



Open Day
Souvenir Programme
and Magazine

GRASSINGTON
HOSPITAL



I/3

Saturday, July 20th, 1957

. . . Open Day Attractions . . .

TREASURE HUNT (£5 Note)

TOMBOLA

GRAND BOWLING COMPETITION

DARTS CLOCK GOLF SKITTLES

THREAD THE RING (Test for Nerves)



Stalls, Provisions, Cakes, Fancy Goods, Toys, Children's Garments
and Knitted Goods



Get to know your Local Hospital

Conducted Tours Questions invited

Refreshments available

Dear Readers,

Many thanks for the gallant way you have coughed up the "dough" for this programme. We have tried to be lighthearted yet at the same time, give you some inkling of what really does go on in your local hospital.

I realise that all new ventures are open to much criticism, and so therefore, I say please be gentle. Should this effort, a "program," be a success and should the privilege not be abused, I personally think that with a few willing helpers? and the blessing of the powers that be, it is quite within our scope to run a magazine.

Farewell my friends.

THE EDITOR.

GRASSINGTON HOSPITAL.

In the early years of this century, there were thousands of patients known to be suffering from open or infectious tuberculosis, for whom no provision whatsoever was made, and it became increasingly obvious that the establishment of some organisation to cope with the problem was imperative. Authority had to act, and in 1912 tuberculosis was made a notifiable disease in England. At the same time, profiting from the example of the dispensary established in Edinburgh by Sir Robert Phillip in 1887, many localities set up centres on similar lines, the main functions of which were diagnosis and allocation of patients to Sanatoria, but which also provided certain limited facilities for outpatient treatment.

In 1921, following the discharge from the Army of many tuberculous ex-soldiers requiring supervision, responsibility for the treatment of tuberculosis was placed in the hands of local government authority. It was at this period that Bradford Corporation opened their Sanatorium at Grassington. Bradford has been in the forefront in many ventures and they were very early off the mark in their efforts to combat tuberculosis—in fact they did not wait for the command from the Government, for the Sanatorium was opened in 1919.

Bradford City Sanatorium, as Grassington Hospital used to be called before the introduction of the National Health Service in 1948, was a model of its kind. Representatives of many other local authorities and doctors from many parts of the country, and indeed the world, came to study this place which could accommodate 152 patients—52 men, 52 women and 48 children. So many other authorities had simply converted old buildings for their Tuberculosis Hospitals or Sanatoria, but Bradford decided to provide itself with a proper Sanatorium from the start, and the present Hospital is the result.

Throughout the years, Grassington Hospital which, following the addition of an Emergency Hospital at the beginning of the war, now has 208 beds for the treatment of men and women suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis, has served the needs of Bradford and since 1948 has also been admitting patients from Shipley, Keighley, Skipton and the Dales. Pleasantly situated in rural surroundings in picturesque Upper Wharfedale, it commands a lovely view of the Dale and is an ideal Institution for the recovery of patients suffering from tuberculosis. It has seen the vast changes in treatment which have taken place from the days when most that could be done was to give the patient rest and relaxation in those beautiful surroundings and hope for the best, to the present day when, with the great advances in treatment due to the introduction of chemotherapy and antibiotics, the death rate has fallen to infinitesimal proportions.

Although the death rate has fallen dramatically, the number of new cases arriving at the clinics still presents a problem and for years to come, Grassington Hospital will have to carry on its work of caring for those suffering from tuberculosis. Gradually however, as the beds empty, they will be put to good use for the treatment of other chest diseases, particularly chronic bronchitis and allied disorders. Many of those patients who have an acute flare-up of their disease will benefit greatly from a period in a Hospital such as this, and it will then truly become a Chest Hospital, which name could really be applied to it even now.

R.S.D.

We hear that the Whitley Council are re-considering the salaries paid to Nursing Staffs. Grassington male staff have suggested the following:

Two hours work,
Ten hours play,
Twelve hours sleep,
And five quid a day.

AND THE BEST OF LUCK!!

ANON.

