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THE REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN

THE AUTHOR

# THE REMINISCENCES OF A PHYSICIAN

by

BERNARD MYERS
C.M.G., M.D., F.R.C.P.

NEW ZEALAND
A. H. & A. W. REED
WELLINGTON

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This book is dedicated
by the author
with respect and gratitude
to his teacher and friend
SIR DYCE DUCKWORTH, BART.
formerly Consulting Physician to
St. Bartholomew's Hospital; Representative
of the Royal College of Physicians
on the General Medical Council

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# PREFACE

THIS BOOK OF REMINISCENCES, written after a long professional life as a physician in London, describes interesting and important people whom I have met and incidents and events precisely as they occurred.

The Clinical cases delineated are true, but no indication is given of the persons concerned, except in a few instances where the names are mentioned for obvious reasons which will be of interest to the reading public.

If the volume is deemed to possess sufficient merit to interest my readers and help them to pass a few pleasant hours I will feel that I have been amply rewarded.

BERNARD MYERS

## Chapter 1

# NEW ZEALAND

In 1859, Louis Myers, a young man of nineteen years, left England for New Zealand, the country of which he had heard so many encouraging things. The sailing ship in which he travelled took nearly five months to reach its destination. The journey must have been trying in those far off days as so many of the amenities, which to-day we take for granted in the luxury liners plying between England and New Zealand, were wholly or partially absent.

By the Treaty of Waitangi signed by the Queen's representatives and the Maoris in 1840, New Zealand had become a British Colony. In this new country, Louis Myers found a land of virgin forests, lakes, rivers, waterfalls, high mountains, volcanoes, and above all a soil that was fertile and an equable climate. There were some unusually fine natural harbours of great size and deep enough to allow the largest ships to be berthed at the wharves, near which settlements had been established. This much blessed land he had chosen for his future home, and he settled at Invercargill, a small township at the southern end of the South Island.

Perhaps he was not ideally suited for the life of a settler, with all the roughing and hardships it entailed together with the necessity of making a home where few homes existed, for his family had been scholars and students for generations, and his experience of business and practical affairs was of the slightest. Fortunately he had a great love of sport and out-of-door exercise and that stood him in good stead. A few years later he met and married Catharine Erenfrid, a woman of great character and sound common sense — the ideal wife for a man who was more of a dreamer than a

practical man of affairs. These were my parents.

Many years previously, Arthur Erenfrid, his wife's father, had supplied leeches to England. They were then in great demand for blood-letting and believed at the time to be the proper treatment for so many ills. The leeches were obtained from Eastern Europe and brought by caravans to the then free town of Hamburg and transported to England in small sailing ships, which he chartered for the purpose. Apparently it was a profitable business, and he became wealthy. Then misfortune overtook him, for two of the small ships ran into tremendous storms in the North Sea and the officer in charge of the leeches neglecting them they all died. This unfortunate occurrence meant financial ruin to Arthur Erenfrid. Soon afterwards his wife caught typhoid fever in Liverpool and died. Their family of two boys and three girls, the youngest of whom was Catharine, decided to make New Zealand their new home. The two eldest, my uncles Louis and Bernard Erenfrid, aged nineteen and eighteen respectively, were the first to arrive and settled in the South Island where they were soon followed by their three sisters. The two boys had little money but a moderately good education, and most fortunately possessed great physical strength, common sense and marked personality, together with energy and determination — qualities essential in those early days in taking up life on a cattle station which they had elected to do. The station prospered, due to their hard work in clearing the dense bush, the building of a homestead and to the skilful and vigilant way in which they looked after their cattle. When the outlook appeared to be most promising, a neighbour who alleged he came from Scotland ingratiated himself with my Uncle Louis, the latter then only about twenty-one years old, and securing his confidence asked him to endorse a bill for £6,000, assuring him there was no risk involved and that it was just a matter of form required by the bank and only for a period of one year. Most unfortunately for himself and his brother he endorsed

THREE BROTHERS

From left: Bernard Myers, in the uniform of ship's surgeon; Captain Arthur Myers, later Sir Arthur Myers, New Zealand Minister for Defence; and Leo Myers, barrister, later Captain of the King's Royal Rifles.

My Wife

the bill. Soon afterwards the man decamped, leaving his debt of £6,000 to be paid for by Louis and Bernard. This grievous misfortune concomitant with the fall in the price of cattle necessitated the two brothers selling their station for what it would bring and thus they were left to face a total debt of £8,000.

A further and greater misfortune occurred soon afterwards, for Bernard, who had the reputation among the squatters for great personal strength, attempted to entice a fierce bull on to a cattle barge on the sea shore. Deeming it to be dangerous, he would not allow any of his men to do the job and insisted on tackling the bull himself. For that purpose he stood in front of the animal and, holding its horns, was practically lifting it on board when a wave struck the barge making the bull lunge forward, and one of its horns pierced Bernard's forehead. It caused so severe an injury that he died from the effects a few months later, and thus Louis was left to battle on alone.

Sixteen years later Louis, to the astonishment and gratitude of his creditors, paid the debt in full with compound interest to date. That act of good faith and honesty received flattering press notices in the New Zealand newspapers of that time.

After the loss of his brother, Louis Erenfrid travelled to the North Island and settled at a small township called "The Thames" in the Auckland province. It is situated on the river Thames, so named by Captain Cook, the great navigator of the Southern Pacific, of the eighteenth century. Gold had been discovered at the Thames and numbers of people flocked there, hoping to make their fortunes. That prompted Louis Erenfrid to establish a brewery there which, with good management and hard work, soon became a great success. Louis Erenfrid invited his brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Myers, to live at the Thames and they sailed the eight hundred miles from Invercargill to the Thames by coastal ship, then the only means of travel. They

had four children, their fifth, myself, being born a few years later in the township of gold but not with a golden spoon in my mouth.

My father did not find the Thames to his liking and when I was two years old, leaving his wife and family behind, he travelled in a small ship to the Fiji islands, to see if he would prefer to make his home there. The captain of the ship had warned him not to swim in the dangerous waters around Levuka, but in spite of this warning he bathed there alone, and most unfortunately was drowned. My father was buried on a hill-top, where the grave overlooks the vast expanse of the Pacific Ocean with its innumerable islands. He was one of the first white men to be buried at Levuka.

After this great tragedy, which was a terrible shock to my mother, she felt a longing to leave the Thames and make a new home at Wellington, which had been made the capital of New Zealand. Being situated some 440 miles south of Auckland and in the centre of the colony it was ideally suited to be the seat of government. With its bracing climate, although at times the centre of strong winds which gave it the sobriquet of "Windy Wellington", it was a distinctly healthy city and with beautiful surroundings. What finer city could a mother have chosen in which to bring up a family?

In Wellington, my brothers were educated at Wellington College where they achieved distinction in athletics. Mr. Joseph Mackay was Headmaster and Mr. J. P. Firth a distinguished member of the staff. After passing through the kindergarten and primary school I became a day-boy at the college and remained there until I was thirteen, when my family returned to Auckland. During the time I was at Wellington College I was fortunate in winning a special prize, given by Mr. Firth for English grammar and essay writing, the subject of the latter being "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte."

When eight years old I had a personal experience which

I will never forget. My mother took me to the House of Representatives and in a debate there I heard that great Proconsul, Sir George Grey, speak in his quiet, cultured, appealing voice. Afterwards I had the honour of shaking hands with him. He was the Governor of New Zealand in 1846, and one whose methods were described as wise and conciliatory, especially in dealing with the Maoris. In 1854, he became Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Cape of Good Hope where he performed invaluable service during the Indian Mutiny by sending every available soldier and assistance to the Indian Government. In 1861, this remarkable man was again appointed Governor of New Zealand during the Maori war and the Maoris, who venerated him, were overjoyed to have his wise services once more, and pacific relations were restored between them and the settlers of European descent. He resigned his office in 1867, on returning to England, but strange to relate, in 1877 he became Premier of New Zealand and was responsible for acts of marked practical utility. He died in 1898, a monument in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral, London, marking the last resting place of the great proconsul.

As a small boy I used to watch an old man named Petherick making boats and models. In his workshop he showed me the top of the mast from a yacht he had made in 1842 and which had won races in Wellington harbour. He spoke of his arrival in Wellington in 1840 as a young man of twenty, in the first ship that brought settlers there. During my last visit to Wellington in 1936 I visited the memorial erected near the Hutt River, to commemorate the arrival of the first settlers, and among the names on the tablet was that of my old friend Mr. Petherick.

Looking back from the present time—1949—to the far-off days of the arrival of the first ship bridges a span of 109 years.

I well remember the things which interested us, as boys! When living in Wellington it was always a joy to walk

round the rocks which skirted the harbour and we particularly enjoyed observing the tiny fish swimming in the small pools in the rocks when the tide was out. There were numbers of jelly-fish and different kinds of seaweed, all of which fascinated us. How we enjoyed a hiking outing! When we had found an inviting spot we gathered sticks, then sat down and boiled water in a billy to make tea. This together with the good things we had brought and the appetite our exertions had created made us ready to do full justice to any meal even if the wind did blow hard. Sitting on the rocks with the high hills at our back and the sea immediately in front we delighted to watch the shipping coming in and going out of the harbour and admired the graceful lines of the small sailing boats. I think we knew the names of all the ships as well as the yachts, and most of the owners. Sometimes we climbed the hills, some of which were steep, and became familiar with the trees and shrubs. From a point of vantage we were enabled to view the surrounding country with the coast-line beyond and were fascinated by the antics of the numerous sea-birds dipping in their graceful flight to secure a fish or other dainty morsel. This sort of life, quite apart from its enjoyment, made fine healthy exercise, kept us in good fettle, and sharpened our powers of observation.

On some days we walked further on to the Patent Slip which could haul up small vessels from the sea to the workshops where expert engineers made any necessary repairs. We often watched them for hours and learned much.

On some occasions we continued further along the rocks until we reached what was known as the Hermit's Cave, where there dwelt an elderly man about whom there hung an air of mystery. No one knew much of his previous history but it was thought, with what truth I do not know, that he may have been a remittance man from England who had lived for a time in Australia before coming to New Zealand. Whatever the real facts one thing was certain—

we all felt sorry for him and the lonely life he thought fit to live. The entrance to the cave was close to the sea and in rough weather the waves would force their way in if some barrier were not fixed in the narrow entrance. The inside of the cave was tent shaped and of moderate size. It was dimly lit by the light of day and I remember the musty atmosphere caused by dampness seeping downwards from the roof. Lying on a rug placed on sacking lay a thin man aged between fifty and sixty. As we entered he would bid us welcome but never spoke again unless in answer to a question and then only the fewest possible words. He had a pathetic expression, and sometimes it appeared as if his thoughts were far away.

One Sunday afternoon while we were visiting him there entered a man who was touring New Zealand with a theatrical company; he was very talkative and that seemed to annoy the hermit. When he offered the latter a cigar—which was refused—he said in a rather superior tone that last time he visited him he smoked the cigar he had given him. That roused the hermit, who stated that he never smoked, had never seen the visitor before, and further snubbed him by saying that any future visit from him would be unwelcome. Such was the existence of this poor fellow who elected to live so lonely and sad a life. What his end was I do not know, for on my last visit to Wellington in 1945 the cave had been blown up to make room for a motor drive, and I felt sorrow in the thought that a familiar and historic landmark had disappeared.

At times we proceeded to the further extremity of the rocks to Island Bay. There, on favourable days, we could swim, although it was not far from the course of the ships entering the Heads from Cook Straits. We sometimes rowed to the Island, only a few hundred yards away, and if we were lucky caught a craw-fish which being edible made a useful memento to bring home. We returned by traversing the sandhills, which according to tradition had been the bed

of the ocean a hundred years previously until an earthquake caused an upheaval in this region. Years later houses were built in this vicinity, but I wondered on my last visit three years ago if the sandhills showed some signs of slowly sinking again.

Sixty-five years ago the swimming baths consisted of a small stretch of water about forty by a hundred feet which was staked in by wooden poles driven into this portion of the harbour, and excellent baths they were, being provided with ample dressing rooms and springboards. There we learned to swim, and there Wellington College held its annual swimming sports. One morning while several of us were swimming a shark suddenly appeared in our midst, causing much perturbation. Without an instant's hesitation we all swam to safety and fortunately no one was injured. The shark had entered through the opening made where several stakes had rotted away. No similar accident has, I believe, happened since.

When I was twelve or thereabouts, another Wellington College boy invited me to be his guest at the famous tuck shop in Lambton Quay owned by Mr. Laing. The latter had come from England and become noted for the high quality of his cakes. There was a side room to the main shop where customers could help themselves to whatever they liked, and paid when going out. My host suggested that we go inside and commence with buns, proceed to jam tarts and end with meringues. How many we ate I do not know, but a hard game of Rugger had given us hearty appetites. My host thought it would cost about eighteen pence and was fairly staggered when paying to be told that we had eaten six shillings' worth. He had one and sixpence, and asked me what I could muster which amounted to four pennies, two halfpennies and four farthings. What were we to do? At that juncture Mr. Laing came into the shop himself and was angry with us, thinking we had done it deliberately. He mentioned the police and we felt hot and

bothered. Then he asked our names and when he discovered that my friend was the son of the magistrate, he calmed down, saying that no doubt things could be arranged! They were, but someone had a severe scolding which was remembered for many days.

We had at the College at that time a boy who enjoyed bullying the small boys, of whom I was one. Most bullies are cowards, but he was a good fighter and could box. Although three years younger, I determined at the next provocation to hit him on the face, which I did, after which he certainly set about me, but he never bullied me again. Later on in life, when mothers brought their sons to me because of the effect of bullying, I advised that the sons should be taught boxing and then hit the bully with all their might. So far as I am aware, this procedure has always succeeded.

Rugby football is very popular in New Zealand and I recollect being taken to my first interprovincial match at the age of five; years later I acted as medical officer to the "All Blacks" in England—1905/6. When New Zealand played Wales at Cardiff Mr. Dixon, the manager of our great team, and I were placed near the touch-line by the Welsh Rugby Union and we saw all the inner history of that famous and historic game.

On our return to Auckland, I became a pupil at the Auckland Grammar School, where I matriculated, and won the Victor Ludorum at the school sports, being first in the hundred yards and the 220 yards and second in the quarter mile. In 1890 Dr. Ernest Roberton, myself and a few other Old Boys presented a school cup to be held for a year by the winner of the Victor Ludorum and when I was invited by Mr. W. J. Jordan, the High Commissioner for New Zealand, to be present with him at the annual prize giving in 1945, I was pleased to see that very cup being duly presented to the year's winner.

One thing particularly remains in my memory of the time

when I attended the Auckland Grammar School. It was the ability of some boys to make models of yachts with masts and sails complete. One boy, named Anderson I believe, aged only fifteen, had watched the expert boat-builders at work in their yards after school hours, and had actually made a rowing boat some twelve feet long, entirely by his own efforts. When finally finished the boat balanced perfectly and was seaworthy, so he and his friends went fishing in the harbour at week-ends.

I recall another episode. An elderly maiden-lady was alleged to keep a number of dogs in her cottage and reports stated that she sang them to sleep every night. Several of us arranged to settle the truth of the matter. One evening we knocked at her front door which was opened by a tall irate female who demanded our purpose. We tried to say that we feared we had come to the wrong house, but could not quite finish as more than twenty dogs rushed at us and took an immediate liking to our ankles. In this turmoil the irate one shouted—"That will teach you not to disturb a lady when she is singing her pets to sleep." Soon afterwards the police intervened, the dogs were taken away and the owner sent to a home at the country's expense. Our sore ankles gave us ample reminder of our adventure for some days.

On leaving school, I attended the chemistry lectures and the laboratory at Auckland University College, and having a laboratory of my own, I was given the post of analyst to the family brewery which had been transferred from the Thames to Auckland. My duties consisted of analysing the spring water used by the brewery and the beer. I found the work congenial and thoroughly enjoyed it. During that time I was brought into contact with Mr. J. C. Maclaurin, then doing magnificent work in the assaying of gold from quartz mineral obtained from the Thames district. He had become a great authority on the cyanide process. A few years later Maclaurin was bracketed with Ernest Rutherford for a

scholarship given by the 1851 Royal Commission from funds provided by the Great Exhibition. Maclaurin was a man of the highest ability. Only one of them could receive a grant to proceed to England and Maclaurin being a married man and having accepted the post of New Zealand government analyst, the choice fell on Ernest Rutherford. That turned out to be a most fortunate circumstance, for the latter proceeded to the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, where his genius in physics was gradually acknowledged and in good time he became Cavendish Professor of Experimental Physics and was known to the world first as Sir Ernest and later, Lord Rutherford. He was the first physicist to split the atom.

