

Savile and 'his' hospitals

The Daily Express



Jimmy's Special Request

The Daily Express. Saturday, 8th July, 1972

Disc jockey Jimmy Savile made a special appeal in a letter yesterday to Leeds Magistrates: "If I am fined, can I have time to pay and if I am imprisoned, can I go to Broadmoor, because I work there ? "

The magistrates fined Savile £3 for failing to display an excise licence on his Rolls-Royce and their clerk said a letter would be sent asking him for the money.

SAVILE'S AMAZING EXPEDITION

SP-80C172

I HAVE my own room at Broadmoor Hospital. It measures 10 feet by 12 feet with a ceiling that slopes down to three feet high. It was a disused attic above two offices.

From here I dream my schemes of off-boat therapies for all our patients and they, together with staff, tolerate me like some genial nut that comes bursting out with heaven knows what next.

Two hundred miles to the A1 is our sister hospital, Hampton, and they stand for me the same as at Broadmoor.

Now Hampton does great work with sub-normal ones and the nurses there are only too ready to volunteer for unpaid off-duty trips if it helps its sub-normal.

There's not a lot you can do for this class of patient, but we've proved there's almost nothing you can't do plus giving us a good time as well as follows.

Last year we tried a dress-rehearsal by taking nine potentially violent sub-normals to Scarborough in a bus.

And, in a carefully planned day, we finished up in the Mayor's parlour for tea with his worship.

The behaviour of the lads was impeccable and a most unlikely day out finished up as a supper, dinner day for all—including the Mayor.

FINANCES

Much chastised by this success we made sure that this year's outing was going to be the greatest, and it was.

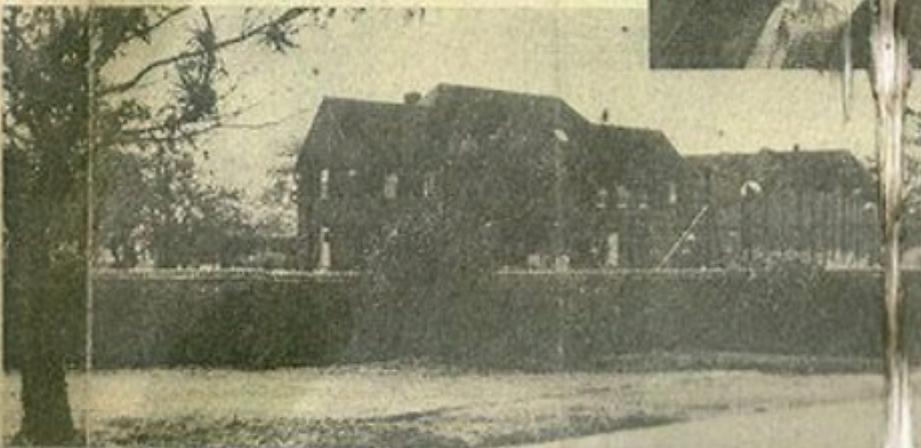
One thing about me having a few extra odd in we don't have to worry about finance, so after negotiation with a very sympathetic British Rail, I was able to phone the Hampton staff and tell them:

"Hey, lads, we've got our very own train!

And we had, by golly,

He hired a train and took 12 patients from the 'Broadmoor of the North' to the seaside

Jimmy Savile tells his own story



Hampton Hospital—known as the "Broadmoor of the North"—from where the 12 patients went for a day's sea-

train driver to see what it was all about.

The local station at Redford gave us a right royal send-off with station master and area manager in black bowler hats and striped trousers and all we went. 12 patients and eight volunteer nurses and so, for a day on the sands.

When you realize that one of the lads had not been out for 19 years you can feel the excitement.

Why do we take lads like these out? Well, I'll tell you. In some countries I've been to they just keep 'em locked up for life... I was in another country where they ran 'em up by being thrown down through the bars like animals.

Now surely we, in Britain, are not like that and will try to do the impossible to see if it pays off, and it did!

