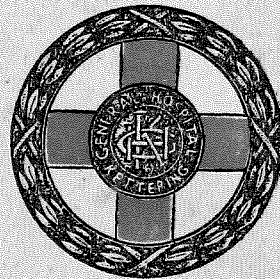


# OBSERVATION



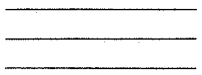
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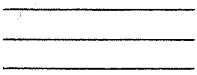
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**PAUL TAYLOR,**

**1, Silver Street - Kettering.**

No. 2. Vol. 1.

JANUARY, 1951.

## OBSERVATION.

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

### EDITORIAL.

It is with something akin to pride that we sit down to write our second editorial.

The response to the first issue of Observation can only be described as generous in every way, within a week of publication the last copy had been sold and a reprint more than half sold.

Not only have members of the staff given us a great deal of support but members of the committee, especially Mr. Lee, and old patients too have rallied to the call.

We offer all our readers our grateful thanks.

When you receive this magazine, Christmas will be over but as we write the season which as most of you know begins in hospital about December 1st and goes on until the second week in January, is now in full swing and the usual rush and bustle of getting ward decorations and Christmas fare ready with the usual great secrecy, is keeping us all very busy.

Each year about this time excitement rises as the time for the medal list to "go up" draws near, this year was no exception and we should like to extend on behalf of all the nurses, sincere congratulations to Nurse J. Cook, who won the Gold Medal, congratulations also to Nurse M. Maxfield, Silver Medal, and Nurse R. McClusky, Bronze Medal.

A new year, new resolutions (usually forgotten in a few days) new opportunities for each of us, and let us not forget that each of us has a responsibility to the whole and resolve to play our part in such a way that 1951 will not be only a promise but a fulfilment of better things than 1950 has been.

A very happy New Year to you all.

## BAVARIAN HOLIDAY.

It is possible to spend an interesting and exciting holiday almost anywhere, according to the type of person one is and the opportunities the place chosen has to offer. I found my fortnight in Bavaria quite the most enjoyable time I have ever spent—everything was new and strange—the food, the people, the country—even the weather, instead of being a rather dull topic of conversation, became novel and interesting.

We travelled through France, halting for one evening in Paris. The first impression one gets of Paris is 'noise'—screaming brakes and hooting horns—and the second 'speed'—every driver seems to have an ambition to pass the one in front and the result is 'confusion worse confounded.' We felt that five hours of this was quite sufficient and left that same evening for Stuttgart.

After travelling all night, we reached Stuttgart. This city, although very shattered and scarred by war is still beautiful, and a very definite contrast to Paris. The trams run up and down the streets—very rattly and uncomfortable. We were taken up a steep, winding road, which badly needed repair, by one of them. But when we reached the top of the hill, we forgot our bruises in the enjoyment of a wonderful view.

How quickly the time passed. All too soon it was time to leave Stuttgart. This time we had to travel third-class—a very different proposition from third-class as we know it. Now I know why they call them 'cattle trucks.' They look like something from an old time 'Western'—the seats are wooden and the passage from one to another is an open platform.

At different times, we made our headquarters at Dinkelsbuhl, Greisalbach and Berchtesgaden.

Dinkelsbuhl is a picturesque old town, but appearances are deceptive. The houses, which appear to have stood for centuries, are large and modern when one penetrates the facade of antiquity. Intriguing features of these houses are pedals, one on each floor, which, when pressed, open the door. These are very useful gadgets, as the houses are three or four stories high.

Because of the number of refugees, there is a housing shortage similar to that which exists in this country. However, as has been said, the houses are large and seem to have an endless number of rooms, so that several families live in one house fairly comfortably.

While we were staying in this quaint old town, the American representative for that area invited us to supper. This was no conventional meal, but a picnic round a camp fire. In the gathering dusk, we toasted 'hot dogs' and marshmallows, and sang songs—English, German and American. The favourite English tune was 'One man went to now.'

Greisalbach is a small village having only about six houses. We stayed outside the village in a house on the edge of the forest. The woods are lovely and we found a river nearby where we swam and sun-bathed on a raft.

At Berchtesgaden, which is in a valley near the Austrian border, we had our first adventure in mountain climbing. I could not attempt to describe the scenery—the mountains and the valley—the snow and the trees—and to crown it all a wonderful sunset on the evening of our arrival. The sky's colour was echoed faintly by the rocks and it seemed that that evening we were wearing the proverbial rose coloured spectacles.

All good things come to an end and so did our holiday; but before writing 'finis' to this account of my Bavarian holiday, I must add that the people whom we met, both in France and Germany were most kind and helpful, and we enjoyed immensely meeting them all.

P.G.

