

## CORRESPONDENCE

able services rendered by him to the Colony and conveying to his widow and sons their deep sympathy with them in their bereavement.

In 1912 he retired from the Colonial Service, settled in London, and for a time practised as a consultant in tropical diseases. He received a commission as Major in the R.A.M.C. on July 26th, 1915, and was appointed to the control of the Richmond Military Hospital, converting the old and interesting workhouse and infirmary there into an up-to-date war hospital. In addition, throughout the winter months, he devoted his



JOHN MITFORD ATKINSON, M.B.Lond., M.R.C.S.Eng.,  
L.M.S. and D.P.H.Camb.

evenings to ambulance and first-aid work. The long years of hard work in the climate of Hong Kong having affected his health, and the strain of the hospital administration being beyond his strength, Dr. Atkinson, following the advice of medical friends, resigned his commission.

As a sportsman he was fond of cricket and tennis, being very keen on the latter up to the last. He was a member of the Queen's Club and the Thatched House Club.

Dr. Atkinson leaves a widow and two sons, aged 16 and 17 years.

H.M.S. Hildebrand,  
c/o G.P.O.

April 11th, 1917.

DEAR MR. SHERREN,

We have just got to port, after a long cruise at sea—my first in this ship. I thought perhaps you would be interested to hear of my doings. I am not allowed to say very much about our doings of course, but we have a good deal of excitement at times. The officers are chiefly R.N.R., and I have the greatest respect for their seamanship. I have seen a small boat lowered many times in a sea which looked as though nothing could live in it. There is another Temporary Surgeon besides myself, who acts as Senior Medical Officer. Usually there is not enough work for two, although there is much more in this ship than in big ships in the Grand Fleet, for instance. The reason for this is that we are generally 900 miles away from the nearest hospital ship, and we have to depend entirely on ourselves, and we keep all our sick on board instead of sending them away. We do the dispensing, etc., all ourselves, instead of leaving it to a sick berth steward. In this way I have had really more to do in the way of medical work than I expected. We have had a very busy time with twelve survivors of a torpedoed ship. We picked them up on March 10th, after they had been in an open boat for seven days. Their story is really extraordinary. They were torpedoed without warning on March 3rd. Two small boats got away, also a lifeboat. The submarine officer refused to give them the direction for the nearest land, and left them to their fate. The two small boats kept together for three days, but at the end of that time they were in a terrible state. They had no food, water, or blankets, and the boats were waterlogged. A Belgian cook, two Arabs, and a negro had died, and they were dumped at the end of the second day. Just when they had given up all hope of life, an empty lifeboat appeared as if by magic. They pulled towards it and found it contained food, a little water, and clothing, so they all got into it and hoisted a lug-sail. This lifeboat belonged to the *Laconia*, which was torpedoed about five weeks previously. They were passed by several ships, who avoided them, thinking it was a submarine trick when they signalled. A German submarine popped up about a quarter of a mile away on the sixth day and circled round them, but took no notice of their cries for water and help. When we picked them up the next day, they had gone 300 miles from where they were first torpedoed. Our

captain nearly steered right away from them, thinking it was probably a trick. When they actually came alongside, two of the seamen were mad, and were lying in the bottom of the boat, lapping up the dirty salt water. The rest were nearly moribund and could hardly move. The second mate, an old man of 60, was the fittest of the lot. He pulled himself together, swore at the men to try and make them row, and finally took the tiller and brought her alongside with the sail. He unstepped the mast and made all ship-shape as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. We got them all back to life in the sick-bay, although one or two were very ill and ran temperatures of 105 when the reaction set in. They nearly all developed gangrene of the toes and feet, and in only four cases did the circulation recover. They got large blisters too, which became septic all up their legs. We were able to transfer most of them to a ship going to port. The others, who could not be moved, we had with us for another 25 days. In that time we had to amputate both of one man's feet. The other surgeon gave the anaesthetic, and I did the amputation in each case. I took the first foot off on the twelfth day, and his condition improved so that we hoped we should be able to wait for a line of demarkation in the other one. However, it was only a temporary improvement, and I removed the second foot on the 22nd day, as he was suffering greatly from toxæmia, and his heel was completely destroyed. He made an excellent recovery, and got two good stumps. I am afraid all the survivors will lose a limb eventually, because they were not able to combat the toxæmia, owing to the starvation and exposure.

With kind regards,

I remain, yours very sincerely,

EDWIN A. GREEN.

B.E.F., France.

30-4-'17.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

Your letter dated March 3rd to hand to-day, I was glad to hear that the GAZETTE still appears although less frequently.

You ask me if I have anything in the nature of interesting material for the GAZETTE. From a medical point of view, I am afraid none that would not look amateurish beside the experiences of qualified Londoners. I have seized several opportunities of doing dressings on wounded men, but the Field Service dressing and shell dressing

afford little scope for showing that I remembered even a little of work at O.P.'s. I haven't run across any London men out here so far, but Capt. Bursey, our late Bedell, is somewhere in my neighbourhood.

The life of a heavy gunner out here certainly is not a lazy one, particularly in a push such as the present. One day he is at the battery, running the guns, and the next he spends up at the O.P.—not out-patients in this case—or trotting over the top with the infantry, in the early dawn, with an excellent orchestra-stall view of his own barrage by way of consolation. In these days of advances, when cover is scarce and insufficient, the old Hun is apt to make any of these places distinctly undesirable, for the days when one crept into a deep dug-out and sneered at anything smaller than a 5.9, are "*fineesh*," "*na-poooh*," as the modern French language has it.

One of the most beautiful sights of this present campaign is the treatment of the Bosche prisoners. Of his treatment behind the lines I have seen very little. When, however, he is coming back, carrying wounded with his Hunnish mind thoroughly well impressed with the efficiency of British frightfulness, he is an object of the greatest interest. Why? Because he is a possessor of what the British Tommy loves next to his rum—namely, souvenirs. Once round a corner, down goes the stretcher, and each Bosche is surrounded by half-a-dozen Tommies, eager for souvenirs.

I once had a souvenir of unusual interest, but it has since disappeared, and I strongly suspect the squeamishness of some feeble lay mind is responsible for its disappearance. Some time ago, in a wood out of which we pushed the Hun early last year, I unearthed an old Hun dug-out, and had it cleared out. When the entrance had been cleared, I descended about 50 steps into the depths, and by the light of a candle saw a Hun in an advanced stage of decomposition. He was minus a head, and had no buttons or anything of interest, but on closer examination I was interested to recognise the top remaining vertebra of the 7th cervical, and I kept it for months in an old tobacco tin.

I was glad to read in the last GAZETTE of the continued activity of the O.T.C. When I get a little leave in the dim, distant future, I shall do myself the great pleasure of watching their war-like manœuvres on the lawn—if this beautiful system still survives.

Please remember me to Londoners, and believe me,

Yours sincerely,

H. D. LAWSON



B.E.F.  
21-5-'17.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

Having recently seen a copy of the LONDON HOSPITAL GAZETTE, with some interesting articles by old London Hospital men, I thought my little story enclosed (entitled "The Wanderings of an R.A.M.C. officer") might prove of interest to the many readers of the GAZETTE. I also enclose a few photographs, taken in East Africa, which might be of use for the article. If you cannot make use of the article and photographs, I should be glad if you would kindly return them to me. I thought perhaps you might be interested to know that I've met many old London men in different parts of the Globe during this war. At Aldershot, in 1914, A. C. Palmer, Neligan, and Lindsay, who were with the 28th Field Ambulance—and also A. C. Winter. At Lemnos, J. Thackeray; in Egypt, Major Lett, Beresford, and Wilson, who were at the 31st General Hospital at Port Said; in East Africa, Atkinson and Everard Sharp, who were attached to 19 Stationary Hospital; in France, Carr and Hunter, the latter is now M.O. to the Rifle Brigade. I am now M.O. to the . . . K.S.L.I.; I've been with them about six weeks; previous to my appointment to a regiment, I was with the 43rd Field Ambulance.

