

great sea of mud, everywhere pitted with shell holes, interspersed with tangled masses of barbed wire. Here and there one sees long narrow lines of trenches, and one has occasional glimpses of khaki-clad figures walking about in them. In the distance the remains of one or two ruined villages can be seen surrounded with tall poplar trees, many of which have been torn up near the roots and stripped of their branches by shell fire. To see a big shell burst is a sight not to be forgotten, especially if one happens to be near the site of the explosion. One hears a low drone, a sort of whistling sound, getting gradually louder until it reaches its crescendo preparatory to its burst, which ends in a terrifying, deafening roar. The natural tendency is to duck and jump into the nearest shell-hole, for there is not much time to run, as it is very hard to tell in which direction the shell will explode.

The newly occupied ground recently taken from the Huns is remarkable for the large number of well-made and deep dugouts. One we occupied recently was made of solid concrete. The only objection to it was a rather unpleasant odour, which we later discovered emanated from dead Bosches insufficiently buried near by. Most of the German dugouts are remarkably deep—some are nearly 40 feet deep, well timbered throughout, with strong wood stairways and roofs. One dug-out we lived in recently was a huge affair, big enough to accommodate nearly 150 men. This place was complete with wire netting and spring-mattress beds arranged in tiers along the side of the wall, also a kitchen and a well-furnished mess-room with wooden tables and chairs, presumably Bosche loot from some adjacent village; the walls were even papered with up-to-date artistic paper, a large pier-glass adorned one side of the room and comfortable easy chairs were arranged round the table. These dwellings often extend for a considerable distance underground, having many exits leading out to various parts of the trenches. One feels very safe in these dug-outs; the atmosphere and underground life, however, get rather demoralising after a time, so that one's pilgrimages to the upper world are apt to get less and less frequent, until finally after some time a stage arrives when one will only leave the dug-out for necessary duties. The Bosche appears to have well marked out all his old dugouts, as he frequently shells these spots and neighbouring vicinities. The thing that strikes one most out here, however, is the indomitable pluck of the British infantry man; although called upon for duty at all hours of the day and night, he always cheerfully performs his job of work. Many cases have I met of men refusing to leave their trenches although wounded,

preferring rather to face it out with their pals until the battalion is relieved. One cannot close without a word about the regimental stretcher-bearer. He is a man entrusted with the highly dangerous job of bringing in wounded. For these brave men one has nothing but admiration, for they go on with their humane task in the face of murderous shell and machine gun fire; often particularly during a push, creeping out in broad daylight almost up to the German lines, dodging from one shell-hole to another until they finally reach their quarry. First aid is rendered, and the journey back is commenced, and he will not rest content till he has got his wounded man into safe shelter. Having brought in their own wounded men, they will often volunteer unasked to bring in wounded men of other regiments, and although this is not really part of their work, these gallant fellows are never backward in volunteering for this dangerous task.

I think this concludes my experiences. I feel very glad to have finished up on the Western front, although the weather conditions have been absolutely appalling, and the dugout life is not conducive to unalloyed happiness.

I hope this little account will not prove too boring; if so, I can only apologise for my amateurish literary efforts.

F. E. JOHNSON.

SOME FRENCH ARMY SURGEONS OF THE PAST

By S. D. CLIPPINGDALE, M.D., F.R.C.S.

To the May number of our GAZETTE the writer had the pleasure of contributing an article upon "Some British Army Surgeons of the Past." With the concurrence of our Editor, he now presents a similar article dealing with the French Army Surgeons. The arrangement will be chronological, and singularly the surgeon, Ambrose Paré, who stands first in this order, is also, in many ways, first in the order of Merit.

HERALDRY.—There are probably a few readers of the GAZETTE who are interested in the picturesque and historic science of Heraldry. If the Editor, therefore, can spare space, the writer proposes to give sketches and descriptions of the armorial bearings granted to the three French military surgeons, Percy, Larrey, and Dupuytren, who, for their services, were created Barons. The bearings not only have reference to the achievements of the surgeons to whom they were granted, but are good examples of the difference between the simplicity of English and the complexity of French Heraldry. The *blazons*

(descriptions) are taken from Rietstap's *Armorial Generale*, and the rough sketches made from the plates which accompany the same work.

Ambrose Paré (1517-1590).

Paré's eminence as a surgeon can scarcely be over estimated. He has been called, apparently with justice, the "Father of French Surgery." He had many points in common with our Richard Wiseman (see the writer's former article). Just as Lister in this country and Dupuytren in France raised surgery from an art to a science, so Wiseman and Paré may be said to have raised it from a trade to an art.

The great achievement by which Paré's name will ever be remembered is his invention of the ligature for tying bleeding arteries instead of sealing them with boiling pitch or the red-hot iron. This invention was first brought into England by Richard Wiseman, who probably heard of it while travelling in France with his fugitive Prince, Charles II.

Like many another great man, Paré was born in obscurity and in poverty, and he had to learn and to profit by what Shakespeare has told us are the "sweet uses of Adversity."

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there lived in the little town of Laval in the department of La Mayenne a poor but honest and industrious carpenter and his wife. Mons. and Madame Paré had succeeded in placing well in the world their three children, two sons and a daughter. The elder son followed his father's trade, the second son became a barber-surgeon in the neighbouring town of Vitry, and the daughter married a "master surgeon" of Paris.

When Mons. and Madame Paré thought their begetting days were over, they were somewhat perplexed by the arrival of little Ambrose. Ambrose, as he grew, displayed remarkable mentality, and, moreover, a *penchant* for the profession of Medicine. To enter this profession a knowledge of Latin was essential. The parents were unable to provide this knowledge for him, for their available resources had gone in the education of their three earlier children. A good curé, however, came to their assistance, and in return for any little domestic service which Ambrose could render him, undertook the boy's education.

When eligible, Paré was admitted to the College of St. Corne, where barber-surgeons were trained, and in due time left with a certificate stating that he was able to "cure boils, anthaxes, bruises, and carbuncles." This certificate constituted him a "Master Surgeon."

Upon leaving St. Corne he at once joined the Army, and, although only eighteen years of age,

had the good fortune to be appointed Assistant Surgeon in a force then proceeding into Italy. He soon won the good opinion of the officer in command (Colonel de Montain), whom he had to treat. At the siege of Chateau Villam he introduced one of his innovations in the treatment of gunshot wounds. It had been the custom to fill these wounds with boiling oil. Paré, distressed at the unnecessary suffering which this caused, invented a mixture of cold spirits of turpentine to which he added oil of roses and the yolk of an egg. The wounds did quite as well as under the old treatment, and the gratitude of the patients was, of course, great.

Later in the same campaign the officer in command, who had now become "Marshall" de Montain, suffered from "Hepatical Flux." The treatment of this malady, whatever it was, did not fall within Paré's *metier*. Paré, however, did what he could until a physician from Milan arrived. The physician did not do much, for the patient died. Whatever Paré had done met with the approval of the physician, who, before leaving, said to the Marshall, "Take care of that young man, he will bring you credit."

Upon the death of Marshall de Montain, Paré did not get on well with his successor, so that he quitted the army, returned to Paris, married, and settled down to civil practice.

He had not been long in civil practice before war broke out with Spain, and his services were again requisitioned. This war lasted several months, and at the end Paré received a present of fifty ducats, two houses, and a diamond worth thirty crown pieces.

After this Paré never severed his connection with the Army, and met with many and varied experiences. At Boulogne he met English soldiers from whom he learned that serious injuries, and even death may be caused by the air compressed by a passing cannon ball. At Boulogne he successfully treated the Duc de Guise, whose neck had been transfixed by a spear-head.

After the expedition to Boulogne, which occurred in the year 1552, Paré was made Surgeon-in-Chief to the Army and Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the King (Henry II.)

