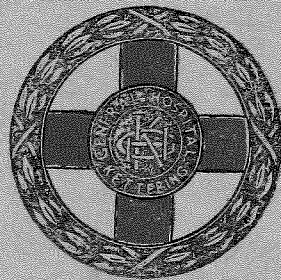


OBSERVATION



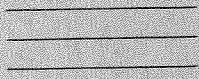
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Kettering General Hospital



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November
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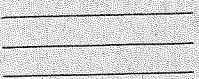
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us talk over terms with you



PAUL TAYLOR,

1, Silver Street - Kettering.

29th August, 1950.

DEAR READERS,

My greetings and best wishes to you all on the inception of our First Hospital Magazine, to which we can all look forward from time to time enjoying our own hospital news and views. It has been one of my long cherished ambitions to have a hospital magazine, and it is with great pleasure that I write this letter to you launching our first effort.

The Nursing Staff has increased considerably in numbers over a period of years and there must be many of you who can contribute to this magazine, with subjects of interest to us all.

This magazine, I hope, will be read by many people interested in the hospital services, and I send you all my heartiest greetings with the wish that it will always record the spirit of the hospital, which to all of us and the people we serve, means so much.

We have enjoyed many happy associations together in the past and I look forward to an even closer association in the future.

Yours sincerely,
A. JACKSON.

No. 1. Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1950.

OBSERVATION.

"Let Observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru."—*Pope.*

EDITORIAL.

This magazine is being published to provide amusement, news and views, of all connected with the hospital and of interest to them; thus providing a link between staff, past and present, and those who will be obliged to work at the annexe.

We rely entirely on the support and co-operation of our readers. Constructive criticism will be particularly welcome, but we would also ask you to be a little tolerant.

The magazine will be published quarterly. Articles, essays, poems or letters for publication in the next issue should reach us not later than December 21st, 1950. Please supply name and where necessary, address as well. These will be treated as strictly confidential, if so desired.

Publishing a magazine creates many problems, and we should like to thank members of the staff for their help. Our thanks are especially due to Matron, whose support and encouragement have made this magazine possible.

We hope that our humble efforts have not been in vain, and that all those who share with us pride in and loyalty to our training school, will find something of interest in the pages that follow.

THE NURSES' QUADRILLE.

By A. JAY.

"Will you walk a little faster," said a sister to a nurse,
"There's a doctor coming behind me and his temper's getting worse.
See how dreadfully the patient anticipates his 'op',
He is waiting for his 'pre-med,' will you kindly HURRY UP."
Will you, won't you, etc.

"You really have no notion how appalling it can be when you're waiting for the theatre, and you've gone without your tea." But the nurse replied, "Indeed I have, I've been to theatre too. And really cannot understand why the patient feels so blue." Will you, won't you, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Marriages.

Miss Pearl Skudder with Mr. Alan Bond.
The wedding took place at St. Botolph's Church, Barton Seagrave, on September 23rd of Miss Pearl Skudder and Mr. Alan Bond.
Miss Skudder trained at this hospital, held an appointment as Staff Nurse for one year, and then went on to Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge.
Miss Maud Pridmore and Mr. Ray Brown.
We have pleasure in announcing the forthcoming marriage of Miss Maud Pridmore and Mr. Ray Brown.
Miss Pridmore trained at this hospital, held an appointment as Staff Nurse for one year, and then trained as a midwife at the City General Hospital, Leicester, where she has since been employed.

Births.

To Mrs. Joyce Crick (nee Duncombe) a daughter, Ruth Mary, on June 22nd, in Berrill Ward.
Mrs. Crick trained at St. George's Hospital, Ilford, and took her midwifery training at Plaistow. She held an appointment as Staff Midwife for one year at this hospital.
To Mrs. Enid Wrighton (nee Morgan) a son, Gordon.
Mrs. Wrighton trained at this hospital, held an appointment as Staff Nurse for one year and left to do private nursing.

OTHER NEWS.

Carey House at last has a permanent guardian—Miss Tupholme, whom we last saw as a patient. She looks in the best of health now, however, and we give her a hearty welcome to the hospital. She already serves excellent morning coffee at Carey, and in the future, after a few rules have been compiled with and a few forms filled in in triplicate, will also serve afternoon teas.
Rockingham Road Hospital is at length opened as an Annex to the General Hospital. At the moment it houses the P.T.S. and has two wards—one male and one female.