In 1894, I made up my mind to study medicine at Edinburgh and sailed from Auckland to Sydney where I embarked for London on the R.M.S. *Rome,* a favourite liner of those days.

After arrival at the London docks, the first thing that impressed me was the number of ships docked there. They came from all parts of the world. What a contrast these ingeniously constructed docks presented with the fine natural harbours at Auckland and Wellington where even the largest ocean liners could berth at the wharves and the tying up and actual landing of the passengers was a comparatively quick process. Still, knowing the very great difficulties presented to the engineers who constructed the London docks, it was wonderful how they had overcome them.

My overpowering thought as I looked around and saw so much that was new to me was—so this is England—the England which every New Zealander speaks of as Home, the home where, after a long voyage of seven weeks, I had at last actually arrived.

## Chapter 2

# ENGLAND

Looking around I saw in the distance my first English train; it was longer, contained more carriages and travelled much faster than those in New Zealand. The train by which we travelled from the docks to Fenchurch Street seemed at first as if it was running over the tops of houses which I observed were spread out on either side of the track, but closer investigation showed the line to be bridged for some distance and closely approached by the roofs of houses. Soon we were in London — that great city which stands for so much to every New Zealander and which he hopes to have the opportunity of visiting. I had been recommended to a comfortable hotel not far from the Guildhall which made a convenient centre from which to visit my friends and to see London. Since those far off days the hotel seems to have disappeared.

The summer of 1894 was delightful and friends informed me that I was lucky to have arrived in the metropolis at the ideal time. I soon learned fully to appreciate the pleasure of walking in the beautiful parks and understood their being called "the lungs of London." So far I had not met a real London fog, but that is another story, although also part of dear old London. I was struck by the smart victorias, landaus and broughams in Hyde Park, their well-groomed high-stepping horses and the dignified coachmen and grooms in their resplendent livery, the whole scene being enhanced by the beautifully dressed ladies looking picturesque as they were driven slowly round the park. It was amusing to see quite a number of ladies accompanied by their small pet dogs sitting up beside them and apparently enjoying the environment as much as their mistresses. No wonder a distinguished

Frenchman visiting London in the eighteenth century ventured the remark that a man might do worse than wish to be reborn the pet dog of an Englishman. There is no doubt that the élite driving in the park or riding in Rotten Row enjoyed their lives in those days and the West End of London seemed to be more or less a whirl of happiness. So far I had not become acquainted with a different picture which later on I was to see in hospital and in the homes of some of the poorer patients.

Some houses to which I was invited to dinner, although not appearing to be out of the ordinary from the outside, had fine halls, exquisitely decorated and furnished rooms, staffed with well-trained servants, especially the immaculate butlers, and were different from anything I had seen in New Zealand. Down under we lived more simply in smaller but comfortable homes, with well-laid-out gardens in which grew beautiful flowers and fruit trees, but we had no luxury in the sense understood in London, except perhaps the joy of sleeping out on the balcony during the hot weather.

There remains in my memory a vivid picture of a house party to which I was invited. On the Saturday afternoon we were playing bowls on the lawn and our host passed round cigars. I had never previously smoked one but did not like to be the only one refusing. At that time I was not aware that I was sensitive to nicotine. Within half an hour I felt giddy and the trees, horses, and people seemed to be circling around in the air. I have never smoked a cigar since.

It had long been my wish to stand on London Bridge and from there view the great city, and so accompanied by an English friend I stood on this almost legendary bridge with the thought of Macaulay's New Zealander passing through my mind while I watched the barges being towed up and down the river. My friend pointed out the Tower of London, St. Paul's Cathedral and indicated where Westminster Abbey and the Houses of Parliament stood in the

distance. How vast seemed this wonderful London, with its innumerable streets, fine buildings north and south of the river and the millions of its population constantly passing to and fro. Here had trod Julius Caesar, William the Conqueror, Henry VIII, Queen Elizabeth, Cromwell, Sir Christopher Wren, Marlborough, Wellington, Nelson and many other famous men and women whose deeds will long be remembered. Here was the city of the Mother of Parliaments and if, as there is reason to believe, England has been the greatest civilising influence the world has ever known, London has every right to be regarded as the greatest single factor in that influence. In this great and proud city it was to be my privilege to spend the greater part of my life.

After a happy and enjoyable week in London, I entrained for Edinburgh, where I intended to study medicine. The railway carriages were more comfortable and the riding smoother than in New Zealand. I also liked the provision of a restaurant car. But it must remembered that the railways in New Zealand have the 3 ft. 6 in. gauge, which is somewhat narrower than the British, whose broader gauge permits of the provision of wider carriages on their railways and greater amenities for the travelling public. Yet if we compare New Zealand railways to British we have every reason to be thankful that we have a moderately comfortable and efficient service in the Dominion, linking up as it does nearly all parts both in the North and South Islands. There is no doubt that the grandfathers of the present generation would look upon our communications as paradise when compared with the conditions which the early settlers had to face and which they faced cheerfully. The original bush in New Zealand was very dense and difficult to penetrate. When a clearing had been made bullock wagons could be used on the rough roads, a method of travelling not pleasant to the fastidious. Travel on horseback was hard on the horses until the rough track had been improved and a road made. Many journeyed by buggy and sometimes by stage

coach. When we recollect these facts we feel thankful for the comfort in which we now travel.

At Edinburgh I was welcomed by Albert Orchard and other New Zealand students doing the medical curriculum. As they had taken digs for me with them I did not feel lonely in that New Zealand atmosphere. I soon found that life at the University was a busy one, but we had recreations in sport, walks and visiting students from other countries—indeed, there seemed to be students from all parts of the world. This had real advantages as closer contact with others of various views made us broader minded. Sometimes lasting friendships resulted.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Charles Cathcart, an eminent surgeon on the staff of the Royal Infirmary and an extra-mural teacher. His wife, a daughter of the famous Professor Tait, the lecturer on physics at the University, was an ideal hostess and most kindly. The lectures at Edinburgh were of a high standard on all subjects in the medical curriculum, but the practical work at that time did not reach the standard obtaining in London hospitals.

Never will I forget my first operation. The sight of blood made me feel faint, but I refused to leave the theatre, bad as I felt. Gradually I became used to seeing operations but it took me several months.

When a popular show was on the students bought up all the seats in the gallery. Before the rising of the curtain our leader conducted us with a walking stick as we sang student songs. I have little doubt that our singing was not high class, but most of the audience entered into the spirit of joyous feeling that was ours and enjoyed the fun as much as we did. Of course there were some exceptions, where mothers, sitting in boxes with their daughters, looked shocked, or pretended to be, but we knew that some of the daughters were entirely sympathetic with our efforts. From the rising of the curtain we always allowed the theatre orchestra to play whatever they chose and we hoped our

courtesy in this respect was appreciated by the conductor. A remark by one of the actors that gave the opportunity for a lightning quip from the gallery was always taken advantage of and some of the interpolations were so apt that the actor, convulsed with laughter, had difficulty in continuing his part.

The majority of the students were sufficiently serious minded to keep terms and pass their professional examinations as they came round, but there were a few wasters and an occasional chronic. One of the latter had been a student for fifteen years and had not passed even his first professional examination. He told me that his father had arranged for the sum of three hundred pounds annually to be provided for his keep while a student, so a student he remained.

I stayed in Edinburgh for three years and then, at the suggestion of my friend, Dr. Chune Fletcher, of the Charterhouse, London, I spent the last year before graduating at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, the oldest hospital in the metropolis — if not in the world — and certainly one of the best. Founded by a monk named Rahere in 1123, the church of St. Bartholomew the Great and the Hospital have remained on their present site for 824 years and the "smooth fields" (Smithfield) on which they were originally built have witnessed much of the history of London. Some of the grimmest executions took place close to the hospital wall. "Barts", as it is familiarly and affectionately called, was hoary with age when the University of Edinburgh and the Royal Infirmary came into existence. It has numbered many distinguished physicians and surgeons amongst its sons, the most illustrious of whom was the immortal Harvey — the discoverer of the circulation of the blood.

When a student first enters Barts, through the Henry VIII Gate, he sees in front of him the old square and the "fountain", with students standing around chatting. A friend takes him upstairs into the Great Hall, on the walls of which are paintings of famous sons of St. Bartholomew's, and he

simply cannot help imbibing the spirit of greatness that was, and the greatness that is Barts. Passing down the ornate staircase where paintings by Hogarth fill the walls, he admires the frescoes of The Pool of Bethesda and The Good Samaritan. Walking again towards the Fountain, he is convinced that Barts is indeed unique in its history and achievements, a hospital to which he feels proud to belong and which he must be worthy of.

Each student at Barts, while doing clinical work, clerks for one of the physicians or surgeons. I was fortunate to clerk for that eminent physician, Sir Dyce Duckworth, and was responsible for examining and writing up the notes of six patients, more than one had at Edinburgh. The bedside talks were most instructive and eminently practical, and as each clerk was responsible for entering up the clinical notes made by the physician and of the treatment and progress of the case, he constantly gained knowledge, experience and confidence.

A few months before the final examination for the M.B.C.M., I returned to Edinburgh and attended the stipulated number of midwifery cases required by the University and also worked at a Dispensary where many of the poorer people attended for treatment. We visited the more seriously ill at their homes, but the staff under whom we worked being all experienced clinicians, we had them to refer to when dealing with difficult or unusual cases.

One evening I was asked to visit a house in High Street, that street of one-time grand mansions, formerly the homes of the Scottish nobility—the famous John Knox lived in one of the most revered. However, these houses had long been relegated to the poor. Each family occupied one or two rooms, and the sanitary conditions left much to be desired. Some homes were kept clean, others were dirty — much depended on the individual occupier. The home I entered was near the house where the infamous Burke and Hare were stated to have lived and carried out some of their terrible

crimes. In a dirty, dingy room with an appalling atmosphere, I saw in the fading light a miserable looking baby lying on a heap of rags. Bugs were everywhere. The father was Irish and the mother Scotch. This, their only child, had been born three weeks previously. At my request a candle was lit. The baby suffered from inanition and gave vent to a continuous fretful wail. I could not find any diseased condition in the little patient, and it was stated to have been born healthy. There had been obvious neglect. As the mother was unable to feed the baby herself, precise directions were given for making the baby's food and she was provided with the necessary ingredients. Next morning I called early and was distressed to find the infant looking even more wasted and weaker. I was puzzled and asked to see the milk mixture and then discovered that the parents had not made it up, nor even given the child a drop of water. Something about the father's manner gave me reason for suspicion and looking him full in the face, I asked if he had insured the baby's life. He answered hesitatingly that he had. All was now plain, and I did some straight talking to the frightened parents. Obviously I had been called because in the event of death a certificate would be required by the Insurance Society. The baby was immediately taken to hospital by my orders and remained there for a month. At the end of that time the little patient looked like a normal infant of its age and was sent home to its mother with full written directions as to treatment. A special lady visitor called daily to see that the mother carried out instructions. The parents had learnt their lesson and the baby lived.

Many of the very poorest people in Edinburgh not only kept their rooms clean and looked after their families well but they were always ready to lend a helping hand to a neighbour in trouble.

One day when several of us arrived at the mental hospital we found the little curate in a state of collapse on the path leading from the gate to the hospital entrance—a distance

of 200 yards. It appeared that shortly before our arrival he was walking along the garden path to the hospital when he passed a patient digging. Directly the patient saw the curate he ran after him, carrying his spade, and had nearly caught him up when the curate fell on his knees praying, expecting to be struck down the next moment. When the mental patient reached the curate he touched him on the shoulder saying, "Tagged you, you tag me."

I graduated at Edinburgh in 1898 and well remember my feeling of responsibility at being a fully fledged doctor.

Returning to London, Sir Dyce Duckworth, the physician with whom I clerked at Barts, invited me to become his acting junior house-physician, as the one previously appointed had developed tuberculosis.

The work was interesting and I enjoyed it immensely and certainly we were kept busy in the out-patient department. Sister Surgery, the sister-in-charge of the nursing staff in that department, was a unique and rather wonderful woman. She had occupied the same post for many years and the hospital was proud of her. Her large experience and knowledge were greatly valued by the young house-doctors, who knew her as a great character. If she thought we were puzzled by a rash she read our thoughts and would whisper "Yes, it is measles", or whatever the case might be.

A woman brought her husband, a meek diminutive man, to the out-patient department, suffering from dyspepsia. She gave her version of his symptoms and never allowed the poor man the chance to say a word. I asked Sister Surgery to place a clinical thermometer in his wife's mouth, where it remained for ten minutes. This gave the patient the opportunity to describe his own symptoms. Gathering courage, he asked me if thermometers were expensive as he would like to lay in a store.

From St. Bartholomew's I went over to Dublin, to the Coombe Hospital for women, where I was appointed external clinical assistant and became responsible for all confinements

occurring in patients' homes. Several other young medicos were doing the same work. We all lived in at the hospital and were most comfortable. Although the diet consisted of bacon and eggs for breakfast, lunch and dinner, it was always of good quality and we enjoyed it. To our mid-day meal we added Guinness — and what an excellent beverage! The vast brewery was close by and the management inviting us to see over it, we accepted with gusto, sampling the various qualities of XXX stout and gratefully testifying to their goodness.

The condition of the homes of our patients varied, some being tolerably well kept, others so frankly dirty that it made us sorry to see human beings living in such poverty and misery. I well remember one particularly distressing sight. We were called to a confinement in one of the worst quarters of Dublin. On entering the front door we found ourselves in a large room which turned out to be the entire home. On the bed lay the patient, expecting to be confined at any moment. In the same room there lived four other families, and when we entered a dispute was proceeding, as it appeared that a would-be new lodger had chalked off six square feet in the centre of the room for himself, to which the others strenuously objected. On the floor two pigs grunted, while fowls which had flown on to the bed made a great commotion. The patient's bed, in contrast to the scrupulously clean and tidy accouchement bed in hospital, was filthy and running with bugs — a veritable pigsty, if not worse. I insisted that all except the patient leave the room, which was carried out after some protest. The baby was born healthy. We arranged for a nurse to visit the patient and baby thrice daily and chiefly due to her care the mother made a good recovery and the baby thrived during the time it was under observation.

About one o'clock on a Sunday morning the hospital porter came to my bedside with a message from a policeman that a woman on the way to the hospital was about to give

birth to a child in the street and would I go at once. Slipping into my clothes I was soon on the spot. It was a dark, rainy night and hurrying to see what was really the position, I had difficulty in preventing myself from colliding with several intoxicated men having a hectic argument. Two hundred yards from hospital a woman lay on the wet footpath and gave birth to a child as I arrived. After a hasty examination, I carried the woman to hospital myself, gave the child to the husband and entrusted the after-birth to the policeman. What a queer procession we would have appeared, had the street lamps suddenly been turned full on, as we trudged through pitch blackness in the heavy rain. When placed in a dry warm bed in hospital, with the kindly care of experienced nurses and all hospital comforts, that mother must have wondered if the transition from utter discomfort to complete rest, with proper care and perfect peace, had deposited her in "paradise".

On returning to London from Dublin, I was appointed ship's surgeon to the S.S. *Waimate,* bound on a round trip to New Zealand and back. We sailed from the Royal Albert Docks, London, at the end of December, 1899. The ship carried a full cargo and twelve passengers. Passing Teneriffe en route we arrived at Cape Town without incident. When nearing Table Bay our ship passed close to several British transports taking troops to South Africa. That looked ominous, but we all still hoped there would not be war. It was interesting to see Table Mountain and Cape Town, where we bought ostrich feathers and fruit, the latter being particularly acceptable.

On the passage to Tasmania the captain sailed the ship in the "roaring forties" to save time, and there was a marked fall in temperature. We saw quite a lot of floating ice. On the coldest day we experienced a heavy fall of snow which covered the deck and so affected the ship's cat that it became convulsed and threw itself overboard. Nor was the cat the only one that felt the intense cold, for some of the firemen

broached a cargo of whisky, became riotously drunk and had to be handcuffed and placed in a cell. Six hours in the cold cell completely sobered them, indeed so much so that they cried like children when I visited them and spoke of their wives and families. I felt frankly sorry for them. Next day they were put back to work and gave no further trouble. However, they were brought before the Court in New Zealand and received sentence.