Paré was next sent to Metz, which was being besieged by the Emperor Charles of Germany. Here he did admirable work among the wounded, and upon returning to Paris was presented by the King with a fee of 500 crowns.

Paré's crowning piece of good fortune, as a military surgeon, occurred in 1553, at the Castle of Hedin, which was being besieged by the Spaniards. The Castle fell, but Paré, hearing of the dire straits of the imprisoned Frenchmen,

entered the fortress in disguise and treated their wounds. His skill, however, revealed his identity, and he was about to be sent to the galleys when he was called in to attend the wounds of a highly-placed officer. This officer, grateful for Paré's skill, procured the surgeon's release. Paré then returned to Paris, and received from the King a further pecuniary reward.

In 1557 Paré was at the battle of St. Quintin, in 1558 at the camp of Amiens, in 1562 at the capture of Rouen, in 1563 at the Harbor de Grace, in 1564 at Bayonne with the boy King Charles IX., with whom he remained two years; in 1567 he was at the battle of Dreux. Later he was sent to Flanders to treat the Marquess of Aret. With this mission his military career, which had extended over twenty-five years, closed.

Paré, who was a Huguenot, escaped death during the massacre of St. Bartholomew, by the forethought of his Sovereign. The King, knowing that Paré would not escape, feigned illness and ordered him to remain within the Castle during the night of the shocking slaughter.

Paré died at his own house, surrounded by his friends, on December 22nd, 1590.

Paré had been surgeon to four French Sovereigns (a record equalled in England by Sir Astley Cooper), namely, Henry II., Francis II., Charles IX., and Henry III.

Paré was remarkable for his modesty and for his piety. When congratulated upon the success of any of his operations, he invariably replied, "I treated, God cured."

Paré wrote many works which, naturally, first appeared in French, but were translated into English by Johnson in 1663. In one of these he lays down the five following precepts as a surgeon's duty—(1) To remove parts which are superfluous; (2) To restore parts which are displaced; (3) To separate parts which are artificially joined together; (4) To join parts which are artificially separated; (5) To supply the defects of nature.

(The best English account of Paré is "Ambrose Paré and his Times," by Mr. Stephen Paget.)

Leonard Botallus (1530).

Botallus wrote a work, published in 1565, upon gunshot wounds ("Sclopetaria," as he calls them), which had a long and high reputation, but whether this work was the result of actual experience in the battlefield, the writer cannot state. He was also a great advocate for bleeding, and his teaching on this subject was carried to an extravagant extent.

Botallus was born at Asti, in Piedmont. He commenced his medical education in Pavia, but completed it in Paris. He was surgeon to two

French kings and to the Prince of Orange, whom he treated successfully for a wound of the carotid artery. The date of his death is unknown.

Charles Drélincourt (1633-1697).

Drélincourt was born in Paris, and was the third son of a Calvinistic minister in that city. He commenced his studies at Saumur, but continued them at Montpellier, where he took his degree. He was made Physician to the Army by Marshal Turenne, whom he accompanied in many campaigns. Retiring from the Army, he went to Leyden, and became Rector of the University there. When the Prince of Orange and the Princess Mary left Holland to ascend the throne, he presented them with an address on behalf of the University.

Augustine Bellosté (1654-1730).

Bellosté was born in Paris, where he practised for some years as a civil surgeon. He then joined the army, and, as Surgeon-Major, accompanied the French forces into Italy. He remained in Italy, and was appointed Surgeon to the Dowager Duchess of Savoy. He died in Turin.

Bellosté is chiefly remembered by his book, "The Hospital Surgeon," first published in 1690, but followed by many re-issues in many languages. In this work he advocates the free use of mercury, and deprecates the frequent changing of dressings as retarding the healing of wounds.

Henri L. Le Drau (1656-1720).

Le Drau, the elder, was born at St. Cloud, 24th December, 1656. He became an eminent operator and was appointed Surgeon to Louis XIV. He took part in the battle of Malplaquet, which, it will be remembered, was won by the English under the Duke of Marlborough. In this battle Le Drau must have found abundant use for his services, as the casualties inflicted by the English upon the French were enormous. He died 1st February, 1720. He had two sons, both doctors, Henri François and François Antoine, M.D. The former became an Army Surgeon.

Henri François Le Drau (1685-1770).

Elder son of the above, was born in Paris and educated in surgery by his father. He turned his attention especially to Lithotomy, which he performed by the lateral method. His work upon gunshot wounds, containing much valuable information, the result of his own experience, was published by the Academy of Surgeons.

Jean Louis Petit (1674-1760).

Jean Louis Petit was born in Paris, 13th March, 1674. From childhood he displayed a habit of close penetration which attracted the notice of

the great anatomist Littie, who resided in his father's house. Even at the early age of seven he is said to have watched a dissection with great interest. Littie invited him to attend his anatomical lectures, and when only twelve years of age placed him in charge of the anatomical theatre. He studied medicine and surgery under Mareschal at La Charité. In 1692 he joined the Army as Surgeon, and in 1697 was promoted Surgeon Aide-Major of Hospitals. In 1700 he was made Master Surgeon in Paris. He was sent for by the King of Spain and by the King of Poland, each of whom endeavoured to retain him, but he preferred to return to his own country. He was made a member of the Academy of Sciences and Director of the Academy of Surgery. In 1715 he was made F.R.S.Lond. He wrote many books, the principal of which perhaps was "*L'Art de guerir des maladies des os, luxations, fractures, etc.*," published in 1705. He died 20th April, 1760.

Jean Paul Marat (1743-1793).

It seems a pity to have to include this nefarious man, but the title of the paper compels it, as Marat was an Army physician.

Marat, the son of an immigrant Italian physician named Mara, was born at Neuchatel, 24th May, 1743. He studied Medicine first at Bordeaux, afterwards in Paris, and then in London. He remained in London some time, and while resident there published two socialistic essays, one on "Man" and the other on the "Chains of Slavery." In 1775 he went to Scotland, and was made M.D. St. Andrew's. Upon returning to France he joined the Army, and was made Physician to the Guards under the Comte d'Artois, afterwards Charles X. When the Revolution broke out, Marat sided with the people, and brought out his famous "*L'Am du Peuple*." His revolutionary principles were extravagant, and he became the "Darling of the Scums." Naturally his conduct excited the attention of the authorities, and to avoid this he twice fled to London. When in Paris he hid in the public sewers there. In this way he contracted Fibrositis, which ultimately led to his death. When the Revolution was in full swing, Marat regained his liberty. On account of the rheumatism contracted in the sewers he was only comfortable in his bath. Here he did his writing. As an accomplice in the Revolution he had a charming woman, one Charlotte Corday. Miss Corday, though sanguinary, was less so than Marat. Sickenings of the daily slaughter by Guillotin, she wished the executions stopped. Our worthy confrere Marat, however, thought there should be two thousand

more. To prevent this, Corday, by a subterfuge, obtained entrance to his chambers and stabbed him in his bath. Marat's body was deposited in the Pantheon with public honours, but fifteen months later cast out amid public execration. Charlotte was guillotined for the murder of Marat, but such was her amiable nature that she sat for her portrait the night before her execution.

Baron Percy (1754-1829).

This Surgeon was not a member of the distinguished English family of the same name, though his ancestors probably came from the same village, Percy, near Villedieu, in Normandy.

Pierre François Percy was born at Montagny in the Haute Saone, 28th Oct., 1754. He was the son of a Surgeon-Major who, however, quitted the Army in ill humour ("fort mecontent").

