

## ***A Visit to Stamford Hospital - Fred Palmer***

When I was about five years old I was taken, by the District Nurse, to Stamford Hospital, along with four others from the village, where we were all to have our tonsils out. Two of the others I remember were Eric Hubbard and Joe Harding, from Northfield Farm, who was even younger than me. We went by train from Oakham station to Stamford but how we got to the station and from Stamford station to the hospital I cannot recall, but I guess we must have walked, or gone by pony and trap. It must have been the first time we had been on a train and the furthest that we had ever been beyond the village. We went on a Monday and returned on the Friday, having had no contact with our parents, or any one we knew, during that time.

When we reached the hospital I remember being taken to a huge ward and the next morning we were dressed in white gowns and taken upstairs to the operating theatre where we sat outside, around a fire, and waited our turn. During this time, a doctor came along and checked us over, he was dressed in a white coat and black wellington boots! An older girl from Stamford was taken in first and we soon heard her screaming, making us very frightened wondering what was happening in there. Soon the doctor came out with his white coat all spattered with blood! I was the last to go in and remember being put on the operating table and a smelly rubber mask being put over my face, which I pulled off.

We were all in the ward together and were kept in bed all week until the District Nurse returned on the Friday to take us home. On the way home I remember her telling us what to eat for our sore throats and the older children laughing when I asked if we could eat bananas, something the others, and most likely I, had never seen. I guess I was hoping for one as a reward for surviving the experience.

## ***Gleaning - Bill Nourish***

I remember Father telling us about threshing gleanings. In the days before, and just after, the Great War, nearly everyone kept pigs for bacon, and hens for the house. After the corn fields were cleared of sheaves many village women would go gleaning. They used to wear a sacking apron with a large pocket in front, and clipped off the ears of corn with a pair of scissors.



After harvest, Nourishes set up their machine in a yard off Cold Overton Road and the women brought the sacks of gleanings to be threshed. No money changed hands because they hadn't got any, so they used to bring a bottle of wine or a cake to pay for it. Unfortunately the result was that at the end of the exercise the machine attendants were rather the worse for wear. One story goes that Uncle Tom couldn't hit the fire-hole door with a shovel of coal and put it through the water glass instead. During the last war I threshed gleanings for three women at Whissendine, but I don't remember any wine.