

TT 13 Day 43 (Medical matters)

Yes, it does; and so do they. “At this stage in the Coronavirus crisis everyone is hanging on every word that comes from the medical and scientific professions – and then ignore any qualifications these spokespersons have, any of the many years of experience and the hurdles and examinations and selection processes they may have gone through to become ‘The Chief Medical Officer’ or ‘The Chief Scientific Adviser,’ and think they know better and are more than qualified to telephone the Jeremy Vine Show on national radio or bang on to Panorama or Any Questions/Any Answers and vent their opinions on the rest of the country”. My opinion in the overall scheme of things doesn’t count for much but I listen to my Guvnor and am happy to quote from his views while omitting swear words and other obscenities as he wrestles with daily life and how it is now all turning to rat s***.

The Government is fallible - of course it is. Aren’t we all, but it is a very simple business to criticise from the confines of my bed in the safe knowledge that no-one can question my qualifications, simply because I don’t have any. The Guvnor wishes that occasionally the Jeremy Vines of this world would simply ask the person who has rung in what medical (or any other) training they possessed, how current it was and at what level. Don’t you wish that just once someone would say “I am not qualified in any way to answer that question; I’m sorry I called and have wasted your and your listeners’ time” – but that doesn’t make for good entertainment!

We have all been going out onto the pavement every Thursday night at 8 pm to clap the NHS and then, more recently, all

key workers. After all, the doctors and nurses are doing an amazing job but so are the people who empty our bins which have been sweltering for a fortnight in 25° of heat in this lovely spring month of beautiful weather. Our bin stinks so I feel for those who are dealing daily with such horrors, and without a mask at that.

This week we love the story of the nurse who was taking an elderly female patient’s temperature with the new-fangled gadget that looks a bit like a clothes’ peg, which he had placed on her index finger. The patient, having filled out a form on registration that, among other things, stated she was 59 years old asked him what it was. He replied that it was a lie detector and that it could tell within one minute or so what she was experiencing and how she was feeling and progressing/regressing. She looked at him and said, “Actually, I’m 75”. The same lady, more than a little overweight, was then told she had to place **both** feet on the weighing machine. When she did so she recounted the experience to her daughter afterwards saying, “When I looked at the scales and realised how heavy I was, I almost fell through the floor”.

The Guvnor is keen on keeping a sensible perspective on things during the crisis and can, just sometimes, lighten a dark situation with an amusing story (I refuse to feed his ego by using the word ‘hysterical’). He was on a platform at Andover station just before lockdown and passed the vending machine. He couldn’t miss a hand-written notice that said, ‘Diet Coke isn’t working’ – and someone had written underneath it ‘Try more exercise and a low-carbohydrate diet’. There’s always someone - fortunately.