



LITTLE THINGS MATTER

If ever one stops to think of it, it's staggering how big a role the "little things", the small details, have in an organisation like ours. The omission of a small detail can slow the wheels of the organisation's machinery or hold up a scheme or schedule, however insignificant that schedule might be in itself. The incompleteness of an admission card or the incompleteness of a wages sheet can cause wholesale trouble in telephone calls or personal interruptions, and upset a great deal of work already finished - or so it seemed - and forgotten. It is also the small details, the small ways staff put themselves out to help fellow members of staff which oils so much of the works' machinery and organisation. The small details have an important part to play, more than they seem.

"Biter Bit"

ST. MARY'S STAFF CHRISTMAS REVUE "AT THE DROP OF A BRICK". DETAILS INSIDE -
MAKE SURE YOU DON'T MISS IT!

ST. MARY'S DINNER AND DANCE

We know Christmas is coming and the purses are feeling the pinch a bit but if you don't buy your tickets for the Dinner and Dance now it may be too late. They are 21s. Od. each but this is well worth it when you think what you will be getting. Remember that in December we shall throw the offer open to other hospitals in the Group so if you want to be sure of your ticket please buy now before they are all gone. Just to refresh your memory the date for the Dinner and Dance is Friday January 3rd at the Ritz Ballroom, Desborough. Tickets available from Brian Dev, Norma Brannan and Teresa Higgins. You have been warned!

WINTER

Winter is a robust thing. It is a touch of frost on a cold, cold day. The sound of sharp footsteps on a cold pavement. It is the way you feel when you jump out of bed and your body feels warm and your nose is cold. Winter is green holly leaves and red, red berries. It is mistletoe with that fresh kissed feeling. Winter is big grey clouds with lots of fluffy snow. That Christmas feeling and happiness too. It's when you say "Merry Christmas" and mean it. It's when God speaks of His newborn son and you can hear Him. It's winter.

NATIVITY TABLEAU

Nurses of Kettering and District Hospitals
invite you to see and hear

THE STORY OF CHRISTMAS

on Friday December 20th 1968 at 9.00 pm.
in The Recreation Hall, General Hospital
Collection for Save the Children Fund

BUREAUCRATIC BLUNDER!

Seen on an official form: I certify that I was admitted to
Hospital and ~~was~~^{died} discharged on Signed

SOCIAL CLUB DECEMBER DANCE

The Social Club will be holding a dance in the Nurses' Recreation Hall on Saturday 7th December, commencing at 8.30 p.m. till midnight. Dancing will be to the Model Five. Refreshments will be served and there will be a Bar. Tickets obtainable from General Office and X-Ray Department, General Hospital and General Office, Mrs. S. Marshall and Mrs. N. Brannan at St. Mary's. 5s. Od.

AS OTHERS SEE US

An! ces Anglais! You can spot them anywhere in a crowd far from their native land, especially on holiday. In the sun, they turn a vivid shade of pink; females wear bright floral dresses, males are commonly seen wearing shorts, slightly too long, and coloured shirts flapping in the breeze. They are mostly found sipping tea under a parasol, gazing at the sea. That was my first sight (some years ago now) of this species, known as "the English". Being married to an Englishman and having spent the best part of twelve years in England, I have come to know them a little better, though they can be very baffling at times! I still find most English people very reserved at first approach and until you know them very well; and getting to know them is another problem: "You must come and see us sometime", but without a precise invitation, it just is not the done thing, so I was told! But when you have made friends they are most warm and hospitable. English people are also very conservative, anything new is faced with a great deal of suspicion. How many actually "do as the Romans do" when abroad, especially about food? Any new system is greeted with groans and arguments all the way. Their nonchalance and apathy is most frustrating when a crisis is brewing up, but when the whole thing explodes in their faces they then are so efficient and sincere! What amazed me most when I first came to England was the queues! Rain or shine they seem to queue for almost everything and how patient and orderly they are! Hardly a murmur is heard, no matter how slow they advance. They dearly love their queen and country, but at the end of a performance they'll make a dash for the nearest exit, so as to avoid listening to the national anthem! So, on the whole, I think that once you get used to their funny little ways and their dreadful climate, England and the English people will always be a part of you. I have never regretted coming to England.

Mme. Rosee

W A N T E D !!!

DOLLS FOR CHRISTMAS DECORATION - ANY SIZE SHAPE OR FORM.
TO MRS. BUTLER, HOME WARDEN, NURSES' HOME.

OH MY

I've used that special toothpaste, that gives you a confidence ring,
I've used that Body Odour soap, that's supposed to make men cling,
I've used that lovely hair shampoo that gives you hidden body,
I've even used a cereal that's advertised by Noddy,
I've almost run out of everything so help me if you can,
Please someone tell how I can get a Tele Commercial ban.

