

PEOPLE AND PLACES – MEMORIES OF WORKING IN THE NHS IN NOTTINGHAM.

I started working in the NHS in Cheshire in 1967 and moved to Nottingham in 1972. From 1972 until 1979, when I left Nottingham for Lincolnshire, I worked at the Nottingham Children's Hospital, the Cedars Hospital, the General Hospital and the University Hospital (QMC).

These are my memories of those hospitals and some of the people I worked with. I have used real names in all cases except where it may be embarrassing or cause distress for the person concerned or their relatives.

I accept that as this is written from memory there may be errors or omissions.

If you want to know what I am up to now find me on Facebook or email me at moss_jim@hotmail.com.

PART 1

NOTTINGHAM CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL. 1972 – 1975



Nottingham Children's Hospital, Forest House

My memories of my time at the Children's Hospital are still very vivid even after over 40 years. This may be because it was a wrench moving away from the family home in very rural Cheshire to a large and busy city.

I arrived at the Children's Hospital in the spring of 1972, aged 24, to take up the job of a Higher Clerical Officer (HCO) in the General Office. I think this equates to a Band 3/4 in the current NHS pay scales. The job was a new post that grouped all the financial jobs in the hospital with one person. My wife will confirm that I am hopeless with money but somehow I managed to muddle through with only a few critical comments from the hospital auditors.

MY ARRIVAL – DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS

When I first arrived in Nottingham I was given temporary accommodation in the staff residences at the nearby Nottingham Hospital for Women on Peel Street. My room was on a floor which had a dozen similar rooms, all unoccupied, except for an accountant from the health authority. I lived very comfortably there without any domestic burdens. The finance chap and I shared a cheerful and efficient West Indian maid who took care of all the tidying and cleaning of our rooms, making beds and washing up breakfast pots. At that time I was also traveling back to Cheshire at weekends where my mother would take care of my washing.

The administration at the Women's Hospital probably got the feeling that I was settling in for a long stay and soon put pressure on me to vacate my room. I put the usual advert 'Professional gentleman requires accommodation' in the Nottingham Evening Post and soon received a phone call from a Mrs. Clarke who invited me to meet her and her husband.

I went that same evening and it was not very long before I had moved in with them at 70 Wensley Road, Woodthorpe. I was only with them during the summer of 1972 but, they were a pleasure to live with and I was very sorry to leave. Mrs. Clarke was a gifted artist and I still have in my possession the still life oil painting she gave me when I moved out.

After I married in September 1972 my then wife and I moved initially, to a flat at 15 Villa Road (off Mansfield Road) and later to a house at 46 Gleneagles Drive, Arnold.

DINING

Having left the luxury of my mother's home cooking I had an immediate problem, as my cooking ability was limited to boiling an egg or opening a tin of baked beans. So whilst I had the room at the Women's Hospital and later when I lived with the Clarkes in Woodthorpe I would usually eat my evening meal in the doctor's dining room at the Children's hospital. This was a small wood paneled room next to the operating theatre. The food was good and coming from rural Cheshire this was the first time I had tasted real exotic foods. But times were changing, and after a few months the room was redecorated and became a place for parents of seriously ill children to stay.

With the loss of their private dining room the doctors had to use the main staff dining room. They did however, successfully keep one concession in that they were not required to pay immediately for their meals but were allowed to sign a book.



Staff Dining Room

One of my jobs was to take the information from this book and make up their monthly bills. Sometimes they would add a comment about the meal as they signed the book. I remember Mr Morrison, an orthopedic surgeon, writing 'meat as tough as old boots' after his signature on one occasion. After much amusing discussion in the office I added 'Please address your comments to the Catering Department' after his comment.

FOREST HOUSE

As with most old hospital buildings the Children's Hospital was a mixture of old and new buildings. Our office was in Forest House, probably the oldest part, which had in the distant past been a private town residence. The plaque in the main entrance explains that the building was donated by one Thomas Birkin. On one particularly quiet afternoon when no one was about I unscrewed the front from the plaque to look for a time capsule. Unfortunately there was nothing inside and I replaced the cover.



Commemorative Plaque

I see from Google Earth Street view that the hospital building is now an Islamic residential school for girls. From that organizations web site the exterior appears to be unchanged and internally I can still recognize some of the wards which have been converted to a library and study rooms. I think the old staff dining room is now a large prayer room which is quite a contrast to the flashing lights and loud music I remember from the occasional discos we held there.