I've mentioned in my article my brother, Dr. J. Pratt Johnson, an old London man, whom perhaps you may remember. He is now a Major in the South African Medical Corps, and is also practising in Johannesburg as a specialist in bacteriology.

I should be glad to know how the London Hospital is faring, as most of the men I worked with there are now in the R.A.M.C., and are scattered throughout the world.

With kind regards and best wishes for the Hospital.

I remain, yours sincerely,

F. EDWIN JOHNSON,  
Capt. R.A.M.C., M.O., K.S.L.I.

Lindi Column,  
East Africa.

June 2nd, 1917.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

I received a copy of the GAZETTE for January from an old "Londoner," which reminds me that you may care for news of some old "Londoners" who are too modest or too lazy to write to you.

Two brothers, Pearson, are out here—J. S. Pearson, commissioned as Captain in the West African Medical Service, where I met him last year in Sierra Leone. After having been out on this side nearly a year, I met him again—he was

then M.O. to Mikindhni, a small port near the Portuguese border, and was looking after the garrison there. Last month he came up here on his way to W.A.F.F.S. (West African Frontier Force, Gold Coast Regt.), to which he is now M.O. He has relieved D'Amico, another old "Londoner," who has been very seriously ill at Kilwa Kiwinoi, just below Dar-es-Salaam.

C. J. Pearson is now at No. 1 African Stationary Hospital, Lindi—that is on the coast in the South-east corner of G.E.A.

I met Atkinson on the hospital ship *Gascon*—which runs down this coast to the Union.

For myself I am for the present M.O. to the West India Regt., and S.M.O. to General O'Grady's Column. News of this country to be nil at home. The campaign is by no means over, and the worst part is probably to come, when we advance from here. I hope that next November may see its end. Quite lately we had to evacuate our hospital here, owing to 4.1 shells. We do not have the trials of the Western Front here, but we have others to compensate. General van Deventer's advance last year with the 2nd Division will be written up as one of the incidents of the war. Interminable trekking, sand and dust, quarter ration, and no water. But a brilliant military achievement, for all that.

The Huns are very hard up for food, living on Matama flour and mealies mostly.

Well, Sir, I have presumed on your gentle good nature. May I ask one favour? Give Mr. Wright my kindest regards.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. V. TOTHILL, Capt. R.A.M.C. (S.R.)

H.M.S. *Lion*,  
c/o. G.P.O.

June 8th, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I was extremely grateful for the GAZETTE, which followed me round and eventually arrived here.

I have only been here a short time—about a month—and find it a pleasant change after life in destroyers and destroyer leaders. I must consider myself very lucky to get this appointment, as it is the best sea-going job in the Service.

I haven't any news of import to tell you. I have had several letters from Bonar Lindsay at Kut—Tenny Mosse at Salonika—"Manhattan" Hackett from New York, and one from Jeffries from Ascension Island. They all seem very fit, but with the exception of Hackett, who is now very bellicose, they all look forward to the end of the war.

I saw Greenish from the *Royal Oak* the other day, and also Molly a short time ago. Kenneth Ross is close by in the *Inflexible*, and Q.M. Heiron also. I ran across Blunt, the Staff-Surgeon of the *Champion* the other day too. I hear Summers was invalided from the service.

No other news. Again many thanks for GAZETTE. Kind regards to everybody.

Yours sincerely,

R. O. TOWNEND.

H.M. Hospital Ship *Devanha*.  
June 19th.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I thought you might like to know that after eleven weeks in hospital, I was passed fit for duty last month and appointed to this ship.

This is my first run in her, and has been a very unusual one, as we have taken a lot of sick and wounded to Cape Town. We disembarked them Sunday morning, left Monday, and are now on our way to Durban for coal, preparatory to going up to Dar-es-Salaam for invalids from German East Africa. The East African run is the one more usually done by the *Devanha*, but at present, the distribution of invalids seems to be all under consideration, and we may go anywhere from Bombay.

I have not yet come across any "Londoners" in my few months' sojourn in India, but I am told that the H.S. *Oxfordshire*, which we can just see on the horizon, and which, like ourselves, is bound for Durban and Dar-es-Salaam, contains one in the person of a man called "Rainey." I cannot recall him, so conclude he is considerably senior to me. I may see him Thursday.

With kind regards to yourself and to Mr. Burdon.

Yours sincerely,

R. FITZROY GARRETT,  
Lt. R.A.M.C. (S.R.).

H.M.S. *Royal Oak*.  
June 21st, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

Once again I have to thank you very much for the May number of THE GAZETTE. As usual, I read it with much pleasure. Many changes seem to be taking place at "The London," but I am glad to see that your difficulties are being overcome, and that the Hospital is still flourishing.

I am still having a quiet time, and have no particular news of interest to give you.

A few Sundays ago I had lunch with R. O. Townend in his ship. He is the only "London" man I have seen since I wrote to you in February.

Miss Lily Fraser, who was a nurse at the London not very long ago, came over and had tea with some of us in the *Royal Oak* last Sunday. At present she is in one of the hospital ships.

I shall hope to pay a visit to the London when I get my next leave.

With kindest regards to yourself and any whom I may know.

Yours very sincerely,

F. H. S. GREENISH.

40th Field Ambulance, 13th Div.,  
Mesopotamia Expeditionary Force.  
22.6.'17.

DEAR MR. WRIGHT,

I believe the last time I wrote you we were enjoying the sea-breezes at Suvla Bay. I have often made up my mind to write since, but though the spirit has been precociously willing, the body has always been absurdly weak. At the present time I am in charge of an advanced dressing-station and a complement of 18 men, with miles of the emptiest "blue" all round me, and as good as nothing to do.

The weather has stoked up properly the last three weeks, and so, from 9 a.m. until 4 p.m. one only leaves one's tent for urgent reasons, and then under protest. Fighting is a thing of the past, and the dressing-station exists merely as a collecting post for the sick from the line and for treatment for heat-stroke, for which we keep a supply of ice. All cases are evacuated by ambulance cars twice daily to the Field Amb. About last year's fighting for the relief of Kut, and our struggles with enemy and marshes, I am going to say nothing, as that is old and hackneyed now, especially as a Commission has had a go at it.

However, from December last until the beginning of May, this campaign has been one of extreme interest, and was most luckily blessed with very good weather. We certainly had some pretty bad storms, one put our camp under eighteen inches of water in about two hours, but they were very minor affairs contrasted with the year before.

General Maude's tactics must have worried the old Turk excessively before Kut. Nobody in our army had the least idea what was going to happen next, so am sure Khalil Pasha must have been made "furiously to think." Everyone knew the Tigris was to be bridged. The meanest intelligence grasped that fact, but with about twenty miles of river to choose from, the exact point was not obvious, though everyone had excellent reasons why his particular bit of river should be chosen. For the fortnight previous to the crossing, the poor old bridging train wandered about the country



like a lost worm, starting off at dusk when the Turk could see him start, and returning about dawn. Some Turkish battalions must have had sore feet before the real day, chasing off in the direction the bridging train was making for at dusk. Eventually the bridge was put across, a really marvellous feat. The width of the stream, the swift current, for the Tigris was in flood, and the opposite bank strongly held by Turks, all contributing to the difficulties to be met by the R.E.'s.

One division of cavalry and two divisions of infantry were across in twenty-four hours without mishap, and then we started off for Baghdad. The poor old Turk had the "wind" up for the next few days, and the signs of a hurried retreat lay everywhere. Dead Turks, mules, horses, live shells, equipment galore were all over the place.

We fought several determined rearguard actions whilst he got his heavy guns back, but the pace was too hot for his bullocks in the end, and he dumped a large number of guns into the Tigris.