In 1775 our Surgeon entered the Military School at Besançon. In 1776 he was appointed "Aide Chirurgien Major," and in 1792 "Chirurgien Major." In 1792 he was appointed Physician to the Northern Army, and about this time wrote his "*Manuel du Chirurgien d'Armée*." He invented a pried ambulance of which an illustration will be found in Larry's work. This ambulance consisted of a single pallet upon wheels and apparently without springs and covered by a roof from which curtains descended. Under Napoleon Percy fought against us at Waterloo. He died 18th February, 1825.

By Napoleon he was created a Baron of the Empire in 1809, and the arms granted to him were as follows:—

"Ec. au (1) d'or une lampe antique de sable cont, alluminée de aux (2 and 3) d'azure un



mission oval d'argent le mandie accolé d'un serpent d'or se naient dans la glasse, au (4) d'or à une main de caru ailée d'azur tenant une scalpel de sable en pal et entouré d'un coronne de chien de sinople."

Note.—In the first quarter the lamp, of course, represents the illuminating power of science.

In the second and third quarters the mirror and serpent are difficult to explain. In the fourth quarter the hand holding a scalpel requires no explanation; the wings are probably the healing wings of Malachi, and the dog collar a bearing of some personal nature.

Baron Larrey (1766-1842).

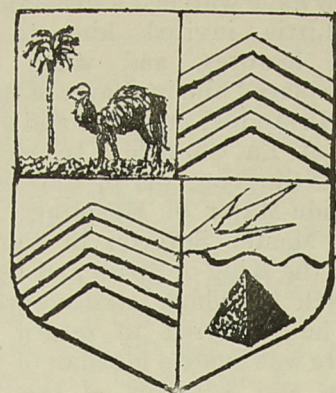
Jean Dominique Larrey, was born at Beaudéau in the Basses Pyrénées. He commenced his medical studies in Toulouse and completed them at Paris. He served first as a naval surgeon, but in 1793 was transferred to the Army. Soon after entering the Army he introduced his Flying Ambulance Service ("Ambulance Volantes"). This was simply a way of getting the wounded out of the field of battle as soon as possible, and appears to have been similar and may have been the original of our present system. He accompanied Napoleon in all or most of his campaigns. Early in his career he served upon the Rhine. In 1796 he was with the Army in Italy, and established in that country several schools of surgery. In 1798 he was with the expedition in Egypt, and in Syria, and greatly distinguished himself by his courageous services to the wounded at Acre, Aboukir, and Alexandria. He was Surgeon to the Imperial Guard in the German and Spanish campaigns. He greatly distinguished himself at Wagram. After the battle of Bautzen he successfully defended over 1,000 soldiers from the charge of self mutilation. From Napoleon he received a present of 3,000 francs, as well as the Baronage, and also the Medical Director-Generalship of the Army. He was taken prisoner by the English at Waterloo, but was restored to France with the return of the Royal Family in 1814, and became Surgeon to Garde Royale. His last military service was at the battle of Austerlitz, after which he lived a retired life in Paris until his death.

Larrey, like Paré, used splints made of trusses of straw tied together and covered with linen. These splints he found useful as possessing both rigidity and flexibility. He appears to have been the first surgeon to point out the necessity of catheterism in cases of injuries to the pelvis. He wrote the following works:—"Clinique Chirurgicale dans les Camps et les Hôpitaux Militaires, depuis 1793, jusqu'en 1829," and "Relation Historique et Chirurgicale de l'expédition de l'armée d'Orient en Egypte et en Syrie." Both works have been translated.

Larrey was created by Napoleon a Baron of the Empire 31st January, 1810 (just after the battle of Wagram), upon which occasion he received as arms:—

"Ec. au (1) à un palmier de sinople possé à dextre soutenu d'une terrasse du meme at acc.

d'un dromédaire pass, d'azur aux (2) et (3) d'azur à trois chevrons d'or; au (4) coupé a d'argent à la barre ordée de gules ch. d'une



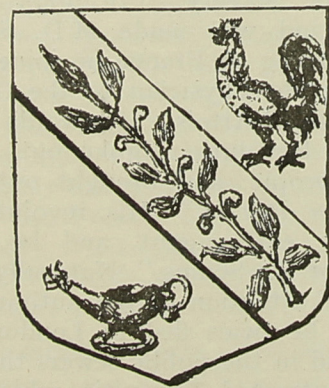
raie nageante du champs, o d'or à une pyramide de sable."

Note.—The first quarter has reference to Larrey's exploits in Syria, the second quarter to his exploits in Egypt, while the second and third quarters are assigned to the ancient arms of the Larrey family.

Baron Dupuytren (1777-1835).

The work and worth of this great surgeon are so fully and so ably described by Mr. Hutchinson in the May number of this GAZETTE that it is only necessary here to add Dupuytren's title and his coat of arms.

Guillaume Dupuytren was created a Baron by Louis XVIII. in August, 1820, but never used his title. For arms he was granted.



"D'azur à la bande d'or ch. d'une branche de laurier de sinople et acc. d'un coq d'or en chef et d'une lampe allumée d'or en pied."

Note.—The cock represents the "Herald of Dawn," the lamp the "Light of Science," and the laurel branch the honours won by the grantee.

(The writer cannot forbear to express the pleasure with which he learns that Mr. Hutchinson contemplates publishing a Life of Dupuytren in book form. The work will not only be the

first memoir in English of the great surgeon, but is certain to rank as a classic among works of medical biography.)

Auguste Nélaton (1807-1873.)

Although Nélaton was not an army surgeon, it seems impossible to omit reference to him in this paper on account of the famous probe with which his name will ever be associated.

Garibaldi was lying, *hors de combat*, in the island of Capura, having been struck by a bullet. Neither the English nor the Italian surgeons could locate this bullet, the reason being probably that, lying deeply, it was covered by soft parts or by blood. Nélaton, then the leading surgeon in Paris, was sent for. He hit upon the ingenious device of passing into the wound a probe tipped with a piece of unglazed porcelain. Upon withdrawing the probe he found the porcelain smeared with lead. He then successfully removed the bullet.

REFERENCE.

The above account, poor as it is, appears to be the only attempt hitherto made to compile an English list of French Military Surgeons. Those who would go more thoroughly into the matter are advised to consult (1) the works of the various surgeons concerned, and (2) the following dictionaries:—Cates's "Dictionary of Biography," Chamber's "Biographical Dictionary," the "Biographic Universelle," the "Nouvelle Biographie Generale," and Guilt and Hirsche's "Biographisches Lexikon."

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL—II.

John Henry Parker, at the age of 16 began business as a bookseller. Eleven years later he succeeded his uncle in the business so familiar to several generations of Oxford men in Broad Street, and four years later, at the age of 30, he produced his first book on Gothic Architecture. Throughout a long life he continued to work at his favourite subject, amongst other things editing Rickman's book. He was never a professional architect, but he had much to do with the "Restoration" of old churches. His firm was in close touch with the leaders of the Oxford Movement, Newman, Pusey, and Keble, and he may well have turned some of them towards mediævalism. He died in 1884, at the age of 78. His son was no mean antiquarian. He kept up the business and followed his father's steps. He was a constant attendant at meetings of antiquarians, and, like Matthew Bloxam, a careful student of ancient parish churches.

Before parting with the antiquarians I must mention John Britton, born 1771, died 1857, who at the same age as J. H. Parker began business in a London merchant's office, but did not serve his term. After various shifts and struggles at the age of 30 he began to write topography, and with Brayley produced the "Beauties of England and Wales," with many architectural drawings. Between 1805 and 1814 he published another nine volumes of "Architectural Antiquities," and between 1814 and 1835, fourteen volumes of "Cathedral Antiquities" in quarto. These last may often be found in second-hand book shops, and when illustrated by Le Keux are well worth having. Though not an architect, he supervised occasional restorations. There is a peculiar charm about many of his illustrations, which are not unlike those of Matthew Bloxam. One is glad to think that Disraeli gave him a pension, and that many subsequent writers have testified to the value of his work.