During the voyage through the "roaring forties" we witnessed a wonderful and awe-inspiring sight. When I was walking on deck about 8 p.m. there suddenly appeared a momentary flash of light in the heavens and in another instant it had gone. After a few minutes the light appeared again. This was repeated some half a dozen times. Then the heavens seemed as if transformed by a giant searchlight situated somewhere in the region of the South Pole. It penetrated into the darkness and transformed stygian night into brightest day. After remaining stationary for a short time, it gradually moved from east to west and then in the opposite direction. I observed three gorgeously brilliant bands of green, violet and purple rays. That was the first time I had seen the Aurora Australis. Suddenly intense blackness reigned again.

On arrival at Hobart in Tasmania we visited Mount Wellington, and had an excellent view of the harbour and the surrounding country. We sampled Tasmanian apples freshly picked from the tree and found them excellent.

Within a week the rocky shores of New Zealand were sighted. After six years of absence I was longing to see Auckland again. As the *Waimate* sailed through the Rangitoto Channel we saw the islands just outside the harbour entrance looking resplendent in the sunshine. Then, with Auckland coming into view, I found I could no longer answer the many questions put to me by the passengers, as owing to emotion, I had become inarticulate—particularly

so when I saw my relations waiting on the wharf to welcome me.

It was astonishing to observe how the city had grown even in the short space of six years that I had been away, but the rate of growth of a town in the colonies has to be witnessed to be believed.

While in Auckland I had the opportunity of conversing with that old identity, Sir John Campbell, my uncle's partner, who was regarded as the father of Auckland.

He spoke of his life from the time of his arrival in New Zealand in 1841 as a ship's surgeon, then in his twenty-second year, up to 1900, when in his eighty-second year. He was one of the few who had the honour of choosing the site — an ideal one — where Auckland was founded. Great service had been rendered by him and others in the building up of what is often called the Corinth of the South. He took me to the spot on the shore of the harbour where he first landed, and from there we surveyed the thriving city with its beautiful buildings, parks, wharves, and university. What memories must have come back to him. The population was nearly 100,000 and the city was connected by rail with Wellington, over 400 miles distant. When the Duke of York, afterwards King George V, was in Auckland, Sir John had the honour of asking H.R.H. to accept his gift of One Tree Hill, a former Maori stronghold, for the use and pleasure of the people of Auckland. Sir John died, aged 94, and was buried at the top of One Tree Hill, from which point both East and West coasts of New Zealand are visible and the wide expanse of the Pacific Ocean.

When I paid my last visit to Auckland in 1946, it was then a city of 250,000 people and a busy and important commercial centre. Auckland took its name from Lord Auckland, an ancestor of Mr. Anthony Eden, and the extinct volcano, Mount Eden, in one of the suburbs, is also named after the Eden family, a fact of which Mr. Eden once informed me he was very proud. I am proud to know

that my family played a full part, with the other early settlers, in the making of Auckland and the development of its resources. Their sons and grandsons, as well as subsequent settlers, carried on with the good work. Like Sir Christopher Wren they might have said: "*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice*".

The *Waimate* had brought to New Zealand a full cargo of manufactured goods from England and when she left Wellington on her homeward voyage, via the Horn, all her available space was literally packed with New Zealand lamb, beef, butter, cheese and wool. Our passengers consisted of twelve cabin and thirty steerage. All were fascinated by the albatrosses as they circled round the ship, following her for days and picking up any kind of food thrown out from the galley.

Two days off the Horn we were caught in a most terrific storm which grew worse hour by hour. The waves were mast high and burst on deck with a thunderous crash, making the ship shudder from stem to stern. The force of the waves was such that even the iron stanchions were twisted as if they had been made of tin, and the thick glass of the portholes in the saloon was pulverized.

At the height of the storm the Captain informed me he had received a message from the steerage stating that several passengers had been badly injured and urgently needed my services. As the only entrance to the steerage was by a hatchway on the main deck, kept tightly closed during the storm, the Captain cautioned me to watch the waves and when he gave me the signal I was to rush across the deck, force open the hatchway and instantly shut it behind me. I reached the hatchway safely, but it would not open. A huge wave was coming nearer and nearer and would soon sweep across the deck. There was little chance for me if I could not force open the hatchway. Just as the wave appeared to be almost on top of me I gave a tremendous tug with all my strength and, thank goodness, the hatch opened. I just

managed to get to the inner side of the door when the terrific volume of water burst on board with such force that I was thrown down the steps to the steerage saloon, very badly bruised. Fortunately little water had got into the saloon. I attended the surgical cases which included several fractures and many bruises. All the passengers felt very seasick and sorry for themselves, but I knew inwardly that however bad they might feel, I felt worse. When I was safely back the Captain told me he was relieved and, frankly, so was I.

The storm having abated, the Captain invited me to his cabin, and being free from worry and in reminiscent mood, he related to the second officer and myself some of his thrilling experiences in these very waters. Twenty years previously, when a mate on a sailing ship, a large iceberg was seen with two horns, and firmly embedded in each was a ship. The sails had been blown to shreds, but the main masts were still standing. No sign of life could be seen on either ship; the entire crews must have perished and there was nothing to be done. No doubt two ships had been reported missing at Lloyds.

A few years later, when he himself was the skipper of a sailing ship, he was awakened in the early hours of the morning by the chief mate, when not far from the Horn, with news of icebergs. His ship was then sailing between two great walls of ice about two miles apart. From the direction in which the wind was blowing it would have been difficult, if not impossible, to turn back, and the likelihood was that an opening would exist through which the ship could pass out. There was no choice but to sail on. Night came on and still no change was seen. Next morning the walls of ice had approached to within a quarter of a mile of each other. The officers and crew, among whom were several New Zealanders, were now greatly alarmed and their fears increased as darkness approached and it looked as if the ice-walls were coming together. The whole crew

fell on their knees praying — all seemed lost. Could a more dreadful plight be imagined? Would the ship survive the night? A hundred yards apart and still no deliverance. The moon rose and shone dimly, but its light was sufficient to show at last a narrow opening between the walls of ice through which the ship sailed on to safety. The miraculous escape lifted the tension from the crew. The immediate effect was silence, then followed lusty cheering and rejoicing.

Having at last passed Cape Horn, I felt cheered by the thought that our ship was pointing north towards England and the calm sea. Calling at Teneriffe we took on board thousands of cases of tomatoes for Britain. There was little medical work to be done during the calm weather, except for occasional accidents among the crew from pitch burns and such like, but it was wonderful how quickly those healthy seamen's wounds healed up.

Soon after my return to London I married Miss Violet Hayman, the daughter of a shipping merchant engaged in trading with New Zealand, and settled down in practice.

## Chapter 3

# PRACTICE IN LONDON

During the year 1900, frequent discussions took place as to the precise date on which the twentieth century began. All seemed interested and many gave their opinions. When asked for mine I made the tentative suggestion that the date was January the first, 1901. I heard many hectic diatribes on the subject. Two ladies whom I knew well expressed diametrically opposite views and asked me to decide between them. I reminded them that "a woman convinced against her will is of the same opinion still", and suggested that they await the settlement of the question by the government. As a matter of fact I did not see an official statement and wrote to the Home Secretary who replied that the twentieth century commenced on the first of January, 1901.

Towards the end of the South African war, the Rt. Hon. Richard Seddon, Prime Minister of New Zealand, visited South Africa, on his journey to England to attend a conference, and met Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener in Cape Town. He was greatly impressed by each of them, but especially by Lord Milner, whom he described as a very remarkable man.

I saw a good deal of Mr. Seddon in London and although I was a young man he conversed, as was his wont, as if I were experienced in political affairs. The large number of cases of typhoid fever occurring among our troops in South Africa, with the high percentage of fatal cases, distressed him. I informed him of the splendid work being done by Sir Almroth Wright, but unfortunately his method of inoculation against that fell disease had not yet come into general use. Mr. Seddon expressed his hope that Wright's method would soon be universally accepted.

It is worth recording here that after the first world war, 1914-18, the British Medical Association gave a military medical banquet at which Sir William Osler, Professor of Physic at Oxford University, made a post-prandial speech. He stated that the previous evening I had asked him what had been the greatest medical achievement of the war, and he had replied without hesitation that Sir Almroth Wright's inoculation against typhoid fever held the place of honour. Due to its use hundreds of thousands of troops had been prevented from becoming victims of that dread disease and it had materially reduced the mortality rate from that cause.

On one occasion I mentioned to Mr. Seddon that I had seen that world famous fish, Pelorus Jack, swimming in front of our little steamer when crossing Cook Straits into one of the narrow entrances near Marlborough. He told me he had witnessed that grampus dolphin, as if piloting the ship through those dangerous waters, on numerous similar journeys. That fish was protected by an Order-in-Council in 1904, signed by the Governor, Lord Plunket, and published in the official Gazette. The penalty for interfering with Pelorus Jack was £100. So far as I am aware, this is the only instance on record of a fish being specially protected by Parliament, a fact that will interest all disciples of Izaak Walton.

The burly Dick Seddon was beloved by New Zealanders for his great ability, patriotism and kindly nature, and they referred to him as "King Dick." When in London a post-card addressed to "King Dick", c/o Buckingham Palace, was duly delivered to Mr. Seddon.

* * *

I will briefly refer to a few clinical cases with points of interest, most of which occurred thirty to forty-five years ago.

About seven o'clock one morning I received an urgent call to a nursing home in the west-end. On arrival I was

informed that there were three people in the waiting-room who wished to have a word with me before I visited the patient. As I entered I saw three young men in a state of agitation. The eldest informed me of their interest in the patient upstairs, who was about to give birth to a child, and hoped I would allow each of them in turn to see the patient as soon as possible after the birth. I quite understood and agreed, providing there was no medical reason to the contrary. The eldest, in expressing his thanks, said "Splendid, by jove", the second ended his sentences with "Don'cher know", and the third, whom I particularly observed because of his peculiarly shaped brow, nose and ear, expostulated "What, what!" while fixing his eyeglass.

Soon after I entered the patient's room a fine specimen of a baby boy was born. "Splendid, by jove", was soon in the room, peeped at the infant and ran downstairs two steps at a time, obviously in hilarious mood; he gave the porter five shillings, hailed a hansom cab and was off. There followed, in marked agitation, "Don'cher know." It was fifty fifty. He stood at the door, pulled himself together, entered and looked at the baby and likewise ran pell mell downstairs, gave the porter half a sovereign while he hailed one of the taxis just introduced into London. Now came the turn of "What, what", who bore an expression of hopelessness. He gazed at the baby whose brow, nose and ear were similar to his own. His eyeglass dropped and broke. Wishing the young mother a good recovery, he walked slowly down the stairs, looking as if the worries of the world were upon him, passed out of the front door without tipping the porter and walked dolefully away. A growler passed by. He hardly heard the driver's "Cab, sir?" but automatically got in and drove to his lawyer.

One case made a particular impression upon me; it concerned a young mother and her child, who was run down following a severe attack of whooping cough. I advised the mother to take the child to a suitable place in the country.

She said she knew the very one, a farm in the south where the conditions were perfect. The great importance of the milk being beyond suspicion and quite free from tubercle bacilli was carefully explained to her. I advised the use of milk from a tuberculin tested herd and mixed milk from several cows, which is always a wise precaution. Failing such milk being available she was to use pasteurized milk, but if all else failed the necessity for boiling all milk for her child was made clear.

On arrival at the farm the farmer showed the mother his herd, and she picked out a cow which she said had such a soft and gentle look in its eyes. She explained to the farmer the precautions I had given her, but he scorned these "new-fangled ideas", saying that to pasteurize or boil milk was to cook it and take away the nourishment, which is, of course, untrue. Disregarding all my instructions, the mother arranged to use only the milk from the cow with the soft sad eyes, and it was given to the child without pasteurisation or boiling.

After a few weeks the child did not look so well, tuberculous peritonitis developed, followed by meningitis, and the child died. The poor mother was heart-broken. The cow had been slaughtered and found to be riddled with tuberculosis. When it is the law that only "safe" milk is allowed to be sold to the public, tragedies like the one I have related will be obviated.

A doctor's patience is sometimes sorely tried. A middle-aged woman, who suffered slightly from nervous dyspepsia, had the habit of calling at my house at frequent intervals, usually long after the ordinary consulting hours, but the thought of inconveniencing others never worried her. She would state to the receptionist that it was urgent — it always was with her. In my consulting room she always produced a sort of policeman's note-book in which she had written down questions regarding her health which she put to me and meticulously inscribed my answers. Many of the ques-

tions concerned the same point in a different form. Although satisfied for the time being, she soon returned and repeated the same process, from which I felt sure she derived some personal satisfaction. Ultimately I arranged for her to become interested in a home dealing with orphan children, to which she transferred her nervous energy and, happily, forgot about her own symptoms.

A feckless woman, the mother of a little girl of twelve, was advised to give her daughter a pill. That seemed plain enough, but next day she positively rang up to know if the pill should be placed over or under the tongue. She was assured that it was usually found convenient to place the pill on the tongue.

A charming young girl of twenty-five brought her fiancé to consult me, at the request of her parents. I was asked my candid opinion as to their suitability for marriage. The girl's father was a brilliant scholar. I did not take to the young man as he seemed to lack character. Physically he was certainly a well-made man, fond of sport, and from that point of view all was satisfactory, but when he complained of not being understood by his own family I felt from experience that most probably the fault lay with him, and not his family. On enquiry I found he had never remained long in any employment. I strongly suggested to these young people that they wait for at least six months and then the matter could be reconsidered. Her parents entirely agreed. It was therefore surprising to hear, a week later, that the young couple had suddenly married. They came to see me and I stressed the necessity of their making their lives a success. A year later a son was born, to the great delight of the mother, but the father did not evince the slightest interest in his child, finally refusing to see the infant. From that time onwards he showed less affection for his wife and ultimately left her.

I remember being rung up by a man who desired to see me urgently. He was worried about his son of six who

complained of pain in his throat. The boy was found to be suffering severely from diphtheria and I explained to his father the necessity of giving anti-diphtheria serum at once. He called his wife, who being a Christian Scientist, had difficulty in believing that her son's life was in danger and the serum essential. At last she became frightened and exclaimed: "Oh, save my child, save him, give him the injection!" After the injection the child soon improved and made a perfect recovery. Then the mother took a different attitude and wrote me a letter stating: "Don't think that your serum cured my child. I prayed daily and it was my prayers that cured him." However, the boy recovered and that was the only thing that mattered. The father expressed his gratitude.

A young girl about eighteen consulted me about her health. She had a saint-like face and informed me that she had been treated for kidney disease and brought a specimen which looked whitish. Never before had I seen a similar specimen except at a hospital for tropical diseases. In answer to my question, she informed me that she had never been out of England. Being somewhat puzzled, I asked a well-known surgeon for his advice on this case and he arranged for her admission to a hospital where she would be carefully observed, as he had suspicions. The sister of the ward told us, after the patient had been under her charge for a week, that she was by no means the innocent young girl that I had thought her, and asked for her removal from the ward as soon as possible. The whitish looking specimen which the patient had originally handed to me was proved, on analysis, to contain milk which she must have added to evoke sympathy. She had fooled the doctor in the country into believing that she was suffering from some rare disease and he had written up her case as one of chyluria. When the surgeon's suspicions were confirmed he said the patient must be frankly told never to do such a thing again. I did so, and this girl with the innocent face seemed to change at once into a wild

animal, so angry was she at being exposed instead of getting sympathy.

I well remember ordering a particular diet for a lady who suffered from diabetes. A few weeks later I accepted an invitation to take tea with her. All went well until tea was brought in. I tasted the bread and butter, which I found rather unpleasant. Next some biscuits were passed to me and no doubt I showed a little hesitation in tasting them, but when my hostess remarked they were what I ordered for her, I had to try them. Worse was yet to come, for the cake had a peculiarly objectionable flavour and the special tea was quite the nastiest I had ever tasted. Looking triumphantly at me she said: "You do not appear to relish the good things you ordered for me." I gazed sadly at her, being quite inarticulate, but made up my mind there and then never again to accept the invitation of a lady patient to tea for whom I had ordered a special diet!

In the early days of the present century, hostesses gave sumptuous luncheon and dinner parties which were certainly enjoyable. On several such occasions I found myself seated next to middle-aged ladies whose conversation consisted chiefly in descriptions of their illnesses and operations, no details being suppressed. Being then a young man, I presumed that my dinner partners thought that the extirpation of portions of their anatomy by famous surgeons would be of interest to a medico, not realising that the thing one wishes to avoid under such circumstances is "shop", more so as it was unlikely that one would see the lady again.