Plus what about friends and families?

How wonderful for the mother of a violent sub-normal to announce to the neighbours "Oh yes, my boy had a lovely day out at the seaside last week."

And we did just that, Scarborough and three open its doors for us and made their dolphins jump and perform. The pet parrots amused the lads by riding little bicycles and climbing ladders.

Feeding the sea-birds

was a great thing and, when they turned out the baby goats and lambs for our lads to feed with baby bottles of milk it was a moment of deep emotion for all of us connected with this type of work.

Let me explain a sub-normal of this particular type. They are people of incredible tenderness and affection.

They can sit by you and stroke your face with a tenderness you

could write beautiful poetry about.

Then along can come an electric storm in the beach and the same hand that strokes you can grip you like iron.

So they are most unselfish and when I say that I love them, the mothers of these boys know exactly what I mean.

COINS

"Look, the sea, the sea," they shout and to a twirling we are all on the beach, nurses and lads, running about our kids getting out pushed out.

Jimmy Corrigan, 12, youngest king, gives us a big bag of coins and the flashing lights of the flapper machine twinkle like Pinkey's Box with the lid off.

"Tea-time," says our nurse and Counselor

fascinate the boys as we sit so we need not be all too fast a train.

comes up and we look tired." We're all of us exhausted. Do cases?

Our own Ur, patiently on the sand 20 tired-out bottles climb all back to the boat. Its necessary to both. Nobody's tuns of the way who cares?

If we weren't in a country these things could be the most mentally disordered.

"Who cares?"

Well, I'll tell you the names of the day's sea care.

And they care a thank God.

PEOPLE PULPIT

Be strong and of good courage; do not afraid, neither be thou dismayed. For the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. *Joshua 1, verse 9.*

For I will restore health unto thee and I will heal thee of thy wounds, saith the Lord. *Jeremiah 30, verse 17.*

Blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord and whose hope is in the Lord. *Jeremiah 17, verse 7.*

In the day of prosperity be joyful, and in the day of adversity remember: thou shalt not perish. *Psalm 126, verse 3.*

As for man, his days are as grass: as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. *Psalms 103, verse 16.*

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The Sunday People 8/10/72

Jimmy wins guv'nor of them all

The Daily Express. Monday 1st January 1973.

First he's an OBE- Now he's Mr Showbiz 1972



Jimmy Savile at the awards last night

WELL, guys n' gals, Jimmy Savile's done it again . . . last year the eccentric disc-jockey was awarded an O.B.E. and last night , he capped It by becoming the Show Business Personality of 1972.

The award was made by the Variety Club of Great Britain who cited him for the outstanding success of his television series, "Top of the Pops" and radio series, " Savile's Travel.

Said Jimmy: "I am completely overwhelmed, surprised, and delighted at the good taste of the British public.

It's no wonder I love them and refuse to live in a tax haven."

"I can't sing, I can't dance, I can't act and I can't tell jokes to get this award is not a bad thing . . . it's the gov'nor of them all."

Jimmy awarded the O.B.E for services to hospitals and charities, arrived late at the reception before the awards dinner at London's Talk of the Town, after working at Stoke Mandeville Hospital, Buckinghamshire.

After the dinner he was due at Broadmoor Hospital for an all-night shift starting at 2 A.M. He has worked there for five years.

Talk About A Tea Party! My Life Will Never Be The Same

By Jimmy Savile OBE

The Daily Express. Tuesday June 17th 1980



**Yesterday's picture : Jimmy Savile in
the spinal unit with Trini Hartshorn, 17.**

IF you have the time to spare, just imagine what' it's like to try to raise ten million pounds. How do you set about it, who do you go and see, who can you count on as allies?

How did I get into this mad, mad situation in the first place? It was a set of amazing coincidences all in the same week.

Having worked voluntarily and most happily for about a dozen years in three major but very different hospitals, Leeds Infirmary, Broadmoor and Stoke Mandeville, I suddenly got feeling, that I'd like to take tea with the Secretary of State For Social Services.