I now turn to the professional architects, and first of all to Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin, who was born in 1812, and died in 1852. He was a Londoner of French extraction, and from his earliest days was trained for an architect. His short life was full of artistic success and of professional failure. No man knew more than he of mediæval architecture, no one had had so wide an experience, and yet he failed to obtain the work for which he was pre-eminently fitted, and such buildings as he did design are carried out badly and cheaply. Nine years before his death he became a Roman Catholic. Readers of Browning will recollect Bishop Blougram's criticism—

"We ought to have our Abbey back, you see.
It's different preaching in basilicas,
And doing duty in some masterpiece
Like this of brother Pugin's, bless his heart!
I doubt if they're half baked, those chalk
rosettes,
Ciphers and stucco twiddlings everywhere;
It's just like breathing in a lime kiln, eh?"

The only building to which the above could be taken to refer would be St. George's Cathedral, Southwark, of the merits whereof I hope to say more later on. It is only fair to Pugin to say that these modern shams were forced upon him by his clients who wished to make their money go as far as possible—in appearances rather than realities. He was an artist who placed effect first, and cared for little else, even neglecting plan and construction.

From Pugin one passes naturally enough to Sir Charles Barry, born 1795, died 1860, a purely professional and most successful architect. With

him Gothic architecture was merely a style to be employed or rejected, as his patrons desired. Yet the most important modern Gothic buildings in this country was built from his designs—the Houses of Parliament. I hope to say something of this stately but to me unattractive pile in a later paper, and also to deal with the now forgotten Pugin-Barry controversy. In 1841 Barry became R.A., and for years had a very large practice, in which he showed his preference for the “Italian” style so distasteful to all lovers of Gothic. He had a number of brilliant sons, including a bishop, an architect—who planned the Law Courts—and a civil engineer of great eminence—Wolf-Barry.

George Edmund Street (1824-1881) was the son of a solicitor in the City, and was for a short time in his father's office. In 1841 he became a pupil in the office of an architect at Winchester, and for five years worked with Gilbert Scott. In 1849 he went into business for himself. He soon turned his attention to the architecture of the thirteenth century, and mastered its details as seen in English and French buildings. The Church of St. Philip and St. James at Oxford is a good specimen of his powers, but the design and decoration of the Law Courts show, above all, how the beautiful work of the thirteenth century can be used for modern purposes. The younger Barry won the competition for the plan, and Street the competition for design of the Law Courts, a disastrous separation from which lawyers still suffer. I have always heard that in the design for St. Pancras Station, Street used drawings intended for the Houses of Parliament. The annoyances he experienced in the building of the Law Courts are said to have worn him out, and to have led to his early death at the age of 61. There is a fine monument to him in the Great Hall of the Law Courts, his principal work.

George Gilbert Scott (1811-1878) came of a clerical family, and at the age of 16 entered the office of a London architect. His earliest buildings were a number of new workhouses in the Midlands, followed by some country churches in the style of the day; but in 1839 he came under the influence of Pugin, and devoted immense care and attention to the styles and details of ancient parish churches, so that before long he was able to reproduce not only their most important features, but their very smallest details with surprising accuracy, thus combining the learning of the antiquary with the skill of the architect. The “Martyrs’ Memorial” at Oxford and the Albert Memorial (less the statue) show how he could adopt ancient models to modern needs. The former is taken from a Queen Eleanor’s Cross, the latter from a ciborium or

tabernacle over an altar. Two of his sons followed his profession, and no less than 732 buildings came under his hands as architect or restorer, including 29 cathedrals. In the course of his restoration he often re-discovered lost or forgotten details and restored them to their original form. He was the most faithful and accurate architect of the revival, and yet he failed to obtain the new Law Courts, which fell to Barry and Street, and was compelled by Lord Palmerston to substitute a Renaissance design for his own Gothic drawings in the new Government offices just as Barry had to work in Gothic rather than “Italian” in the Houses of Parliament. I do not know how we can expect fine architecture after such perversity in clients. It would be equally unreasonable for a patient to select an operation.

G. JONES.

NEUVE CHAPELLE, 1915.

I have very slight qualifications for writing any account of Field Service. My total period of service with an army in the field was limited to a short four months, and I know that many other “London” men must have seen far more than I did, and that probably they are far more capable of writing about it than I am.

In comparison with the later and greater offensives of the war, the British operations in the Neuve Chapelle district in March, 1915, seem local and insignificant. But the attack was the first of its kind in the war, and I think I am right in saying that it was the first of its kind in history too. So possibly a few may be interested in this account of what I saw there.

On March 9th the whole bearer division of our Field Ambulance moved to Laventie, which was about a mile behind the line which the British held then. I was in charge of one of the three bearer sub-sections. I slept like a top that night, which was just as well, for none of us got much sleep for the next five days.

The bombardment started at dawn on the 10th, and I slept soundly through the first hour of it. But I always could sleep. When I was “night-up” R.R.O., the screams from the dental department used to soothe me into slumber, and once, on a Christmas morning at the London, the nursing staff passed my bedroom door in procession, singing carols with all their might, and still I slept. So it was not likely that the massed artillery of an army corps would wake me easily.

Finally “Granny” roused me into sub-consciousness. She was, I believe, the true and original “Granny,” the first of her kind; she was

a 14-inch howitzer, and she sat on a specially built platform, two hundred yards from my bedroom window. A few minutes later, a house across the street subsided into dust and splinters, and this had me out of bed with a run.

Well, I had breakfast; not a very hearty one, because I had not heard a shot fired since the Sidney Street Siege, and then I was at a safe distance on the roof of the Hospital; in fact, I did not much like the prospect that I saw ahead of me. An hour later, I got orders to take over a dressing station on the Rue Bacquerot, and I and my bearer section set out. While we were marching down the road, one of our aeroplanes was flying on our left, rather low down, and a few minutes later I saw the most sickening sight that I have ever witnessed. That aeroplane suddenly went to pieces. There was no warning, no shell-explosion near; it simply crumpled up, caught fire, and fell like a stone with a beastly whirring, flapping sound, which I can still hear.

Details were never published, and it was thought that, flying dangerously low, it had been caught by one of our own howitzer shells. To my inexperienced eye, it seemed to be falling in the next field, and I jumped the hedge, and went across the plough-land for all I was worth. Actually it fell a good three-quarters of a mile away, exactly ten yards from the door of the dressing-station for which I was making. Both the R.F.C. men were killed outright; I saw their bodies and the wreck of their aeroplane later.

We reached the dressing station, a typical North-French farm, built on four sides of a square, with the inevitable courtyard and manure-heap in the centre, and the rest of the morning and the afternoon was spent in dealing with cases trivial and grave, and in packing them off to the tent section (which was back in Estaires), as fast as the ambulances could take them. At about 5 p.m., I went out to relieve one of my confreres, who was collecting wounded behind our advancing line, while he took my place. At this stage of the attack, and indeed through the whole of the 10th and 11th, medical organization was very difficult. We were advancing, and the regimental M.O.'s could not possibly form fixed aid-posts; wounded being left in groups, in the best cover that could be found at the moment, for us to collect, and carry back on stretchers to the dressing station, where my fellow M.O. and the ambulance did the rest.

Early on the 11th I took my bearers along the Rue Tilleloy, and there we had to wait until dark in trenches by the roadside. Artillery and rifle fire was too heavy to do much, except the work that lay to hand. I opened a temporary dressing-station in a little shell-wrecked shed there, and I

remember that we had to move the body of a dead Highlander, who lay right across the threshold, before we could enter. Most of the night we were collecting wounded from the advanced trenches south-east of the Rue Tilleloy. The effect of our guns was extraordinary: almost every tree was broken short off, the ground was a mass of shell-holes, trenches were often hardly recognisable, and a little stream which had run across the direction of our attack had been literally shelled into a marsh. Two skeleton aeroplanes, completely gutted, lay under the walls of the “Moated Grange,” the grim ruin of a big farm house, and the dead, English and German, lay in heaps. It was a pitch-dark, drizzling night, and these details could only be seen by the light of the star-shells.