A man about seventy, who was a patient of mine, used to arrange to be placed next to me at luncheons to which we were both invited. The honour was a doubtful one, for he, being deaf, placed his ear-trumpet close to my mouth the whole time he talked — and he never ceased talking. In addition to hearing all his journeys and adventures, which I heard so often that I could anticipate every word, my advice was also sought as to the suitability of every dish for

his particular complaint. However, one day, at a coming-of-age party whilst I was being bored by his conversation, the butler asked if he would take sprouts. Not hearing, he put his large oval ear-trumpet right up to the butler's mouth who, not understanding his intention, filled it with sprouts. My deaf friend should have seen the humour of the situation and smiled, but instead he became livid with anger at the well-meaning but bewildered butler. It was so funny that I had difficulty in suppressing a desire to laugh.

I was called to see a most unusual woman at a small west-end hotel. I had never seen anybody quite like her. Rather small of stature, thin, aged about 65, of aristocratic appearance, with very penetrating eyes, I felt almost spell-bound by her fixed expression. Then she relaxed and walked up and down the room as if in deep thought. A bundle of ancient looking letters was visible on her open desk. Suddenly she put the bundle into a drawer, locked it and held the key tightly in her right hand. During the whole time her hands were shaking with emotion. This highly educated woman spoke with sudden outbursts, then watched for my reaction to her remarks. I ascertained that she had formerly worked with Parnell in his stormy days. Beyond that she said nothing — not a word. I had no wish to probe any secrets she may have harboured of events in her life. My only desire was to do what I could to quieten her state of nervous tension and help her to get sleep. Next day she left for Ireland, without having revealed anything that would be helpful in treatment. As the manageress of the hotel put it, she arrived furtively, looked suspicious, said no unnecessary word, and departed clothed in the mantle of mystery.

Many years ago a patient telephoned me one morning asking me to see his wife who was in a state of collapse. He said I would learn the other details when I arrived at their house in Mayfair. On arrival I found his wife in bed and her hand being stroked by her lady's maid who informed

me that her mistress had been most cruelly treated.

I was informed that a month previously a valuable diamond ring had disappeared from her bedroom. A fortnight later a jewelled wrist-watch was missing. Yesterday a valuable pearl pendant had disappeared. Mrs. A. said that it was a horrible feeling knowing that there was a thief in the house and not having any idea who it was. At the suggestion of her maid, whom she described as a treasure, the housemaid and parlour-maid had both been sent away in the first instance, and after that the cook, all of whom her maid felt were under suspicion. After the disappearance of the pearl pendant the butler was suspected, so he was given marching orders. It was pitiable to see Mrs. A. in such a state of collapse and unable to sleep, with all desire for food gone. I said I would have a chat with her husband. That afternoon a new butler arrived and came into Mrs. A.'s bedroom for orders. The maid said that now they had someone in the house she would like to have a few hours off that evening. She caught a bus going to Mile End and in the same bus a very quiet-looking man got in. When she got out he followed and saw her go to an address where apparently she had a room. She opened the door with her key and went inside. A search warrant was obtained by the quiet-looking man and in that room, which belonged to the lady's maid, was found the diamond ring, the jewelled wrist-watch and the pearl pendant. Of course, Mrs. A. was overwhelmed when she was told that of all people it was her "treasure" who was the thief. After a few days she realized that, unfortunate and disturbing as the circumstances had been, she was lucky in recovering all her jewellery and in knowing at last the identity of the real thief.

## Chapter 4

# DISTINGUISHED NEIGHBOURS

From 1900 to 1906 we lived in West Hampstead, a most pleasant and salubrious part of London, within walking distance of Hampstead Heath. If the old village of Hampstead and the adjoining Heath has long been renowned as the home of celebrated poets, artists and literary folk, we might boast that the Muse of Music had been generous in bestowing her gifts on some of the residents of the street in which we lived, for it produced several who became famous in that art, including Leslie Stuart and Olive Groves.

Leslie Stuart, so well known two to three decades ago for his delightful, original and sparkling compositions, is still remembered with pleasure wherever his tuneful music is played. He was a neighbour and friend of mine and sometimes consulted me about his health. My wife and I saw a good deal of the Stuarts and frequently dined there on Sunday nights where we met various musical celebrities, more particularly those acting in his musical comedies.

Leslie Stuart, a most interesting personality, was a man of medium height and fair complexion, temperamental, and full of mental and physical activity. He was an excellent and generous host and possessed a fund of anecdotes and stories. Obviously such a man would be popular with his guests and particularly so with members of the stage. His great musical composition "Soldiers of the Queen" had definitely given him a reputation as a composer. Many other songs followed. Then came his great successes in musical comedy: "Floradora", "The Silver Slipper", "The School Girl" and "The Belle of Mayfair", all of which added markedly to his reputation.

When we first met he had been married about seventeen

years. Mrs. Stuart endeavoured to exercise a steadying influence over her rather highly strung and erratic husband.

Among those whom I met at the Stuarts' house were Haydn Coffin, who became famous as the singer of "Soldiers of the Queen", and Vesta Tilly, that accomplished and petite male impersonator, who among her great successes sang "Burlington Bertie."

Another frequent visitor was Eugene Stratton, that extraordinary personality who sang coon songs composed by Leslie Stuart, among which were: "Is Yer Mammie Always Wid Ye", "Little Dolly Daydream", "Lily of Laguna", "Cake Walk", "Coon Drum Major", and "My Little Octoroon." Those who remember Gene Stratton and his quaint manner of singing will recollect the pleasure he gave to the theatre-going public by his marked personality, and his wonderful soft-shoe dancing — there has seldom been anything quite so graceful and poetic in movement. I well remember in the early days of the century, Leslie Stuart invited my wife and myself to be present at the opening of the Coliseum with its great innovation—a revolving stage. There was a delay of some thirty-five minutes before the theatre opened. A noisy mob, resenting the delay, tried to force their way in, but after the doors were eventually opened all went well. Gene Stratton sang "Lily of Laguna" and "Coon Drum Major" with marked effect and received great applause from an enthusiastic audience which quite forgave the delay.

Billie Burke and Ellaline Terriss were other stars of that time whom we met at the Stuart's. They both achieved fame; the former in the singing of "My Little Canoe" (School Girl), and the latter in "Louisiana Lou" (The Shop Girl). That charming little actress, Edna May, with a dainty style of her own, sang "Where you go I will go" (Belle of Mayfair), 1906, and made an excellent impression. Many old play-goers will remember Camille Clifford, who sang "Why do They Call Me a Gibson Girl" (Belle of

Mayfair), when the Gibson Girl type was all the rage. There were many others whom we met at various times, among them being Madame Guy d'Hardelot, the composer of "Because", "I Know a Lovely Garden" and other great successes. Her songs were essentially melodic with a touch of sadness.

Leslie Stuart told me that for years he had desired to compose a good marching song, but simply could not get a tune to his entire satisfaction. One day, in the nineties, while sitting at the piano the tune of "Soldiers of the Queen" suddenly came to him and as he played it he knew it would be a great success because overhead in the nursery he heard his children marching up and down so long as he played this martial air.

Leslie Stuart's real name was Tom Barrett. He came from Manchester, where as a youth he had been organist to his church. His talent for music was discovered early and having once achieved success as a composer, triumph followed triumph. His tuneful music was a delight to the public. I distinctly remember when he was composing "The Silver Slipper" how the writer of the libretto urged him to get on faster with the music but he simply could not and would not. Being very temperamental he could only work when he felt the inclination to do so, but once in that mood he would go on and on composing for nearly twenty-four hours at a stretch, until completely exhausted. Under such conditions he wrote his tuneful songs. One of the songs in "The School Girl" was called "Looking for a Needle" and one morning his sister-in-law, who had a lisp, was singing this song with a well-marked lisp, when Leslie, who saw things in a flash, said "That's the way it should be sung", and so indeed it was by James Blakely and all agreed that the lisp added to the song's success.

Leslie Stuart told me that he made £50,000 from "Floradora", and another £50,000 from his other compositions. However, he was not the type who could ever imagine a

rainy day. He had unlimited faith in the popularity of his compositions and his ability to go on composing. It was unfortunate for his family that he spent money very freely and most of it on his friends; indeed, his hospitality was unlimited. If any of his friends complained of being impecunious through bad luck, it seemed to be a habit of his to allow each one £3 a week. I suggested to him that while he was achieving such success he should put away £10,000 at least, in gilt edge for his wife, and a similar sum for his family, but such was his extraordinary belief in his ability to supply the public with the music they wanted for time unlimited that he deemed this precaution unnecessary.

Unfortunately, as time went on, Mrs. Stuart's health became precarious, but his family, especially his eldest daughter May, looked well after their father in his declining years.

In addition to those already mentioned we met other interesting and often distinguished people at the Stuarts', among whom I might mention George Graves, that great entertainer and amusing raconteur. On one occasion he and I went to see the South African Rugby team play England in London, and an excellent game it was. Jimmy Waters, another personality, who was attached to the *Daily Mail* and a great friend of the Stuarts, had the habit of saying the most amusing things with a serious face. One Sunday he and Leslie Stuart were lunching at a riverside hotel when one of the waiters accidentally put a tray through the glass panel of the door. The proprietor, an excitable foreigner, immediately fell into a towering rage and told the waiter off. At that point Jimmy Waters quietly said to the irate foreigner: "Why are you so angry, for after all the waiter proved it to be glass?" This incident caused immense amusement to Leslie Stuart and for weeks afterwards he regaled his friends with the story, although frequently with embellishing additions.

Florence St. John—who although perhaps past the zenith

of her fame was still very popular with the London theatre public—frequently visited the Stuarts' house, more especially at the week end. She was known to her friends as "Jack." Miss St. John was a popular actress and singer who had made her reputation in the field of light opera and opera bouffe. Her name was famous at the Old Gaiety Theatre under the management of John Hollingshead. She was an amusing conversationalist and certainly said unusual things. Once she informed me that when her husband (the third) came home late she left a note on the hall table stating where he would find his supper and where his bed was made up.

Another person famous in the theatrical world, whom I frequently met at the Stuarts', was George Edwardes, then in control of the Gaiety Theatre. I never knew a man who loved making small bets on things mentioned in conversation or passing events, more than he. On one occasion we were all in the billiard room and Leslie Stuart wanted to play a game when George Edwardes, for some reason I never understood, for I was not a billiard player, turned to me and said he would back me to beat Stuart in a hundred up for £5 providing I received eighty start. I remember having the opening shot and giving a double baulk. Stuart made seventy-five from the leave and then sank the white. I left my white where I thought it would be quite safe, but Stuart ran out from the difficult leave and that is all I saw of the game. George Edwardes cheerfully paid Leslie £5.

When the 1905/6 "All Blacks" were in England, I invited ten of them to dine at my house. Leslie Stuart was also my guest and helped me entertain them. In reality he was a host in himself. About 11 o'clock he suggested that they should adjourn to his house opposite to play billiards, where that brilliant All Black three-quarter George Smith, who ran the 100 yards in ten seconds, played Leslie level hundreds and to my astonishment beat him in several games.

Looking back at the happy days of the early years of the twentieth century with the kindly hospitality, the gathering

of celebrities, the sparkling conversation interspersed with care-free laughter, and the sense of enjoyment free from the fear of coming disaster, the delicious repasts to which guests were invited, such as were enjoyed at the Leslie Stuarts' on Sunday nights, one regrets those days have gone possibly for ever and have been replaced by the present feeling of uncertainty and apprehension.

* * *

Many years ago, before the first world war, I saw a little girl aged five, with a high temperature and absolutely covered with a rash from head to foot—the worst case of measles I have known. The little patient answered no questions but never took her eyes off me. Upon occasion measles can be quite severe, but she made a good recovery. Little Olive for some years afterwards looked askance at me as she knew that I was responsible for ordering what she said was very nasty medicine.

Time passed and Olive's beautiful voice was discovered, and her distinct musical talent. Scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music gave the opportunity and sent her along the road of phenomenal success, not only on the concert platform and the stage, but as a most popular radio artiste. Her rendering of Mozart is particularly fine and bears the hall-mark of refinement and musical culture.

Miss Olive Groves was the guest of honour at the Ladies Night of the Savage Club in 1941, and her singing was a delight to all present. The encomiums showered on her and the enthusiasm with which her health was drunk by the large and critical audience gave ample evidence of the esteem in which she is held. I felt delighted at being present at the banquet, and Miss Groves, when replying to the toast of her health, referred to our first meeting, saying that she still remembered the unpleasant medicine, but had long since quite forgiven me.

* * *

When Stanley Casson, as a boy of fourteen, became a patient of mine, some forty years ago, I little thought that the quiet unassuming studious boy would one day achieve fame as an archaeologist and author and that his name would be widely known not only in Great Britain and the United States but also in many European countries, and particularly Greece where he was beloved. Very earnest and observant in his work, he possessed throughout his rather serious life a keen sense of fun and a natural talent for mimicry which was to him a saving grace and made his company so delightful to his friends and co-workers. When the first world war broke out he was engaged in editing the second volume of the new catalogue of the Sparta Museum at Athens.

After serving in France, Casson became attached to the General staff of the British Salonika Force in 1916 under Sir George Milne. He subsequently served in Constantinople and Turkestan, was mentioned in Despatches, and became the recipient of the Greek Order of the Saviour.

His work on the historical geography of Macedonia, Thrace and Illyria gained him the Connington prize in 1924. Not long afterwards he was appointed Reader in Classical Archaeology at Oxford and thenceforward directed the excavations for the British Academy at Constantinople.

Casson, in addition to being a distinguished archaeologist, was a prolific writer and a first-class lecturer. I remember the last occasion on which I heard him lecture. It was in London. He spoke of his excavations in Greece, and in addition to the packed audience, there were present a member of the Greek Royal family and representatives of the Greek Government.

Of his numerous books I will only refer to two, *Steady Drummer* and *The Discovery of Man*. The former is Casson's autobiography and gives an intimate account of his experiences throughout the first world war. His criticisms are frank, bold, honest and able. His associates knew him as a most loyal and reliable friend who put his heart

and soul into whatever he was doing. His splendid example and influence on his men in France and later in the Balkans were valuable assets, while his bearing, reliability and knowledge, together with his modesty made a favourable impression upon our allies whom he contacted in the Balkans.

Casson was asked in 1920 if he would undertake the task of visiting the grave of Rupert Brooke, that very promising young poet who died during the Gallipoli campaign in 1915. Rupert Brooke's grave was in a glade near the harbour in the remote little island of Skyros, and Casson was to arrange for "the London designed marble tomb cut in Athens" to be placed over Brooke's grave. The difficulties were many but he readily agreed and all obstacles were successfully overcome. When describing the necessity for pushing the heavy marble, yard by yard along the rollers up the three hundred feet to the grave, Casson states, "Never before have I so deeply admired and respected the architects of Stonehenge as when I indulged in this primitive megalithic undertaking."

Casson's other book to which I will briefly refer is *The Discovery of Man,* and rarely have I read a book so full of absorbing information on ancient peoples, their customs and culture. It is fascinating to read that certain ancient civilizations had shown interest and curiosity in the nations that had existed even long before their time; but from the age of curiosity to the remarkable achievements of archaeology and anthropology obtaining to-day thousands of years have passed.

On page 81 he states "There seems little doubt indeed that Herr Hitler and his associates have modelled many of their institutions upon those described by Tacitus, whose treatise has always been popular in modern Germany."

Casson was a well-built man, nearly six feet in height, with fair complexion and blue eyes. Always a prodigious worker himself, he expected those associated with him to be equally indefatigable. He showed his appreciation of high

quality work in his co-workers, but suffered fools badly and made his feelings known to such as he felt deserved reprimand. His friends esteemed him highly for his well-balanced judgement and his unselfish interest in their investigations. Sometimes I dined with him in Hall at New College on Sunday nights and I noted the esteem in which he was held by fellow Dons. On these occasions his conversation was illuminating and his wit sparkling, adding much to the pleasure of the evening.

Casson's home-life was most happy and I will always remember the delightful way in which he teased his little daughter Jennifer, who had a deep affection for her father. There was one phase in his make-up that I observed upon occasion, his readiness to go all-out for a cause which he fervently believed to be all-important, nor is that to be wondered at, for on his mother's side he was descended from the great Archbishop Cranmer, the Martyr.