The last time I went inside the children's hospital building was sometime in the 1990s when I went to a NHS meeting. The building was then the Nottingham Health Authority headquarters. The meeting was held in a large committee room up the main entrance stairs that had been formed from the removal of partitions that formed offices, including the one where I had worked over many years previously.

COLLEAGUES, BOSSES AND AN EARLY DISAPPOINTMENT

I was interviewed for the job by Peter Norledge (Hospital Secretary sub group B - to give him his full title) and by Graham Wilkinson the Assistant Hospital Secretary. Peter was everything you could imagine a Hospital Secretary to be. *He was always immaculately dressed and had perfect manners. I read recently that he had been the victim of a viscous attack in his hotel bedroom while on holiday with his wife in South Africa. I came across a news interview that he and his wife gave about the incident and I instantly recognized him even though I had not seen him for almost 40 years.*

The General Office where I worked was on the first floor with a view down Berkeley Avenue. I shared the office with Tarn, Liz and Margaret. Tarn was Peter

Norledges secretary, Liz was secretary to the Assistant Hospital Secretary and Margaret was the clerk.

Whilst I was there Margaret left to have a baby and her place was taken by Lesley, who was fresh from university.

As a desk had to be squeezed in for me the girls suffered a loss of space when I arrived. Being the only male I probably also upset the office dynamics but they made me very welcome and were very helpful to me. Hopefully my arrival had reduced their workload as they no longer had to deal with any of the cash aspects of the work.

The Assistant Hospital Secretary's job was seen as stepping stone for promotion and Graham Wilkinson left after some time. As the post was vacant for a couple of months I took on some of its duties and naturally applied when it was advertised. I was devastated when I did not get it as I felt I was more than capable of doing it.

The reality however was different. I realize now how very naive I was and although my knowledge of the workings of hospitals was vast I did not at that time have enough understanding of the politics of management in the NHS. It was going to take me many more years to get even a basic understanding of that jungle.

Chris Hinton was the very capable young man who beat me to the job and I note that he too went on to have a long and successful career.

When Chris left I privately took the hump and did not apply for the job. By then it was time I should have been moving on and to my great relief my application for the Administrators job at the Cedars Hospital was successful. I will be writing about my time there in Part 2.

SENIOR NURSES

The matron during my time was Miss Taylor and she was the matron that every Daily Mail reader still yearns for. If you have ever seen the television program 'The Royal' about a 1960s hospital in which Wendy Craig plays the Matron then you will be able to understand what I mean.

She had a reserved table in the dining room where she would dine with one or two of the Assistant Matrons. They had cloth napkins and, what looked like silver napkin rings. Any nursing staff in the room would stand up when Matron entered the room.

Being quite junior in the hospital hierarchy meant my dealings with Matron were infrequent. Jackie was Matrons secretary and she had an office next to matrons more grandiose office.

Matron also had an adjacent private sitting room into which I was only invited on a couple of occasions. I remember being taken in once for afternoon tea by Miss Wade. It was a large room with chintzy furniture and a large bay window that looked out over the gardens. Enjoying the polite conversation and drinking tea from a bone china cup felt a world away from a busy hospital.

The Assistant Matrons were Gillian Bosworth, Miss Bell and later Gillian, or it could have been Jill Sherman. Although I remember the first names of the two

'Gillian's' the formality that existed at that time meant that I would never address them as such.

Gillian Bosworth was a cheerful and fun person whom I am sure must have played hockey at school. She lived somewhere near Lincoln with aged parents and commuted each day in a Morris Minor Estate Car. It never failed to impress me that she made, what in those days seemed such a long journey, in all weathers.

Gill Bosworth was at the hospital when I arrived and Gill Sherman joined later as the Salmon Report into the reorganization of nursing management was being implemented.

To those not familiar with the health service the Salmon Report was published in 1967 and began to be implemented a few years later. It encouraged the development of a senior nursing staff career structure. It increased the professionalism of nursing whilst at the same time relieving nurses of responsibilities for some areas of management such as non-nursing staff and the management of staff accommodation.

The report introduced a clear hierarchical structure from grade 1 for the most junior nursing post to grade 10 for a very senior nurse responsible for nursing in a group of hospitals. Assistant Matrons would become Nursing Officers in the new structure and very soon they began to be referred to informally as Number sevens.