At about 1 a.m. I made my way back to the junction of the Rue Tilleloy, and the La Basseé Road. Here about 200 wounded were lying by the roadside, waiting to be taken back to Estaires by motor ambulance, and there was plenty of work for all of us. The last car was just starting, when the Germans began to shell the road, and how those cars escaped without harm, I don't know.

Then we went back to the Rue Bacquerot dressing station, and, being dog tired, I shed my uniform and equipment, for a few hours' rest, on an ancient feather bed belonging to the inhabitants of the farm.

At about 5.30 next morning (the 12th) I was waked by a crash; the window frame of my room disappeared in a cloud of dust, and a large lump of shell buried itself in the wall over the head of my bed. That finished my rest. They shelled us pretty vigorously, searching for our batteries which were all round us, and there was nothing to be done but to clear out for the time. We had one man killed, and two badly injured, and we moved into some deserted reserve trenches in the rear of the dressing station and waited for happier times. We had the greatest difficulty in persuading the farmer's wife (her husband was away on service) that her home was an unhealthy place for her until the German gunners had finished with it. Finally she agreed to go, but she was back again twelve hours later, so strong was her home instinct. All through the attack she had worked as only a good woman can, making soup and coffee for the patients, day and night.

The rest of that day (the 12th), the following night, and the next day were practically repetitions of the 10th and 11th. Our advance had slowed down, regimental aid-posts were more definite, and medical organization was proportionately easier.

I well remember coming back across the fields from our front trenches early on the morning of the 13th. The sun had just risen, the larks were

singing, and some of the hardier trees were beginning to show a little green. It was a most lovely spring morning, and a young man's thoughts turned to home and happy things. But over my head was a German aeroplane, and just on my right a dead man lay, half hidden in the grass.

By the 14th things were returning to normal trench warfare, and on the morning of the 15th we were ordered back to Estaires, and the old life in billets began again.

E. C. LINTON.

CAMP, 1917.

"According to plan" the U.L.O.T.C. moved into camp for its annual training during the latter part of July and the beginning of August. The site chosen for us this year was Windmill Hill, between Ludgersham and Tidworth.

On Thursday, July 19th, an advance party, consisting of nine N.C.O.'s and cadets under Capt. Wright from No. 2 Sub-section (London), went down to prepare the camp. Unlike last year, the Corps was under canvas, consequently when the advance party arrived they found a cookhouse, ablution bench, "the usual offices," any amount of Salisbury Plain—and very little else. The same afternoon stores began to arrive in motor lorries, which, owing to the nature of the ground, were unable to approach the actual site of the camp. The advance party had, therefore, to man-handle every ounce of stores up from the road to the camp area. Until you have actually tried it, you can have no idea how heavy a "tent, bell, in, valise, one" can be, especially on a hot day, with no canteen. The whole day was devoted to similar pastimes, and the party went to bed (?) full of a new-found respect for the British working man.

Next day was an orgy of tent-pitching, continued as long as there was enough light to see a guy-rope. To stave off monotony, part of the following night was spent in a horse hunt over the Plain. The hunt was successful, after one or two false starts. We believe that, under the "fitful starlight," several of our neighbour's cookhouses were carefully stalked to the ultimate disappointment of the stalkers.

So much canvas had to be put up that, when the main body arrived on Saturday, all the bell tents were not up, but the few that remained were quickly pitched, and no-one minded the extra work or seemed any the worse for it. The tent-boards were the most unwieldy part of the whole business. These same boards caused several of us at least one sleepless night. The Great Ones who rule over Ordnance decreed that palliasses

were not the thing. Their argument was that as you had a nice tent and a nice board, what more could you want? Now there is little or no "give" about a tent-board, and the more slender brethren spent the first night bemoaning the fact that they had not been filleted. As one wag said, "Behold the board, but where is the residence?"

Work began straight away. The following is a typical day's programme:

At 5.30 a.m.—an unholy hour before the Plain was properly aired—the bugle went for Reveillé, to be followed shortly by a rush for cocoa and biscuits. Then came physical jerks—too well known to need description. After an interval of about three-quarters of an hour, devoted to cleaning kit, "Cookhouse," went for breakfast. All meals (official ones, that is) were taken in marquees, set apart for that purpose. Our illustration shows "A" section fallen in for a "nose-bag parade."



NOSEBAG PARADE.

At 9 "ak enma," the lines were inspected by O.C. Sections, and entirely new methods of laying out kit devised. Orderly-room was at 9.15, and at 9.30 everyone fell in for C.O.'s parade. From thence till 11 o'clock we were delivered over into the hands of R.S.M. Fox, who dealt faithfully with us. Up and down the parade ground we marched, going through as many evolutions of ambulance drill as the Green Book and R.S.M. Fox between them could devise. The S.M. was at great pains to explain any abstruse point, and few of us will ever forget his definition of "Cover off."

At 11.30 the C.O., or some officer detailed by him, lectured on the Organization of the R.A.M.C., the prismatic compass, or some other subject of military interest. This lecture was usually followed by sectional exercises, i.e., stretcher drill, waggon loading, tent-pitching, or demonstrations on the fearful and wonderful contents of Paniers A. to H. Dinner was at 1 p.m., and at 2.30 we fell in for the afternoon parade. This consisted of some

rather more technical training, e.g., putting up main or advanced dressing stations, collecting wounded, etc. At 5.30 p.m. the day's work was over, and at 6 o'clock tea was served. Staff parade—an awe-inspiring function—was at 7 p.m.,



THE LINES.

when guards were mounted and duties changed. "Last Post" sounded at 9.45, "Lights Out" at 10.15—"and so to bed." Such was an average day's work.

On Friday of the first week the whole unit went for a route march, taking with it all the necessary "plant" for a main dressing station. We marched along dusty roads, and rolling downs, until we came to a wonderful place called "Rainbow Bottom." This was so obviously the spot for the mid-day halt that we all feared we were going to pass it. To our delight, however, we were halted and ordered to fall out. Mess orderlies were called for, and in a very short time substantial rations of bread and bully were issued, fires were lighted, and hot tea, that most refreshing of drinks, served out. It had been the intention of the C.O. to pitch a dressing station, but by the



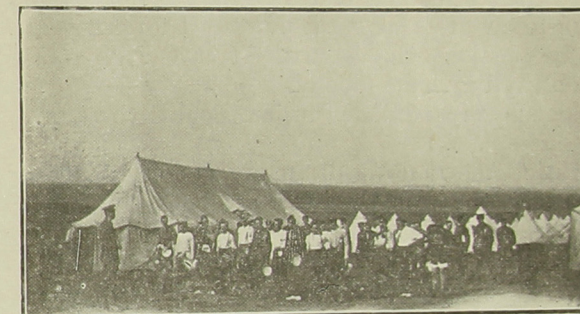
THE COOKHOUSE.

time the meal was over, it was too late to begin, so we marched back to camp, singing the time-honoured songs. When we got in we found the official photographer in possession, so after five minutes to tidy ourselves, we fell in to have our "picters took." The result, measuring some 4 feet

in length, is decidedly good. The same evening was devoted to The Concert, with the additional attraction of unlimited free beer. An excellent programme had been arranged; the C.O. and officers paid us the honour of attending, and the organizers are to be congratulated on a successful evening.

The next day those who could only attend camp for eight days left us, and very sorry we were to see them go. Their departure left our numbers sadly depleted, and as all unnecessary tents were struck, the camp assumed a dwarfed, unfinished aspect.