"O, who will o'er the downs with me
O, who will with me ride?"

We are pleased to announce that Matron has passed her driving test at the first shot. Three cheers for Matron !!!

SO YOU WANT TO BE AN ACTRESS.

By 'OLD VIC.'

You can see yourself behind footlights? You have a vision of yourself, looking really rather glamorous, graciously receiving the floral tributes that are your due, while the applause of the audience thunders in your ears? Right—this is how it's done.

First you must join a dramatic society. Now, there's more to this than meets the eye. You don't join just any dramatic society. You look carefully around first and then join the one that has the most social advantages. After all, one must meet the right sort of people to succeed in this business, mustn't one? Having joined the most suitable society (we'll gloss over the strings you pull to get in) you no doubt feel that you have one foot firmly planted on the ladder of success. But don't let yourself be fooled. Of course you may simply shatter them with your brilliance, right from the start, but I think that's rather doubtful, don't you?

You go to your first audition. It's all rather terrifying, and your voice, which just must sound its best, comes out in an awful sort of croak when you open your mouth. It's such a shame, because you simply know the leading part was just made for you—you play the maid if you're lucky. Ah well, better luck next time.

In the course of the next year or two you begin to make the grade. You cease to trip over stage props, cut into other people's lines and pick up the phone to answer it before it ever rings. You manage to do something right for a change.

You may eventually become quite a personality in the society. But alas, no professional producer happens to come along and see your devastating performance. And why, oh why, won't they give you the parts you know would suit you best. You can see yourself as a great light comedy actress, but they will give you the tragic parts—they say it suits your face or something.

Then comes the war. Most inconvenient of it. It puts paid to all your hopes for a while. Things sort of pack up on you and people and staff are going away. However, you're not down for long. You join one of the Forces. After all, there's much more scope in the Forces, isn't there? One doesn't know who one might meet, does one?

Once settled in the Forces, you look around and see what's doing. Here you strike lucky the first time. There's a professional actor at your camp and he's anxious to put on a play. You go along hopefully to the audition. You're much more sure of yourself this time and you manage to to get quite a good part. Now you really are on your way to the top. After all, he's a professional, and one never knows what might happen, does one? He's so charming too. Things go swimmingly for a time. The play is a great success. The professional actor is so pleased with you all that he wants to put on another play. Then he's posted to some God-forsaken part of the world before you've even had time to choose a play.

It's rather a devastating blow, but you pick yourself up and rally round. After all, there are as good fish in the sea, etc., etc. Something else will turn up. Well, it does and it doesn't. They still want to give plays at the camp, and you're still lucky enough to be in the cast each time. But something always seems to go wrong. Either the producer is posted or the leading man has mumps or you're posted yourself. It's a great pity, because you had the lead each time. And where are those talent scouts? They don't ever seem to come to your part of the world. Perhaps it's just as well. At least, hope can still spring eternal.

Time marches on. The war ends. You may be getting a little part-worn by this time, but you're still hopeful. You can still look fairly presentable—in a dim light, any way. And you still have all your own teeth—even if they are getting a trifle long.

So you look around for a suitable occupation. Now, this requires careful thought. You can't turn professional—you can't afford to, any way, and it's too risky, without some backing. Of course, it never occurs to you that you may not be good enough, anyhow.

You must have a job where you meet plenty of people—the right sort of people. You find the exact thing. It's a very social sort of job at a popular seaside resort. Alas and alack for human hopes. The only sort of people you meet, charming though they are, are bent on nothing more than enjoying their holiday, and couldn't care less for you and your ambitions.

You turn once more to the dramatic society. You make enquiries. They have a very good one, down here. You even get a letter to the secretary. You go to see him, full of girlish hopes—only to find you are on duty the nights they rehearse. A sense of defeat begins to steal over you. It's been there in the background for some time. Now it rears its ugly head. Fate is against you. It simply must be, because you know; given any reasonable amount of luck, you could have been another Gertrude Lawrence—well, very nearly, anyway.

Age is really coming to the fore, now. You can't even look at yourself in a mirror very happily—not that you ever could, anyway, but at least, you could kid yourself.

You give one sort of dying gasp before you give up. You'll be a nurse. At least you'll be able to amuse your patients—well, perhaps a little.

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA.

"The patient should be swamped in 1 in 2,000 solution of perchloride of mercury."

Extract from a letter.

? EFFICIENCY.