The only reason I can give for this is that I'd never met a Secretary of State and that seemed reason enough.

So I rang his office, they said why not, and I presented myself at the Department of Health in London at the appointed time. He was out but only down the road at the House-of-Commons and that's where we finished up round a teapot.

As it happens, earlier that week, several of our ceilings had fallen in on the Stoke Mandeville spinal patients, depositing 35 years of dead flies and sundry bits of sodden wood on the luckless patients in the beds below.

Someone somewhere decreed that, the half ruined National Spinal Injuries Centre would now close and cease to exist.

Entirely on their own initiative, staff and patients of the unit staged a sit-in and the TV and papers gave them a lot of cover. All these things happened over the same few days and dominated my long arranged tea party.

"We have problems" said the Secretary of State, as he cut a chocolate cake freshly bought from the petty cash.

"Not really", says I pouring the tea. So we struck a deal. He would arrange, for the spinal unit to stay open if I would find the money for a new hospital. And that's how It all started.

From then on my life and the lives of lots of the lovely people who work at the hospital were never to be the same again.

A fine and beautiful madness has taken us all. One of the girls In the spinal office, Sylvia, has given to

shouting "God bless," as she' types the same on the ' bottom of a thank you letter for what seems to be the millionth time.

Last week at the height of the daily battle With four phones ringing, five doctors milling and six girls shouting I suddenly sprang to my feet and shouted: "Two. Guinness; four pints of mild and a rum and pep."

"What did you do that for?" asked the startled but silenced team.

"It sounds like a pub so I thought I'd give it an authentic atmosphere," says I.

Even major surgery stands no chance. Janet, my right hand girl was suddenly whisked off to the operating theatre for repairs peculiar to ladies.

"Rest in bed for two weeks then off to convalesce," said the doctor. The two weeks rest was cut to two days and the convalescence postponed till next year.

"I'm not missing any of the action," said Janet, "I'd go even more mad at home".

The appeal started on Wednesday, January 23, so we've now been at It 21 weeks. It didn't start off too good.

A whisky firm talked about giving us three quarters of a million pounds if people sent back their bottle tops but subsequent arithmetic deduced that the entire population of Britain would have to render themselves drunk and incapable to reach the target. So that got the elbow.

An American gentleman said he'd give us a million dollars but he disappeared in rapid succession. A nurse from Leeds infirmary weighed in with her dinner money - 40 pence; A BBC cameraman from Jim'll fix it slid me a fiver; And from

heaven came a real gentleman, Douglas who laid £15,000 on us. We were in business.

The trickle became a flood. I'd already slung a few thousand quid of my own In when Quaker Oats gave me two days' notice of £200-a-mile if I'd run a marathon. Three hours and thirty-five minutes of pounding up and down Glen Nevis and that was another £5,000.

Ski Yogurt and Holts Car Spray, came in With targets Of Over a hundred grand each. BUPA the famous medical care company sponsored the intensive care ward for a quarter of a million pounds and I struck the real jackpot when I met Victor Matthews.

IF the Government fastened a lead from Victor into the national electricity grid, he could run all the machines in Britain.

He gave me the Daily Express and one of his top BUILDING companies, Trollope and Colls, who will build the new unit for no profit. He runs the Cunard Line and the QE2, but I've not got round to borrowing that yet.

I knew the readers of the Daily Express would prove equal to the paper' challenge because years ago when I had time to train as a professional racing cyclist, I rode the first Tour of Britain which was activated by this very newspaper.

Hundreds of thousands of people lined the route of the race, and today even more than that have joined in on the presentation of the world's finest centre of excellence for spinal Injuries.

Car and motor cycle accidents, falling off the step ladder In the' house or off a horse In the field, all these victims—and-God forbid, it could be you tomorrow—will live a full life, when not that many years ago they wouldn't

have stood a chance.