The second week began badly. The weather, hitherto perfect, completely broke down. As the week advanced, the rain seemed to get heavier, until everything was drenched, and the lines became one soft, sticky quagmire. As a certain well-known officer remarked, the conditions could only be likened to the coster's child. A good deal of the outdoor work had to be abandoned, and its



MESS ORDERLIES.

place taken by lectures and physical jerks in the marquees.

There is really very little to record of that second week. The weather exercised a depressing influence on everyone. No-one is really happy when, after having manfully struggled into a wet tent, he is cursed for bringing in half Salisbury Plain on his boots, and finds that some silly ass has touched the canvas just over his blankets, with the inevitable result that they are soaked. With one or two intervals the rain persisted right up to the end, so that a good deal of canvas had to be left standing—a fact nobody seemed to regret.

But taking everything together, there is no doubt that everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. When under canvas one expects a certain amount of inconvenience, and no-one was appreciably the worse for his stay in camp.

The Australians, who were camped near us, afforded us many examples of smart drill and spectacular horsemanship. It was quite one of the events of the day to watch them round up their horses just before "Stables" was sounded. One evening they gave a boxing display. Many of

our men availed themselves of the opportunity of watching some good, well-fought battles.

We were very glad to meet the detachments from the provincial O.T.C.'s, and hope that we may see them again another year. Our thanks are due to R.S.M. Fox and the other members of the permanent staff who contributed so largely to the success of the training.

So ends this short chronicle of our Summer Camp. The demands of both services will doubtless remove many of us to other spheres of activity before next year, but we feel convinced that everyone will look back to this camp as a time well spent.

R.J.C.

MUSIC!

I hear the sounds of music, zephyr-borne,
Dispersed from some sweet home of harmony.
My mood is swayed by this soft melody:
Awhile I'm calm; and then with anguish torn;
Feel now great joy, and now am I forlorn—
The passions change with spontaneity,
And welling tears give place to gaiety—
The shortest while an Orphic cloak I've worn.

Music's charm doth fill the breast with gladness;
Soothes the brow that seeks repose when needed;
Craz'd beings lose at once their madness;
Minstrel's songs by monarchs oft are heeded;
Savage beasts exchange their rage for sadness:
Music with fine virtues ripe is seeded!

G.I.

STETHOSCOPES

Essays may be divided into two great classes: those written on subjects with which the author is fully acquainted, and those composed by writers whose knowledge of their subjects is exceedingly small. The latter kind of essays is to be found in almost every non-fiction magazine that is published, and, in point of numbers, far exceeds the former kind. It has been said that there is "safety in numbers," and that one should be "always of the majority." Both of these statements appear to me as having a kernel of truth so that I shall have nothing to fear in writing on—Stethoscopes.

From what has just been written people may infer that I am trying to "pull their legs," and that I am an eminent surgeon or a celebrated physician in disguise. Let me assure my readers that such is not the case. I am neither an F.R.C.S. nor an M.D., nor—but let that pass.

Let it suffice that I know nothing about—stethoscopes.

Perhaps I have circumscribed the truth a degree, for I *do* know a few details concerning those handy little instruments. I have heard, for instance, that it is considered *infra dignitatem* for a student to buy a *new* one. It *must* be second-hand or third-hand, or it may have passed through half-a-dozen generations (of students), but the unwritten law states inexorably that it must not be new. What special virtue there is in an old stethoscope I have never been able to ascertain, but I rather fancy that an ancient instrument is apt to give a diversity of sounds that an up-to-date one would certainly not give. That is, I believe, the great secret. Your new stethoscope will tell you that a normal heart beats with a normal rhythm; your instrument of two generations ago will give any normal heart at least three distinct diseases. And what more can the newly-fledged fourth-year man want? An ideal stethoscope!

The stethoscope is most useful as a mark of distinction. As sufferance was the badge of all Shylock's tribe, so is the stethoscope the badge of the tribe of Senior Students. Nor is it necessary for a man to be a Sherlock Holmes to be able to tell how long since a student has passed his "second." One has but to glance at the stethoscope, and the mystery is unfolded. The fellow whose examination is just behind him is justly proud of his achievement. The day after the results are published he invests in a stethoscope, and thenceforward for the next three months he nurses it as a mother her first-born or a baby his new rattle. He handles it lovingly, holds it up for his friends' admiration, and has it always on view. He tucks it very carefully into his side coat-pocket, so that the greater part of the metal-work is visible. Thus adorned, he strolls languidly through the Athenæum and across the grounds to the House, his mind full of conscious superiority, though he strives to look as if he had been reared on a stethoscope. Once in the wards the instrument is quickly at work. Diseased hearts are made sound with lightning rapidity, and normal hearts are soon found to be suffering from innumerable (and often unknown) complaints. But gradually the novelty wears off: the instrument sinks deeper into the pocket, and its use becomes a drudgery. Finally, the student qualifies—and his ear takes the place of the stethoscope.

The origin and evolution of the stethoscope is (to me) rather obscure. I have every reason to believe that it was invented many years ago, at least before wireless-telegraphy, treasury-notes, and potato-substitute. I have never heard of the name of the inventor; but I would wager

that if he were alive now his company (all-British, of course) would be paying huge sums in "excess-profits tax." There can be little doubt that he was a medical man, or at least a person connected with the profession—an undertaker, the originator of some patent pill, or an aperient? The first stethoscope—which, by the way, is owned by every student at the hospital—differed in a few details from those in present general use, but not to any marked extent. It is true that the original instrument is somewhat older than those now on the market and is more like a musical-box "that giveth sweet sounds" than anything else, yet it is a stethoscope.

The uses of the instrument are numerous and peculiar. With a few one can hear the heart beating nearly as well as one can with the ear held six inches away from the chest; but those are the more expensive kind. Receiving-room officers use them as necklaces; other medical men utilise them to awe their patients into submission. Manufacturers of surgical appliances use them for profit, and students, when temporarily pecuniarily embarrassed, find them a useful introduction to Uncle Three-Brass-Balls, when they apply to him for a consideration (on the stethoscope).

The stethoscope is unique of its kind. One could, for instance, make it do as a pair of forceps or a tourniquet; but no pair of forceps or a tourniquet could satisfactorily serve the usual purpose of a stethoscope.

To the man-in-the-street, whose relationship to the medical profession is fairly close (for is he not "debtor to Dr. XYZ"?) the stethoscope is little less than an instrument of torture. He will stand the sight of scalpels, saws, and the like with equanimity; but a glimpse of the stethoscope will cause his heart to flutter with greater rapidity. That is one of the vagaries of the human mind: the shining little knife may be going to open up his body, but he will not feel it; the worm-like instrument will be used on him while he is in full possession of his senses—stethoscopes!

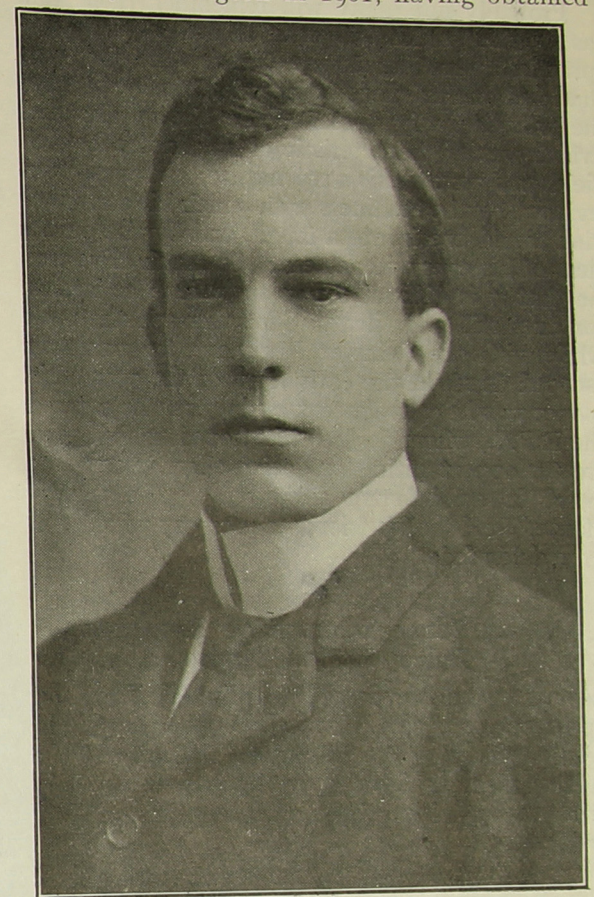
G. I.