A highly efficient ward at the General Hospital now uses zinc oxide dusting powder for cleaning enamel bowls—while Gospo has been found (even by medical students) to be beneficial in the prophylactic treatment of bedsores.

ODE.

A General Hospital Nurse,
Was heard to utter a curse,
Sister Moralee's pleas
For Recreation Fund fees,
Had taken the last from her purse.

"SHEEP."

SPORTING CHATTER.

Whether it was because I show a shapely leg on the football field or maybe because I never reply to a pretty girl in the negative, I don't know; but when I was approached with a view to writing a sports column for our Hospital Magazine I found it hard to refuse. (Still, it's always the same when I eat homemade toffee with these Health Service dentures).

Being in a pensive mood, I thought I'd soon rattle off a few thousand words, and then finish the day with a round of golf. With feet along side the inkwells of my desk, enveloped in a haze of tobacco, I fell asleep (now we know what the clerical staff do with their time—and why we need so many—*Ed.*) I had an astounding dream . . . there was an open space . . . yes, a cricket field . . . it was a summer afternoon and as I remember, Kettering Hospital Cricket team were taking the field, led by their popular captain . . . the crowd was . . . just one moment. Where is the crowd? No spectators? I must be dreaming !!!

I might have been dreaming then . . . but what about the twenty-five matches the Hospital team *did* play last season? Not once did any member of the team see the wagging finger of a forbidding sister or the angelic smile of a student nurse to inspire him to greater feats with the bat and ball. No feasible reason has been offered as to why such a thing should be; so we, the playing members of the team, draw the logical conclusion that the rest of the Hospital staff like their entertainment of a more brutal nature than England's national sport provides.

FOOTBALL.

After struggling to find eleven men 'sound in wind and limb' our football team found their game with Northampton General on September 7th rather an uphill affair. The score of 0—6 does more than justice to the winners and tells nothing of the ding-dong battle that went on during the first-half. (Half-time score 0—1).

A lapse by our defence in the last ten minutes of the game allowed Northampton to score four quick goals to consolidate their then 0—2 lead. The return 'Derby' at Kettering to be played on Wednesday, September 13th, should prove to be interesting football as our team will be considerably strengthened by returning holiday-makers.

TO 'YOUR ADVANTAGE.'

For two years now I've watched the tennis season open at this Hospital, and both times, especially the current one, I've been reminded of fireworks. The season starts off with a bang—keen individual games, an organised knock-out championship and inter-hospital tournaments; then along comes the damp squib period—and interest and eagerness alike fizzle out. Let's put it down to the awful weather we've been having, shall we?

Now, I hear from unofficial sources, that one of our most recent acquisitions in the way of premises, boasts among its staff, a tennis

player of county merit. So if next season finds a certain 'potter' looking for likely clay with which to mould a few tennis players — let this Hospital be ready to provide a constant supply of raw material.

THE HOSPITAL

Towards the latter part of the 19th century, when science was rapidly opening up new avenues of treatment and research, an urgent need was felt for the establishment of a General Hospital in the town of Kettering, to nurse the sick of both that town and the surrounding districts.

As a culmination of vigorous private effort, a scheme was launched at a Town Meeting held in November, 1891. 'Hospital Weeks' and other strenuous efforts including a large Bazaar, held for 5 days, raised the necessary sum of money, namely £9,000, and in October, 1897 the building of the hospital was completed and opened by the Viscount Althorp, then the Rt. Hon. C. R. Spencer, in the absence of the Earl of Spencer.

The whole of the land on which the Hospital and Nurses Home stands was given by His Grace, the Duke of Buccleuch.

The original accommodation was for 22 patients and 2 private patients. Four cots were allocated for children's use.

A Contributory Scheme, inaugurated by the workpeople, subscribed in the first year £352. In 1947 income from this source alone was £12,000.

The first Matron, Miss Gertrude Hicks, was appointed in September, 1897. She was selected from 68 applicants.

Great pressure on the available accommodation continued to increase, in the year 1900 the number of beds rose to 25 and adjacent land was given by the Duke of Buccleuch. In a Report of the Annual General Meeting of that year it states that the total number of patients admitted for the year 1898-99 was 179. Of these there were:—

141 discharged	cured.
22	" relieved.
8	" on other grounds.
8	Died in the hospital.