The Dialah River, before Baghdad, was a very strong position, and great credit is due to the Lancashires for the way in which they overcame this obstacle. After crossing there, Baghdad was won. Very few troops marched through the town, this Field Ambulance, however, having been on duty at the Dialah and above, had wounded British and Turks to get rid of, so we entered amongst the first, and turned the British Embassy into a hospital. The Turks had used it for that purpose, and they had left about 500 wounded behind them—I can only leave you to imagine the state of said hospital. I will only say the Turk is insanitary, and that all houses are built in the form of a hollow square. The square was the chief offender, and though several rose bushes struggled for existence in it, the smell was not of roses. Our welcome was decidedly cordial, the ladies of Baghdad turning out in their Sunday-go-to-meetings, pushing flowers into one's saddlery, and generally embarrassing poor T.A., who really felt he ought to have shaved before entering, or at least had a wash.

The Turks had thoroughly looted the place before leaving, and had blown up most places of consequence, including the Christian churches.

The inhabitants of Baghdad defy description. The beautiful ladies, I am convinced, are a myth, and above all, beware the man who comes up and says, "Sahib! Sahib! Me Christian!" He will rob you of your last anna. A surprising number speak English, and still more French.

From March 12th to date, the changes in Baghdad are unbelievable. All dead animals have been removed from the streets; the general wreckage has been cleared up, and a tap supply of chlorinated water has been laid on in the streets. The mer-

chants have dug up buried stores and carpets (mostly Nottingham) guaranteed Persian have appeared from nowhere. The bazaar is very busy, and the "gilded gents" from the base have now arrived, and are being robbed wholesale, judging from the prices of things then and now.

I have let this wander on very much further than I intended, so will now close. Would the Editor kindly note my new address. The last GAZETTE took two months to reach me from the works, on good red-tape lines, and if one is not with the unit to which addressed, back it goes to the Base, and sends out new pseudopodia until it strikes lucky. Last time I saw Hopkins he was very well and president of his mess with the S. Lances.

With very kindest regards to yourself and members of the staff.

Yours very sincerely,

J. B. THACKERAY, R.A.M.S.

B.E.F.

June 22nd, 1917.

DEAR DR. WRIGHT,

I am afraid you never received a letter of mine telling you that I had decided to come out again, as I see in the HOSPITAL GAZETTE I am down as resuming. I came out again in February, and was lucky enough to rejoin my old battery, and since then we have been having a pretty hard time. Grylls is still with me, and I must say it doesn't seem three years ago since we left the London. I often wish I had stayed, but one couldn't tell then, of course. I hope you are fit.

Yours sincerely,

A. C. WALKER.

Carpathians, Bukovina.

June 25th, '17.

DEAR SIR,

I am very grateful to you for the January number of the GAZETTE, which you kindly sent me a few weeks ago. I am the only "Londoner" in this remote part of the great Russian front, though Sydney Williams is at our Base Hospital in Petrograd. The GAZETTE awakened very sad thoughts, as it contained the account of the death of my old friend Capt. Stenhouse. I had known "Jimmy" Stenhouse for years. We were teaching together on the Medical Staff of the University of Peking; we worked together through the terrible epidemic of pneumonic plague in Harbin in 1911, when our daily mortality often rose to over 300, and our staff were dropping like nine-pins. We were also together through the Chinese

war of the Revolution. To say that he was a "great, good, and brave man," is all that is needed. His unselfishness was phenomenal, and the "London," I'm sure, is proud of his memory.

Having been out of England for most of the last 20 years, I know few of the London men except those forming the medical and surgical staff. Being on furlough from China at the beginning of the war, I volunteered for service, and went as Medecin-en-Chef of our Anglo-French Hospital in the East of France. In 1915 I had a similar appointment in Serbia, with a hospital of 600 beds at the Serbian Headquarters. In October of that year during the great retreat I was with my staff taken prisoner by the Austrians. We were well treated, and they appointed me to take over a big hospital for Serbian wounded, containing about 1,000 beds. We were liberated, through Vienna and Switzerland, at the end of February, 1916. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness of the Austrians. They plainly told me they were not fighting against England, and although food was very scarce and very poor, we were always treated better than their own soldiers. The day the Austrians entered the village in which we were captured will long remain in my mind, because of one amusing incident. Hearing that they were approaching I went to meet them, and riding at the head of the company was an officer who at once addressed me in perfect English. "Ah," said he, "you are English." (I was in khaki.) "Yes," I replied, and remarked that he spoke English excellently. He then further asked: "Are you a sport?" to which I replied, "Well, I'm English, you see." "Yes, yes, of course," said he; "then you'll be pleased to know that my brother won the Liverpool Grand National some years ago." At this we both had a good laugh, and he further asked if I had any English jam. It so happened that I had looted a case a few days before, so after visiting my quarters he went off with four tins of strawberry. It would hardly be fair to give his name, though it is one well-known throughout the English racing world, and one to which special acts of courtesy have been shown in England during the war. One could write columns on the kindness and consideration of the Austrians, in contrast to the cursing, spitting, and blasphemous remarks of German officers. I spent most of my time at the combined headquarters of the Austrian and German armies of that section, and one could judge readily the great distinction. Two little incidents I shall never forget. The first was when walking down the main street of the little town one morning. About 200 Austrian soldiers were drawn up on parade in double file, presumably in charge

of a junior officer. As I approached he commanded his company to "Attention," and then ordered the "salute." Immediately all rifles went to the salute, and the officers drew their swords. I never felt so small and cheap in my life. I raised my hand to my cap, but began to feel my legs wobbling, and I don't know to this day how I managed to get the length of that company. It was an awful experience, for German soldiers looked on and jeered. I never remember passing an Austrian officer or soldier without being saluted, but never by the Germans.

My second incident happened on the day when the news came through that the skipper of a North Sea fishing schooner had refused to rescue a Zeppelin crew. I was at the railway station, and an intoxicated German officer "went for me." I have only a limited knowledge of German, but I venture to say I have never been so ably "cussed" in my life, from above downwards, and from within outwards. Had I ventured a remark, he would have "stuck" me as certain as daylight, but oh, what a vocabulary. I would give much to have it in detail before me, for one cannot help admiring experts in any department, and the guttural tones of the German language make it an excellent medium for "cussing." Whilst this was taking place, an Austrian officer was helping me to lift the heavy boxes of my staff into a railway truck, for the cussing German railway officer had forbidden his men to help the "English swine."

After three weeks in England I was off again, and this time to the Russian front. I spent four months at Van, in Turkey, on the Bitlis front, under the command of the Grand Duke Nicolas. When the retreat from Van took place in August, 1916, I went to the Galician front close to Kovel, and later in the year to Bukovina. Here I have been since December, 1916, at the top of the heart of the Carpathians. It would take pages to describe the endurance and hardships of the Russian soldier through the long, terrible winter; of these heights, yards deep in snow, and the thermometer well below zero. Even now, at the end of June, one is glad of a fire in one's dug-out, and snow is still on the mountains. You have had the severity of action on the Western front, but I think it preferable to the severity of endurance on this. With the melting of the winter snows many a sad tale comes to light in the discovery of the frozen bodies of those who have lost their way in the fearful blizzards of the winter—soldiers frozen in the trenches, breast-deep in snow, for it drifted in faster than it could be shovelled out. The men on duty in the trenches dared not to stand still, for the lethargy of cold is very subtle, and in a few minutes it



would mean "sleep." The daily rota of frozen legs, hands, and feet passing through this hospital were but a small indication of the suffering endured. Men longed to die. The Russian soldier has always been noted for his powers of endurance, but such endurance relieved only by a black bread diet I have never before witnessed. A month at a time in the trenches under these conditions, with a fortnight in billets not much better, then back again.

