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Elevate your mood -
beach holidays, camping
and shorelines



Make and create -
origami and having fun
beachcombing



Poems, words and
images shared by our
readers



take the time

bringing colour and inspiration to you

Issue No. 12



"We're all going on a summer holiday No more working for a week or two..."

So the lyrics to Cliff Richard's famous song go, but it hasn't always been that way. In medieval times, travel was either for work, war or religious purposes. Rest was only on 'holy days' – you can see where we get our modern word 'holiday' from!

From the 17th through to the 19th century, travel and trips were only for rich people. Wealthy young men took grand tours of Europe and the well-off started to visit spa towns, taking the waters for health. They also went walking in the hills, horse riding in the countryside and attended society balls. Later they took to spending time at the seaside, again for health, and resorts like Bournemouth flourished right through

the Victorian era and beyond.

With the arrival of the steam train in the 1840s, travel became accessible to more people. Thomas Cook launched their first excursions at this time, but trips were still mostly for the rich. This started to change following the Bank Holiday Act in 1871 when workers finally got a few paid holidays each year.

A longer break away from work without pay wasn't possible for many so working holidays were common, for example hop picking in Kent. Workers waited until 1939 for another law to be passed entitling them to a week's paid holiday. By the 1980s four weeks paid annual leave was standard.

Holiday camps, coach trips, camping and caravanning were all popular for those travelling in the UK at this time. From the 1960s onwards flying abroad and foreign holidays also became increasingly affordable. Nowadays, we take over 50 million trips lasting at least a night, every year in the UK.

*"We're going where the sun shines brightly
We're going where the sea is blue"*

So, whether you enjoy a quiet trip to the seaside, an active break in the countryside or a week's sightseeing in a city – you now have the chance to take that summer holiday.

by Hazel Stock,
ArtCare



 ArtCare

Sea air taken to restore complete health

Salisbury Healthcare History



Alongside creative projects, ArtCare look after the hospital's historic collections. As well as being an excellent resource for medicine, nursing, science and health care they are also a wonderful insight into local social history.

'I draw your attention to the number of patients leaving hospital who required sea air and change to restore them to complete health. Our physician (Dr Roberts) considers himself within the mark when he says one hundred per annum! Would it be possible to establish a small house on the coast of Dorset where, to begin with, a few might be admitted?' (1857 letter from Rev. T S Hill to Right Hon. Sidney Herbert MP & President of Salisbury General Infirmary)

Seaside convalescence was popular



in Victorian times. Salisbury General Infirmary, for a time, rented accommodation in the Dorset seaside town of Charmouth for the benefit of patients to take in the sea air.

Charmouth beach, on the Jurassic coast about a mile from Lyme Regis, had been made popular by the fossil discoveries made by Mary Anning in the decades before. Her prehistoric finds were well known around the world and shaped scientific understanding of the history of the earth.

With the help of the Infirmary's President Sidney Herbert and reputedly his close friend and nursing ally Florence Nightingale the Charmouth home was opened in 1858 housing 12 beds for women and children. 47 patients were

admitted during the first year and 60 in the second.

In a bundle of documents from our archives, we see that in 1859 'a bathing-machine has been purchased for the use of the patients...' costing £9 11s 7d and owing to the distance from the beach a donkey and chaise was acquired so even the most infirm could visit twice daily.'

The Charmouth Home was finally given up in 1868 when a more permanent home was set up at the Herbert Convalescence Home in Bournemouth.



