed somewhat since my time, with rooms altered and corridors painted differently, no doubt



countless times since. The floors still creaked and the view of the church from the large window at the top of the building was unchanged, except that acid rain had added to its aging beauty. Desks that once seemed huge now appeared tiny and the blackboards not nearly as massive as they once were, where algebra, Latin grammar, dates of battles and maps of foreign places had once held my attention.

I was really enjoying myself but completely unprepared for what happened next. As I pushed open the door to my old classroom I was suddenly stopped in my tracks. The smell of the place hit me like a thunderbolt and I was instantly transported back to those carefree days so long ago. There was no doubt about the images that filled my mind and I could see all the desks full with my former classmates. They hadn't changed at all as I looked about the small room where coats and jackets hung from crowded hooks. Schoolbags leaned against desks as the teacher stood at the top of the class and wrote neatly on the blackboard with a stick of white chalk, from which tiny flecks fell. I saw where I used sit and felt a nervous shiver run up my back. It was an amazingly real sensation that was only broken when my guide walked past me on the creaky floor, breaking the connection.

'Are you okay', he asked.

'Yes thank you, I'm fine', I replied, my surprise obvious. I looked around the room again, took one last deep breath, turned and left. Up until that moment I had never thought much about the sense of smell, but since then I have come to view it differently, and especially its power to stimulate and rekindle memories that I thought were lost. It had started with a sniff and one that I will remember and be grateful for.

Flags flying over Co. Louth

By Rita Conroy

One of the nicest stories I have heard in a long time was related to me recently. Our hospital treasures Pam and Patricia - Welcare Services, brought Tom Harmon home for an afternoon visit with his family last week. Although his years in the Navy took him through many adventures Tom is now wheelchair bound but enjoys life at LPH. He was absolutely thrilled to have the opportunity to travel to his home and he has the utmost of praise and thanks for the two girls. He was delighted to have had a drive through the Tunnel and to see the sea at Sandymount. Some photos were taken and we hope to have an opportunity to share them with you in the next issue. Tom's big happy smile says it all. Keep up with the writing Tom we all thoroughly enjoy your articles.

Thank you Pam and Patricia for all your kindness.

Trickles

By Rita Conroy

Well done to the staff who have completed the most pleasing water feature beside the hospital entrance gate. The gentle sound of the water would soothe the most savage breast and the appearance of the beautifully planted surrounds is a sight to see.

A work of genius.

Sister Margaret Mary Coffee Morning

By Rita Conroy

Held on April 21st, this proved to be a successful event, realising in excess of €1,300 in support of our Patients Benefit Fund. As always, we are very grateful to the Catering Department for their

invaluable help and delicious cakes. Our sincere thanks to everybody who helped on the day, your efforts are really appreciated.



Kitty Ledden

By Noirín Scully

Catherine, who was generally known as Kitty, was born in 1926 in a two bedroom flat in the Iveagh Trust Buildings in Patrick Street, Dublin City just by St Patrick's Cathedral. She was the last of nine children born to Frederick and Mary Parkes. Times were hard in those days and but Kitty remembers how hard her father and mother worked caring for their large family. Money was short, but the family were happy.

When Kitty was six years old they were rehoused in an ex-servicemen's house in Cabra. She attended Cabra Dominican Convent School and Kitty has happy memories of her schooldays here. When she was fourteen the family got offered a three bedroom apartment in a second floor flat in their old neighbourhood, Kevin Street and as her mother missed her old friends she was delighted to return. But Kitty did not wish to go back to Warrenmount Convent School as she wanted to go to work and she eventually got a job which she enjoyed in Rowntrees sweet factory in Rathmines. When she was eighteen years she started working as a carer at the Meath Hospital and has happy memories of working there. Kitty had a daily routine bringing some patients their morning newspapers. One morning she came to a particular patient's room when she saw a pair of fancy red slippers beside the bed and wondered who it was who owned them and she was very surprised to recognise the famous TV star Eamon Andrews. "Eamon Andrews!", she exclaimed. "How did you get in here? I thought it was the pope because of the red slippers!"