Because of The pioneer of Sir Ludwlg Guttman and his team at Stoke Mandeville, the entire' world is seeing the slow conquering of the effects of broken backs. What more reason do we need to have a go at keeping this place alive ?

I haven't got enough money to finish the job but by God I've got enough to start, thanks to all of you, including the anonymous ones. For them there will be a special plaque on the wall which will say "Known to God."

I've not told a fraction of the Story here nor mentioned the widow inite and right across the spectrum to the DuKe of Edinburgh. Maybe I'll have time one day

If YOU know anyone who hasn't yet joined the "team" tell them we're still open for business. Like Sylvia says "God bless you".

Killer Gives Up

The Daily Express, Tuesday July 21st 1981



Jimmy Savile: Helping the hunt

ONE of Britains most dangerous men, child killer James Lang gave himself up last night 16 hours after breaking out of Broadmoor. [...]

THE DRAMA began at Broadmoor when Lang 31, was found to be missing from his cell at 6-45 a.m. yesterday.

He had sawed through one of three steel bars on his window with a hacksaw blade.

Using a rope made of bandage and knotted sheets he climbed to the ground; then the same rope, with a homemade grappling hook, was used to get him over the 20ft high perimeter wall.

Police considered Lang's escape to be so potentially deadly that they toured all local towns and villages with loudhailer warnings. The urgent advice to all parents was "Bring your children indoors and keep them there!"

By that time most of the children in the areas of Crowthorne and Camberley had gone to school.

But teachers kept the children safely in their classrooms and mid-morning playtime was cancelled until parents arrived to take them home.

Police and doctors feared that Lang, a psychopathic brutal rapist, would pounce on the first child or woman he encountered.

Lang, who raped a woman in 1966 then killed a 12 year-old girl during a vicious sex attack, almost escaped on a previous occasion three years ago.

He had advertised for women pen-friends and charmed two of them into smuggling pieces of an escape kit to him under the noses of the hospital's male nurses.

Patricia Soul, a 48-year-old Southampton housewife got him a hacksaw, five razor blades, a screwdriver and glass cutter which he later claimed were for picture framing.

Ann Wright, 27, from Burnt Oak, Middlesex, gave him £55, a rope and scissors during one of her regular Weekend visits to him.

At Reading Crown Court later, Soul was conditionally discharged.

Helping with the search yesterday was entertainer -Jimmy Savile, who was in the middle of a voluntary stint at the hospital.

Three Women's Lives Broken By The Beast

DAILY EXPRESS Tuesday, July 21 1981



THE lives of three women were broken by bestial child killer James Lang.

Before his surrender, one of them, the mother of the girl he killed – Susan Mary young, aged 12– was in vengeful mood.

MRS AUDREY YOUNG 51, who still lives In the Hindley area of Wigan where her daughter was murdered in 1970 said:

70, said:

" if I came face to face with Jimmy Lang I would kill

him. I said that 10 years ago and I say it again today.”

When his escape was reported his former wife was put under sedation and the woman who helped him in a previous escape attempt was given police protection.

MRS CAROL DANIELS, Lang's former wife who has reverted to her maiden name, was under sedation at a relative's home after hearing of the escape.

She lives close by and is bringing up their teenage children, Karen, who works at a local supermarket, and Darren, still at school. She divorced Lang a year after the case.

MRS PATRICIA SOUL, 48, who, unwittingly helped Lang's escape bid three years ago, was “shaking and frightened ” when she heard the news at her Southampton home.

She became his pen friend while he was at Broadmoor. In 1978 she and another woman were given 12 months Jail sentences, suspended for two years, at Reading, for conspiring to smuggle escape gear into Broadmoor.

She said: “ I'm absolutely terrified. “

“I never meant to help him escape. Because of what I said about him at my trial he may be seeking revenge now,”

The other woman involved in the original escape bid, 28-year-old Ann Wright, has moved from the family home in Burnt Oak; North London.