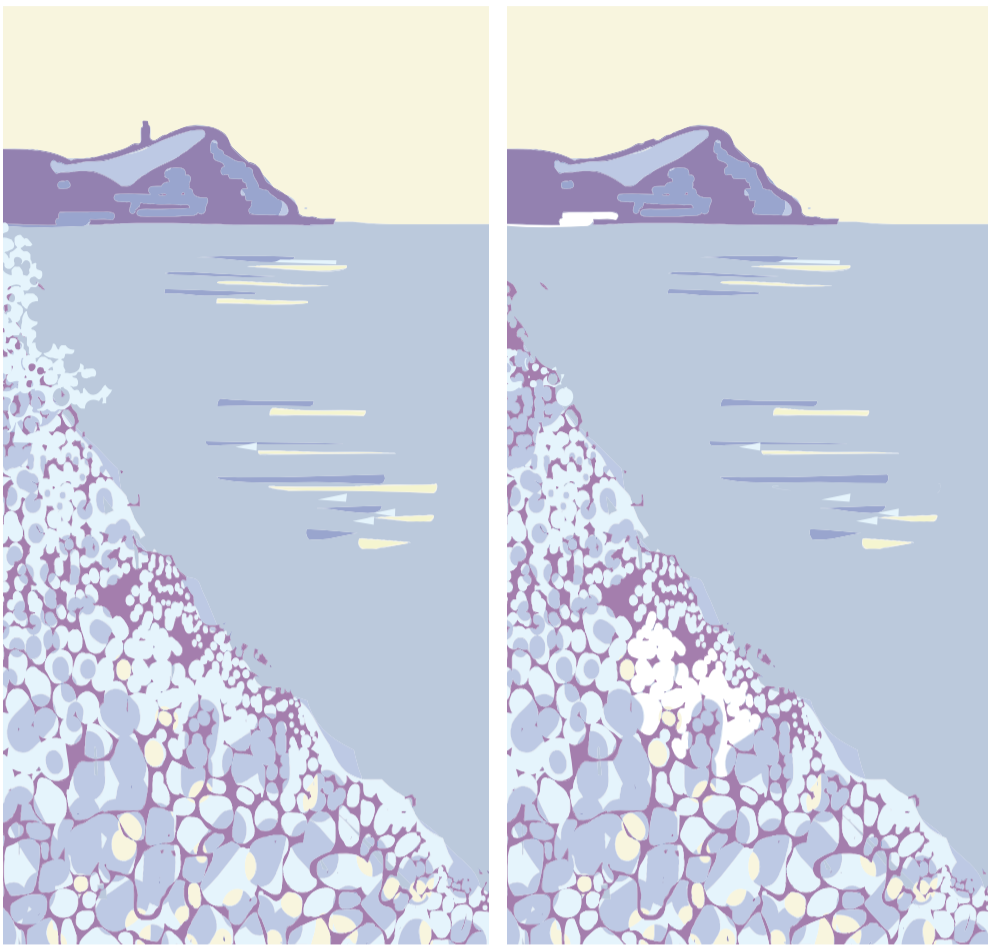
On 15th September 1865 land at 49 Alumhurst Road, Westbourne was purchased and the home was built and run by the Salisbury Infirmary. Described as: 'Built on a noble site facing the sea, upon a sandy cliff, where the patients will possess the advantage of pure and healthy air, the quiet of the countryside and the convenience of a town close at hand.'

'The design of the building was furnished by a lady who was specially qualified to form a judgement of the best mode of treating the sick. In this design of Miss Nightingale, the arrangements, instead of being concentrated in one block, as is the case generally in hospitals, provide for the patients in detached wings, joined to the centre building by corridors'. (Extract from book *The History of Salisbury Infirmary* 1922)

A postcard in our collection shows the front of the convalescent home, the reverse tells us more details about staying there. Signed Fred, he writes: 'Comfortable board and lodgings. 8/- for the time. Bournemouth very cold tonight. Been to the sea waves.' Dated 3rd July 1909 and posted back home to Gigant Street, Salisbury.

Read more at:
www.salisburyhealthcarehistory.uk

A little bit of fun



Spot the difference

There are five differences between the two images above. Can you find them all?

On the beach

Can you find these seaside words in the grid below? Words can be horizontal, vertical or diagonal and either read forwards or backwards.

S	D	E	C	K	C	H	A	I	R	G	C	K	M	V
B	N	O	E	L	A	G	N	I	T	H	G	I	N	P
E	L	R	O	C	K	P	O	O	L	E	O	C	I	E
A	H	A	C	R	A	B	P	E	X	B	L	E	K	B
C	T	S	D	G	L	S	E	V	A	W	R	C	G	B
H	L	H	I	D	I	L	T	L	O	G	S	R	A	L
H	N	R	L	F	E	B	U	A	L	I	G	E	M	E
U	L	Y	O	I	Y	R	E	Y	R	W	J	A	S	S
T	L	Z	S	U	M	L	W	M	A	F	Q	M	D	C
E	U	M	W	P	J	E	L	R	P	T	I	K	T	R
D	G	V	N	C	B	L	E	E	A	L	S	S	P	S
A	A	A	U	E	K	D	H	T	J	C	A	U	H	A
P	E	W	D	S	D	D	T	R	O	L	K	R	Q	N
S	S	I	L	T	Z	A	C	T	N	P	I	F	L	D
A	T	O	E	G	I	P	S	B	U	C	K	E	T	A

- Beach hut
- Bladderwrack
- Bucket
- Crab
- Deckchair
- Ice cream
- Jellyfish
- Limpet
- Paddle
- Pebbles
- Pier
- Rockpool
- Sand
- Seagull
- Spade
- Starfish
- Surf
- Tide
- Waves

Try a Tongue Twister

Have a go at this old favourite, made popular by Terry Sullivan's song in 1909.