OBITUARY

Fleet-Surgeon EDMUND COX

who lost his life in the explosion on H.M.S. *Vanguard* was the youngest son of the late Surgeon-General Charles Lindsay Cox, I.M.S., and was educated at Caius College, Cambridge, and at the "London," qualifying L.R.C.P. Lond., M.R.C.S. Eng., in 1899, and graduating M.B., B.C. Cantab., in 1900. After acting

as Clinical Assistant in the Medical Out-patient Department of the Hospital, he entered the Navy as Surgeon in 1901, having obtained



Fleet-Surgeon E. Cox, B.A., M.B., B.C., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., R.N.

the highest marks in a competitive examination of 14 candidates, when he was awarded the Silver Medal. He attained the rank of Fleet-Surgeon on February 11th, 1917.

Lieut. JOHN GEORGE WILL, Royal Flying Corps,

was the second son of Dr. Kennedy Will, Medical Superintendent of the Bethnal House Asylum. He was first reported missing, and has since been reported killed on March 25th. Lieutenant Will received his education at Merchant Taylors' School and Downing College, Cambridge, where he gained the Rugby Blue in 1911, 1912 and 1913, and played as three-quarter back for Scotland in 1912 and 1914. He attended Vacation Courses at the College during 1912, 1913 and 1914, and had decided to return to the "London" for his Clinical Course after the war. Lieutenant Will received his commission on

February 11th, 1915, prior to which he was in the Leinster Regiment.

Probably not many will remember J. G. Will as a student of this College, for he had only attended practical vacation classes, but by the few who had had the privilege of knowing him personally, he will be sadly missed. The cheery alertness which was so characteristic of him in the football field was part of his very nature, and was often evinced by the readiness with which his conversation would break into a laugh, and by the quickness of his every movement. So much alive was he that it is difficult for us to believe he is now for ever still and silent. Shot through the neck while with the Leinster Regiment, he narrowly escaped death in the early days of the war. No sooner was he convalescent again, than he entered the R.F.C., where no doubt he hoped to find even greater opportunities for daring than were to be found in an infantry regiment. "The rest is silence," and for his friends a memory which will not quickly fade.

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Captain SORAB DHUNJIBHOY RATNAGAR,
Indian Medical Service,

died of enteric fever at Dera Ismail Khan, on April 25th, aged 32. He received his education in Edinburgh and at the "London." He entered the Indian Medical Service as lieutenant on July 27th, 1912, being promoted to captain on July 27th, 1915.

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Captain P. H. BURTON, R.A.M.C.

Captain P. H. BURTON, aged 49, who died of wounds on May 13th, received in action in France on the same day, was the youngest son of the late Joseph D. Burton, of Cambridge Heath. He began the study of medicine late in life, entering the "London" in

1910, and qualified L.M.S.S.A., L.R.C.P.(Lond.) and M.R.C.S.(Eng.) in October, 1914. Captain Burton held a Surgical Out-Patient Clinical Assistantship until December, 1914, after which he obtained a commission in the R.A.M.C., and was attached to the London Regiment, with whom he served continuously, first in this country and latterly in France, from the beginning of 1915 to the date of his death. He had only returned to his battalion, after a short period of leave, four days before he fell. Captain Burton leaves a widow, but no children.

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Captain GEOFFRY RATCLIFFE PLAISTER, R.A.M.C.

Captain GEOFFRY RATCLIFFE PLAISTER, the son of Dr. W. H. Plaister, of Tottenham, was killed in action on April 11th. He was educated at the "London," and, after qualifying M.R.C.S. Eng., L.R.C.P.Lond., in 1905, practised at Tottenham, where he was Honorary Secretary

to the North-East London Clinical Society. He was also a member of the British Medical Association. Early in the war he served as a chief inspector of the Special Constabulary. He received a temporary commission in the R.A.M.C. in 1915, left for France in September, 1915, and served in the battle of Loos and of the Somme, while attached to the York and Lancaster Regt. Captain Plaister was unmarried and was in partnership with his father prior to joining the R.A.M.C.

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Captain FRANK RHODES ARMITAGE, M.B., B.C.,
D.S.O., R.A.M.C.

Captain FRANK RHODES ARMITAGE, who was killed on July 30th, while attending the wounded, was 34 years of age, and was the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. J. Auriol Armitage. He received his education at the Wolverhampton Grammar School, and entered Oundle in 1896, where he was head of his house, obtained his cricket colours, and represented his house at

football and fives. He entered Pembroke College, Cambridge, with a classical scholarship in 1902, and graduated with honours in the Science Tripos in 1905. He was Secretary of the Martlett Society and the Pembroke College Mission. Captain Armitage began the clinical work of his medical course at the "London" in 1906, qualifying L.R.C.P.Lond., M.R.C.S.Eng., in July, 1908, and graduating M.B., B.C.Cantab in November, 1909.

From February to July, 1909, he held the appointments of Medical and Surgical Clinical Assistant to the Out-Patient Department, after which he joined his father in practice in Wolverhampton. He won the medal for the London Hospital in cross-country running, was a prominent golfer in the Midlands, and had played in the Amateur Golf Championship. On the outbreak of war he joined the R.F.A. as medical officer, and went to France early in 1915. He was awarded the D.S.O. on July 18th, 1917, and returned to France the next day. His Brigadier-General writes:—"He is a great loss to the Service, and did an enormous amount of good. . . . When there was any fighting going on he seemed indefatigable; he seemed to be able to go on without sleep indefinitely. The enemy shells had no terrors for him, and if there were any need for his services in the most dangerous places, he always went."

Captain Armitage leaves a widow and child. His youngest brother, 2nd Lieut. D. W. Armitage, has been missing since the Battle of Loos, in September, 1915.

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Captain W. A. SNEATH, M.C., M.B., Ch.B.,
F.R.C.S., R.A.M.C.,

who was reported in the casualty list published on July 26th as having died of wounds, was educated at Manchester University and graduated M.B., Ch.B., in 1910. In 1912 he proceeded to the Conjoint Diploma, and studied at the "London" for the Fellowship of the Royal College of Surgeons which he obtained in November, 1913. After holding appointments at the Seamen's Hospital, Greenwich, the Manchester Royal Infirmary, and the Anatomy Department of the Victoria University, he practised at Ashton-under-Lyne.