All our severe sick and wounded are carried in horse stretchers (a stretcher slung between two horses), for the bumping of ambulance carts over mountainous corduroy roads is very trying. I am proud of the Russian soldier, but for his future in this war under the new regime I cannot at this moment hazard even a guess.

For the honour of old "London," I have had conferred on me the St. George's Medal and the Order of St. Vladimir.

Hoping I have not occupied too much of your valuable space.

Yours sincerely,

W. H. GRAHAM ASPLAND, Major.

*H.M.S. Cameleon.*

6/7/17.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

I received a copy of the GAZETTE the other day, for which I must thank you. It was indeed a pleasant surprise.

I'm afraid I haven't much news to tell you. Medical work is at a minimum. During a little excitement the other day I had to attend to a man with fractured jaw, radius, and generally cut about and bruised. I should like to tell you more about it, but . . .

I have met only two "London" men, Sharrod and Robbins. The latter is at present on the *Lowestoft*.

Shall always be pleased to get further editions.

Yours sincerely,

H. P. WARREN.

*H.M.S. Anzac.*

July 6th.

DEAR PROFESSOR WRIGHT,

I'm afraid I'm a bad correspondent, and haven't written to anyone at the Hospital for quite a long while. It has not been altogether for lack of thought of the Hospital. I met Woodhouse about two days ago, he is in the *Obdurate*, and he came across last Sunday in process of conducting a church party to the depôt ship.

Curiously enough, his captain and first lieutenant were shipmates of mine when I was in destroyers. They don't properly belong to our base, so I have not seen them before. I saw Townend when we joined up in April; his skipper, whom I knew in the first flotilla, has turned over to us, and Townend has gone to the *Lion*. The last I heard of him is that he was enjoying big-ship life very much. For myself, I am quite satisfied with small ships, though one gets very little medical work to do. . . I haven't really any news; life is very dull here, but I expect some sparks to fly before the end of this summer.

With all good wishes.

Yours sincerely,

H. W. L. MOLESWORTH.

B.E.F.

10th July, 1917.

DEAR MR. BURDON,

My people tell me that you have been making inquiries as to my present position and whereabouts. At the moment I am on leave, but that is a pleasure which, although continuously anticipated, arrives but seldom, and viewed in retrospect seems but as a passing hour to the æons which one lives in France.

For the last two years I have held the appointment of adjutant to my Battalion in France. During that time, which seems to constitute the whole of my existence, I have not been "fortunate" enough to secure either a "cushy" job or wound. My ill luck in the latter respect is easily explained; I have always been able to compete fairly successfully with the Battalion medical officer for the deepest and safest dug-out in any particular sector of trench which we may happen to be holding!

I fear that I am not of those who are thrilled with the romance and adventure of battle, nor indeed have I ever met one such "happy warrior" in the flesh. I do not hesitate to say how I long for the time to come again when the lips of a grateful out-patient shall pour forth the blessed words of "Thank you, doctor!" or when I shall hear again the tragic words of disappointment come sailing across the Anatomy Theatre, "I wonder, will you ever know it?"

In the D.S.O. rumour, which I believe had its origin in the columns of a daily newspaper, there is no truth. I have received no other honour since the Military Cross was bestowed on me last year.

Kindest regards to all at the hospital.

Yours sincerely,

CECIL S. CLOAKE.

"In the Field,"

8th August, 1917.

DEAR MR. WRIGHT,

I have just read with some surprises a letter in our GAZETTE by Captain J. Nissen Deacon, R.A.M.C.

His experiences have been so different from mine that I feel it to be only just that another point of view, on the work of Field Ambulance Stretcher-bearers, be placed before our readers. I certainly agree with Captain Deacon entirely in his admiration of the Regimental S.B.'s, and can only deem him extremely lucky to have so many that he could afford to allow them to do ambulance work as well; personally, I have never found them to be adequate in number for "stunts," and have never at any time known them to go beyond their R.A.P.

I have been in charge of the evacuation from the front line on several occasions. The advanced dressing stations have always been well forward, and often, owing to the gradual slope of the ground, are in full view of the enemy lines.

In this Division it is the custom always to keep a runner in the R.A.P., and during attacks additional bearers are lent to the R.M.O., according to requirements. One or more Relay Posts are maintained between the R.A.P. and A.D.S. At the moment one of these posts where squads are always kept is in the same trench as, and within a few yards of, the R.A.P.

During active operations in the early part of this year the ambulance S.B.'s had continually to go to the assistance of the Regimental S.B.'s, who were casualties or worn out; on one occasion 20, and on a second 17 squads were sent to assist in clearing the front line; on a third the four members of a squad received the Military Medal for clearing "No Man's Land."

I have never experienced other than close co-operation in working between ambulance and regimental M.O.'s and their respective bearers, nor must it be forgotten that, whereas the regimental S.B.'s generally have trenches to carry in, the ambulance S.B.'s are more often in the open.

I well remember while in the advanced post at Anzac there were 40 per cent. casualties among the ambulance S.B.'s, and again in my present Field Ambulance the casualties for a two days' attack were 30 per cent. From many conversations with brother R.A.M.C. officers, I find that my experience were by no means unique, in fact, they were ordinary.

It is certainly unfortunate that so isolated a view has been penned and published, concerning

what I think is generally conceded to be one of the brightest spots of this war, namely, the work of the Field Ambulance Stretcher Bearers.

With kind regards,

Yours sincerely,

F. F. MUECKE, Lt.-Col., R.A.M.C.,  
O.C., ——— Field Ambulance.

[NOTE.—We very deeply regret that unintentionally we should have appeared to reflect upon the work of the Field Ambulance Stretcher-bearers by our publication of Captain Deacon's letter. Nothing was further from our intention, and our apologies for any offence are freely and sincerely offered. To Captain Deacon himself we wish also to express our deep regret that we should have published his letter without first submitting the proof to him for his more considered judgment.—EDITOR.]

## REVIEWS

SURGICAL NURSING AND AFTER TREATMENT. By H. C. Rutherford Darling, M.D., M.S. (Lond.)

F.R.C.S. (J. and A. Churchill. Price 8s. 6d.)

Nurses will find in this new work a very complete and well-arranged exposition of the Principles of Surgical Nursing and After Treatment. There is much useful information in its pages, all of which is up-to-date. It can be thoroughly recommended, both as text-book and for reference, the latter being facilitated by a good index.

ANAESTHETICS. By J. Blomfield, M.D. (Baillière, Tindall & Cox. 4s.)

A carefully comprised treatise which clearly describes, not only all essential methods of administration, but also all objections, difficulties, dangers, and means of dealing with accidents that might occur with each respective anæsthetic. Anyone who carefully follows this book, particularly while undergoing a practical course of instruction in the operating theatres, which is now a necessary part of the student's curriculum, should become a careful and sound anæsthetist. I recommend this book to the general practitioner as well as the student.

THE MODERN (ALLEN) TREATMENT OF DIABETES MELLITUS. By O. Leyton.

The above-named manual presents in handy form the latest theories and the most up-to-date treatment of the disease in question. Dr. Leyton is to be congratulated on putting forth the treatment so clearly and concisely, and from his experience of it there would appear to be no doubt as to its efficacy. Unfortunately, the treatment is one which requires a great deal of supervision



on the part of the attendant and a certain amount of self-control on the part of the patient, and whereas results culled from cases in hospital or in nursing homes show remarkable improvement, it is doubtful whether the poorer class of patient whom one meets in panel work, or those patients who are unable to receive the benefit of hospital treatment and are not able to afford the comforts of a nursing home, would take the trouble to carry out the "Allen Treatment" as set forth. The manual, however, is one which should appeal to the up-to-date physician and can be strongly recommended as such.

TREATMENT OF DISEASES OF THE SKIN. By W. Knowsley Sibley, M.D., F.R.C.P. (Edward Arnold).