The two Gillian's were probably in their early thirties. Miss Bell was older and it seemed to me that she belonged to a time long gone. If she had a first name I don't recall it. Her appearance was Victorian with her hair tied in a tight bun and she wore small round spectacles. Everything about her was dark. She wore a dark blue uniform with a stiff white collar and black stockings and shoes. To me at that time she was amusing both in appearance and the way she would dash about the hospital remind me of a character from in a Carry-on film. As with Matron Taylor she was probably relieved when retirement took her away from the tremendous changes that were happening at that time.

A FAVOURITE PERSON

I have clear memories of many people who worked at the Children's Hospital and one person I must mention is Miss E Wade who was the catering manager. My use of the 'E' in her name is deliberate because, as with Inspector Morse, very few people knew what the 'E' in her name stood for. In fact her first name was Elizabeth but in the 3 years I worked with her it never occurred to me to call her anything but 'Miss Wade'. In fact it was only after many months that she began to call me by my first name and then only when we were alone. She would chide any of her staff who dared to address me by my first name.

At that time she seemed very old to me but was probably only in her late fifties. She was short and walked leaning to one side. In my mind's eye, I can still see her in the small catering preparation room on the first floor using a hand operated machine that produced curls of butter. These were the days before the little gold packets of butter were available.

She became a close confidante and I would often, on some pretext or other, pop up to her office which was on the fourth floor next to the kitchen. She was a chain smoker and it was sometimes difficult to make out her small figure behind the desk through the fog. We would drink tea and gossip. As she shared a flat with the Matron, Miss Taylor, she was very well informed about hospital politics and there were few secrets that she was not privy too.

THE TRIP TO THE BANK THAT NEARLY WENT WRONG

Every week I had to count up the cash that I had received from various sources in the hospital. This would include meal ticket sales and payphones. This had to be then taken to the National Westminster Bank, which still stands, at the junction of Hucknall Road and Mansfield Road near to the Grosvenor Hotel. Health service rules meant that this trip had to be done by two people. Sometimes the Assistant Hospital Secretary would come with me but more often it would be any one of the girls from the office.

In those days we seemed more relaxed about drinking on duty so we usually called at the Grosvenor on the way to the bank. The money, usually hundreds of pounds, which would be in a cloth bank bag, would be popped casually under a seat.

On this occasion one drink led to two before we eventually left the pub and started walking along the road towards the bank. Fortunately we had only gone a few yards before I said something like 'you've got the money haven't you? '. We looked at each other in horror, immediately spun around and dashed back into the pub. To our immense relief the bag of cash was still intact under the seat where we had left it. After that fright we always deposited the money at the bank before calling at the pub.

PAY DAY TANTRUMS

A big part of my job was dealing with staff pay. Monthly staff were paid by bank transfer and did not really cause me a lot of problems. Weekly staff, however, was a different story. They were required to clock on at a machine which was near to the 'Tardis' so called because it looked remarkably like the police box in Dr Who. To digress, one of my personal achievements was to find a blue light for the top of this box which I was able to do through a contact in the ambulance service.



The Tardis!

However, back to the staff clock cards. Each Monday morning I had to add up the hours worked and enter the total at the bottom of each card for each staff member. This had to be done quickly because the completed cards had to be ready for the waiting taxi that would speed them across Nottingham to the wages department.

Accuracy was paramount of course and it did take me some time to master this task. Some errors were also caused by the wages department mainly because of the fifty or so ancillary staff that were paid weekly about a dozen or so were West Indian and had the surname of 'Brown' or 'Browne'.

I can still rhyme off some of the initials such as E Browne, E S Browne, E L Browne, H A Brown and H S Brown. During the week the majority of these ladies were my best friend. In fact Hyacinth of H A Brown would frequently embrace me in a bear like hug. I was, and am, very reserved and the fact that she did this at all caused me some embarrassment but when she did it in front of her very amused colleagues it would mortify me.

However if any of these ladies received the wrong wages, including Hyacinth, they would soon express their anger with much ranting which was sometimes followed by much weeping and wailing. Until I improved on my time card calculations I would go to work each Friday with a feeling of dread about what tantrums the weekly pay parade would bring.

My memories of Hyacinth, who worked in the staff dining room, continue on another money matter.

At that time staff would buy tickets to exchange for meals from machines. These machines were obtained second hand from another hospital and were always going wrong. We were keen to get rid of them and change to a cash payment system but met much resistance from the dining room staff who

professed a lack of understanding of the money and an inability to deal with the change. We knew that this was just an excuse to avoid extra work and Hyacinth was especially vocal on this subject.