As stated in the article about Kitty in the last issue of LIANA, Kitty was a laundry worker for nine years and was one of the organisers in the Women's Laundry Workers Strike of 1945 in which they successfully campaigned for paid



holidays for laundry workers.

Kitty loved to dance and she used to go to the Orpheus Ballroom in South Anne Street and it was there she met a handsome seventeen year old named Patrick (Paddy) Ledden who would eventually become her husband. However Kitty became very ill and she spent a year confined to bed at her home and although she was not told the nature of her illness she was diagnosed with leukemia. She spoke with great fondness of how the doctor visited her every day, taking her blood tests to the hospital and bringing her medicines. After the year he pronounced she was well enough to visit the bathroom and Kitty, for the first time caught sight of her reflection in the mirror and did not recognise herself and thought she was looking at a picture – as she had lost so much weight, not to mention her hair. One can only imagine the difficulties and worry the family experienced during this time.

On the 18th of August 1952 when Kitty was 26, she and Paddy got married in St Francis' Church. The day was filled with love and Kitty's favourite memory of was when her father welcomed Paddy into their family. In 1957 their son Pat was born. The family lived in Henry Street on the top of Arnott's until they moved back to her old home in Kevin Street with her sister Rose and her father. Kitty started working at the Meath again at age 55 and has very happy memories of working there.

Knitting Club

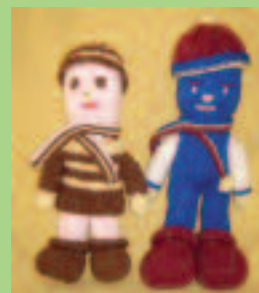
By Rita Conroy

Patterns and yarns were selected, needles clicked and away they went. So far, a sweet little teddy, a beanie hat and elaborate crochet work have been produced, with scarves etc. in process. It's great fun, with plenty of chat. If you are not already attending we urge you to come along and "give it a go".

Supported by Vera Doyle and her volunteer crew, backed by Ger Lee, Patient Services Administrator with regular visits from our Director of Nursing Anna Paterson we are optimistic that this club will continue to grow and thrive.

An Appeal for Knitting Wool

Our supplies of wool are now severely depleted and we need to replenish our stocks. Please have a root in the back of your cupboards or even up in your attic to find any old unwanted balls of wool, particularly double or chunky weight. We would be most grateful for any contribution. We are hoping that a selection of items completed by our residents will be on display during the Annual Garden Fete and may be offered for sale. Pictured here are a few of the items completed by our clever residents.



The Deep Blue Sea

By Tom Harmon

The Deep Blue Sea to me and indeed to all those who sailed on or beneath the waves is something beyond words. I often let my mind drift back over the years remembering some of its wonders and one occasion often comes to mind. We were crossing the Indian Ocean in late evening and I was just settling down to read my book which was "The Island Man" by Thomas O Crothan. Prior to that I had come in from having a stroll on the upper deck in company with the Chief Chef who liked his ration of fresh air before retiring after a busy day in the galley. The Mess Man came over to me and told me that there was a tall chap at the door who wanted to speak to me. The tall chap turned out to be a Jack Dusty otherwise a supply rating and he came from Ballylongford in North Kerry. He was well over six feet and had the nickname of one and a half knots, dead slow and stop. He had come from the upper deck and had seen a light dancing up and down the mast and he was in a state as he thought the ship was on fire. It was of course St Elmo's fire he saw. We had probably sailed into the tail end of an electrical storm and electrical

storms can be seen at times in that part of the world. After a little drop of rum he settled down to a memory for the rest of his life.

There were also flying fish which did fly when they got the crest of a wave and the wind would catch their fins which caused them to take off as if they were flying, sometimes landing on the deck of a passing ship. As regards being edible they appeared to have too many bones and as they were smaller than a herring they were not tasty to eat.

To see giant turtles swimming was a treat. How those creatures could get so far out to sea and make their way back to reach land was another miracle. Their sense of direction was fantastic.