We have in our hands the second edition of Dr. Knowsley Sibley's book on "Skins." Whilst the publication is rightly entitled "Treatment of Diseases of the Skin," their description is so inadequate that it might have been omitted entirely as far as their etiology and symptoms are concerned. The book by itself is insufficient for the student and practitioner, and should be read with a larger and fuller text-book.

Writing of leucoderma, the author mentions he has succeeded in restoring the pigment locally by repeated treatment with the hyperæmic suction cups, combined with exposure to the X-Rays in fairly large doses. The pastille dose would have been of greater help to the reader. We presume the pigmentation induced was such as is usually produced by repeated X-Ray exposures of the skin, be it for post operative cases of carcinoma of the breast or enlarged glands of the neck.

Whilst not questioning the author's skill and observations, we should think the treatment tedious and the prognosis poor in extensive cases. Neither would we recommend painting the increased pigmented borders of the patches with pure carbolic acid to cause exfoliation. We quite agree with the use of stains, really the only remedy.

Syphilitic leucoderma was, in our opinion, worthy of mention as a source of error in diagnosis and subsequent treatment.

The author hopes for a "Tuberculin" to be found for the treatment of leprosy. The word may mislead the student into believing the T.B. to be the specific organism of leprosy, unnamed by Dr. K. S., p. 153; whilst the B. Lepra and the T.B. are both acidfast and closely resemble each other, we think accuracy is not served by the word tuberculin.

Calmette's antevenene is not mentioned,

neither is a possible positive Wasserman reaction in leprosy referred to.

We like the author's description of the skilled electro-therapeutist as being also a dermatologist.—He should be.—We notice with pleasure that the author rightly recognizes the great value of X-Rays in most skin affections, but one wonders he has given such little place to their consideration and hope that in a future edition he will greatly enlarge the subject.

In the chapter on Tinea of the scalp he omits to give the technique for epilation, neither are the remarks on the use of the pastille sufficiently clear and accurate. Matter of less importance is more fully treated in the book.

In dealing with syphilis, the author, believing that prevention is better than cure, boldly advises calomel pessaries and ointments. The hidden plague will certainly not be stamped out by false modesty. Let us be honest to our patients and ourselves.

The drug treatment of the disease is fully gone into, and much useful advice given, but we miss any reference to the technique of intravenous injections; neither are possible cardiac or renal diseases mentioned as contra-indications.

The illustrations are few in number, and the plates in several cases poor in reproduction, but probably war conditions are to blame.

We think the book worthy of better presentation, and are prepared to pay more for an enlarged edition. We should welcome references to papers on treatment.

The book is well worth reading and referring to. It should be useful to the practitioner, and we wish it success.

#### TUBERCULOSIS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

1. TUBERCULOSIS. By Clive Riviere, M.D., F.R.C.P. (pp. 127, f'cap. 8vo. 1s.) (Methuen's Health Series, 1917.)
2. I.K. THERAPY. By Niven Robertson, M.D., D.P.H. (Crown 8vo. 5s. net., pp. xiii. & 152.) (Baillière Tindall & Cox, 1917.)

At the present moment the eyes of all are fixed on spirochaetes, diplococci, and the ills they cause. There is some little risk that other germs may for a time at least be forgotten even by the profession, and we may well be glad to see, to read, and to advise others to read any well written and handy works on Tuberculosis, the most serious, widespread, and mischievous disease from which mankind has yet suffered since the dawn of history. While we may well believe that the ancients knew nothing of the mischief caused by gonococci, and while many writers of the sixteenth century were convinced that syphilis

was a new disease, the Father of Medicine himself not only recognised phthisis, but advocated a reasonable treatment for it on lines which Dr. Riviere rightly describes as "altogether modern."

The two books to which we desire to draw our readers' attention are written by authors whose outlook and whose objects are, we imagine, altogether different. Dr. Riviere's little book seems to us to be written rather for laymen and for the general public than for professional readers, yet many of the latter may well turn to it for short terse summaries of what almost anyone can and ought to do if he or she desires to join in the crusade against the common foe, while Dr. Robertson's work is highly technical and will appeal chiefly to those familiar with the latest methods of clinical investigation and laboratory research. Dr. Riviere is a direct follower of Hippocrates, and Dr. Robertson a disciple of Robert Koch.

Perhaps these two books so different in almost every respect, in style, in size, in contents, and in the public to which they are respectively addressed, may stand for types of the two chief methods of dealing with tuberculosis. We have tried to improve the patient's environment, and to put him in better surroundings, or to attack the enemy from within by drugs, by foods and diets, and now in these last days by vaccines, sera, and antitoxins. Those familiar with the successes and failures of the last class of remedies will find Dr. Robertson's book most interesting, while the much larger class of the unlearned in these matters will learn more from Dr. Riviere's teaching. With these considerations we turn to the two books.

Dr. Riviere deals with his subject under seven heads. The History and Nature of Tuberculosis; Its Prevalence and its Mortality; Immunity; Avoidance in Early Life; In Childhood; In Adult Life; Its Detection. Of these the method of immunisation by the use of unboiled milk is extremely suggestive, while the author's shrewd remarks as to nursery hygiene and the importance and value of short skirts show his good sense. We quote a sentence as an example of his style:—"Each one of us harbours some old centre of latent tubercle capable of becoming active under predisposing conditions, and this may very well be the source of an 'attack' of phthisis apparently arriving 'out of the blue.'"

Dr. Robertson has produced a suggestive but to most readers a very difficult book. The subject does not lend itself to easy handling, and indeed the concluding paragraph shows that even the author feels that he is travelling over rough and

uncertain ground. "I.K." itself stands for "Immun Körper"—that is, immune bodies, and the particular bodies herein described are derived from the blood of a rabbit immune to the three generally recognised tubercle bacilli, (B. longus, B. brevis, and the bovine T.B.), and also to the symbiotic organisms of suppuration. The pioneer of this method of treatment is Spengler, of Davos, who appears to have obtained better results than any subsequent workers in the same field. Sections IV. and XIV. deal with the theory and preparation of I.K., and control methods, and are of very great interest, especially from p. 60 onwards, where Dr. Robertson deals with Specific and Autoprecipitins in the blood and their bearing. Section XVI., pp. 78-113, gives notes on 41 cases treated with I.K., and we confess to reading these with some disappointment. Careful and critical summaries follow. The book ends with a very full Bibliography, and two charts. We hope that Dr. Robertson will pursue his studies on this most important subject, for he may be led to the preparation of some substance of undisputed value in the treatment of Tuberculosis. After the statement of Roepke (p. 34, end) that I.K. is as useful as normal saline solution we must "reserve judgment."

#### CATECHISM SERIES.

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These latest additions to the well-known Catechism Series in every way maintain the previous high standard attained, and should certainly be of great assistance to students of the various subjects who desire to make a complete revision of the more important points, and how to express them in suitable language just previous to their respective examinations.

THE INTENSIVE TREATMENT OF SYPHILIS AND LOCOMOTOR ATAXIA BY AACHEN METHODS. By R. Hayes. (Baillière, Tindall & Cox. London, 1917. 3s. 6d.)

This little book outlines the intensive treatment of syphilis by mercury, the writer favouring the inunction or Aachen method of application. This method, he says, when properly carried out, yields better results than any other mode of applying the drug. Although we are in agreement with this opinion, one cannot accept several of the author's ideas as regards the value of the author's ideas as regards the value of salvarsan, in particular that salvarsan may be



described as a valuable assistant to the older remedy. The book, however, will prove useful to those who wish to carry out such a course of treatment.