Start slowly and then speak a little quicker each time you recite and see how many times you can repeat it before making a mistake!

**She sells seashells by the seashore,
The shells she sells are seashells, I'm sure.
So if she sells seashells on the seashore,
Then I'm sure she sells seashore shells.**



Big Seaweed Search

Visiting the beach? Why not help the Natural History Museum to monitor the effects of environmental change on Britain's sealife by exploring the seashore and recording the seaweeds that you find there.

More details visit: www.nhm.ac.uk/take-part/citizen-science/big-seaweed-search.html

Your contributions

Would you like to send us some of your own reflections, a poem or image?

Please send to:
ArtCare, Block 29,
Salisbury District Hospital,
Salisbury, SP2 8BJ

sft.artcare@nhs.net
www.artcaresalisbury.uk
www.starsappeal.org





'Pull up a deckchair, breathe in the salty air, hear the cry of the gulls.' Stephanie Jalland invites us to gaze at the sea with her, as she reminisces about beach holidays of times past

"I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky"

from Sea Fever by John Masefield

We have been packing our beach bags since 1626 when Elizabeth Farrow discovered a stream of acidic water running down the cliff and into the sea of the South Bay. The water healed ailments because of its chemical make-up. Visitors flocked to take both the therapeutic waters and bathe in the sea and Scarborough Spa became Britain's first seaside resort. Bathing machines, beach huts, swimming costumes, windbreaks, deckchairs, buckets and spades, seaside rock and even donkeys followed.

"for the call of the running tide is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied"

Sea Fever is about the call of the sea to sail but whether you prefer a paddle



with your trousers rolled up or skirts tucked in your knickers, to sit on a promenade watching the beach and passers-by with an ice cream or fish and chips or to stride along a coastal path, a daytrip to the sea is always a tonic.

Pull up a deckchair, breathe in the salty air, hear the cry of the gulls. Gaze at the sea with me.

I love the sea in all weathers and can't choose between wild waves crashing onto a beach or flat calm on a hot day. Do you have a favourite beach to visit?

Sand or shingle, hours spent in rockpools with a net or combing



the beach for shells to take home? We found a starfish left behind by the tide but our rescue bucket of water was not needed and we watched with joy as it crept with speed back to the sea.

Photographs show my grandparents on the beach at Skegness, my grandfather wearing his trilby hat, suit and tie. He looks hot, out of place but has removed his socks and shoes, there is sand between his toes, the hint of a smile on his face.

"Sand in the sandwiches, sand in the tea, flat wet sand running down to the sea "

from Seaside, Shirley Hughes

Years later my family and I are photographed on the same beach, squinting into the sun, sandcastles on display, swimsuits wet from a dip. Our clothes mark the passage of time but the sea is the sea, the sand is between our toes and there are smiles on our faces.

As you gaze out to sea, if you have online access you could also listen to the waves:
www.youtube.com/watch?v=OX5QXc7FcP8

Or enjoy two versions of La Mer: Charles Trenet
www.youtube.com/watch?v=PXQh9jTww0A

Bobby Darrin
www.youtube.com/watch?v=ta3jHcbslQw



Summer holidays, camping and estuary shorelines

David Davies

There's a Russian proverb that says No year has two summers, yet Ariel follows perpetual summer, singing "On the bat's back I do fly After summer merrily."

The Tempest, William Shakespeare

Camping in a small clearing in sheltered woodland on north Dartmoor: it's an area marked by old railway lines that follow the long curves of upland around remote villages, and where summer day-time gives a sense that local wildlife has gone away on holiday too. There's a hush along the pathway between deep leaf-litter and fallen branches, dense bramble and bracken, beech and oak saplings. Life seems paused with a feeling of secrets. Is it how we might imagine a place to be when no one is there to see it?

Now, a kestrel's call somewhere in the woodland canopy and faint movement in the shrub layer below.



Later in the afternoon, and towards dusk, the air is peppered by blackbird and jay alarm calls. As the light thickens and



becomes grainy, the moisture above ground level rises, bringing a scented humidity of leaf and wood decay. The relative warmth at soil level encourages beetles and woodlice to forage.

Fungus, quite unnoticed by day, seems luminescent under the approaching night, echoing the half-moon above the canopy. The urge to gather around a fire, to bring and tell stories, becomes insistent. Campfire allows people to unfurl their imaginations against the borderline of night, a kind of receding canvas to draw out meaning, to glue and unstick ourselves.