During the second world war Colonel Casson performed valuable service for England. He was posted to the Intelligence Corps, narrowly escaped capture when the Germans invaded Holland and again in the evacuation of Greece and Crete. Towards the end of the war he was selected for important duty in Greece, work which would greatly appeal to him. Accordingly, with other officers of the Intelligence Corps he set out by aeroplane for Cairo, whence he intended to proceed to Greece, and I can quite imagine the joy he felt at the thought of the congenial work ahead. Alas! soon after the plane left the Cornish coast it crashed into the sea, all being killed, a ghastly shock to his many friends. Thus ended a brilliant career. A few days after his death a service held at a little church in Cornwall was attended by numerous friends, silent witnesses of the last act at the quiet spot where he was reverently laid to rest.

A prominent Greek, a good friend of mine, informed me that Stanley Casson was so greatly venerated in Greece that a special service was held at Athens to honour his memory.

## Chapter 5

# HARLEY STREET EXPERIENCES

London is the largest and most important city in the world. It contains within its vast area ancient buildings, monuments and relics from bygone ages, some of which go back several thousands of years. All are of importance and interest not only to the archaeologist but also to the average citizen.

When I moved to Harley Street a colleague and I made a peregrination of the neighbourhood to familiarize ourselves with its early history. We set out one autumn evening, taking an old map to verify ancient landmarks as they existed three centuries ago. We began at the junction of Harley Street with Marylebone Road where we made out the former position of the old Manor House and its once extensive gardens. These gardens had apparently been leased in 1650 to showmen who made them into a place of amusement and entertainment. For that purpose the eight acres had been laid out into pleasure gardens with pleasant walks bordered by flowers and stately trees, for those who desired seclusion. For others there were bowling greens and concert platforms; also a bear garden, pits for dog fights and cock fighting, and platforms for prize fights. Pugilistic encounters took place not only between men, but also between women. The gardens extended from High Street across Beaumont Street, Devonshire Place to Harley Street, and were entered from where the "Rose of Normandy" now stands in High Street, Marylebone.

In those days life must have been coarser. It is related that the gardens were much appreciated in the reign of Charles II when the spirits of the people rose high following the passing of the restrictive influence of the Puritans. On the other hand, the music provided must have been good

class to have appealed to Handel, who is reported to have visited the gardens. Among others who were attracted were Samuel Pepys, the notorious Duke of Cumberland, Dick Turpin, and Dr. Johnson, who is stated to have been greatly interested in the fireworks. When the season ended a certain duke is believed to have been in the habit of giving the toast, "May as many of us as remain unhanged next spring meet here again."

Robbers frequented the fields in the vicinity of the gardens, and these fields were the rendezvous where many duels were fought in the eighteenth century. The Marylebone Gardens were finally closed in 1778.

The laying-out of Cavendish Square as a residential area began about 1715. Later on, among other streets that were planned was Harley Street, at first that portion adjoining the square, which was gradually extended in a straight line to Marylebone Road, where the Gardens had formerly flourished. That the Square was greatly prized as a residence may be gathered from the names of important people who lived there—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, who introduced inoculation against smallpox into England from abroad, the great artist Romney, a Duke of Portland, and a daughter of George II.

The second Earl of Oxford, Edward Harley, gave his name to Harley Street. Cyril Phillips Bryan in *Round about Harley Street* mentions that during the two centuries of its existence Harley Street has been the home of famous poets, painters, writers, sailors and soldiers, and he specifies the names of Lady Nelson, Sir Arthur Wellesley, Dean Swift, Gladstone and Turner the artist. Several ambassadors also lived there. One name in particular, held in honour and admiration in Britain and throughout the civilized world, Florence Nightingale, "The Lady with the Lamp," did honour to Harley Street where she worked with her nurses prior to proceeding to the Crimea.

The first medico to live in this celebrated street is stated

to have been Dr. William Rowley. Gradually other members of the profession moved to Harley Street, and at the present time nearly every house is inhabited by physicians or surgeons.

No one realizing the history of this famous street could be otherwise than impressed. My colleague asked me if I would have preferred to have lived during the early and exciting days of Harley Street when such famous people flourished, or in the year of grace, 1913? It so happened that I had prepared a dissertation intended to be read before a medical society on the medical treatment of King Charles II during his last illness. Sitting in my rooms sipping tea I mentioned that His Majesty had been attended in Whitehall by fourteen physicians who bled him, as was then the custom, blistered his head, cupped him, applied plasters to the soles of his royal feet and gave him emetics and pills, as well as over fifty separate drugs. In addition, they administered remedies to promote sneezing. There is only one comforting thought—the statement that the King died "as peaceable as a lamb". The treatment of the royal patient was not edifying, but such was the practice of that time.

Passing from the period in the eighteenth century when doctors disported gold-headed canes and when the effects of infectious disease were appalling we come to the time of Edward Jenner, famous for his preventive vaccination against smallpox. Then Sir James Simpson, of Edinburgh, demonstrated the fact that painless operations could be performed under anaesthesia, and conferred another blessing on humanity. Next, Lord Lister gave his great discovery to the world—the antiseptic method of treating wounds and of performing operations—which made surgical treatment infinitely safer. More recently the inoculation against typhoid, introduced by Sir Almroth Wright, has very markedly lessened the incidence of this disease. Other triumphs have followed. Pouring out yet another cup of tea, I recalled the

remarks of a surgical demonstrator at St. Bartholomew's to his students. He stated that towards the end of the reign of George III a butcher from Smithfield was treated at the hospital for a fractured femur. Complete rest for six months was ordered, together with an almost starvation diet, as was then the custom for such cases. Without any sign of bony union, the butcher expressed his feelings by saying: "As the diet isn't curing me and I get weaker and weaker I want the diet I am used to—beef steak and porter." He took the responsibility for what might happen. Within a month bony union had taken place and he made such a good recovery that shortly afterwards he was discharged, fit for work again. That case disproved old methods and showed that for the healing of a fractured bone an adequate diet is essential.

We who practise medicine in the twentieth century owe our knowledge to the generations of medical men who preceded us and whose observations and researches vastly improved our knowledge of disease and the method of treatment. Considering these facts I answered my colleague by saying that I would rather live in the enlightenment of to-day than in the ignorance of two to three centuries ago.

In practice one sees a cross-section of the population whose outlook on life may vary considerably.

Good health cannot be bought. A wealthy man from across the Atlantic consulted me about his dyspepsia. He liked good living and the best wines, but of late he had to be careful with his diet which depressed him. After making it clear to me that he could afford anything he signed a blank cheque, placed it before me and said, "Cure me and then fill it up for any sum you like up to a thousand pounds or more." Handing him back his cheque I replied that I would just charge the ordinary fee for consultation.

"But," he added, "you have not enquired about my income!"

I said, "That is surely of interest to you only, and the

income tax officials, but not to me."

My answer seemed to surprise him.

"You tell me," I continued, "that for twenty years you have had a day and a night chef, and if you awoke during the night you rang and were brought grilled kidneys and champagne and such like. Now you expect to be quickly cured from the harmful effects of over-indulgence which has gone on for so many years. I will place you in a nursing home where you will greatly benefit from the treatment, and in a few weeks you will feel very much better, but you must never again over-indulge."

"Definitely no!" he replied. "I won't agree to treatment and want to continue to live well."

That settled matters. His fixed idea, that a wealthy man could do anything, was his undoing. He went to the South of France, but I was sorry to see his obituary notice in a London morning paper a few months subsequently.

I had quite a different kind of experience when called to a nursing home fifteen miles from London. A child aged two years, very ill with pneumonia, was being well looked after by an able practitioner. While we discussed treatment I was telephoned by the child's mother, who hoped I would be able to visit the little patient daily, and that expense was no object. I told her that the doctor would telephone me daily for a week and that I would see her child again if he thought it necessary. After a good recovery the child was returned to its mother. I was asked by the doctor to send in my account, which I did. But my fee was not paid, nor the doctor's who had done so much for the patient; worse still, the matron of the nursing home where the child had remained for nearly two months received nothing, and the pharmacist who had supplied medicines and special foods had his account returned marked "gone away, address unknown." The police informed the matron that enquiries disclosed that the parents were acting in a touring company and had left another town previously without paying their

debts. I felt particularly sorry for the nursing home.

Ex-Chief Inspector Drew, who had done splendid work for Scotland Yard, was a patient of mine. He had the reputation of being one of the ablest and shrewdest inspectors ever employed on criminal investigation. A man with untiring energy in the discharge of his important duties, indomitable will-power, and a live wire in every sense of the term, he never allowed the asthma from which he suffered severely to interfere with his duty. I admired him for his courage.

Many of his adventures were thrilling and, without doubt, would have strongly appealed to the average schoolboy, especially his extraordinary story of the notorious Crippen, whom he arrested on the steamer in which he was fleeing across the Atlantic. He gave the opinion that it was the duty of every citizen to immediately inform Scotland Yard of any information in his possession which might be useful in detecting crime.

Inspector Drew related the following incident that happened at a well-known South Coast health resort where he happened to be enjoying a holiday. One afternoon the house of a neighbour had been entered during her short absence, and she immediately called the policeman on point duty nearby. Various articles of intrinsic and sentimental value had been stolen. Fortunately the idea occurred to her to inform Mr. Drew. Drew asked the policeman what he intended to do about it, to which the latter replied that he would guard the house. "Against whom?" replied the quick-tempered Drew, "surely you don't expect the burglar to come back? The point is to catch him." Taking a railway time-table from his pocket he found that a fast train to London would leave in twenty minutes. He took upon himself the responsibility of instructing the policeman to leave the house unguarded and proceed at once to the railway station and watch every person boarding the train for London, as he had little doubt the thief with his swag would

adopt that way of escape. A minute before the train was due to leave a man carrying a bag entered one of the carriages. He was interrogated by the policeman, who found the missing articles in the bag. Thanks to the trained mind of the ex-chief inspector the criminal was brought to justice.

I felt very sad when a few years later I was called by a doctor to Drew's home, where I found him to be suffering from double pneumonia, a most unfortunate condition to happen in a man whose lungs and heart had long been affected. I had to tell Mrs. Drew that his chances of recovery were slight. He died next day. So passed away a remarkable man, with a high sense of civic duty.

One afternoon, a year before he died, ex-Chief Inspector Drew telephoned that he wished to see me about an important matter. Since he had left The Yard he had carried on a sort of private agency, and a firm of solicitors required his help with regard to certain aspects of a will case which they were contesting on behalf of their clients. The whole estate was claimed by a friend of the deceased, the beneficiary under the will, nothing being left to the deceased's family with whom he had lived on terms of affection. The point to be raised before the Court was whether the deceased was in a fit mental state to make a will when he signed it. Sir William Willcox and I were, at Drew's suggestion, asked to advise on this matter from the medical information placed at our disposal.

The day before the case was due for hearing before the Judge, Willcox and I met the distinguished King's Counsel who had been briefed by the solicitors on behalf of the family, to discuss the mental state of the deceased when he signed the will. We were both of the opinion that the deceased was not in a fit mental state when he signed. The K.C. desired each of us to be ready to go into the witness box, if required, but he had in his mind a line of action

which he thought might bring the case to a settlement without our being called.

When the case came on next day Willcox and I were seated immediately in front of the K.C. The chief witness on the other side was being examined by our K.C., and the latter's intention soon became evident. I have never seen a witness so flustered, contradicting himself on several points, and the Judge remarked that he had difficulty in believing a word of his evidence. The cross examination over, an adjournment was made for luncheon, and I asked the K.C. what was likely to happen. He replied that probably the other side would talk things over and suggest a compromise. Immediately the case was resumed, that actually happened, and a compromise favourable to the family of the deceased was proposed. The K.C. told me that the medical evidence, if called, would have been of great importance, but his method of conducting the case did all that was necessary.

Mrs. Julia Dale, for many years proprietress of the popular Cavour restaurant in Leicester Square, was a friend of Ex-Chief Inspector Drew, who brought her to Harley Street to see me. Those who knew Mrs. Dale at the Cavour will remember that dainty little woman, always ready to do a kindly action and delighting in bringing happiness into the lives of her friends.

After the first world war I invited ten army officers, with whom I had been brought into close contact, to a bachelor dinner at my flat. Mrs. Dale got wind of it the day before the event, and to my astonishment sent me a magnum of champagne, several bottles of vintage port, the best liqueurs, a bottle of brandy one hundred years old and a box of cigars. What a wonderful gift! Among my guests was old Major-General Sir William Donovan, who had been D.D.M.S. Embarkation, Southampton, during the war, and well-known to thousands of officers departing from or arriving at that port. The wines were greatly appreciated, and I remember

General Donovan saying to me when I passed him the hundred-year-old brandy, "May I really taste it?" I said it was there for that purpose. He pronounced the brandy as the finest he ever remembered tasting, and he was a good judge.

Such was the big-heartedness of Julia Dale, whose generosity was unbounded. The head waiter at the Cavour told me of her kindness to all the staff in times of illness or trouble. When at last, old physically but young in spirit, she passed away in her sleep, there were hundreds in London who mourned her passing.

The Board of Governors of the Royal Waterloo Hospital for Children and Women consisted of able and conscientious men, experienced in hospital administration who willingly gave their time to serve the hospital, and when extra expense had been incurred, opened wide their purse-strings. I acted as representative of the Medical Committee on the Board for many years and admired the altruistic attitude of each of the members in the interests of the hospital. The Earl of Athlone sometimes attended the board meetings, and H.R.H. Princess Alice gave her patronage to the Ladies Association and interested herself in the hospital, where she was beloved by all.

Colonel Fox, head of the London Salvage Corps, was a member of the board, and he and I became great friends. Full of kindness and human sympathy, he had, I believe, more friends in the City of London than any other man I knew. Fox used to give wonderful "At Homes" at his headquarters in the city, where his numerous friends thoroughly enjoyed the hospitality of our genial host. I certainly did. When Madame Tussaud's waxworks were on fire and much damage done, Colonel Fox, on duty with the Salvage Corps, rescued a wax figure from the Chamber of Horrors, and when examined it proved to be the notorious Crippen. Poor Fox received numerous cynical letters of congratulation on his exploit and much chaff from his friends, but this kindly

personality thoroughly enjoyed the joke.

I had finished my out-patients on a busy afternoon when sister out-patients came to the consulting room to ask if I would see a mother who had just arrived with her little family. Sister knew the mother, and was distressed to see the three children so wasted and thin. The mother, a highly respectable woman, told me that her husband had been called out on strike, she had no money and the larder was empty, and had been so for a fortnight. The children's eyes were fixed on the cakes in the canteen of the waiting-room, which others were buying, and Sister, sensing the position, gave each of the children a large bun, which they ravenously devoured. When the mother brought her children into the consulting room I noticed how thin and ill they looked. They were suffering from malnutrition resulting from semi-starvation, but were otherwise healthy. The mother stated that her husband was on strike, although against his better judgement. I asked the mother if she would have enough food for herself and husband if I took the three children into hospital for the time being. She was overjoyed at the prospect. A week after the ending of the strike the mother called at hospital for her children, her face beaming with delight to see the happy and contented faces of her family. Each child had put on more weight than it had previously lost. She said she wished to express the thankfulness of her husband and herself that hospitals never go on strike.

Hospital patients are generally grateful for the treatment they receive from the medical staff. A family from Walton-on-Thames not infrequently came to hospital and insisted on showing their appreciation practically by bringing gifts of poultry, eggs or fruit, although asked not to do so. I well remember the occasion on which I was brought a dozen new-laid eggs in a paper bag without any packing. It so happened that my car was not available that afternoon and I travelled home by bus. Placing the eggs in the inner pocket of my overcoat I took my seat near the door, leaving

one vacant place next to me. I carefully guarded the eggs as a very stout woman sat down. So far all was well, but a lorry stopping suddenly in front of the bus our driver pulled up with a jerk, the impetus sending the full weight of the corpulent one against me on the egg side. A few minutes later those sitting on the opposite seat developed an extraordinary interest in the leg of my trousers, an interest soon shared by the conductor. I wondered what could be the matter, so I also had a look. Sure enough, there, trickling down my trouser on to the floor was a long glairy yellow stream, and as I moved I felt a horrible stickiness. All the eggs had broken. I lost no time in hailing a taxi, and when I arrived home there was a most unpleasant squelching from the shoe on the egg side.

Long experience has convinced me that it is advisable for all men and women over fifty to be medically examined at least once yearly. If a thorough overhaul shows any individual to be medically sound it gives reassurance, but if any evidence be elicited of impairment of health, whether slight or more serious, it allows the opportunity for carrying out any necessary treatment.

Take, for instance, blood pressure. It may be normal, high or low. It is essential for a person with high blood pressure to take the precautions advised by his physician, and by doing so his life is likely to be materially prolonged. Indeed, it is not infrequent to see a man in a serious condition brought on by over-exertion even in games like golf or croquet, which could have been averted had he taken the advice of his doctor. It may be too late for regret after serious damage has been done.