**STAYING THE PLAGUE.** By N. Bishop Harman. Methuen's Health Series, London, 1917. 1/-.

This is an excellent exposé in popular language of the venereal problem from various aspects. The first part of the book deals with the sexual aspect, the second with venereal infection, being chiefly based on the findings of the Royal Commission on Venereal Diseases, while the third and last part is devoted to the various measures, social and otherwise, employed in combating the evil.

The author indicates the great tendency to exaggeration with which many social reformers pursue their ways, and rightly states that "Books have been written which are a libel on the community." Although this work is singularly free from such faults, some opinions expressed by the author will not bear a very close scrutiny, but on the whole this book must be regarded as giving a very truthful account, and as eminently fulfilling the purpose for which it is intended.

**MODERN MAN AND HIS FORERUNNERS.** A short Study of the Human Species, Living and Extinct. By H. G. F. Spurrell, M.A., M.B., B.Ch.Oxon., F.Z.S. Published by G. Bell and Sons, Ltd., 1917. Price 7/6 net.

In "Modern Man and his Forerunners," Mr. H. G. F. Spurrell, an old London Hospital student, has made a notable contribution to the literature which deals with what in the broadest sense of the term may be called the History of Man.

He takes up his subject at the far-off date when Man, or his immediate progenitor, left the security and seclusion of the forest and ventured out into more open country. He gives many arguments for his belief that at this stage Man was enabled to maintain his position, surrounded as he was by animals highly specialised in various single directions by his remarkable versatility and particularly by reason of his gregarious habit, his "adoption of mechanical accessories," and his power of utilising other animals for his needs. The chapter in which he deals with this early existence is full of interest, the conclusions reached being largely based on the author's personal experiences with apes in captivity.

He passes rapidly over Man's history in the Stone Age, following the more orthodox but not necessarily, of course, the more accurate view that *Homo sapiens* and *Homo primigenius* are distinct species.

He later comes to what is, we imagine, the

chief purpose of the book—the consideration of the origin, spread, and downfall of the various civilizations, "the term 'civilization' being restricted to the mode of life in a territory which is maintaining a larger population than could live on the land if the people were not organized to develop its resources." Although he adds no new facts to what was already known regarding these civilizations, the author's views as to why the various civilizations arose and passed are reached after mature examination of the working of biological laws and are worthy of very careful consideration. His view appears to be that in the main a civilization arises in consequence of the descent of predatory tribes or peoples on to "vegetative" or peace-loving peoples with the organized subjection of the latter by the former. In process of time luxury and ease—"the couch the bath and the banquet," as Tacitus tells us—lead to the weakening of the dominant class; procreative power fails, the adventurous are killed, with the result that the community deteriorates and falls an easy prey to predatory neighbours trained in the harder School of Nature. Arguing from biological principles, Mr. Spurrell appears to be of opinion that the exercise of Arms is necessary for the well-being of a nation, quoting with approval the speech of the Inca Rocca to that effect.

He further prefers the plan of putting the government of a community into the hands of an Aristocracy, for although he plainly sees the danger of such a course, he believes it is less productive of evil than is the alternative plan of instituting a Democratic control.

On these matters the author has much to say in support of his views, but we doubt whether he has taken all the facts into consideration. We believe, for instance, that the high explosive shell and the submarine have shewn the futility of much of our military and naval training. We must no doubt maintain considerable and efficient military and naval forces, but for the generality of our population we venture to think the English method of keeping fit by means of Sports and Games has much to commend it as an antidote to luxurious and indolent habits. The objection again to adopting the aristocratic form of government is that it must always be very difficult to distinguish the real from the spurious aristocrat, nor is there any reason for believing that the gift of governing is more inherited than any other gift. We believe on the whole that a Democratic control on a restricted franchise is likely to be productive of the best results, for we hope that not always, as Mr. Spurrell imagines, will the electorate be duped by the specious promises of the blatant rhetorician.

Two matters which weigh heavily on the soul of our author are that the predatory instinct is too deeply ingrained in even the best of us to be ever eradicated, and that the over-population of the world with no further continents to discover, must be a constant and increasing source of national unrest. We for our part think that our predatory instinct may find satisfaction in acquiring things spiritual as well as material, and we confess we often derive comfort from the knowledge that the whole population of the world can still be put in the Isle of Wight.

Probably enough has been said to show that Mr. Spurrell has given us a most interesting and stimulating book by which he has in our opinion conferred no little honour on the College of which he is so distinguished an alumnus.

**GENERAL SERVICE HINTS.** 1/3 net.

"General Service Hints" for V.A.D. members is a small publication of The Scientific Press, intended for women who have joined or who propose joining the General Service Section of the Voluntary Aid Detachments of the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The book may, we think, be fairly described as consisting of two short and brightly-delivered lectures, giving as much general and detailed information on such matters as form-filling, official correspondence, and other clerical duties as is possible within the space allowed. For its purpose we consider the book is as good as can be, and well deserves the distinction of having its preface written by the Commandant-in-Chief of the V.A.D.'s.

**HEALTH IN CAMP.** By Capt. A. T. Nankivell, M.D., R.A.M.C. Constable & Company, Ltd., 1917. Price 1/- net.

"Health in Camp" is a small book of eighty-four pages, dealing with Camp Hygiene as distinct from Personal Hygiene—with such subjects, for instance, as Water Purification, Refuse Disposal, Huts, and Latrines. It covers, therefore, very much the same ground as that covered in R.A.M.C. training, but it has this advantage: it is more modern, for the many recommendations given in R.A.M.C. training have now been tested by experience, and so Captain Nankivell is able to make his list of methods to be employed for various purposes both short and practical. The book, in addition, gives information on such matters as the amount of sawdust necessary to incinerate pail contents, and the amount of manure per horse per day which we believe is not

to be found in R.A.M.C. training. Candidates for Certificate A of the University O.T.C. will find the volume of no little help.

**HANDBOOK OF ANATOMY FOR STUDENTS OF MASSAGE.** By Margaret E. Björkegren. Published by Baillière Tindall & Cox. Price 5/- net.

This handbook has now passed into a second edition, which may, we think, be taken as meaning that it has adequately fulfilled its purpose. The book runs to 233 pages, and has 73 illustrations, borrowed from Buchanan's Manual of Anatomy. Naturally in a book of this class the bones, joints, muscles, blood-vessels, and peripheral nerves of the body are the parts most fully described. The thoracic and abdominal viscera are dismissed in some twenty pages, the brain and spinal cord in three. With these necessary and desirable limitations the book may be considered as giving a full and accurate account of the Human Body, although perhaps a needless departure from truth has been made in the figure 73, where the liver, stomach, and transverse colon are all shown inordinately high.

The book is admirably adapted to the needs of the class of student for which it is intended.

**PHYSICAL REMEDIES FOR DISABLED SOLDIERS.** By R. Fortescue Fox, M.D. Published by Baillière Tindall & Cox. Price, 7/6 net.

In "Physical Remedies for Disabled Soldiers" a full account is given of the various physical methods employed in treating injuries and diseases. The various remedies are divided into Hydrological or Balneological, Mechanical and Electrical, and the indications for their use are in each case given.

The application of these methods is in our opinion likely to become in the future more and more extensive based as it is on the sound principle of assisting Nature.

The book contains in a readily accessible form all the information which we have been able to gather as a result of our experiences during the war, and it cannot, we think, but be of the utmost value to all those who have disabled soldiers or sailors under their care, as well as to those whose work is entirely among civilians.

A special chapter is devoted to Re-education and Work, and in it we find an interesting description of the Schools instituted for this purpose by the British, French, and Belgian authorities, as well as a somewhat cheering account of the results which have been obtained.



A REGIMENTAL SURGEON IN WAR AND PRISON.  
By Captain V. Dolbey, M.S., F.R.C.S.

In "A Regimental Surgeon in War and Prison," by Captain V. Dolbey, we have completed what may be regarded as a London Hospital Trilogy on the first six months of the war.