The daily average number of patients was 18.34. Their average length of stay 32.89 days. With regard to the nature of the cases it is interesting to note that on the medical side, Chorea 6 cases and Rheumatism 6 cases were the highest figures recorded and 1 instance the lowest. On the surgical side 13 abscesses scored the highest figure with 1 appendicitis the lowest. Incidentally the appendix was removed!

Expenditure for that year includes items of interest such as:—

Total Nursing Salaries for the year	£	s.	d.
Dressings and Bandages	121	8	0
Fish, Poultry, etc.	20	0	11
Grocery bill	19	1	2½
The 'Washing' bill	63	15	10½
	9	8	11

The Medical Officer in charge attended the Hospital on Fridays at 12 o'clock for the consideration and admission of fresh cases. Cases of accident were admitted at any time.

Private patients were admitted to the Hospital at a charge of 4 guineas per week and upwards according to the nature of the illness. A fee of 10/6 was charged for the use of the operating theatre and they were required to pay extra 'for the use of wines and spirits' when these were ordered. Three private patients were received in the year 1900.

Probationers fees were a source of income that yielded £16-17-6.

During the first world war 4 wards were allocated to soldiers, the hospital's activities by this time had become greatly extended, a nurses home had been built to accommodate the nursing staff and a new children's ward had been added in 1912. Later followed a massage department and X-Ray equipment was added, the Hospital was enlarging rapidly, finding great scope for its work and activities, donations were ever forthcoming from the people of Kettering and Districts for their Hospital and in 1924 plans were laid for the erection of the present nurses home, which was completed in 1925.

The year 1925 was an important year in the history of the Hospital, arrangements were made for its association with Northampton General Hospital as a training school for nurses. Up to April, 1928, 10 nurses entered for the Preliminary Examination, 9 passed and 1 failed. Six nurses entered for the Final Examination and all passed.

1,142 In-Patients received treatment and 1,638 Out-Patients were treated. 812 Operations were performed that year.

In 1934 the Hospital was recognised as a complete training school by the General Nursing Council.

1940 was marked by the addition of the Children's Ward, furnished by the generosity of Mrs. Beatrice Timpson in memory of her parents. Timpson Ward accommodates 25 children and treats 600 annually. It is unequalled in the country for its design, impeccable good taste and equipment.

The X-Ray Department was endowed by Stewarts and Loyds of Corby and made a very important additional unit to the Hospital in 1945.

At the present time, in 1950, the Hospital has accommodation for 126 beds plus a surgical unit of 40 beds at Rockingham Road. In the near future 200 beds at St. Mary's will be annexed, making a total of 366.

There are 57 nurses in training and we must congratulate the following nurses who were successful in passing their State Examination in June, 1950.

Final State ...	Nurse Masteron
	" McClusky
	" Skudder
Preliminary State, Part II.	" Arendt
	" Ferstl
	" Graves
	" Podostyerchek
	" Toseland

- Preliminary State, Part I.
- " O. Barker
 - " Gannon
 - " O. Jones
 - " Neeb
 - " M. Smith
 - " Walker
 - " Welch

The total number of patients admitted to the Hospital during 1949-50 was 2,539 :—

Our patients treated 19,360.

Our present Matron, Miss A. Jackson, has been at the Hospital since 1935. She is now the Senior Matron for the area, embracing the hospitals in the surrounding districts.

Amongst other members of the Staff who have loyally served the Hospital for many years, special mention must be made of 'Leslie,' the Head Porter, who is the oldest 'long term' servant, having been at the Hospital for 24 years.

The most recent addition to the Hospital is the delightful Night Nurses Home—Carey House, a typical Georgian house on the way to the town, standing in a beautiful garden, there, shortly, we shall be able to entertain our friends to coffee, during the mornings, its inaugural 'house warming' party, to which we are all looking forward, will take place on August 17th.

And so we wish Kettering General Hospital a happy future, may it keep its individuality, its friendliness, energy and efficiency, and continue for a very long time its record of service to the people of Kettering, who in the past so generously and affectionately have supported us.

W.K.M.

My grateful thanks to Mr. A. M. Lee, Chairman of the Hospital Management Committee and a very faithful servant to the Hospital, also to the Assistant Librarian of Kettering Library, who have so kindly helped me with the details and statistics.

COURTESY.

HILARE BELLOC.

Of courtesy, it is much less,
Than courage of heart and holiness,
Yet in my walks it seems to me
That the grace of God is in courtesy.

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