Night-borne into a tunnel of re-telling, planting star and flame markers, wading through night-time meadows that line the inside of our history, re-claiming memory.

Attracted by the fire, moths and insects

appear and bats seem to splatter across clearings like old film footage, grainy and erratic. Tawny, barn and little owls begin their hunting, the barn owl early on and tawny and little owls later and towards the dawn, often sporadic, with long empty silences.

Curling into the floor of the woods, one layer onto the other, unbroken time, end and beginning one inside the other, fine mist like soft pins, woodland's breath an unhurried swathe, washes towards around and away, threading, enveloping us in its arms.

The coming daylight triggers a sparse dawn chorus – treecreeper and song thrush. For a while, the night calls and dawn songs merge. The owls seem to sign-off with shorter calls between them, like a triangulation, and then nothing, as if they have slipped into the gentle current in the canopy between night and day, their own dappled dreamscape.

...as though owls have drawn a curtain on their chapter while the dawn-song – hesitant, plaintive, reflective – moves the cycle forward, an unbroken continuity of delicate and incremental time, the transition of day-to-night-to-day is drawn out becomes a time all of its own yet is seamless, lulling, perpetual...

The shore-line lies marked from a summer storm, now blown out. Patterned pools, mosaic with erosion, are orange, amber, lilac with delicate seaweed. Rock pools warm more slowly than soil but keep their heat for longer, so when I put my hand under I feel surrounding warmth, a quiet comfort against the distant sound of surf. Children and their families appear, delighted with freedom. The calm and peace of this moment give a suspended longing and beginning, crystallisation of thought, both settled and fleeting at once... Stranded hulk, waiting for the tide Shells: landscapes within landscapes Dreams of September, Of beginning – This year will have two summers.





time to do so. Tall teasels have been a particularly enjoyable feature of the 'wilding' project this year, as they adorn large sections of the garden. I do enjoy the teasel's unique structure and colour changes and the goldfinches are certainly feasting on the seeds.



The cycles and connectedness around land work, from seedlings to growth, to cutting and composting are so rewarding. I hope that you have enjoyed reading a full year's cycle in the garden, through these uplifting publications.

It has been almost a year of writing for the Elevate Your Mood broadsheet and this issue will be our last for a while, as we return to face-to-face contact with patients. As I reflected when beginning these entries in August last year, I love to write a journal and find great comfort in the written word. It certainly has been enjoyable to take time to pause each month and connect with the key events and changes that occur in nature throughout the seasons. I hope you have enjoyed reading and that you too have discovered new comforts or interests during this time.

At the time of writing, the garden is still in full bloom and the long days and hot weather make gardening a desirable option. After a poor start to the growing season, the annual vegetables are catching up, but any produce reliant on good spring conditions has come late and suffered. Extending the season at the end of the summer will be vital to maximise the yield this year, particularly for produce in the poly-tunnel and

for the outdoor squashes. We will hope for a late first-frost and will fleece any frost-tender outdoor vegetables, making sure that all gaps in the poly-tunnel are sealed in preparation.

Speaking of freezing, the home freezer is gradually filling with berries – red, black and white currants, raspberries, jostaberries and gooseberries. This year, I have taken to drying many more flowers and herbs. Perhaps after the poor spring I feel a greater need to preserve the bounty and colours of summer. Dried bunches in the home do indeed help to elevate the mood and I love the quiet mindful act of picking and arranging.

In the ornamental areas of the garden, having let many areas go wild, we are now beginning to open up spaces and pull out armfuls of weeds. The wild flower meadow is gradually being scythed and early mornings are a great