In "My Experiences as a German Prisoner," L. J. Austin has given us a picture of Belgium in the early days of August, 1914, before and during the passage of the German Army across the frontier. In "A Surgeon in Flanders," H. S. Souttar gave us a picture of Belgium as she lay desolated, after the main German Army had swept through and while the attack on Antwerp was being prepared and launched. And now what Austin and Souttar did for the small detachments of our forces in Belgium, Dolbey has done for the larger but still small Expeditionary Force during the Retreat to the Marne and the Advance to the Aisne.

The three books together give us an admirable account of what was happening in Western Europe in those memorable autumn days of 1914, and the Hospital, we think, may well be pardoned for the intense pride which it feels in remembering that the authors were all trained within its wards.

The irrepressible, if grim, humour which we found in Austin's book, the deep note of tragedy which was always present in Souttar's, compare with a certain wistful sadness which appears to us to be the dominant note in Dolbey's. If dominant, it is not, however, the only note, for there are many passages pregnant with dramatic power and unconquerable spirit.

Nothing we remember to have read upon the war surpasses for example in dramatic interest the cross-examination of Dolbey by a wounded German major on the alleged use of the dum-dum bullets by the British. The whole incident—the major sprawling on a table, the private of the Cheshires called in to give evidence, the confident accusation, the no less confident reply—is most graphically reproduced. The picture too of the red-headed Scottish soldier in the enfiladed trench, who, after firing some three hundred and fifty rounds in a vain endeavour to knock out the machine gun, was found in a condition of rigor mortis with his rifle at his shoulder and his cheek pressed closely to the stock, is one which readers of the book are not likely soon to forget. The description of the fighting again round Violaines with the account of the capture of Dolbey and his hospital, is as vivid and as illuminating a piece of military writing as anything we have ever read. Among such incidents there are many of definite historical value.

The advance from the Marne, the crossing of the Aisne, the disorganization of the German Army in its retreat, are all described with a close attention to detail which must, we imagine, give the book a high and permanent value. Of special interest to medical readers are such passages as those in which are described the physical and mental effects of fatigue, or the sudden madness which at times breaks out, as when a sergeant and five men stormed the whole of La Bassée.

The book, too, has a chastening effect, for we doubt if anyone can read through its thrilling pages without feeling a fervent hope that he may be found not unworthy of the sacrifices which so many of his countrymen so willingly made that England should remain inviolate and free.

Captain Dolbey has given us a notable book, full of human interest and of fine generous feeling, a book which is in every sense worthy of the events recorded, and with that—our considered judgment—we feel the Author will be more than content.

THE PRACTITIONER'S POCKET PHARMACOLOGY AND FORMULARY. By Dr. Freyberger.

This compilation presents, in a well-arranged manner, information concerning official Drugs and such non-official remedies as have some vogue at the present time, particularly the synthetic chemicals which have been introduced during the last few years.

The Drugs are arranged alphabetically, which materially facilitates reference. The information concerning each Drug is grouped under such headings as Properties, Corrigents (modes of administering) Use, Indications, Dose, Maximum Dose, Overdose and Treatment.

The concluding 73 pages are devoted to an Index of Indications and Counter Indications. It may be questioned as to how far there is need for such a compilation as Dr. Freyberger's book in view of the existence and extended use of such well-known works of reference on the same subject as Martindale's Extra Pharmacopœia and Squires' Pocket Companion. We are inclined to the belief that practitioners will prefer one or other of these two favorites which are not much more bulky than Dr. Freyberger's book, although they contain twice as many pages of the same size.

BLOOD PICTURES, by Cecil Price-Jones, M.B. (John Wright & Sons, Ltd.)

This book is intended as a guide to clinicians in the interpretation of the reports on blood examinations. It is written as the result of practical experience, and though open, as the

author foreshadows, to considerable academic criticism, should prove useful to Medical Students and Practitioners.

The description of the blood conditions in the leukaemias is somewhat confusing, and in the statement that the mast cells in leucoid leukaemia are "relatively enormously increased in number," "relatively" should read "absolutely," and it is conceivable that a substitute might be found for "enormously."

On the whole the book is written simply and clearly; it is admirably printed, and the text is assisted by numerous illustrations in colour.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the following works, reviews of which will appear in our next number:—HYGIENE AND PUBLIC HEALTH, 6th Edition, by Drs. Louis C. Parkes and H. R. Kenwood. MIDWIFERY, by Drs. Comyns Berkeley, Russell Andrews and J. S. Fairbairn. DISEASES OF THE SKIN, 6th Edition, by Sir Malcolm Morris. HYGIENE AND PUBLIC HEALTH, by Drs. Whitelegge and Newman. THE IDEAL NURSE, by Dr. C. A. Mercier.

Extract from "The Daily Telegraph," July 28th, 1917.

## EAST END CHILDREN.

### A NOTABLE RECORD.

"I am an East-end baby. I sleep to-day in the room I was born in. My father lived in it before me. And instead of arriving here to teach her, I assure you people might very well come to the East End mother to learn."

Thus Dr. Cursham Corner, and if anybody knows what he is talking about in regard to this particular matter, he does. For nearly forty years he has come in and out of his house in the Mile End Road—anybody on the car-top will tell you just where it is—working among the people of East London, and the East-end baby has been his special care. And to the apostles of the newest light who would make that light shine in the dark places of the East, Dr. Corner replies that it was shining there—he saw to it personally that it did—before some of them were born. And he gives you chapter and verse for it.

Here is a little pamphlet Dr. Corner wrote thirty years ago. It is called "Brief Instructions to Mothers and Nurses upon the Feeding, Clothing, and General Care of Infants," and it sets down, in simple and explicit language, exactly what to do. You can find what you want to know in a moment. "At Birth," "At Six Months," "Eight to Twelve Months," "Twelve to Eighteen Months," "Important Matters to be Attended To," "Cleanliness," "Teething," these are some of the plain

sign-posts to guide you. One is not surprised to hear that the little book was passed from house to house, and that thousands of East End mothers benefitted by Dr. Corner's "Grandmother's Wisdom," circulated, by the way, at his private expense.

And the same with "pre-natal care" in the East End. Expectant mothers who came to the Tower Hamlets Dispensary long years ago were supplied with rules for their guidance which are a model of clearness. A copy lies before the writer now—the only one remaining to the author. It begins its "advice" five months before the birth of the child, and one may safely say that more than one East-end hero of the "Gazettes" owes part of the courage and spirit that won him his decoration to these simple words of Dr. Corner's that his mother read and studied in an East End room. They told her not only what to do, but what not to do, and Dr. Corner will tell you that when the way is pointed to her, there is no more conscientious mother than the mother of the East End.

There is a theory widely held west of Aldgate Pump that when in doubt the East End mother gives gin. "I have only known one case of the kind in all my experience," said Dr. Corner. "Gin and grated cheese," was the creed of this child. And, says Dr. Corner, "grated cheese is recommended by certain Continental physicians."

### PIONEER "BABY SHOW."

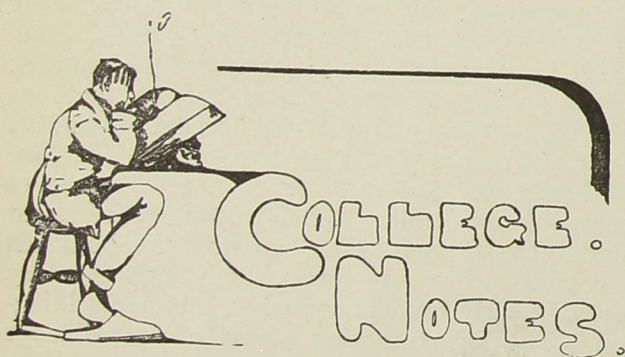
Ninety-five per cent. of East End mothers, according to Dr. Corner, feed their own children, and, partly, from economy, the East End mother is inclined to continue feeding too long, according to modern notions. But the early-weaned child, as Dr. Corner points out, is quite a late prescription. Down to the Georgian period English mothers, like the mothers of Japan and Iceland to-day, fed their children patiently for two years. The East End tries its hardest to get in a good supply of grass-fed cows' milk. "Dairy people round about here," Dr. Corner said, "go into the Midlands and make contracts direct, and fetch it every morning early from Liverpool Street and Paddington." The Jewish mother is partly responsible for this—her care in the nurture of her child and her insistence upon its having the best milk that can be got.