## HOSPITAL LIBRARY.

The new books have now arrived and are available for distribution. The following are a selection of books suitable for general reading.

<i>Author.</i>	<i>Title.</i>
Makin	"Money"
Inns	"Of Court"
Hooper	"The Cougher"
Fox...	"So Cunning"
Cook	"A Meal"
Hobbs	"Kettles Rest"
Lees	"Dregs of Wine"
Beatty	"About the Bush"
Bentley	"Car de Luxe"
Marshall	"The Plan"
Maber	"I'm Wrong"
Barras	"M"
McEwilly	"Weighty Scotsman"
Carter	"Pater, Son"
Cobb	"Nuts"
Moralee	"Sound"

"SHEEP."

## CAREY HOUSE HOSTESS.

Wishing to make our magazine as interesting as possible we thought we could do no better than call on Miss Tupholme, our hostess at Carey house and ask her for an interview.

This we did with the following result.

We discovered that her life had been fairly uneventful up to the time she joined the A.T.S. She was commissioned just before the outbreak of war and ended her career in the army as a chief instructor of N.C.O.s. Between the beginning and the end, however, she managed to pack in quite a lot of activities apart from work.

Miss Tupholme spent 3½ years at Chilwell, the biggest Ordnance Depot in the country. There she was in command of a company of A.T.S. and enlightened their otherwise dull, stale and unprofitable existence by running a Dramatic Society. Here she told us what sounded like an exceedingly tall story, but which she said was perfectly true. Being in a London Hotel one day, she recognised the manager as one of her colleagues at Chilwell and sent a message to him to ask him if he remembered Chilwell, 1943 and 'Night Must Fall'—he not only remembered but actually produced the programme of that play. 'This,' Miss Tupholme remarked, 'goes to show how small the world is and how an undertaking like a Dramatic Society makes friends of all sorts of different people.'

In the field of sport, Miss Tupholme must have been a decided asset to her company for she captained the A.T.S. Barninton Team and played tennis for the A.T.S. and for the British Army Team which toured Germany.

In 1946 she was de-mobbed and became secretary of the Leicestershire Tennis Club and was also elected County Tennis captain for Northants, which last office she still holds.

She became District Area organiser for Dr. Barnado's Homes and had been doing this some little time when an attack of appendicitis laid her low and brought her to K.D.G.H. Since then, her career is known to all of us—the very successful and charming hostess of Carey House.

## CHRISTMAS FESTIVITIES AT K.D.G.H.

As usual, Christmas was heralded by the chorus of 'I'm too busy to decorate my ward much this year,'—and the usual reaction to the carol practices—'I know those off by heart'; but also as usual, the wards looked very pretty and the carols were enjoyed by patients and staff alike.

Christmas Day was marked by a visit from the Salvation Army Band from Kettering and later in the day, a visit from S. Claus Esq. (presumably from Lapland). The children were all very well pleased with their presents and seemed to enjoy themselves immensely.

Boxing Day was rather quieter—until the evening when the nurses had their dinner. This seemed to give great satisfaction to all concerned and the shouts which nearly left the hospital roofless were sufficient proof of the prevailing high spirits.

The Concert and Prize-giving on Wednesday was received with enthusiasm by patients, staff and visitors. We congratulate the three prize winners—Nurses Cook, Maxfield, and McClusky on their achievement.

The speeches were admirably short and to the point—telling mostly of hoped-for improvements to the hospital.

'Tuppy's Follies' deserves a word of praise. The whole cast had obviously worked very hard to put over an extremely good show—and what is more, they looked as if they were enjoying it as much as the audience. Special mention must be made of the Can-Can (great applause for this item) and a very apt skit on hospital life in the form of a monologue—Sue Small. Sister Jackson who should have recited this was, unfortunately not well, and much though this was regretted, we feel that Miss Tupholme was a worthy substitute. The costumes—having according to the Programme, been begged, borrowed or stolen, are also worthy of mention—those in the Can-Can having to be seen to be believed—and all being very pretty.

The maids had their dinner on Thursday night. Three new maids T. O'Malley, D. Stubbington and G. Stoppa (extremely rough specimens from Ireland and White Chapel) who were new to their job and therefore could not go to the dinner added considerably to the gaiety of nations with their antics.

The concert was repeated on Friday in Spencer Ward—and Christmas was over. Alas—the poor sisters—no dinner for them! No need to moan. This and the Staff Dance was postponed till Thursday January 11th.

There was only one fly in the ointment—Matron was very regrettablely indisposed all this time. We had a good time but all felt that something was lacking. On going to press, we are pleased to announce that she is quite recovered and on duty, and we are all very pleased at this good news.

## HOSPITAL TRAINING—after Alice.

By A. JAY.