Hard Earned Wages

by *Im. A. Painter.*

An artist was employed to re-touch some great oilpaintings in an old Belgian Church and rendered an account of £12 4s. 4d. for his services. The Church Wardens, however, required a detailed account and the following was duly presented :

	£	s.	d.
To correcting the Ten Commandments	1	1	4
„ Renovating Heaven and readjusting the stars	1	8	9
„ Touching up Purgatory and restoring lost souls	2	11	4
„ Embellishing Pontius Pilate and putting new bow on his bonnet	1	5	6
„ Mending the shirt of the Prodigal Son, and cleaning his car		12	6
„ Washing servant of the High Priest, and putting carmine on his cheeks		13	3
„ Putting ear-rings in Sarah's ears	1	0	3
„ Decorating Noah's Ark and putting new heads on animals	1	2	11
„ Brightening up the flames of Hell and doing odd jobs for the damned	1	10	7
„ Putting new tail and comb on St. Peter's rooster		17	11
	£12 4 4		

Frolics with the Planets

By *Nystagnus.*

This month for all.

Capricorn (Dec. 21—Jan. 20).—A full and happy month. Warning to those born between December 31st and January 1st. It is essential to breathe all day on the 13th, otherwise, ill luck will befall.

Aquarius (Jan. 21—Feb. 19).—Apollo is in ascendancy over Venus—therefore, it is better to carry an umbrella than get wet. No. 13 will be lucky for some, but for those born on February 8th, it is more lucky should they be all draws on the Treble Chance.

Pisces (Feb. 20—Mar. 20).—A cold month for lovers. (Suggest hot water bottle carried in each raincoat pocket). For the married, a slightly better month, i.e., only 28 days.

Aries (Mar. 21—April 20).—A fickle month for all. To avoid disappointment stay at home, discourage visitors or eat garlic T.D.S.

Taurus (April 21—May 20).—Warmer period for those born in the shadow of Taurus, providing winter woollies are kept on. A better month for lovers in spite of lighter nights. Grass is frequently dry.

Gemini (May 21—June 20).—Work is a pleasure for you people according to the Planets and the M.P.s. It also shows that people born June 1—10 will be unlucky if knocked down and run over by a 'bus.

Cancer (June 21—July 21).—All born under Cancer are warned to keep both eyes open this month. There is danger of accidents unless.

Leo (July 22—Aug. 22).—To follow your nose is a good idea this month. Those seeking a mate will find it difficult if they lose their heads.

Virgo (Aug. 23—Sept. 21).—This month is important to you all. Every day has to be lived if you wish to survive. If you fail to see the new moon through glass, your windows need cleaning.

Libra (Sept. 22—Oct. 21).—For you a frustrating month. If already married, it is unwise to repeat the venture unless you like jail. If single, stay single, and teach your sons the same.

Scorpio (Oct. 22—Nov. 20).—This is your lucky month should you (a) have survived our summer weather, (b) continue to breathe, and (c) not get run over.

Sagittarius (Nov. 21—Dec. 20).—If your money burns a hole in your pocket, don't keep it in your sock. Money is foremost in your thoughts this month (as ever).

Smile Awhile Section

A man stopped at an outdoor cafe and ordered a cup of coffee. Just to be polite, he said "Looks like rain, doesn't it?" "Well," snapped the testy proprietor, "it tastes like coffee, doesn't it?"

After a lengthy examination, the doctor told the patient that rest was the answer to his illness. "The best thing for you to do," said the doctor solemnly, "is to give up drinking, smoking, get up early in the morning and go to bed early at night." The tired gentleman looked up at the man of medicine. "Somehow," he said, "I don't deserve the best. What's second best?"

A woman approached an assistant at a fruit stall and asked for a pound of grapes. "My husband is very fond of them," she said, "but tell me, do you know if they have been sprayed with any kind of poison?" "No, ma'am," replied the assistant, "You'll have to get that at the chemist's shop."

Advertisement in the *Daily Mail*: "Applications are invited for superintendent for the making of Nurses' Uniforms. Successful candidates must have knowledge of upholstery."