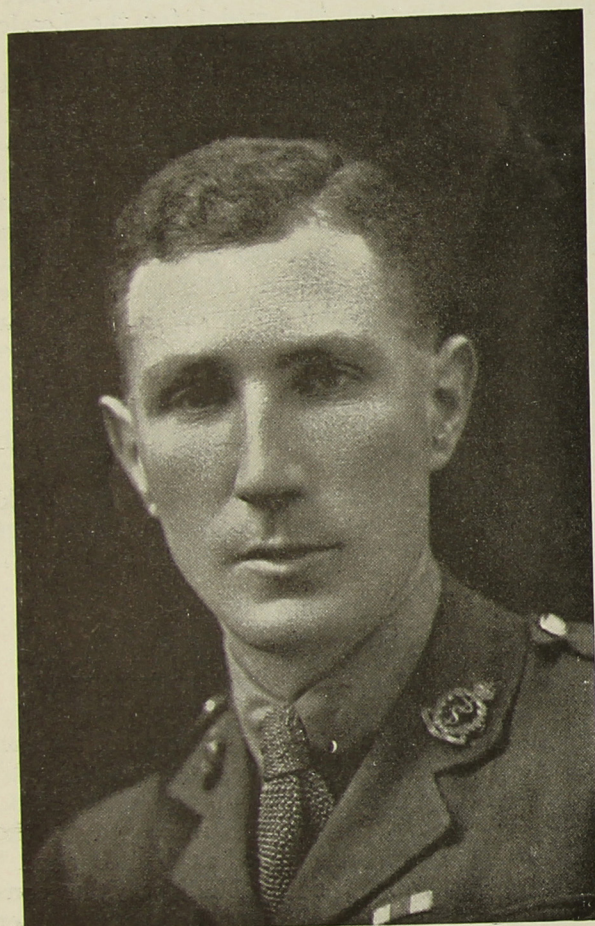
Captain Sneath was awarded the Military Cross on September 22nd, 1916.

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Captain JAMES ELLIOT BLACK

Those who worked in the Pathological Institute in 1912 will feel a personal loss in the death of Captain James Elliot Black, M.C., R.A.M.C.,

who was killed in action in France. Captain Black graduated in Medicine at Glasgow University, and came as an Assistant to the Pathological Institute of the London Hospital in July, 1912. When the war broke out he was studying for the D.P.H. of Cambridge University. He immediately volunteered for service, and in October, 1914, was attached to a Clearing Hospital in France. He was one of the first to deal with cases of gas poisoning, and the result of investigations on the subject by himself and others were embodied in a paper published in the *British Medical Journal*. His name was mentioned in despatches in



Captain JAMES ELLIOT BLACK, M.C., R.A.M.C.

January, 1916. In April, 1916, he was promoted to the rank of captain. Later he became attached to the 8th Bedfordshire Regiment. His award of the Military Cross was announced in November last year for "Conspicuous gallantry and devotion to duty in action. He rendered valuable services when attending the wounded under heavy machine gun and shell fire. Later, he went out into 'No Man's Land' to succour the wounded."

H. M. T.



Lieut. JOHN EUGENE FOREMAN, L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., R.A.M.C.

Lieut. J. E. FOREMAN

son of Dr. J. A. Foreman, Government Medical Officer of St. Kitts, W.I., died on service on July 9th.

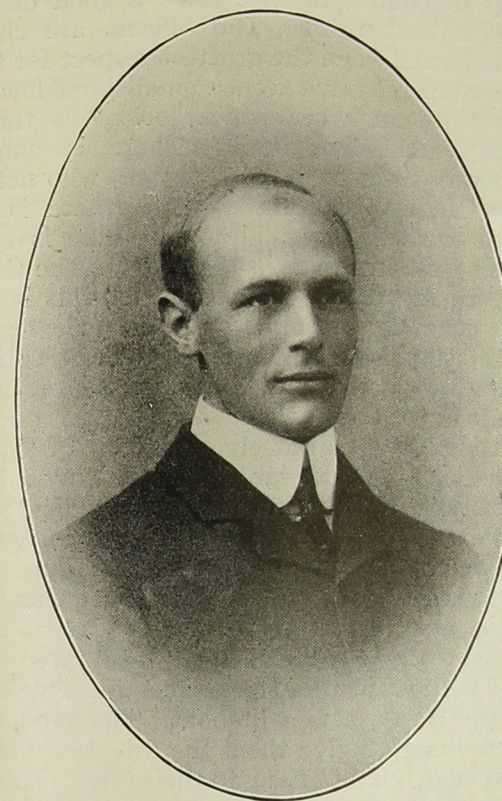
He entered the "London" in 1900, and qualified L.R.C.P.Lond., M.R.C.S.Eng., in 1906. After acting as Senior Resident Medical Officer to the Royal Victoria and West Hants Hospital, he practised in West Southbourne, Bournemouth.

Lieut. Foreman obtained a commission in the R.A.M.C., and left England in the *Arcadian* on 27th March, 1917. He was torpedoed in the Mediterranean (April 15th), and after being in an open boat for about 36 hours, was taken to Alexandria and admitted into hospital with scarlet fever. This was followed by dysentery, and later he was attacked with enteric, to which he succumbed on July 9th, from hæmorrhage.

Lieut. Foreman leaves a wife and three children. A fellow student and practitioner writes:—

"I was some years senior to Foreman at the 'London,' but he remembered me, and I knew him well for the few years he was in Bournemouth (about four I think). He had a very promising future and was much liked and respected here. He was a clever and brilliant musician, and will be very much missed by some of us who knew him well."

* *



JOHN HAROLD PHILBRICK.

JOHN HAROLD PHILBRICK,

aged 42, third son of George Philbrick, J.P., Embrook House, Wokingham, whose death, on May 14th, in India, was announced in the *Times* of May 18th, entered Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1894, and came on to the London Hospital in 1897. After qualifying in 1900 he held all the usual appointments, House-Surgeon to Messrs. Hutchinson and Barnard, House-Physician to Drs. Sansom and F. J. Smith, also the receiving room, and R.A. to Drs. Herman and Lewers. In 1902 he went into practice, but not caring for its perpetual ties, he obtained the appointment of Medical Officer to the Bengal Nagpur Railway, which appointment he held until his death. He was a natural athlete of considerable merit, excelling

more especially in hockey, lawn tennis, and cricket. All who knew him will remember him as a man of great charm of manner, who was universally popular, but the last man to seek popularity in any way. He married in 1913, during his last furlough, and we desire to express our very real sympathy with his widow and parents.

THE LATE DR. J. M. ATKINSON.

JOHN MITFORD ATKINSON,

who died on May 23rd, at the age of 60, studied in the College and Hospital from 1874 to 1878, when he obtained the qualifications of M.R.C.S. Eng., and L.S.A. While a student he gained the College Prize in Zoology and honours in Botany in the Preliminary Scientific M.B.Lond. Examination of 1876.

After qualifying, Dr. Atkinson acted as Assistant Medical Officer at Kensington Infirmary. In 1887 he entered the Colonial Service, and proceeded to Hong Kong, where he was Superintendent of the Government Civil Hospital from 1887 to 1897, and principal Civil Medical Officer from 1897 to 1912. He was a member of the Executive and Legislative Council of Hong Kong from 1903 to 1912, a Fellow of the Royal Colonial Institute, the Royal Sanitary Institute, and the Society of Tropical Medicine.

As Superintendent of the Civil Hospital, Dr. Atkinson found much scope for administrative changes in the hospital, and though he encountered local opposition, he was able, in the end, to substitute a European staff of nurses trained in British hospitals for those who were formerly employed; a change which resulted in the Civil Hospital attaining a foremost position. Here it was that many of the disabled Russian sailors of the cruisers *Varyag*, after their fight with the Japanese cruiser *Chemulpo*, received at his hands that skill and care which induced the Czar to present Dr. Atkinson with a gold cigarette case mounted with the Imperial arms in diamonds, as a slight appreciation of his services.

Plague was rampant in the colony, and Atkinson set to work to abate the scourge, and as a member of the Executive and Legislative Council of the island, his influence was felt. He contributed many articles on plague, malarial fever, and mosquitos to the Medical Journals from 1901 to 1913.

The high esteem in which Dr. Atkinson was held is shown by the Resolution passed by the Executive and Legislative Councils of Hong Kong recording their appreciation of the valu-