I remember the case of one of the finest men I have ever known whose blood pressure was distinctly low. A fine athlete at school, and subsequently with a distinguished Parliamentary career, he was popular with all his friends. When he was fifty-eight I strongly advised him never to over-tax his strength in driving at golf. All went well until the pro-

fessional at his club advised him to put more power into his drive, to bring down his handicap from ten to eight. He did not mention the matter to me, knowing I would advise against it. Playing in a foursome soon afterwards he put extra power into his drive, and immediately felt a severe pain in his chest. Further play was impossible. He was brought home by ambulance, where I saw him. There was no doubt what had happened; the extra power put into his drive had caused an attack of angina pectoris. Poor fellow, he died within a year when only fifty-nine. I believe that, if he had carried out the precautions advised he would have lived another ten to twenty years.

Memories of many enjoyable weekends in the country come to mind, and one I particularly remember. About 1904 my wife and I were invited to spend a week-end with Mr. and Mrs. James Buchanan at their country estate at Petworth, Sussex. It was not long after he had acquired that delightful property, Lavington Park. A car met us at the station and drove us through their black and white gates to the mansion, where we were welcomed by our host and hostess. The house had been extended and partly rebuilt, and made most comfortable without being luxurious. Mr. Buchanan's health was not robust, and here in peaceful and beautiful surroundings was the ideal environment to regain his health.

The estate consisted of over 600 acres, with pleasant walks, shady trees, flower gardens, orchards and fields. There were two churches, a model village where a number of retired professional men lived with their families in specially built houses, and in addition, a stud farm with some fine thoroughbreds. Buchanan's great ambition was to win the Derby, the fulfilment of which eluded him for many years, but ultimately his usual good luck held and he succeeded in winning what Lord Beaconsfield described as "The Blue Ribbon of the Turf."

On the Sunday morning my wife and I accompanied Mrs.

Buchanan to the service at the church opposite the main entrance of the house, their famous black and white scotties following us, and sat at our feet where they slept throughout the service, much to the annoyance of the rector who disapproved the presence of dogs. The church has an interesting history, and I am indebted to the Diocesan Church House at Hove for some details which I believe will be of interest. Henry Edward Manning, who was born in 1808 and educated at Balliol, Oxford, was ordained in 1832 as curate to the Rev. John Sargent, who then owned the Lavington Estate and was Rector of Lavington and Graffham. Manning succeeded Sargent in these benefices, on his death in 1833. Sargent had four daughters. One of them married Samuel Wilberforce, who was afterwards Bishop of Oxford and Winchester, and this lady became owner of the Lavington estate in her own right on her father's death. Manning married her sister Caroline in 1833, but she died in 1837. In 1841 Manning was appointed Archdeacon of Chichester, which archdeaconry he held until his secession to Rome in 1851. He became Cardinal in 1875.

James Buchanan was made a baronet in 1920 and a baron in 1922, becoming Lord Woolavington. He was delighted when he won the Derby with Captain Cuttle in 1922, and he repeated this performance in 1926 with Coronach. Among the famous horses which he owned was Epsom Lad, the winner of two races each of the value of £10,000. Surely good fortune enough to please any sportsman, and Buchanan was one of the best.

The night before we left, Mr. Buchanan told me something of his life. His father had an interest in a small distillery near Glasgow. James Buchanan visited London when quite a young man, and was greatly impressed by its enormous business possibilities. He said to himself, "Jamie, my boy, London is an oyster and you're going to open it!" He certainly did.

When we said goodbye to our host and hostess, James

Buchanan showed me a delightful little landaulette and asked if I liked it. I said I liked it very much. "Well," he replied, "this car is a gift to you." It was a typical gesture from a very generous patient and firm friend. I am glad to state that he lived for another thirty years. He sent us many gifts of game from his Highland shoot. A philanthropist guided by wisdom, he gave much of his wealth to benefit hospitals and other institutions. Looking back in 1949, his life seems like a romance.

"Lady X and Poodle!" announced my receptionist with a half smile, and in walked a tall, beautiful young woman about twenty-five, followed by Poodle. The latter was evidently quite important and was certainly aware of that fact. With a bound she made herself snug on the softest chair in the room while her mistress, looking on approvingly, stroked her back, saying, "Don't you think Poodle is really adorable, so clever and understanding, you know; my husband and I are proud of Poodle, aren't we, darling?" To make the matter clear, the last remark was made to the majestic Poodle, who condescendingly gave a yap in complete approval.

During my examination I took Lady X's blood pressure, which seemed to stimulate the important being on my most comfortable chair sufficiently to sit up and watch me intently, seeing which Lady X said, "Poodle darling, aren't you sorry for poor Mummy?"

Well, that was that. Lady X was really a charming and intelligent young woman, but when I suggested that I hoped to see a little child one day sitting where Poodle was strongly entrenched, she replied, "Oh! no, not instead of darling Poodle, but with her."

A year later I was called to a nursing home by an obstetrician to examine Lady X's first baby, born four days previously. Lady X told me she was very worried, as Poodle was at home and whining for her to return. So she had asked her doctor to allow her to go home on the fifth day,

although her room had been engaged for a month. To me, the idea of leaving under three weeks seemed not only unwise but ludicrous, and for no other reason than to comfort Poodle, even if Miss Poodle was finding a diet of chicken too boring. Still, Lady X did actually leave next day in an ambulance, and she wrote stating that Poodle was truly overjoyed to see Mummy home again. In fact, to show her deep appreciation she had gone to sleep in Mummy's bed and with dirty paws. Really, it looked like ingratitude.

## Chapter 6

# WAR CLOUDS

In 1908 my brother Arthur, afterwards Sir Arthur Myers, visited England to spend a holiday in Great Britain. A keen politician and ardent patriot, he was credited by his supporters in the Dominion with a clear insight on Imperial affairs. He had opportunities for seeing a number of the centres of industry in London and the provinces. New Zealand, which had become a Dominion in 1907, was essentially engaged in primary industries — the production of meat, especially mutton and lamb, milk, butter, wool and cheese. Manufactured goods were imported from Great Britain—the best customer for her primary products. Arthur had the privilege of meeting some of the leading British statesmen, including Mr. Winston Churchill, whose great qualities appealed deeply to his realistic mind.

Before returning to New Zealand, my brother travelled in Germany and saw all he could of the German people. Since 1900 a number of "incidents" had shown that Germany no longer felt that friendliness towards England which had obtained during the reign of Queen Victoria, and I was anxious to know if Arthur had formed any opinion on that subject. He told me that he was convinced that those wielding power in Germany were planning an attempt to wrest the trident of the seas from England's grasp and dismember the British Empire. I agreed entirely with his views.

Not long after his return to New Zealand my brother was made Minister for Defence in the MacKenzie Government, and he had the satisfaction of safely steering his Bill through Parliament, by which Compulsory Service was instituted at all schools in the Dominion. The Act, inscribed in the Statute Book in 1909, enacted that all male inhabitants who

had resided in the Dominion for six months and were British subjects were liable for training from the ages of fourteen to seventeen years as senior cadets, thus corresponding roughly to the Secondary School period. From eighteen years they were to be posted to the Territorial Force, in which they would serve until the age of thirty-five, and finally were posted to the Territorial Reserve Force until forty years old. The fourteen days in camp yearly and the twelve half-days conferred no hardship on the Force, and the training was enjoyed, each individual benefiting from the healthy life and the comradeship. The Reserve had only two parades annually. In this way there was built up in peace-time a first-class machine, from which an efficient army emerged soon after the declaration of war in 1914.

In 1916 I visited General Sir Alexander Godley at his headquarters in France, where he commanded an Army Corps attached to which was the 1st New Zealand Division. Speaking of the New Zealanders, he stated that the Act making drill compulsory had enabled the Dominion to be immediately prepared for war, and in this matter it is common knowledge that General Godley had played the most important part in the organisation and training.

After the war I met Field Marshal Lord Plumer, and in speaking of experiences he mentioned the following story, which he gave me permission to repeat. A few months previously he had lunched with the General who commanded the Guards Division in France, and Lord Plumer's opinion was invited as to which had been the finest Division serving in France. He gave his opinion that obviously the honour belonged to the Guards Division. "But," said his host, "have you forgotten the New Zealand Division?" What a sportsmanlike gesture; it embodied the generous kind of remark so frequently made by British officers of others, but we New Zealanders know, while feeling pride in the reputation of our Division, that it was in no way superior to the Guards and other British and Dominion Divisions. We are

proud to fight beside our British brothers.

Now to revert to 1909. In the summer of that year I spent a week-end with Lord Stanhope at his country house at Chevening. He was then in his early twenties, and an officer in the Guards. Walking with him one evening beneath the noble avenue of trees planted by the great Earl of Chatham, I spoke of our relations with Germany and the danger of a coming conflict. His views on that subject coincided with my own. We agreed on a plan to do what we could to bring about compulsory training in schools. In the first place, I was to sound Wellington College in Berkshire, in the hope that as Wellington College in the Dominion had adopted compulsory drill during my school days there, the English college of the same name would adopt compulsion and so give a lead to other schools. If I were successful Lord Stanhope was to approach Eton, his old school. It will be remembered that in 1938 Lord Stanhope became First Lord at the Admiralty.

In reply to my letter to the Board of Governors of Wellington College, I was invited to lunch at the college, where I met the headmaster, the head boy, and the captain of the school. He asked me about our scheme, at the same time stating that nearly every boy at the college drilled regularly. I explained that we wanted Secondary Schools to adopt "compulsory drill", and if he agreed we intended to approach the authorities dealing with the Council Schools, with a similar object. When I said that our full plan was to suggest the adoption of the same system as existed in New Zealand I was asked "Why?" and "Who is likely to be our enemy?" When I stated, possibly Germany, I thought he would collapse. With great indignation he replied that "it was wrong to even mention such a thing as the Germans were our cousins and war between ourselves and them was quite impossible." His attitude came as a great blow for our scheme, more especially as Field Marshal Lord Roberts, V.C., one of the members of their Board of Governors, wrote me

that he agreed with us and only wished he were younger so that he could inform people everywhere of the danger that was imminent if Britain was suddenly attacked. Another distinguished member of the board, who later held a most important post at the War Office, was opposed to compulsory drill, and I could not understand his attitude.

So the scheme we fostered, and by which we hoped to introduce compulsory drill to all the schools in Britain, on somewhat similar lines to the New Zealand system, perished for want of support. Years later, when we were at war with Germany, I heard numbers of people say: "If only we had been prepared for war on the fourth of August, 1914, there would have been much less loss of life." It would certainly have favoured an earlier termination of the holocaust, and quite possibly the knowledge of our being prepared would have prevented Germany from going to war.

As Burns put it:—

"The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
Gang oft a-gley."

## Chapter 7

# THEIR MAJESTIES VISIT THE NEW ZEALAND MILITARY HOSPITAL

During the autumn of 1915, when I was the officer commanding the New Zealand Military Hospital at Walton-on-Thames, I received a telephone message from Windsor Castle stating that Their Majesties the King and Queen proposed to visit the hospital on the morrow. This gracious gesture of Their Majesties occasioned great excitement among the soldier patients, who at that time were all sick and wounded New Zealand troops from Gallipoli.

Punctually at three o'clock on the great day H.M. King George V, accompanied by Queen Mary and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, arrived by car at the handsome iron gates of Mount Felix. The news had spread and the villagers assembled outside the main gate. The drive to the entrance of the hospital was lined by the walking cases—the men in blue. A great cheer of welcome met Their Majesties, who looked pleased and happy and graciously acknowledged the cheers. When the Royal car arrived at the main entrance to the hospital, where a guard of honour was formed of New Zealand military nurses, the High Commissioner of New Zealand, Sir Thomas MacKenzie, and I received the royal visitors. After various New Zealand War Services Association officials, including Lord Plunket, a former Governor-General of the Dominion, Lady Islington and officers had been presented, the tour of the hospital wards commenced.

The Great Hall, with its lofty ceiling and the large, well-proportioned rooms which still displayed gilt decoration on the walls, looked magnificent as the sun radiantly added lustre to the scene and showed off to advantage the pretty bedspreads and screens in every ward. These screens had

been selected by Lady Islington and worked with meticulous care by the loving hands of women in the far-off Dominion of New Zealand. Flowers grown in the garden, many of them blue, Her Majesty's favourite colour, were placed in the halls and wards. Certainly the effect was pleasing, and the Queen remarked on it.

Their Majesties made a tour of the wards and spoke to every patient, whether a bed, or walking case. All were obviously cheered, even those suffering from incurable spinal injuries with paralysis of the lower part of the body. The King of Great Britain was equally the King of all the Dominions, Colonies and dependencies within the British Empire, and a King beloved by all his people.

When the last ward was visited the King asked me if arrangements had been made for those unable to read through injuries or weakness to have their letters read to them, and I assured him that several New Zealand and English ladies had been appointed for that purpose, and the system was working well. He then enquired if similar facilities had been made for those unable to write home personally, and when informed that such was the case he told the Queen and said to me, "The Queen and I are pleased."

Officers and other ranks and the nursing staff were much touched by Their Majesties' deep interest in every case. Some years afterwards, when lecturing to medical societies in the United States I told this simple but very human story at a luncheon and the remark went round the tables, "No wonder the British people love their King and Queen."

While going round the wards the Prince of Wales, hearing me explain to the King that one of the patients had received a bullet wound in Gallipoli causing a salivary fistula of the parotid duct in front of the left ear, asked me if that was not a rare condition as he had never heard of it before. He was certainly right, and I was taken aback by his knowledge of the fact.

King George and Queen Mary admired Mount Felix, with its garden of beautiful flowers, the tall elms and venerable Cedars of Lebanon. The green fields and the winding Thames skirting the estate from Walton Bridge to some four hundred yards down the river also received praise. In peace time this had been the official centre for the Walton Regatta.

His Majesty enquired about the history of Mount Felix. I explained that the estate had formerly belonged to an Earl of Tankerville, in the early part of the nineteenth century, but since that time there had been various owners, including the late Sir Thomas Cook, founder of Thomas Cook & Son, who decorated the mansion magnificently, but unfortunately died on the day on which he was to have taken possession. The mansion, built in the style of an elegant Italian villa, was erected under the superintendence of Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament. It was stated that originally Mount Felix had been the meeting place of the hunt. The King was very interested when I informed him that traces of the Bronze Age had been found in the vicinity of Walton, and that according to tradition the battle between Caesar and Cassivellaunus in 54 B.C. had been fought just above Walton Bridge. Its successful issue had enabled the Romans to force the passage of the Thames.

Many Romano-British weapons have been found near the spot where the first Walton Bridge was built. The previous name of Walton—"Euualton"—appears in the Domesday Book and other ancient documents. It is stated in old records that among the famous people who once lived in the vicinity were Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary, Elizabeth, James I and Charles I. Henry of Oatlands, afterwards the Duke of Gloucester, the fourth son of Charles I, planted the celebrated Cedars of Lebanon. Walton and its vicinity must once have been held in high favour by the sovereigns of England.

After the conclusion of the visit to the wards, Their

Majesties consented to take tea, which was served on the green sward fronting the drawing room and looking towards the river. The beautiful autumn flowers, then in full bloom, certainly added to the charm of the scene. Flocks of birds flew from the tall trees riverwards, in circling motion. The vista was truly pleasant to the eye and added to by the lads in blue and the nurses. A well-known society lady, when asked if she would take a cup of tea, said that much as she would like to, the difficulty of raising her veil prevented her doing so. It so happened that Queen Mary overheard the remark, and turning towards her, said that perhaps she could help to raise her veil. The hint was quickly taken and the veil lifted, but by the lady herself.

Soon afterwards the King and Queen departed, and as the royal car was making its way towards the iron gates the soldiers gave vent to their feelings by hearty cheers, which were graciously acknowledged by Their Majesties. I am sure that all those who were present on the occasion will ever remember that very happy day.

I mentioned to the High Commissioner the words of Lord Beaconsfield, which I thought were apropos of the visit: "England is a domestic country. Here the home is revered and the hearth sacred. The nation is represented by a family —the royal family—and, if that family is educated with a sense of responsibility and a sentiment of public duty, it is difficult to exaggerate the salutary influence it may exercise over a nation."