One Easter Sunday, one of the farmer's small sons filled a chicken coop with eggs dyed every colour of the rainbow. The rooster took one look at the dazzling display, ran straight out into the yard and killed the peacock.

I was standing at the perfume counter in a large store when an elderly man came up. He was so conservatively dressed in a dark blue suit that I was surprised when he picked up one of the scent sprays containing sample perfume and gave himself a couple of squirts. With a wink in my direction he remarked "Like to keep my wife guessing," and went on his way.

Did you hear how one small boy debunked the talk about the painless dentist in his district? "He's not painless at all," said the youngster. "He put his finger in my mouth, so I bit it, and he yelled like anyone else."

Teeth, or the lack of teeth, play an integral part these days in the policy of the medical profession. This week I met a gentleman who has, for some time past, been in poorish health. He visited a Specialist for the purpose of remedying this. The specialist, he assures me, took one look at him and said "I can't do a thing for you until you have had all your teeth out." "All my teeth out?" repeated my friend. "All your teeth out," repeated the doctor. "Very well" said my friend with a gesture of resignation, at which he took out both sets, top and bottom, and laid them on the doctor's table.

Did you hear about Paddy trying to drive a nail into the wall head end first. "The man who made this nail put the head on the wrong end" he grumbled. "Don't be silly" said Joe Kennedy, "that nail was made for the wall on the opposite side of the room."

No marriage can be perfect. Even Adam and Eve raised Cain.

Film Star — "You should be ashamed of yourself, Betty, asking for a new daddy to play with. You've had three already this year."

A patient was being questioned by a psychiatrist. "Tell me what you dream about at night." "Cricket" replied the patient. "Don't you ever dream about anything else?" "No, I just dream about cricket, night after night." The Psychiatrist was puzzled. "You don't ever dream about girls?" "What!" screamed the patient, "and miss my turn to bat?"

"Is the doctor in?" "No sir." "Do you know when he'll be back?" "No sir, he's gone on an eternity case."

A Naval recruit lost his rifle on the firing range. When told that he would have to pay for it, he protested "Supposing I was driving a Naval lorry and somebody stole that, would I have to pay for it?" He was informed that he would have to pay for all Government property he lost. "Now" said the recruit, "I know why the Captain always goes down with his ship."

Johnny. "There were several negroes going down a lane with a dead body. Where do you think they were going?"

Tommy. That's easy. Blackberrying!"

When we were settled in the train taking us on our honeymoon my husband said "This is the first Saturday I've ever missed a match." Coyly I asked, "Perhaps you would like to go back then?" "No" he replied, after careful consideration. "In any case, we'd be too late for the kick-off now."

We invite readers to submit their own funny stories to our "Smile Awhile" section. — Come on and share your laughs.

T.B. JOTTINGS

By T. B. CULOSIS

One T.B. germ to another — "Don't come too close to me dear, I've got a bad dose of Strep."

OBITUARY NOTICE IN THE LOBAR CAVITY TIMES.

We wish to announce the death of a T.B. germ who, whilst venturing into a bronchiole got a whiff of I.N.A.H. concentrated with P.A.S. and whilst groggy was killed by a shot of Strep.

ADVERTISEMENT FROM T.B. BUG'S BANNER.

Emigrants wanted and welcomed. Please apply to the mouth of our host who has developed the habit of not covering his mouth when he coughs. Also free trips via sputum and other bad habits.

TWO EXTRACTS FROM "MANUAL OF INSTRUCTIONS TO T.B. GERMS."

"It is essential upon entering a new "body" to first cause the patient to worry. This sets off a chain of circumstances highly beneficial to our organisation. i.e. worry causing loss of appetite with a general weakening leading to total surrender."

"Rest is one of our most virile enemies. Therefore, if we can cause our Host to be restless, dissatisfied and uneasy, we shall be given free lifts around the system enabling us to attack and consolidate in all areas."

IN CONSOLATION. ONE LAST THOUGHT.