GENERAL TRAINING IN 1932
OR
HOW LUCKY YOU ARE TODAY

Perhaps all young women - when contemplating a nursing career at some time or another - have a brief vision of themselves fulfilling a role of a Florence Nightingale or an Edith Cavell - it certainly crossed my mind - a feeling perhaps that I too might make the noble heights. Well, I started with bang anyway, arriving for the interview with Matron. I sailed through the FRONT ENTRANCE - used only by Royalty and the Hospital Governors. I left by the Back! Having achieved this spectacular 'Boob' and filled in all the forms - dealing with pedigree, educational ability, health, and spiritual leanings - also a most sinister document - that stated I could only leave if I died or got married (and one got the impression that both states were equally disgraceful) they on their part could throw me out for nearly anything! Having also begged and brow-beaten the most influential people I know to be my referees, surprisingly enough I was accepted. Then came 'fittings for uniform' - a material similar to pillow ticking - lower mid calf in length, a winsome cap, worn well down over the brow, covering hair and exposing ears, black woollen stockings and shoes gaily called "Gibsons", laced over the instep - actually I have never ceased to be grateful to this unglamorous leg wear - it certainly kept one on a pair of very comfortable feet - then and since. The Nurses' Home was surprisingly up to date, and after inspecting my room with its built-in furniture, and testing the bed (hard), I read the Rules hanging on the door - these embraced just about everything - all things I had ever wished to do or thought of doing were forbidden - including some things I hadn't thought about! The first morning, at 6.00 a.m. I was raised by the most unearthly din - the Rising Bell clanged by a savage young probationer - up and down the passages. Later, I too had this glorious task.

Breakfast at long tables - sitting in order of seniority - and you can guess where that put me. Then the ward postings for the new recruits. I had drawn Male Surgical - presided over by the Terror of the Hospital. "Poor old you" they laughed. Actually, after she had torn my appearance and character to shreds and beaten out all my resistance, we got on quite well, and she was a wonderful teacher - a perfectionist of course and a terrific disciplinarian - her opening gambit with new staff was this, this and this, and no "familiarity with the doctors". As they were just as scared of her as we were, that was an easy one. Needless to say I never emerged from the sluice for the first three months - black marble slabs, and huge porcelain bed pans with hollow handles all arranged in rows - so that Sister F. could peer down 'em to see if they were pure. My hands rapidly became a bright red from using the most powerful disinfectants - I perpetually smelt of Lysol. Not that it mattered - we never went out - days off were spent either in bed or in the lecture room. All lectures were generally fitted into the off duty hours. Many a morning after being up all night, did I sleep in the back row! One of the first things I learned was not to be careless with equipment - all breakages were paid for by the breaker!

S.R.N.

MOUSSAKA

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. minced meat, 2 tomatoes, 2 onions, and cook together by gently frying until tender, add one Oxo cube with as little liquid as possible and season. Lightly cook one pound of potatoes and slice. Place the mixture in between layers of potatoes, finishing with a layer of potatoes on top. To finish, make a cheese sauce: 1oz. plain flour, 1 oz. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ pt. milk and 1oz. finely grated cheese. Pour sauce over potatoes and bake in the oven for approx. 40 mins. Gas No. 4 or 5, electric 375° to 400° F.

OUR SERIAL:!!!

ELIXIR OF LIFE

To my utter amazement it was true. It was a perfect miniature of the plans concealed in a capsule for slimness. Hastily tucking the photo in my inner ear I grabbed the girl. "Enough of these pleasantries" she said, "we have no time. We must make an exchange - my husband for the plans." "We dare not do that. Think of the outcome" I said. "Half of the staff of St. Mary's will be out of work, the Unions would never stand for it." So hastily removing my shoe and my false toe-nail and getting my miniature two-way radio I called up my assistant and asked him if there was any news. He said "There has been movement at the Path. Lab." So off we went, not speaking a word until we arrived outside. Stopping to get my Laser gun and removing my middle finger to screw it into place, I said to her "Come on Dungy". I called her that because she has a face like a heap. As we turned the corner we were taken completely unawares and bundled into the back of a van. "Ha-ha" a voice from the gloom said. "We will give you an amnesia injection so that you forget everything." Everything went black and when I came to I was lying in a cot-like bed. I tried to get up but couldn't. "Oh no!" I screamed. "They have made a mistake. We've had the wrong injection and we are in the Maternity Unit!" I peered into the next cot and there was a dungy, a red-faced squalling baby the same as me.

SEND YOUR SEQUEL TO PULSE TO CONTINUE THE SERIAL.