Shortly after the royal visit we built in an adjoining field army huts to accommodate 200 more patients. About the same time the New Zealand War Services Association, which had organized and administered the hospital so successfully, transferred it as it stood to the New Zealand Expeditionary Force, which soon afterwards was evacuated from Gallipoli to fight in France. The name was changed to the Second New Zealand General Hospital. I was appointed Assistant Director of Medical Services to the

N.Z.E.F. in U.K. at Headquarters, London. Oatlands Park Hotel, less than a mile away, was taken over next, and with hospital huts, which we erected in the extensive grounds, it enabled the Second New Zealand General Hospital to increase its beds to accommodate 2,000 patients. We had a full medical staff with consultants, New Zealand army nurses and V.A.D.'s. During the existence of the hospital until early in 1920, thirty thousand casualties were admitted. We established two other hospitals, one at Brockenhurst, where we took over the former Indian hospital and enlarged its accommodation to 2,000 beds, and another at Codford which had 520 beds. Together with our large convalescent hospital at Hornchurch, we were fully prepared for the severe casualties suffered by the N.Z.E.F. in France and Belgium, and of course we readily admitted casualties from any British Divisions. The British Tommies and the New Zealanders got on well together. It is a strange coincidence that our First New Zealand General Hospital at Brockenhurst, with the same number of beds as at Walton, also admitted during its existence 30,000 casualties.

The Maoris in our Forces did not stand the English winter as well as the New Zealanders of European descent, being especially liable to lung affections. It seemed pathetic to see a Maori very seriously ill so far away from home, and the visiting ladies, both New Zealand and British, did everything they could to make these grand warriors as happy as possible.

Our soldiers were shown extraordinary hospitality by British people, who extended invitations to spend part of their convalescence in their homes, and in this way many lasting friendships were made. It was all to the good. Probably there was nothing the New Zealanders liked more than the opportunity thus afforded for seeing Britain, with its quaint old villages, neat houses, well-kept gardens, the perfectly trimmed English hedges, and of course those historic churches and monuments of which their fathers had

LESLIE STUART

Composer of "Floradora", "Soldiers of the Queen",
and many other successes.

A Royal Visit

King George V, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales visit the New Zealand Army Hospital at Walton-on-Thames. Others (from left) include Lt.-Col. Myers, Lord Plunket (former Governor-General of N.Z.), and Sir Thomas McKenzie (High Commissioner). The matron, Mrs. Tombs, stands between the King and Queen, and Lady Islington beside the Prince of Wales.

spoken so often and which are so dear to all who live in the Dominions.

In the churchyard at Walton there is a monument giving the names of the first seventeen New Zealanders who died at our hospital there—always a sacred site to me, as I had known each one personally. All had served in Gallipoli. The rest of the N.Z.E.F. who died in hospital were buried at Woking or other military cemeteries.

Since those stirring days I have been asked on many occasions to lay a wreath on behalf of the New Zealand Government on Anzac Day, at the base of the memorial stone in the Walton churchyard. After the service, which is attended by the people of Walton, I lay the wreath, and when making my address I always feel a difficulty in speaking as remembrances of the past seem to crowd around one in that sacred spot.

During the existence of the hospital many important people visited Mount Felix to bring flowers, fruit and other gifts to our sick and wounded. Among the visitors were newspaper editors, members of Parliament, authors and sportsmen, and numerous members of the medical profession. All were most welcome. These visits tended to lessen the feeling of nostalgia to which those in hospital away from home are so subject. The War Office arranged that all New Zealand personnel who were in other than New Zealand hospitals were to be transferred to one of our own hospitals as soon as circumstances permitted, and notwithstanding the kindness invariably shown to them elsewhere there was obvious joy in his face as each soldier came into the New Zealand atmosphere where he was likely to meet some of his old friends.

One of our earliest visitors was H.R.H. Princess Louise, who spent much time in talking to all the patients, and certainly cheered them up. Next day H.R.H. sent a charming letter stating how much she had enjoyed her visit.

Another important person who honoured us with a visit

was Prince Louis of Battenburg; he was accompanied by his wife, Princess Victoria, grand-daughter of Queen Victoria. They made a most thorough inspection of everything in the hospital, and stayed to tea. I have never heard more entertaining conversation. The wide knowledge of Prince Louis and his wonderful powers of observation were astonishing, possibly due in some measure to his training in the Royal Navy.

It will be remembered that Prince Louis occupied the post of First Sea Lord from December, 1912, to the end of October, 1914. He became Marquess of Milford Haven in 1917. The Royal Navy seemed to be his very life and pride. During tea, he informed me that he had been responsible for the construction of the Monitors, those big-gunned ships with shallow draught, which performed such fine service in the first World War through their being able to operate in shallower waters than battleships. Rear Admiral Viscount Mountbatten of Burma, K.G., who liberated Burma from the Japanese yoke during the second World War, is his son, and his grandson, H.R.H. Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, is the husband of H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth.

The sister of Field Marshal Lord Kitchener came to Walton several times; I do not think I have ever met a sister more proud of a brother, and certainly she had good reason for her pride in him.

Lt. Gen. Sir William Birdwood, later Field-Marshal Lord Birdwood, was a frequent visitor to Walton and was usually accompanied by Lady Birdwood. On one occasion, when visiting the convalescent section of the hospital, he asked me to get as many men as possible fit quickly on account of impending events in France. I said I would do what I could, when Lady Birdwood took me by the arm saying, "Listen to me, I am a mother and understand the feelings and anxieties of parents. These men have done their bit in Gallipoli, I beg you to send them back to New Zealand." In the hospital transport which left for the Dominion a fort-

night later all but a few were evacuated.

We saw many sportsmen at Walton, of whom I mention Spencer Gollan, the well-known authority on sculling, and F. R. Spofforth, the Australian demon bowler, perhaps the greatest bowler of all time. Their conversation turned on sculling or cricket and bristled with delightful reminiscences.

Although practically all traces of the New Zealand General Hospital at Walton-on-Thames have disappeared, it has become the custom for many New Zealanders spending a holiday in the Old Country to pay a visit to Walton, on account of its wartime associations. All go to the churchyard to see the monument, and then walk in New Zealand Avenue, so named by the Walton and Weybridge Urban District Council to perpetuate the close association of our soldiers with the people of Walton.

## Chapter 8

# TROOPSHIP TO NEW ZEALAND

From the end of 1918 until September 1919, I acted as Director of Medical Services to the New Zealand Expeditionary Forces in the United Kingdom. The war was over, but it was a period of great activity. The N.Z.E.F. in France and Belgium were transferred to England where, after any necessary hospital treatment, leave, and medical boarding, they were assembled at our evacuation centre at Torquay, to await evacuation to New Zealand by a military transport or hospital ship. Several of our lads had married English girls, and if the women could not accompany their husbands they followed later in a liner.

There was a touch of sadness in the gradual closing down of our military hospitals in England, as there were so many memories associated with them, sometimes sad, at other times joyous. To many a casualty from the Front the hospital in which he was nursed back to health and strength had been his temporary home and he rejoiced in the New Zealand atmosphere and the visits of old friends.

We had a Disposal Board for the sale of surplus N.Z.E.F. stores, on which I served; we obtained good prices, particularly for blankets, boots and butter.

In January 1919 I visited the British Occupation Force in Germany, where I was put up at the New Zealand Brigade Headquarters, a delightful chateau on the Rhine which we had taken over. The German who owned it was allowed to remain, and I could not help noting his fat and well-covered body, which contrasted so markedly with the wasted German children whom I had seen around our field ambulances, taking home such food as was given them by our kind-hearted ambulance men.

In September 1919, accompanied by my wife and three daughters, we embarked in a troopship for New Zealand, sailing via the Panama Canal. It was a happy ship, and as we had been allotted the state apartments we could hardly have been more comfortable. With favourable weather we had plenty of opportunities for games. While I was contesting the final of the officers' medicine ball competition, my opponent and I went full out for a whole minute when the ship giving a sudden roll, I lost my balance. The ball hit my right wrist, breaking two bones and causing my retirement from a most enjoyable contest.

We called at Newport News to coal, and a dirty business it proved to be during our four days' stay. The coal dust seemed to get in everywhere, even into the cabins—a most unpleasant business for the women folk, particularly when they were descending the rope-ladder to go ashore in a boat. Travellers who remember the old days must feel grateful for the cleanness and speed of oiling at ports of call, which generally replaced the unpleasantness of coaling.

We enjoyed Norfolk, an old town rather reminiscent of an English town. A visit to a school for coloured boys and girls was a novelty and well worth while. The American and his wife who showed us over the school told me they were both proud of their English descent. The organisation and administration was apparently well suited to the purpose for which the school existed—to educate these coloured children to appreciate the benefits of learning, to make them useful citizens, and to be proud of the race to which they belonged. The results, we were informed, had had an elevating effect on the scholars, and the building of more such schools was contemplated. We remained to lunch, and during the meal, which had been prepared by the girls, our hosts, who belonged to old Virginian families, enquired of the health of "our King and Queen." I was puzzled as to whom they referred, and seeing my embarrassment they asked if I had seen King George and Queen Mary recently.

Fortunately, I had been in Hyde Park shortly before leaving London, and saw the King and Queen driving in the Park and looking in perfect health. There was no doubt that this information gave pleasure to our host and hostess.

We were able to pay a hurried visit to Washington, travelling up by ferry boat on the Potomac, and thanks to the kindness of an American naval officer we saw the White House, the British Embassy and the House of Representatives. Fortunately the House happened to be sitting, and I had the opportunity of listening to a debate. Returning by train, we admired the magnificent railway station in Washington, one of the finest I have seen anywhere. We passed through country where important battles had been fought in the American Civil War in the eighteen-sixties.

Back again in the troopship, my wife and other ladies offered to look after the sergeants' babies while they took their English wives ashore for an outing, on the understanding that the mothers returned to the ship by five o'clock. The mothers had promised to label the different milk mixtures and the bottles, but in their excitement this necessary precaution had been omitted, with the result that the feeding-bottles, as well as the mixtures, got mixed up, and the babies not liking what was offered them, gave vent to howls in which each one tried to outdo the others. It did not take long for the incessant crying, together with the excessively hot weather and the coal dust, to get on the nerves of the well-meaning ladies. The ship's officers, seeing their exhausted state, gave them a respite by taking an infant under each arm as they paced the deck, singing such lullabies as they could remember. Instead of a soothing effect the howling increased in volume. Five o'clock came and the mothers had not returned, so in desperation the children were put into cots just as they were, clothes and all. At last, at 10 p.m., the sergeants and their wives returned, to find the great commotion still going on. Each mother sought out her own baby, but as they had been put into wrong cots

there was more pandemonium. At last all was peaceful again. The babies were asleep and the well-meaning persons, who had so lightly offered their services, retired to bed—exhausted. However, the fact remained that the sergeants and their wives were enthusiastic about the delightful time they had had ashore.

Colon, situated at the Atlantic end of the Panama Canal, was our next port of call. The troops were all immensely interested in the canal, which was even more wonderful than they had anticipated. The cutting made through the hills and the immense difficulties that had been overcome by great engineers was a marvellous achievement, a task made infinitely more difficult by the presence of endemic pestilential fevers which took heavy toll of the men engaged in the work. Well-organised medical science had dealt successfully with the tropical fevers, thus enabling the engineers to proceed and finish the colossal construction. The project which had defeated de Lesseps—the constructor of the Suez Canal—in his attempt, owing to the heavy death roll from fevers. As our ship steamed slowly through the canal, people on the banks threw beautiful tropical flowers to the troops, and very welcome gifts they were.

It is difficult to comprehend how Henry Morgan, in 1671, led his Buccaneers across the isthmus of Panama, overcoming tremendous obstacles and pestilence, and then after desperate fighting against the Spaniards, plundered the city of Panama. History records him as a man of rare courage and capacity; those qualities he must have possessed in large measure. Morgan, the one time Buccaneer, received the honour of knighthood from King Charles II and became deputy Governor of Jamaica.

Leaving the Canal behind us, our ship entered the Pacific Ocean. After a fortnight's sailing in a south-westerly direction, the Captain stopped off Pitcairn Island, the inhabitants of which are mostly descendants of the mutineers of H.M.S. *Bounty*. In 1789 the crew of the *Bounty* mutinied

and put their Commanding Officer, William Bligh, and eighteeen of the crew adrift in an open boat without a chart and with only a few provisions. With great skill and endurance, he managed to sail the 3,000 miles to Timor, near Java—a stupendous performance. In 1791 he sailed in a Dutch ship from Batavia to England, and I greatly prize a painting of the ship in which he travelled, the work of that celebrated seascape artist, Bernard Gribble. During our visit to Pitcairn Island our Captain allowed the inhabitants to come alongside in their long-boat and permitted them to climb on deck. The Pitcairn people are quite dark owing to their intermarriage with Tahitian and other native women, and their leader, a man named Christian, could not be recognized as having been descended from English stock.

Pitcairn Island, having a warm climate, a fertile soil and sufficient rainfall, grows enough bananas, coconuts, sweet potatoes, oranges and bread-fruit to feed its comparatively small population. On board they bartered fruit for gramophone records, men's and women's clothes and underclothing. As the dejected-looking Islanders rowed back to the shore they sang, "In the sweet by and by."

A week later our ship steamed slowly through the Rangitoto Channel, and having rounded the headland we sighted Auckland. It was the end of October, spring-time in New Zealand. The white sails of numerous welcoming yachts, the 'planes overhead dropping packets of sweets to the returning troops, and the beauty of the vegetation at that period of the year gave us all a thrill of joy at being back in the land of our birth. Having no infectious cases on board, our ship was soon berthed at the wharf, where massed bands were playing welcoming airs. Among those present to meet us was my old friend, Major General Sir George Richardson, who had acted as Officer i/c Administration N.Z.E.F. in U.K. during the war and with whom I had worked at Headquarters.

My wife and I stayed with my brother, Sir Arthur Myers,

and his wife at "Cintra"—their stately home, built on the brow of a fern-clad gully. As we surveyed the vista from the balcony of "Cintra" we experienced a feeling of peacefulness and content—a pleasant change after the conditions of war. The harbour in the distance, with many yachts in full sail, gave space to the environment, while in front of us lay the undulating garden with fine trees and beautiful native flowers. I well remember a gardenia tree in full bloom, with the doves nestling among its branches, and almost hidden by white flowers, contrasting with the mauve, yellow and white arum lilies which grew profusely over the gully.

Not more than seven hundred yards higher up the gully stood the graves of many of the original settlers who had arrived at Auckland in 1840. Near to those sacred spots were the graves of British soldiers who fell in the Maori war of the early eighteen-sixties. That far-sighted colonizer, Edward Gibbon Wakefield, had been buried in Wellington. It was Wakefield who, during the eighteen-thirties, drew up a plan in England which embodied his belief of the ideal method for colonizing a new country, and by which a specially chosen cross-section of the people of Great Britain would be selected as colonists. The plan had been applied to New Zealand, where it had been a distinct success.

Our hosts arranged a picnic on Christmas Day. We travelled by launch to one of the islands in the Waitemata, just outside Auckland harbour, landing under a cliff, and settled down most comfortably beneath the branches of a giant Pohutukawa (Christmas tree), then in full bloom. Their gorgeous red flowers gave a charming effect. Under their shade we enjoyed a delightful view of the neighbouring islands and the mainland beyond. Christmas in mid-summer, however strange it may seem to those at Home in England, can be quite ideal under such pleasant conditions, and all did full justice to the cold turkey, Christmas pudding and the other good things of the festive season. Lovers of gardens

will be interested to know that the Pohutukawa is a member of the myrtle family, and as it rarely grows far from the water's edge, branches are sometimes found dipping into the sea with oysters attached to them, and good oysters too!

We received many invitations to take both morning and afternoon tea with our friends, and what astonished my wife particularly was the great array of excellent cakes. New Zealand, like Scotland, is often called the land of cakes, and that title is certainly well merited.

Three kinds of sport are in the blood of New Zealanders —horse-racing, Rugby football and yachting—although there are few sports in which they do not indulge. New Year's Day is particularly devoted to horse-racing throughout the Dominion, and being invited to the races at the famous Ellerslie course we gladly accepted. It was a perfect day, and as we entered the grounds the wonderful display of native flowers on either side of the paths leading to the grandstand, with the gay dresses of the ladies, the smiles on all faces and possibly the anticipation of a little flutter on the totalisator, made us all enter freely into the joy prevailing everywhere. Squatting down in one place, I noticed, many Maoris were obviously out to enjoy themselves. Arriving in boots, few retained them on their feet and deposited them anywhere on the ground. One young Maori, desiring to cut a dash, had bought on the previous day a fur coat, tan boots, a seaman's oilskin and a bowler hat. The eyes of all were upon him, including the other Maoris. At first he appeared to enjoy the attention bestowed on him, then as the day became hotter and hotter he discarded his oils, then his boots, next the fur coat, then his hat and finally his coat and waistcoat; still one thing continued to give him the fullest attention—the mosquitoes.