Huge rays used to amuse us and we would watch them float by effortlessly and scratching themselves on the ship's side. They seemed as if they were not moving but they were moving faster than the ship. Streamlined dolphins leaping out of the water made us realise the fantastic speed they could attain. Jelly fish floated by looking as if they had been dropped into the sea by



parachute with all their strings attached, harmless to look at but they can give you a nasty sting. There are many varieties of them, and one of the most dangerous was the Portuguese Man O'War...

One beautiful moonlit night in the Indian ocean I called Mick Carmody up on deck to see the sky and blue sea and the reflection of the light on the water. Tropical fish, all the colours of the rainbow, broke the surface of the water and flashed past along the side and under the ship to give a further display on the other side. It was a beautiful sight not often seen. To say the least Mick was struck dumb as he had never seen such a beautiful scene in his life and neither did I. It was just luck we happened to be there at that time.

'Ach!, we hae nae money!'

By Florence Horsman Hogan.

was the pronouncement by Anna, our Director of Nursing at the dining room table. As a newly arrived Staff Nurse I was just getting to know some of my fellow staff members of Leopardstown Park Hospital, and so – unusually for me – I kept my mouth shut and just listened. The discussion was on getting the 'Nightingale Wards' refurbished for our residents.

What I was to learn though, is when the tiny Scottish pragmatist that is at the helm of the Hospital states 'we hae nae money', what she really means is 'We have some - but could do with a bit more for our residents' comfort'.

(Apologies, but I can't in all justice keep speaking 'Scottish'). She had seamlessly steered the conversation towards the Flora Mini Marathon in seconds flat. Coming up in June, the idea of using it to fund-raise for the hospital was thrown down like a silk gauntlet. My companions around the table really had me impressed. All four ladies decided, despite having very demanding posts in the Hospital, to volunteer their time and energy to take part in this well known fund-raising event for the benefit of our residents. Charity begins at home, as far as I'm concerned, and for us, residents and staff, the Hospital is either home, or

second home (as our workplace). We help the Hospital we help ourselves.

Anna Paterson, as I've already mentioned is our Director of Nursing, Elaine Flanagan is one of our Assistant Directors of Nursing; she's the tall blonde you sometimes see zooming along the corridors of the Hospital (in high heels) checking that staff, and residents are all right. Jane Mugabe is Practice Development Nurse; she's easy to spot 'cos she has a megawatt infectious grin that would light up Dublin Bay on the darkest of winter nights. And speaking of 'Infectious', the fourth lady of the 'Marathon Gang' -

Elma Daly, is one we all rely on to help us keep the 'bad bugs' out, and the 'good bugs' in. Elma is in charge of Infection Control, and is so amenable and open to answering any queries the staff have on Infection control issues, it's no wonder the Hospital have a brilliant infection control record.

Quite naturally, I would have volunteered to take part such a worthwhile venture as well, but I have a potentially fatal allergy to exercise in any way, shape or form. My heart stops beating at the mere thought of it. In fairness I did volunteer to get

sponsorship for them. When the four of them joined 40,374 other females on June 1st to run, walk, skip or jump the 10k of the marathon around Dublin suburbs in 25 degree heat, they were first and foremost on my mind as I struggled to find shade from the sun on Killiney beach. And I might add, I did have the grace to feel ever so slightly ashamed of myself, when I heard that an 85 year old – Maureen Armstrong took part and completed the course.

Our gang did the Hospital proud. Jane finished in something like 64 minutes, the others finished – full stop.

That distance in that heat all to raise funds for the hospital shows a really commendable dedication. Into the bargain, they raised €2,500 which is going towards the refurbishments of the Nightingale wards. Perhaps next year more of us can get involved and either take part or get sponsorship for those brave enough to do so. I've a feeling that a certain wee lady who claims we 'hae nae money' won't stop any time in the near future as she steers her staff in ever onwards and upwards directions finding ways to make life that better for all in LPH.

Stop Smoking

By Dr Joseph Yazbeck



Treating tobacco use and dependence is a huge challenge for everyone involved. Smoking causes over 6,500 deaths in Eire every year. Annually 1,500 people die from lung cancer, 90% of which is due to active smoking. Smoking is directly responsible for 25% of heart disease deaths and 75% of obstructive airway deaths.