Origami Boat

1. Fold an A4 sheet in half.

2. Fold in half again and unfold. Fold the corners down to the centre line.

3. Fold the bottom strip upwards and fold the corners over. Turn over.

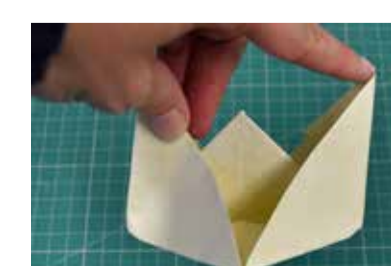
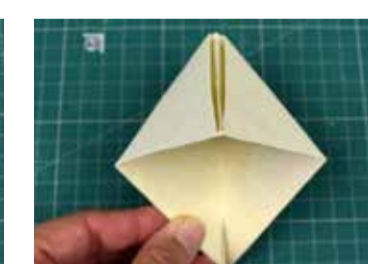
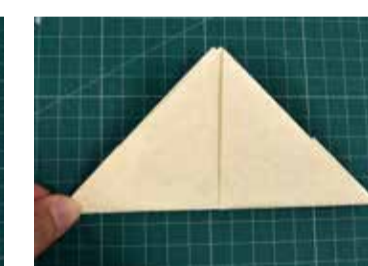
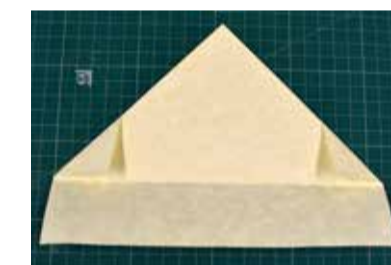
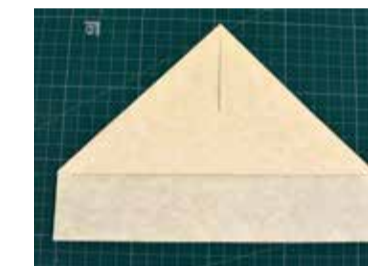
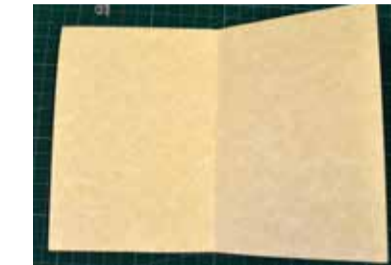
4. Fold bottom strip upwards.

5. Open out and fold to form square.

6. Fold bottom half (triangle) upwards. Turn over and repeat this step to form a triangle.

7. Open out as in step 5 again.

8. Take the top two corners and pull apart to form the boat.



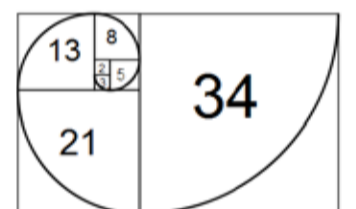
Be a beachcomber



Beachcombing and rockpooling are popular pastimes for children, but searching the coastline is an interesting activity for all ages. You could identify shells, seaweed or creatures found in rock pools, look for fossils in the rocks, collect sea glass and driftwood, or see what 'treasures' you can find left behind on the beach (e.g. coins, jewellery, lego!)

If you take your camera or phone along you can take photos of your finds to identify when you get back home. A sketch book is another fun way to record your finds, which can encourage you to look more closely at the objects. Maybe you can spot the Fibonacci sequence* spirals on shells or fossil shapes?

*The Fibonacci sequence is 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, ... The next number is found by adding up the two numbers before it. Squares made using those widths fit together to form a nice spiral. This spiral can be seen in nature.



240fibo, CC BY-SA 4.0



Chris 73derivative work: Akkana Peck, CC BY-SA 3.0

Or just sit quietly on the beach for a while and take in all the sights, sounds, smells and feelings that arise. Jot these down in a notebook and create a poem - have a look at the back page for our readers contributions.

N.B. Remember to wear appropriate clothing, watch out for any dangerous items, and keep an eye on incoming tides. Leave your finds where they are (with the exception of sea glass and man-made litter) - they form part of the ecosystem.



Take the time to share

Words and images from our readers



© Katie Crouch - the beauty of Kimmeridge Bay is wonderfully captured in this photograph taken by a hospital staff member

My first day by the sea

We didn't know how to swim
but threw off our shoes
to feel the sand running through our toes.
We had just a bucket and spade
and we went digging and digging –
Oh it was marvellous!
Such happy memories
my first day by the sea, forty years ago;
one grey day of sandbanks, gorse and grass
and the big wide ocean – all for me!

Back then, there was a wheel driven ferry
to the Isle of Wight, that took thirty of us,
all ages, crowded together.
We went to see the elephants at their pond,
time of the Raj it was, Empire days.
And there was the Sunday School outing
down to Brighton in a charabancue
with the top folded back.
I remember that first sight,
going down the hill
we thought it was wonderful
that great gap of water shining there!
We still keep shells at home

Words by Winterslow patients and Rose Flint



To the Sea

Can you see the sea yet?
Is the sea in view?
Over the brow of the hill there,
There it is! So blue!
The sea is not so far now
We've travelled afar to see
And taste the salty air
In the wind from over the sea.

The surf is crashing over
Shining golden sands
Waves that draw us nearer
And end where they began.
We paddle along the seashore
Toes curling in sheer delight
Seabirds passing over
In buoyant effortless flight

And off they go to sea now
'cross the sparkling vast expanse
Flying high and freely
Beyond the horizon distant.
Do we love the sea, yes!
Why, oh why do we?
Just being by the seaside,
Is where we want to be!

Fiona Lockwood, 2021

Your contributions

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