If the Strep hurts you, you great big chunk of humanity, just think what it does to the poor T.B. germ.

A "T.B. ALPHABET."

- A is for Anxiety, try to allay. Also for appetite must cultivate.
- B is for Boredom, try to avoid.
- C is for Cigarettes. This is a sore point. To cut down is better and cheaper for you.
- D is for Drink, of milk in abundance, of Beer in restraint.
- E is for Energy, try to conserve.
- F is for Freedom which will return when you are well.
- G is for Getting Well, which, with care, you will.
- H is for Hansell, who will show you the way.
- I is for I.N.A.H. also for Injection.
- J is for Jabs, of them you get many.
- K is for Kissing, not done unless negative.
- L is for Lungs, take care of what's left.
- M is for Mouth, please cover when coughing.
- N is for Night, the time for sleeping.
- O is for Orders, the doctors obey.
- P is for P.A.S., that horrible drink.
- Q is for Questions. When in doubt, please ask.
- R is for Rest, you can't have too much.
- S is for Strep, you very best friend.
- T is for Time, for you're in no hurry.
- U is for the "Up" that you long to be.
- V is for Vulnerable. That you certainly are so try to avoid coughs and colds.
- W is for worry, don't. It may never happen.
- X is for X-Ray that tells you the truth.
- Y is for You. That we have at heart.
- Z is for whatever you like (I'm stuck).

Fun in Hospital

By Sister Scope. Our Theatre Sister.

It isn't often that I have to stay in Hospital as a patient. However, due to a ruptured blood vessel caused by making myself heard in the Sisters' sitting room, I had that privilege. First, the doctor sent me to bed and told me that I must not talk. A pad and pencil being supplied for communication.

My handwriting is like a mixture of a Panel Doctor's prescription and Arabic.

After settling in I rung for nurse and handed her the pad, on which I had requested a sip of cold water. This simple and harmless note had far reaching consequences.

My bed was re-arranged, the Matron arrived and said that even though I was a member of the staff I could definitely not sleep without pyjamas, and that my parents would be advised of my queer ideas.

My next effort with the pad, I wanted a drink of tea, produced first cocoa, then a cup of soup and finally a nurse to take me to the toilet.

The morning after admission, the Lab. bloke came to take a sample of my blood. First he pricked my finger then my ear. And finally with a large sized syringe took a bucketful from my arm. I'm sure he must be keeping an anaemic girl friend."

Later on in the day, I ask the house doctor for the result of the blood tests. He told me not to worry though my Hb. was high. My cell count normal and group was "O". I have since wondered if they found any blood in the test.

Working in hospital myself, I have always had faith in the doctors, but when the specialist arrived and had me skip for five minutes before he listened to my heart and lungs, then said he didn't like what he heard, I was sure he was slipping for I know I was alright before the exercise.

After asking if my throat was sore and receiving my answer that it was, he asked if I had had a sore throat before and I answered yes. His comment was to the fact that I had got one again.

More next time. (ED.)

Guston Gertie's Gossip

Hello, friends and future enemies. Here is your reputable reporter reporting.

We hear that the Government have opened a new training centre for foreign office staff at the local Hospital.

"Spanish," according to the dictionary, is an edible confection. Is that why the patients refer to the orderly as a tasty bun?

Our "Hello Girl" has pulled the strings we hear and will soon be spliced.

We hear that our Kockney Kook has met his match in tall stories.

Tutor Prof. Kay has offered the War Office his Atom Cycle as a future secret weapon. I did hear that he passed a hiker on the road the other day. It was downhill and the wind was helping him along.

Kennedy's Klinics Ko-operated are still heavily attended, or so we hear from Stiff Nurse 'K'. Don't worry, dear lady, if you are working your fingers to the bone. Remember the old Yorkshire saying that "the nearer the bone, the sweeter the meat."

I understand that application has been made to the Parish Council for the erection of a tea bar at the new bus station. Now I know why Mrs. 'S' has had her wall lowered.

I wonder why the Night Sister Sole Charge keeps cats, and is she often accused of putting them amongst the pigeons.