Some myths about the economics of tobacco control

Reducing tobacco use is an issue that only rich countries can afford to address; currently about 80% of the worlds smokers live in developing countries. By 2030, 70% of all deaths from tobacco use will occur in developing countries, up from around 50% today. This means

in the coming decades, developing countries will face increasing costs from tobacco use in terms of health care and lost productivity.

Higher tobacco taxes will lead to reduced government revenue; increasing the price of cigarettes is the single most effective method of reducing demand, as higher prices induce some smokers to quit and prevent others from starting especially the young and poor who are the most price sensitive. On average increasing the price of a pack of cigarettes by 10% would reduce demand by around 4% in high income countries and 8% in low income countries. This would translate into millions of lives saved.

Higher tobacco taxes will hurt the poor; research shows that low income populations are most harmed by smoking itself, which results in massive costs in terms of morbidity, mortality, healthcare expenses and lost wages. Low income earners are also the primary beneficiaries of higher tobacco prices because they are much more likely to quit, cut back or avoid addiction entirely in response to price increases. The benefit to poor people is even greater if the revenue from tax increase is used to fund programmes that benefit the least well off.

Tobacco control interventions are not cost effective; tobacco control is highly cost effective as part of a basic public health package in low and middle income countries, comparing favourably with other public health interventions commonly financed by governments such as childhood immunisation.

Smoking cessation treatments range from brief clinician to specialist delivered intensive programmes, including pharmacotherapy, are not only cost effective, but they are also extremely cost effective relative to other commonly used disease prevention interventions and medical treatments. Smoking cessation treatment has been referred to as the 'Gold Standard' of preventive interventions. For hospitalised patients, successful tobacco cessation not only reduces the medical costs in the short term but also reduces the number of future admissions. In terms of child bearing women the benefits are twofold, benefiting the mum and the child in future. Hence the need to educate people of the benefits of smoking cessation to all concerned.

Gallery

The visit of the Chelsea pensioners – July 2009

Pictured below are some In Pensioners who visited the Hospital. Our thanks to J. Wetherall and J. Maher for the photographs.



Elaine has got her man!! Jim McGuinness from Newton le Willows. Ex 6th Airborne Division. Jim is aged 70.



Chris Melia from Liverpool was with the 6th Airborne Division. Chris is aged 82.



Leslie Perrier of Airborne Royal Signals, aged 78. Lesley is from Jersey, Channel Islands, and experienced the German occupation during World War 2.



Chris and Liz



Fergus, Stuart, Elaine and Leslie Perrier



Ken Rogers from Australia. He cannot make up his mind whether it's the cake or Guinness he dislikes! (Both first class). Ken is 76.



Mary, John and Ken

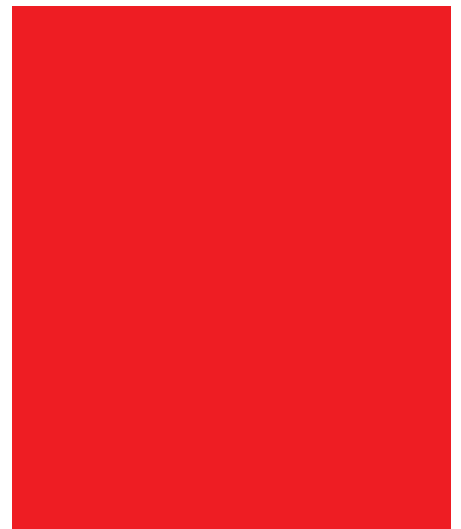


Johnnie, Audrey and Ken Rogers

At a reception for the Chelsea Pensioners



At the Garden Party



Hercule Poirot AKA John Crisp at the Garden Party

Retirement parties



Pam may wishing farewell to Frankie Cruise



Anita, Therese and Maureen on Therese and Maureen's retirement

Coffee Dock



Enjoying a cuppa and a chat in the Coffee Dock



Maedhbh Farrelly and her Dad Seamus Mac Seanlaioich

Visit to Hunters in Ashford



Residents enjoying the good weather in Hunters



Baby Qi – handsome son of John and Lucy Maher

Our gratitude goes to Ger Lee, John Maher, Jacinta Slattery and Ger Matthews for their invaluable help.