We have had a Baby Week in London recently. The East End had Baby Shows nearly a decade ago. Indeed, Dr. Corner is a pioneer of Baby Shows. Read the report of the prize distribution of the Stepney Show of 1908, and you will see the pride that everyone took in it. The mothers of the East End, with whom the rearing of their children, so far as their circumstances allow, is a point of much pride, had flocked to the Show with



their babies. Two of the speakers were able to cite the testimony of the doctors that in the case of infants the mothers of Stepney were behind no mothers in the Metropolis, and that the extraordinary healthiness and development of the children was a matter of high gratification. A year later Mrs. Leverton Harris had established the Stepney School for Mothers, and though the St. Pancras School existed, the Mayor could still claim proudly that it was "a missionary enterprise." And in 1914 we find Dr. Corner presenting "my thirtieth annual report" of the "East End Mothers' Lying-in Home," which he helped to found, and in the indoor and outdoor departments last year nearly 2,030 children were born.

At this time, when the need for strong, healthy children is once more publicly recognised and announced from the housetops, it is pleasant to record this worthy part the East End of London played in the earlier days of the movement. Dr. Corner, as this article shows, has been working in the field, quietly and unobtrusively, between thirty and forty years, and his father, an East London medical officer, worked in it before him. Between them they kept the Tower Hamlets Dispensary going for seventy years. Dr. Corner will tell you the mothers have been as keen to learn as he has been to teach them. If missionaries of "Grandmother's Wisdom" find as much response to the wider crusade as the East End has given to that within its bounds, it is of happy augury for the race.



Past and present students of the "London" will be interested no doubt in learning, as they may from our advertisement columns, that a Portfolio of eight drawings of our Hospital and College is in process of being issued by Messrs. W. H. Beynon & Co. The drawings are by the well-known artist, Mr. Hanslip Fletcher, and are very much appreciated by those who have seen the proofs. We expect to be in a position to refer to them with more precision in our next issue.

We take up the pen to write these Notes, but the situation may be very appropriately likened unto that of the Israelites who tried to make bricks without straw.

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If the finished effort fails to reach the high standard of our predecessors, we fall back on the excuse that covers everything bad in these days, from an egg to a U-boat—*C'est la Guerre!*

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Great changes are anticipated in the College at a very early date. It is likely that the instruction in first year subjects will be discontinued, and students of these subjects will be transferred to the East London College.

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We sincerely trust that all the members of the O.T.C. enjoyed their "little jaunt" to Salisbury Plain and that the change has had beneficial results, both as regards health and efficiency. Further information appears on another page.

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Sports generally have been more or less in abeyance this season, except for tennis. Four courts have been prepared, and they certainly seem to have been appreciated by some members.

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It is true we have had one cricket match against the Chingford Police, on June 9th. This annual match was played more for the maintenance of a very old custom than for the purpose of inaugurating cricket seriously.

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In spite of this, we managed to "put it across them," as they say in the classics. The Hospital batted first, and made 142 runs (Staff-Surgeon Hearn 48), the Police replying with 104 runs. Wickets were taken by Bray, Coombes, Hearn.

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Members of the office staff have been seen recently in the College. Rifleman H. A. Osman, who received wounds in both elbows, was looking remarkably well after his period of convalescence, and is now again with his battalion in France. Corporal A. J. Gridley was home on leave after eighteen months' service in France. We offer him our hearty congratulations on being awarded the Military Medal for maintaining communications as a signaller at Gavrelle during the Battle of Arras.

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The stately but withal genial presence of Dr Fison will be much missed in the College, but

we hope he will still be seen not infrequently among us, although we regret to think not so regularly as of old.

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We are sure all London Hospital students will have heard with special pleasure that Lieut.-Col. N. C. Rutherford, our Senior Demonstrator of Anatomy, has been awarded the D.S.O. for Gallantry in the Field. Our warmest congratulations go to him.

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We offer our heartiest congratulations to our late Editor, Surgeon John Hollings, R.N., on the occasion of his recent marriage, notice of which appears elsewhere. We wish them both the very best of luck, and the greatest of happiness and prosperity.

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Our congratulations are also due to our Lecturer on Materia Medica, Mr. F. A. Hocking, who has been awarded a Silver Medal by the Royal Society of Arts for his paper on "The War and Our Supply of Drugs." Mr. Hocking has won for himself a foremost place among those who are promoting the manufacture of our own medicinal agents from supplies to be found within our Empire.

## THE LONDON HOSPITAL CLUBS' UNION

We are publishing in this number the accounts of the Clubs' Union and the GAZETTE for the year ended the 31st March, 1917.

In the report published with the 1915-16 accounts in our July number of 1916, we entered fully into the reasons for the variation in our income and expenditure as compared with previous years, and it will only be necessary therefore to refer to items which differ to the previous year in any considerable degree.

The income for 1916-17 shows a decrease of over £210 compared with 1915-16, when the amounts received for subscriptions was greater by £60, and a grant of £150 was received from the GAZETTE Funds. The annual income during peace time was over £1,100 inclusive of the profit in the catering for the Dining Hall.

The expenditure shows the following decreases on the previous year:—Wages of Groundsman and Horse-hire, £83; Repairs, £26; Grant to Athenæum, £44; Grants to other Clubs, £15; Telephone, £10.

The amounts for (1) Interest paid to the House Committee on Loan and (2) Rates and Taxes, show increases of £9 and £144 respectively: the entry in the account will explain the former; while the latter is accounted for by the fact that two years' tax under Schedule B had to be met during the year under consideration. Prior to 1915-16 no tax was charged on the Athletic Ground under Schedule B.

The year closed with a deficit of £451, while on March 31st, 1916, the deficit was £298.

It will be observed that the expenditure has been closely guarded, and that economy has been practised wherever possible. A portion of the Athletic Ground has again been lent for sheep-grazing this summer. This procedure minimises labour in the way of mowing, and effects a considerable reduction in the expenditure for wages and horse-hire.

The Athletic Ground was lent on various occasions to the Walthamstow Boy Scouts' Association for their sports, the Chingford Special Constabulary for cricket matches, and to the Royal Engineers Postal Section for Association football matches. The ground has also been in regular use by our members for football, cricket, and tennis.

The GAZETTE Funds have suffered severely during the past year, which is mainly due to the considerable increase in the cost of printing and the diminution in the number of advertisers, owing to circumstances arising out of the war. It is proposed to effect a reduction in the cost of printing in future by only publishing the "Pro Aris et Focis" occasionally.

The system of despatching complimentary copies to past and present students serving in H.M. Forces has been continued during the year.

At a Meeting of the members held in the Athenæum last February, a special Committee of students (representative of the various years in the Curriculum) was elected to take the place of the Clubs Committees which managed the affairs of the various Clubs in peace time.

A warm debt of gratitude is due to this Committee for the great interest and activity which they have shown.

In concluding this Report we should like to state that any member wishing for details regarding the accounts of the Union is invited to apply to the Hon. Financial Secretary, who will be pleased to enter more fully into the question of Clubs' Union Finance.

F. J. SMITH, *Hon. Treasurer.*

E. J. BURDON, *Hon. Financial Secretary.*

LONDON HOSPITAL CLUBS' UNION.

24th July, 1917.