I was lucky enough to confront her on the subject when we chanced to meet one Saturday morning on Mansfield road. After the customary bear hug greeting she invited me to join her in placing a bet that she assured me would be a 'sure fire' winner and would make us very rich. Without realizing what she was saying she went on to explain in great detail how much the return would be from a pound note on a very complicated accumulator bet. When I tried to compare her explanation of the bet to a simple meal cash transaction she blustered that this was different. She didn't concede and went grumpily on her way but I felt that I had made my point.

HEAD PORTERS AND TELEPHONE OPERATORS

I have fond memories of Fred Carrier, the Head Porter. In her book 'Lets begin with the Children; Lucia Crothall says: 'Fred Carrier started working at the hospital in 1949.' He was 70 when I knew him in 1972 and still working full time.

He was of stout build with an upright military bearing and was fighting fit. He only addressed me by my first name when we were alone otherwise like the majority of the ancillary staff in those days would call me 'Sir'. This formality will be a surprise to younger readers and I was never comfortable with it but it was the norm for that time.

When he was relaxing in the porters room Fred would smoke a curved 'Sherlock Holmes' type of pipe. He always holidayed at Frinton on Sea and would speak fondly of that town which I think at that time had no pubs.

He was a big help with me in dealing with the hospital stores. The stores were in the basement below the General office with a door facing Berkeley Avenue.

The Storekeeper was Wilf Cupit who was a kind gentle man who sadly suffered with very poor health and as such he had long periods of absence. As I had some past experience of this type of work I was press ganged into looking after the stores when Wilf was absent.

Fred was a great help in receiving deliveries and moving stuff out into the hospital while I tried to cope with the paperwork. Being in the basement the store was not a pleasant environment and became increasingly difficult to keep in any sort of order. Occasionally Fred and I would spend a whole day trying to bring some order to the place. Most of the time we were successful but I have vague memories of us having to throw away some prepared baby food that had been forgotten about and had gone out of date.

In the past Fred had done all kinds of jobs in the hospital but by then his main duty, besides helping me with the stores, was as plaster room technician.

The plaster room was badly sited outside the back door near the boiler house and patients and their parents had to go outside to reach it. Fred went about his job in a cheerful and very competent manner. His problem was in trying to convince the young patients that he was not going to cut off their limbs with the electric saw which was used for removing plaster casts.

The blade on those saws does not rotate and as such the plaster cast is removed by a high speed oscillating motion. In theory there is no danger to the patient having a plaster cast removed. But no matter how much he demonstrated the saw on his own hand or arm, the screams of the young patients could be heard over a large area. There must be a large number of Nottingham folk now aged forty something who still carry the trauma of that experience.

TELEPHONE OPERATORS

The switchboard was a single operator board sited in a glass box on the first floor of Forest House. The operators were also receptionists for visitors to the administration.

Throughout my long years in hospital management I have been conscious of the need to keep especially friendly with hospital cooks and telephone operators. These are the two staff groups that can make or break a hospital manager and I was friendly with the operators we had at the Children's hospital.

The two operators I remember were George Murdy and John Marriot. Ernie Harrison, one of the porters, used to help with relief cover. George and John were excellent at their jobs and were always very discreet and diplomatic. They would tip me of about impending problems or the arrival of important visitors.

Digital switchboards were some years away and the switchboard was worked by the operator manually making the connections with plugs on leads into the appropriate sockets.

Ernie, however, seemed to only do the job under some duress. If he was put under any pressure he would become stressed and occasionally would snap. When this happened he would put his arm around all the plugged in connections and pull them all out with one quick jerk. He would then say something like 'there, that will stop the b*****s bothering me'. This would be followed by a lot of clicking as the disconnected and annoyed people would rapidly tap their phones to regain a connection.

SENIOR MEDICAL STAFF

Being a relatively junior member of staff my contact with consultants was limited; an occasional query with a meal bill or a nod of recognition would be my only contact.

However, I remember when I had more than a passing contact with a particular consultant. Dr A C Blandy, a Consultant Physician, had worked at the hospital since 1950. He was much respected by staff, patients and parents alike.

A junior doctor who was due to take an exam in London on a Monday was rostered to work during the Sunday night. Even though he had a colleague who had agreed to cover for him, Dr Blandy ruled that he should work the Sunday night.

This would have meant that he would have worked through the Sunday night, travel to London the following morning before taking the exam in the afternoon. The young doctor was close to tears when he told me about his situation

and Peter Norledge arranged a meeting with Dr Blandy and the young doctor at which I was present.