THE COMPUTER REPLIES:

ACHTUNG! ALLES LOOKENSPEEPERS

Das Computenmaschine is nicht fur gefingerpoken und mittengraben. Ist easy schnappen der springerwerk, blowenfusen, und poppenoorken mit spitsensparken. Ist nicht fur gewerken by das dummkopfen. Das rubber-necken sightseeren keepen hands in das pockets-relaxen und watch das blinkenlights.

Blinken-Blinken B000000MMM !!!!!

W A N T E D

SELF-CONTAINED UNFURNISHED FLAT IN KETTERING AREA, FOR TWO PEOPLE. PLEASE RING KETTERING 4408 IF YOU CAN OFFER ANYTHING SUITABLE.

TRAVELLING TRUNK REQUIRED. STATE PRICE AND SIZE, TO DR. BRITTEN, ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

FLOWERING TRAILING PLANTS FOR THE HOME

There are many flowering trailing plants that are suitable for the home, although most of them are rarely seen in shops and nurseries. So I will concentrate on the plants that are most common. Probably the most popular trailers are Columnea Banksu. This has small dark green leaves with beautiful scarlet, trumpet shaped flowers. It needs plenty of light but not direct sunshine. A warm room is essential to keep this plant in good condition. Regular liquid feeding during spring, summer and autumn is beneficial. Ater plant regularly keeping just moist. Pot on in the spring only. Another plant that is gaining popularity is Hypocyrta Glabra which has dark shining leaves and curious orange yellow flowers and deserves to be far more popular than it is at present. It will flower two or three times a year, but even when not in flower it is a most attractive trailer. It should be kept rather dryer than most other plants, although it does benefit from regular liquid feeding. Keep away from draughts and direct sunshine and keep in a warm room. Epioea Diantliflora is another nice trailing plant which grows on the same principle as Mother of Thousands but has frilled white flowers. This plant also needs a warm room and keep just moist, with regular liquid feeding. Begonia Glaucophylla is another beautiful plant producing its brick red flowers in the Autumn, it has glossy pointed foliage and if looked after, will last many years. Keep moist at all times, in a warm, draught-free room away from direct sunshine. Regular liquid feeding is desirable Next month variegated trailing plants for the home.

"Red finger"

KIDDIES' CORNER

The Little Red Bus and the Rainy Day

One morning, when the little red bus woke up he could hear a funny noise on the roof of his garage home. It was a sort of soft banging all the time. He was most puzzled. When Joe his driver came to fetch him, he was dressed in the most odd manner. He had a huge black mackintosh which reached nearly to his Wellington boots. On his head he wore a flat dark green cap. Really he did look funny. "Whatever is the funny noise?" broomed the bus as Joe climbed into his seat. "You'll soon see", said Joe, "it's raining well today". Well the bus gingerly went through the doors as he didn't know what rain was. He soon found out. As soon as he got outside he heard "Plip, plop" on his roof. Then Joe started the windscreen wipers and they went "Swoosh, Swoosh" all the time. As his wheels began to move forward they went "Splash" through the puddles. It was most musical. At the bus stop, there was a crowd of people waiting for him to take them to work. A lot of ladies had umbrellas and when they got into the bus they dripped "Drip, drip, drip, drop" onto the floor and made small puddles. Off went the bus through the puddles with raindrops "plip plopping on his roof. "Swoosh swoosh went the windscreen wipers and "Drip drop" went the umbrellas. At the factories all the people got off and bus turned round and then went to collect the children for school. The children were playing in the puddles in their Wellington boots. They clambered into the bus and started to sing songs about the rain. Off the bus went again, the windscreen wipers going "Swoosh swoosh", the wheels going "Splash splash" and the raindrops "Plip, plop plopping" on the roof. When he had delivered the children to school, it was time to fetch the mothers to do the shopping. There was a big queue of ladies at the bus stop nearly all with umbrellas. On they climbed grumbling about the wet day. Off the bus went yet again very musically this time, for the umbrellas were "Drop, drip, dripping" and the raindrops were "Plip, plop, plip, plopping". They dropped all the ladies off in the high street and then Joe said "Well little bus we've earned a rest now. I'll take you back home for a rest as it is such a bad day". He drove the bus into the garage and went to have a cup of tea. The bus dozed off as he had worked very hard in the rain. When Joe woke him up everything sounded very quiet. As he came out of his garage he saw the sun was shining. The puddles had dried up so his wheels no longer went "Splash, splash". He didn't need his windscreen wipers going "Swoosh, swoosh" and the rain didn't go "Plip, plop" on his roof. In a way he was rather sad but the sun was nice and warm. "Anyway", he told himself, "it will rain another day".

Overheard at the fireworks display by small boy aged about four. "That will be God say, all the stars are falling down"

* St. Mary's Leading Newsheet