Mr. Staff Nurse 'Ken' has developed a new type of car engine. Runs without plugs, I hear.

This is all for now, friends. Yours nosily, *GUSTON GERTIE*.

Grassington

By E.M.D. Ward D.

G is for grounds, which are so big.
R are the rules, for which we don't care a fig
A is for the angels who nurse us so well
S for the Sisters who raise Merry Hell.
S once again for the students from Spain
I is injections that leave us in pain.
N is for night staff, who we like a lot.
G are the grumbles, which never do stop
T is the Therapas both chalky and white
O is the Ovaltine we get each night
N is the last one, but I've not struck
Put the letters together and you'll know where I'm stuck.

Whilst visiting Ward C with some case papers, I came across Paddy Hallinan holding his thumb.

"What's the matter Paddy?" I asked.

"Shure, Oive hit me thumb with the hammer" he replied.

"Oh! hard luck. Does it hurt terribly?" I asked.

"Shure, an it's not so bad" he replied. "It would have been much worse if I had been holding the hammer wid both hands."

A Scotsman about to leave India was approached by his highly unsatisfactory servant for a letter of recommendation. He pondered a while then wrote "To whom it may concern. The bearer of this note, Raju Ram, has served me this last two years to his complete satisfaction. If you are thinking of giving him a berth, be sure to make it a wide one."

The other night, a wife whose husband had arrived home after a few drinks too many, was more than somewhat irritated. "If this was the first time, Max, I could forgive you, but you came home like this one night in March 1916, and I think you are beginning to make a habit of it."

Promotion

By I. THINK.

At last the doctor says to you
You're on Grade 3, thats something new.
Each day to do your very best
For none other than "Staff West."

Each day, a little task he'll give
To clean the place in which you live,
To keep it spotless is the test
For none other than "Staff West."

On balconies, both up and down,
Just do your best or else he'll frown
I promise you, though all in jest,
Your job won't satisfy "Staff West."

Remember how the Matron looks,
And he must keep in her good books;
So apply yourself with bags of zest—
For none other than "Staff West."

And though your progress may be slow,
As up and down the bunks you go;
Just keep right on, and never rest,
For none other than "Staff West."

When first you came, he did his whack,
And now it's time to pay him back;
You'll find it's like a small conquest,
To satisfy our friend "Staff West."

Don't flick your cigs on annexe floors,
As this is one of nurses chores;
Altho' its done without being pressed,
By none other than our friend "Staff West."

And one last point I have to tell,
Don't do your little task too well;
Or for the Staff you'll get a test,
And find for life a friend, "Staff West."

THE INMATES (Or what's left)

By A. SURVIVOR.

If to Grassington you've been
It's very likely you have seen
The patients strolling round and round
Enjoying natures clean surround.

Of course you cannot help but wonder,
If somewhere there has been a blunder
As some others look awful fit,
Until the Doctors test their spit.

There's the long, the short, the fat, the thin
In fact with some it is a sin
To dress them up and turn them out,
With all this Clean, Fresh Air about.

There's Derek "H". Now there's a man
Just see the height, and what a span,
His arms I mean and not his chest,
He's hardly there when he's undressed.

And Arthur Rigby's quite a boy,
And nothing gives him quite the joy,
To strip and show you half his chest—
But only half—the rest went west.

Now Harry "R" is near complete,
The doctor gave him quite a treat,
He said "One rib is all you'll give
With any more I doubt you'll live."

And of course there's our friend, Clarry,
With him the Doctors dilly dally,
But weekly "P.P's" neath his vest,
Will make you think he's got a chest.

Then I remember Nobby Clark,
Now nature here plays quite a lark,
Altho' I think it quite unfair,
To call that mop on top his hair.

And passing round you'll get a treat,
If perchance that you should meet ;
The man the girls all go to
When they are short of H₂O.

If you should meet with Henry "L,"
You will agree that he looks quite well ;
And should he pause just for a while,
You're bound to see that Odol smile.