Peter was at his most eloquent in trying to persuade Dr Blandy to allow the young doctor to have the night off. But it was to no avail and he would not concede. His argument being that it was the sort of thing that he had to do when he was a junior doctor.

MY FIRST PATIENT COMPLAINT

During my time in the NHS I met many patients and relatives who were unhappy about the service they had received. Most complainants can be grouped on a spectrum from the totally irrational person who it is impossible to placate through to the person who just wants someone to say sorry for what has gone wrong.

My first complainant fell into the category of the irrational. She accosted me just inside the door near the offices on the first floor. We were standing next to a large, almost floor to ceiling mirror, part of which remained exposed after the offices were partitioned.

I don't remember the details of the ladies complaint but her child was a patient of Professor Hull who had recently been appointed as part of the development of the medical school and had started to do clinical work at the hospital.

As she became more and more irate I suggested that we needed to talk to Professor Hull. She reacted angrily, 'I don't want to see a (expletive deleted) Professor, I want to see a doctor' she shouted. At the same time she threw a bottle of tablets at me which narrowly missed my head but more importantly also just missed the large mirror.

IMPERSONATING A DOCTOR

It is a standing joke in our family that I am an 'honorary' doctor and will always express an opinion about any medical condition that comes up in discussion. On one occasion at the Children's hospital I really did impersonate a doctor. I need to immediately reassure readers that no patients were involved.

In those days, and I am sure the same thing happens today, drug company representatives would come to the hospital and give a drinks party in exchange for doctors attending a presentation about their companies' products.

On this occasion the amount of drink and refreshment provided was to be dependent on the number of doctors who would attend. So I was persuaded to make up the numbers. This particular presentation was held in the medical library which, former staff may remember, was on the first floor corridor adjacent to the hospital chapel and the nurses coffee room. After the formal presentation, which I listened to with appropriate attentiveness, the drug rep started to ask the doctors about their thoughts on possible use of the drug. Despite reassurances, from the doctor sitting next to me that I could bluff it, I decided to make my apologies and

swiftly left. However, I can say that I am still conversant with the benefits of the drug Ceporax.

ENGINEER'S TALES

I often had to pop along to the engineers department for some reason or another. I would try and time my visits at tea breaks when the Hospital Engineer George Pulham and his staff would sit in the workshop around a warm stove drinking tea and telling tales. Like many men of that time George had served in the Second World War. His staff knew that they could extend their tea breaks by bringing the conversation around to the war.

Amongst the engineering staff I remember very well the hospital electrician Pete Laws (not his real name) and his assistant Colin Wood. I lived quite close to Colin in Arnold and we became very close friends. I recall he was the first male NHS staff member to exercise the right to send his children to the staff crèche which at that time was at the Cedars Hospital. Our families went on holidays together in the Yorkshire Dales and Colin was best man when I married again in 1985. Sadly I have now lost touch with him.

Pete Laws, the hospital electrician, was an outgoing friendly character who was popular with everyone especially the ladies. Amongst the hospitals ancillary staff he had the nickname of 'The Baron' because of all the 'wheeler dealing' he was involved in. He used to come to work in a van bearing the name of the cleaning company that he ran (mostly) outside of work time. I will not name his company as I think a company of the same name, but hopefully not related, still operates in Nottingham.

By some means or other, and to the complete surprise of all of us who knew him, Pete obtained a contract with one of the big five banks to clean some of their small branches in and around Nottingham.

To fulfill this contract he employed ladies from the hospital domestic staff, one or two of whom he was especially friendly with. Obviously he had to travel around the banks to check on the ladies work. If I chanced to drive past a closed bank in the evening and saw his van parked outside I would smile to myself and wonder what kind of supervision the lady was receiving.

A SAD DAY

Living in Villa Road meant I had only a short walk to the hospital and on spring and summer mornings this was a very pleasant experience. Just after the Chestnut Grove entrance there were some rose bushes and on one particular day I remember casually picking a single rose with the intention of putting it in water to brighten up the office.

When I arrived at the office one of the girls was standing in the doorway. When she saw me she burst into tears. At first I thought the sight of the rose I was carrying had touched her emotions but she blurted out 'Lennys dead '.

Lenny (not his real name) was a chef who worked upstairs in the hospital kitchen. Apparently he had told the other staff that he was going to the rest room for a smoke. When he failed to return someone went to look for him and found that he had sadly died sitting in his usual chair. Doctors had dashed upstairs but they could not help him.