How doth the little ward-sister  
Improve the junior pro.  
And teach her each and every day  
To do things thus and so.

How cheerfully she seems to grin!  
How neatly spreads her claws!  
And takes the little nurses in  
With gently smiling jaws.

## THE INVENTORY.

(with apologies to Sister Cook).

Each week on Wednesday afternoons  
The Nurses to their kitchens go  
To lay out knives and forks and spoons  
With cups and saucers in a row.

Odd saucers from the 'Frig' are brought  
As all that's lost must now be sought  
The Breakage Box is brought in sight  
One piece of each makes numbers right.

" Oh where Oh where has that teaspoon gone ?  
Oh where Oh where can it be ?  
We know that all were here last night  
For we counted thirty-three.. "

The Sister says " It must be found "  
You Nurses all must look around  
Search all the lockers and Sugar Tins  
Or has it fallen behind the Bins ? "

" Are you ready ? " asks Sister Cook  
" Come now Nurse, where is the Book ? "  
With roving eye, she counts each one  
"Til faithfully her task is done.

## PRELIMINARY STATE EXAMINATION, PARTS I. AND II.

Congratulations—Nurse J. Stevenson.

### Part I.

Congratulations—Nurses Furche, Wardle, Bishop, Toop, Menthel,  
Burt.

### Part II.

Congratulations—Nurses Walsh, O. Barker, Gammon, Smith, Neeb,  
Jones.

## S.C.M. EXAMINATIONS, PARTS I. AND II.

Congratulations—Miss M. Whitney.

### PART I.

Congratulations—Miss D. Pears, Miss B. Loomes, Miss E. Nichol.  
All trained at K.D.G.H. and held appointments as Staff Nurses.

The meeting of the Royal College of Nursing was held on January 19th, the Kettering and District Branch were pleased to welcome Miss Gaywood from Headquarters and Miss Baly, our new Area Organiser.

Miss Gaywood gave an interesting and enlightening account of College activities, especially with regard to the Whitley Council.

On Monday, April 16th, 1951, it is hoped that Miss A. Gaywood will again address the College Meeting.

## THE STUDENT NURSES' ASSOCIATION.

There has been no active branch of this organisation (which is the Junior Branch of the Royal College of Nursing) in the Hospital for some time, but we hope to renew it. Already several nurses have sent in their application forms and we are expecting to see more.

In these days of Trade Unions and Professional Organisations it is essential that every nurse, student or trained, should belong to some such body and the Royal College of Nursing is almost the only organisation of this kind, run by nurses for the nurses. As the Student Nurses' Association is the Junior Branch of the College, every student nurse should see how very important it is that she should belong. All the things we hope for—better conditions, salaries, the right to sit on various committees and many others can only be won by team-work, i.e., through the recognised machinery of a Professional Association.

## N.A.I.G.O.

An inaugural meeting of the National Association of Local Government Officers was held on January 24th, 1951.

Guest Speakers at the meeting were: Mr. B. H. Bailey, East Midlands District Officer and Mr. J. Chaston, O.B.E., former Town Clerk of Kettering, Founder Member of the Association and Honorary Member of the National Executive Committee.



## MARRIAGES.

Mr. Peter Freeman to Miss Monica Read at St. James' Church, Thrapston, on September 15th, 1950.  
Miss Read is a Staff Nurse at this Hospital.

Mr. Raymond Pywell to Miss Dorothy Kirkman, at Toller Congregational Church, on December 2nd, 1950.  
Miss Kirkman was Maternity Ward Sister at St. Mary's Hospital.

Mr. Raymond J. Hewitt to Miss Betty M. Wilcock, at London Road Congregational Church, on December 16th, 1950.  
Miss Wilcock is a Staff Nurse at this Hospital.

Mr. Richard Salmarsh to Miss Violet Beary, at St. Botolph's Church, Barton Seagrave, on February 14th, 1951.  
Miss Beary was O.P.D. Sister at this Hospital.

Mr. Cyril Pascoe to Miss Margaret Draper, at Rockingham Road Baptist Church, on February 15th, 1951.  
Miss Draper trained here, won the Gold Medal and held an appointment as Staff Nurse.

We should like to extend a warm welcome to new members of the Staff in this Area :

St. Mary's Hospital :

Miss Booth, Assistant Matron.  
Miss Ross, Home Sister.

Wellingborough Park Hospital :  
Miss Turner, Home Sister.

Kettering and District General Hospital :  
Miss Parry, Casualty.

We regret that the Magazine is late being published. K.D.G.H. was not exempt from 'Flu.'

All 'copy' for the next Magazine to be sent to Dorothy E. Barker, General Hospital, please.

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