Of course Carl Mitchell's quite a lad,
And here I think its rather sad ;
He tells a tale and cracks a joke,
But not the kind for gentle folk.

But here alas I must conclude,
And trust I won't be thought too rude ;
If your name I didn't rhyme,
But once again its resting time.

And well we know, or should by now,
If we don't rest there'll be a row ;
And then with verse I would arrive,
With cases packed, down yonder drive.

IN APPRECIATION

By the same guy.

What makes a nurse ? is question that you might often ask
What makes them choose this life so strange, and settle with each daily task ?
No doubt through life you will have met them, and you will agree
They're very much like angels, who serve humanity.

You've heard of Florence Nightingale, as oft her tale is told,
But every day there's someone, if their story you'd unfold,
Whose life is given with little thanks, to help both you and me
At every call you'll see them run to serve Humanity.

Today of course there's Him and Her. It makes no difference why
When you are sick, you can depend that to your side they'll fly,
They'll cheer you up, refill life's cup, you cannot help but see
The LORD Himself gives strength to those who serve Humanity.

So if misfortune comes you way, and for a while you'll need
A nurse's hand to give you strength, there is no need to plead
It's there, just for the asking. A service given free
By those who know just what it means, to serve Humanity.

ATTENTION ALL GUSTONITES

Should a white coat suddenly appear out of the gloom—look again—it may be a Male Nurse. Treat him gently. He is responsive to kindness and will probably be tired.

A Short History of Grassington Village

By A. Native.

Rumour will have it that Grassington was founded by the Saxons. I must give lie to this theory.

The name Grassington is derived from the old Bradford term "Grazingtown." In other words Grassington was the place to where the Bradford people farmed out their unwanted wives and husbands.

Another name for Grassington is Guston, and one can easily understand where this name came from. Any faint breeze appears to gain strength when it approaches the village and becomes a veritable gale.

1066. Grassington is mentioned in the Domesday Book as being a thriving township of nearly 150 souls. To date, I would say that at least 100 of those would appear to have been lost. At the time of the reformation, Grassington was noted for the building of a town hall (not a stone altered since). At about the time of Clive of India, a famous person resided here. Her name was Guston Gertie. She is noted for her tales. Of the babes in the woods, or as we now know, the stories "Blue belles don't bloom when picked in Grass Woods."

1930. A new type of dish was popular with the local SPARKS? "Sanpie" And many local lads have married a nurse, to nurse a grievance evermore.

Also about this time, following the example of a famous French village, "Clochemerle," it was decided to build a public amenity on the Square. In view of the trouble that arose in that fair village in France, our wise and trusty councillors built our amenities underground.

In 1936, it was decided to illuminate the village and at great cost, two of the new-fangled oil lamps were purchased. Both street lamps are still in use, regardless of the increased price in paraffin.

1937. It was decided that some modern form of entertainment was required to be held to suppress the local sport of "picking the bluebell," and in 1939 a Lantern and a stock of Slides was installed in the town hall.

Following the 1939-45 war, I hear that the lantern and slides have been replaced by a new-fangled thing called "The Kinematograph." I'm even led to believe that the thing talks, but I ask you, can you imagine a machine talking?

In modern times, Grassington is a thriving, modern, and up-to-date cosmopolitan community.

People from as far as Threshfield and Hebden have settled in the village. And then we have the Spanish, Italian and other races working amongst us and living in the district. So now, we would expect that to be a villager one would only have to wait one generation instead of the usual century.

So, with progress being their watchword, the people of Grassington can look forward with all the confidence of having now won their spurs.

SOME DEFINITIONS

Also by I. NO. ALL.

BOY	A noise with dirt on it.
JEALOUSY	The friendship one woman has for another.
HOME	The place where we are treated the best and grumble the most.
CONSCIENCE	An inner voice that warns us that somebody is looking.
SAXOPHONE	An ill wind that nobody blows good.
MIDDLE-AGED	A person ten years older than you are.
A LIE	(Small Boy's version). An abomination to the Lord, and an ever present help in trouble.