To their great credit the kitchen staff held themselves together and were able to prepare the days meals for patients and staff as if nothing had happened. After that, when pans fell off shelves and things went bang in the kitchen, poor Lenny was always blamed.

A FUNNY DAY

One of my jobs at the Children's was to escort visiting contractors around the hospital. Rentokil pest control operatives were regular visitors and they needed to get into everywhere to put down bait and check for infestations. The hospital had some outside properties that were used for staff accommodation, one of which was the lodge house at the Chestnut Grove entrance to the hospital. The last time I visited Nottingham this house still existed and looked like it was now a private house.

On one particular day I took the Rentokil man in there and we successfully checked a few rooms, on each occasion either by the occupier letting us in, or when the room was obviously empty, by using a pass key. I knocked repeatedly on the door of one room and after a time, assuming it was empty, I opened the door with the pass key. Unfortunately it was not empty and the occupier, a mild studious medical registrar who I knew slightly, was standing by the bed naked except for a small towel around his waist. Lying on the bed wrapped in a bed sheet was an attractive but 'butter wouldn't melt in her mouth' staff nurse. I apologized and as I quickly closed the door I mumbled something about coming back later. After this incident I avoided eye contact with either of them if we bumped into each other because I knew I would never keep a straight face.

FAMOUS VISITORS

The hospitals in Nottingham had good contacts at the Theatre Royal and the Nottingham Playhouse and they would often send complimentary tickets for first nights which we would share amongst the staff.

They would also offer us visits from celebrities who were appearing at the time at their theatres. These visits were of course of mutual benefit. The theatres gained publicity for their productions and in turn the hospital staff and patients enjoyed meeting the celebrities.

At the Children's Hospital on most occasions the visits were more popular with staff and parents than they were with actual patients.

I remember the late comedian Dickie Henderson's visit. I remember a colleague saying that Dickie had said that he was not very good at this type of visit. As it turned out his visit was a huge success with much joking and laughter.

I did walk around the hospital with Anne Ashton who was part of a popular TV program at that time called 'The Golden Shot'. She was a big name at the time and it was an enjoyable and successful visit. I do recall being surprised at how small she was.

Another visit was by the New Zealand cricket team who were playing a Test match at Trent Bridge. Young boys trapped in their beds on the orthopaedic ward were overwhelmed and there were many autographs written and photographs taken.

OPERATING THEATRE ATTENDANT FOR A DAY

Throughout the 1970s there were periods of serious industrial action by hospital ancillary staff across the NHS and Nottingham was not excluded from these strikes.

It is worth noting how other staff, including managers and clerical staff used to react to this industrial action. Many of these staff, me included, would enjoy taking on ancillary staff jobs for a day during strikes and would dash around hospitals playing at being domestics or porters.

As I recall the ancillary staff at the Children's Hospital distanced themselves from direct action.

However there was one occasion I did become an operating theatre attendant for a day. This did not happen at the Children's Hospital but at the nearby Women's Hospital. Even though I was press ganged into the job I have to admit that I did enjoy it. Probably because it made a pleasant change from counting money from pay phones.

On reflection I now feel guilty about doing it as the operating list for that day was all private patients. The surgeon was Mrs. Marrow, Consultant Gynecologist and I was not sure whether she knew if it was my first time in an operating theatre. She told me off for a couple of things I did wrong; one of which was wheeling a patient the wrong way into the theatre!

The nature of the work didn't bother me and I went home for a substantial fish and chip lunch. The work was finished by mid-afternoon and I was pleasantly surprised when a box of cream cakes was delivered to the theatre courtesy of Mrs. Marrow.

She will feature again in Part 2 when, by coincidence, our paths would cross again at the Cedars Hospital.

AND FINALLY

I hoped you enjoyed reading about my time at the Children's Hospital. If you worked there I hope it brought back some memories. As you can probably tell I enjoyed my time there. I worked with some great people and the job gave me a good grounding into how hospitals worked that held me in good stead for the rest of my time in the NHS.

I hope to post Part 2 of my memories very soon which will cover my time as Administrator of the Cedars hospital on Mansfield Road at Woodthorpe.

This will include my memories of the NHS manager who left a career- long lasting impression on me. There will be more celebrity visitors, my first radio interview and I explain the ghostly goings-on when I had to stay over-night in the hospital during a fireman's strike.