Auckland has produced some of the most famous thoroughbred horses of all time, perhaps the best known being the Musket stock, of which Carbine was the greatest, having won the Melbourne Cup with ten stone ten up in record

time. I well remember an incident many years ago at the Ellerslie racecourse. Two sailors from the old H.M.S. *Nelson,* then in Auckland harbour, were present at a meeting, knowing nothing about horses, but felt they ought to back a horse named Nelson. That horse had never won a race and was looked upon by the knowing ones as a rank outsider. They received plenty of tips, including "certainties", but remained faithful to their fancy and backed him on the tote. Strange things sometimes happen at race meetings and sure enough, Nelson romped home an easy winner, his first of many subsequent victories, and each sailor received a dividend of £600 — well repaying their loyalty. They were the only backers of the winning horse.

## Chapter 9

# SPORT IN NEW ZEALAND

The tourist department arranged three delightful tours for our party: the first to the Hot Lake district at Rotorua, in the heart of the North Island; the second to the Southern Alps, with their numerous glaciers, extending several hundred miles along the length of the South Island; the third to the world-famous deep-sea fishing ground off Cape Brett, near the extreme north of New Zealand.

Our week at Rotorua was full of enjoyment. We were accommodated at a comfortable hotel opposite the sanatorium. The latter, in an ideal setting of native trees, flowering shrubs and exquisite flower-beds, was always an attraction. The smell of sulphur, although it permeates the whole vicinity, was not in the least unpleasant. There are many varieties of baths at the sanatorium, and with a friend I tried several which are esteemed by sufferers from rheumatism, and we definitely derived benefit from the thermal mineral baths and the popular mud baths. Of course, the feeling of well-being and buoyancy is temporary as a rule, but the treatment can be repeated.

The well-known Maori guide, Bella, welcomed us to Whakarewarewa, the geyser valley close by, and invited us to her whare which was full of interesting Maori relics. Bella's sister, Maggie Papakura, was the wife of Captain Staples Browne, who had acted as my private secretary during the first world war. The Maoris are fine specimens of humanity, both mentally and physically. No people could show greater loyalty to the British Crown than they, and this is true not only of the Arawa tribe at Rotorua, but of the whole race.

It amazed my wife to see a stream of hot water within a

foot of a cold stream, and she was still more astonished when Maori women dug up the kumara—the sweet potato—which they cooked in a hot pool only a few feet away. It certainly seemed uncanny, but uncanny things seem to be normal in the thermal region. The women wash their clothes in the hot pools and rinse them in the cold. Bella "soaped" the famous Pohutu geyser, which did what was expected of it, suddenly bursting into full activity and sending columns of steam and water upwards into the air—a truly wonderful display. But wonder follows wonder in this eerie region, until at last we regard the marvels of nature as almost commonplace, and await the next phenomenon. We walked to a region where hundreds of boiling and bubbling "mud volcanoes" emit heat and steam, from which we stood a little away for reasons of safety. It is suggestive of an enormous "devil's cauldron." When I asked the Maori guide its name she called it "the House of Representatives", but I noted that when answering a similar question from an American she informed him that it was known as "The Senate", which sent our Yankee friend into roars of laughter. We travelled by coach to Wairakei, where further wonders of the thermal, or should we say infernal, regions were witnessed. We approached cautiously to the geysers, whose open steaming mouths seem ready to engorge the unwary. Finally, we were shown "the Great Kerapiti Blowhole", which continually belches forth volumes of gases from the bowels of the earth with a hissing noise. Coins, tin-cans or bottles thrown onto the narrow opening, instead of disappearing into the earth, were hurled high into the air by the force impelling the escape of gases. The Blowhole is believed to be in the nature of a safety valve in this region of so much pent-up energy.

Following our visit to Wairakei, we decided on a peaceful day to recover from the thrills, and I thought we could not do better than spend the time trolling for rainbow trout on the deep blue waters of Lake Rotorua. That appealed to all, so I engaged a small launch and, travelling at about four

miles an hour with our fishing-rods out, we enjoyed excellent sport, and in less than two hours had landed ten fine trout, varying in weight from two to eight pounds.

After fishing, we walked back to our hotel, visiting en route the Hamurana and Fairy Springs, in which the thermal waters well up clear and sparkling. At Hamurana we threw pennies into the centre of the pool, as we had been told they would not sink but be returned to where we stood, and this is exactly what happened. It fascinated us to watch the myriads of young trout swimming in the clear spring water. When they are of sufficient size, the Fishery Authority allows the trout to enter a stream flowing into the lake. The peaceful surroundings of the springs, the fields and pastures made a marked contrast to the awesome wonders of the geyser region. We continued our walk in happy mood until my wife gave a shriek and refused to go further, saying she saw bulls in the field ahead of us. I went forward to investigate, but only found half-a-dozen cows grazing so peacefully that they did not even look up. I beckoned my wife to come on, and standing between her and the cows she swept rapidly past, looking all the time in the opposite direction. To this day my wife is firmly convinced they were fearsome bulls.

The Maoris had inhabited New Zealand hundreds of years before the arrival of Captain Cook in 1769. Of Polynesian origin, it is conjectured that they had migrated from the East Indies by slow stages, through many of the islands of the wide Pacific Ocean until finally their large canoes arrived in New Zealand, "the land of the long white cloud." Their fine physical and mental qualities were admired by the early settlers. Although they had once been cannibals, they showed the quality of chivalry during the Maori war in the early sixties. In one fight between about equal numbers of pakehas (whites) and Maoris, the fight was being evenly contested when the British fire slackened, and then ceased. A Maori came forward with a white flag and a British staff

officer met him. The Maori asked, "Why have the British ceased fire?", to which the British staff officer replied, "Because we have no more ammunition." "That," said the Maori, "was what my chief thought and he bade me bring you half our ammunition; so now let the glorious fight continue." It would be difficult to imagine any European nation which would emulate so fine a gesture.

We pass from the wonders of Nature to something in lighter vein—a Maori horse-race. The race was run under the euphonious name of the "Maori Derby." The track extended from the side of the lake for about half a mile towards the precincts of Whakarewarewa — the geyser valley. The small horses were ridden by Maori jockeys of such hefty proportions that a wag who was present asked if the Maoris or the horses were to be the jockeys. Six horses had been entered, one of which belonged to the Chief, who acted as judge. The jockeys received instructions to ride round and round the track until the judge, who stood on a soap box, should clap his hands, and the horse in front at that psychological moment would be declared the winner. The first prize was a fat pig, the second a cigar, and the third three hurrahs. The race proceeded round the track several times when the judge became suddenly excited, clapped his hands and, strange as it may seem, the winner was the judge's horse, and stranger still, it was the first time his horse had been in front of the others! He had now the pleasant task of presenting himself with a fat pig, which he facetiously described as one he had long admired.

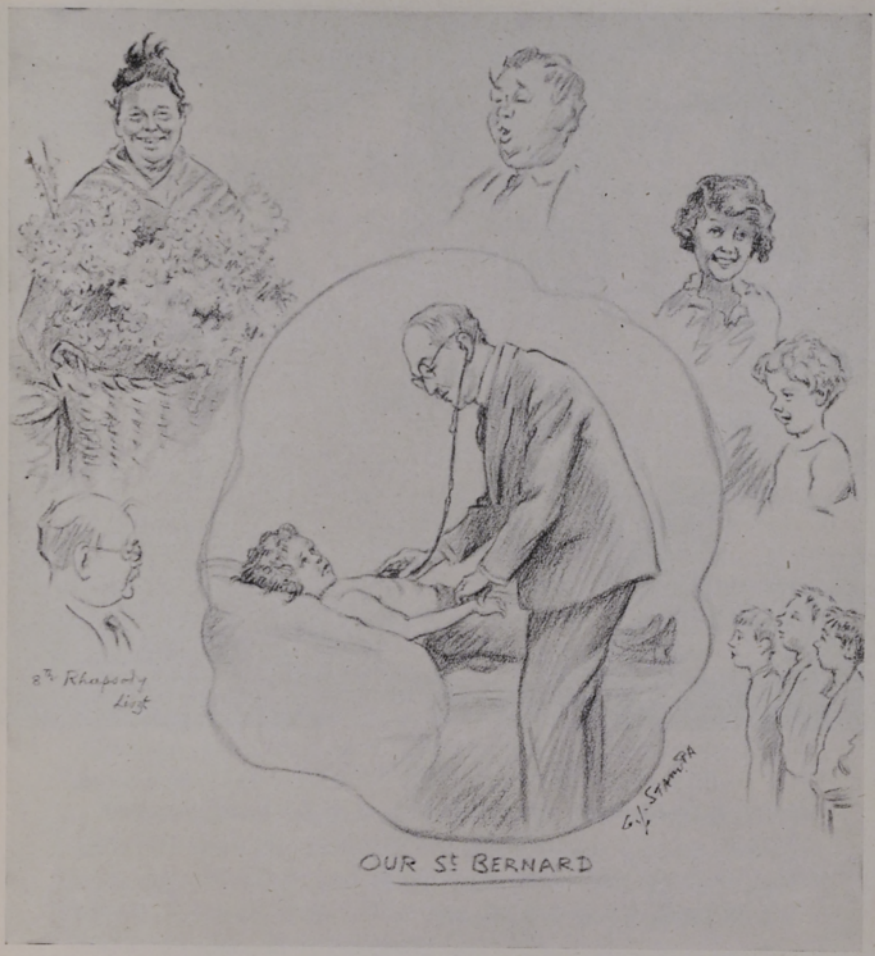
I have been present at the Derby at Epsom and also at Ascot when the Gold Cup was run, both most enjoyable events, but I admit that the Maori Derby added much to my knowledge of the sport of kings and the depths of human nature.

Our next tour was to the Southern Alps. We entrained from Auckland for Wellington, over four hundred miles south, there taking the boat to Lyttelton for Christchurch.

We travelled to Timaru by train, and so enjoyed that beautiful seaside resort that we remained there several days before motoring to the Hermitage Hotel, built in the region of the glaciers and ideally situated as a centre from which to approach the mountains and glaciers of the Southern Alps. That evening we consulted a guide as to our activities, as the season was late and we were inexperienced climbers. The guide suggested we should first visit the Stocking, and then the more difficult Tasman glacier.

Accordingly next morning we started for the glacier although our guide was of opinion that the day was not ideal for that excursion. It was quite a pleasant walk from the Hermitage, although a little tiring. We had to cross two swing bridges. In our walk we had a view of the Mueller Glacier and saw some beautiful alpine flowers. The second bridge required cautious negotiating on account of the strong wind. It was not more than three feet wide, with only a guide rope on either side to prevent one falling into the river some fifty feet below.

After crossing the second bridge we lunched at the Glacier Hut. The guide wondered if it would be safe to proceed, as the gale continued to increase. My daughter and I decided to go on but my sister, not feeling equal to negotiating the rough track and the subsequent climb, remained at the hut. We arrived at the top of the glacier easily enough, and felt confidence from the aid given by our climbing boots and alpine sticks. It was a joy to view the wonderful scenery of the Southern Alps, as far as it was visible on that day. The guide pointed out some chamois which were skipping about on the ice slopes ahead of us. In his excitement he forgot that the wind had increased to over forty miles an hour and his hat blew high up in the air. He went after it, leaving us alone, unhappy and apprehensive. After waiting twenty minutes in our insecure position, where we hoped for the guide's return every minute, I asked my daughter if she would go with me to find him. Although nearly ex-




OUR ST. BERNARD

This sketch by the distinguished "Punch" artist, George Stampa, was made at the house-dinner of the Savage Club, London. The centre panel depicts Dr. Bernard Myers working in his Children's Clinic, and (on the right) children waiting to be examined. The pianist Mark Hambourg is shown (bottom left), also a London flower-seller, and George Barker (top centre).

AT N.Z.E.F. HEADQUARTERS

Lt.-Col. Bernard Myers when A.D.M.S. at N.Z.E.F. Headquarters, London, in 1916.

hausted, she agreed. Fortunately just as she spoke the guide reappeared, and with his hat. Much relieved, we began the descent. The violent storm then raging adding to our difficulties, we were glad to reach the foot of the glacier. There we met my sister, distressed and crying. As we were an hour overdue she had walked to meet us, fearing we might be lost. On our arrival at the swing bridge, the guide insisted on extreme caution in crossing, as the terrific gale, blowing harder every minute, was lifting the bridge up and down in quick successive movements and shaking it like a terrier shakes a rat. The guide helped my sister over, then my daughter Marjorie, during which time I was very anxious for their safety, especially when Marjorie lost her footing and would have fallen but for the guide. Lastly, I began the crossing at a moment when the wind seemed less violent, but as I reached the centre of the bridge a tremendous blast turned it first towards one side and then to the other, and I saw the sheer drop below me. The guide called out "Hold on with all your might," which I did, moving forward inch by inch until he could grasp my hand and help me to safety. It was a relief to us all to arrive back at our comfortable hotel and enjoy a hot meal, which greatly raised our spirits. Then we could look back at the experiences of the day, and agree it had been splendid sport, and well worth while.

After a good night's sleep I felt fit for anything, and arranged with the guide to see the Tasman Glacier, which with Mount Cook and other high peaks and glaciers constitute Tasman Park. The rest of the party thought the season too late to accompany us.

Mounted on ponies, the guide and I left the Hermitage after breakfast for the twelve mile ride to the Ball Hut, on the Tasman Glacier. After crossing the Hooker River, we entered the Tasman Valley, following the track cut out from the side of the mountain some five hundred feet above the Tasman River. After travelling four or five miles the track narrowed to four feet, but all went well until we

reached halfway, when my pony stopped and looked up the mountain. The guide, whose pony was in front of mine, explained that on the previous day's return journey my pony had been struck by a piece of rock which glanced off his neck and carried away some of the track, reducing its width to three feet. While the pony hesitated I enquired who would go on the outside if we met a party doing the return journey, and when he said we should be on the outside I began to wonder, and looked down the five hundred feet to the river below. The pony kept one foot on the very brink for some seconds, seconds that seemed to me like hours, but finally it determined to go forward—a great relief. At the lunch hut we had a rest, then rode on to the Ball Hut where we stayed the night.

It is gratifying to know that a new road has been built, which links up the Hermitage with the Tasman Glacier, and then follows on to the terminal moraines of the glacier and finally to the Ball Hut.

As the light was fading we decided, after our evening meal, to retire to bed and make an early start in the morning. My bed was not exactly comfortable, and with only one blanket on a cold night, sleep became difficult. Towards midnight I heard a peculiar noise outside the door of my small cabin, and peering into the darkness saw a Kea with one of my shoes, which it had taken from the door. Seeing my surprise and annoyance, an obvious matter of enjoyment to this bird, it determined to do something dramatic, and after flying about for nearly a minute, dropped my shoe hundreds of feet below, on the side away from the glacier, then flew around as if to taunt me. Most fortunately, my climbing boots were intact. Evidently I called out "You wicked thief", for the guide, who slept in an adjoining hut, awoke with a start and asked what was the matter. When I explained, he told me I was unlucky, as that was only the second occasion on which he had known the Kea to be responsible for a similar incident.

The Kea is described by Hutton as tame by nature and mischievous by inclination.

Up early next morning, I was amazed by the magnificence of the view around us. In front lay the great Tasman Glacier, its length of eighteen miles and average width of one and a quarter miles, making it larger than any glacier in Switzerland. The guide pointed out the position of Mount Cook, 12,349 feet, the highest in New Zealand, and as the mist cleared away we could see more of its grandeur, and also view Mount Tasman. During the night the stillness had been broken by the noise of avalanches as they thundered down the slopes of the mountains, and now we could actually discern them being precipitated downwards, bringing more large rocks to the already packed moraines. Walking on the Tasman Glacier, I noted the numerous crevasses, some of great depth. I saw where the ski-ing is indulged in and the championships held. Supreme grandeur everywhere, and yet what awesome possibilities. Some twenty years later a party of five, accompanied by a guide, were overcome by a terrific thunderstorm on the Tasman Glacier, causing a dreadful catastrophe, all perishing from cold and exposure. Since then more huts have been erected for the safety of tourists, and the Ball Hut has been rebuilt, with the provision of greater comfort.

On my return to England I mentioned the Tasman Glacier to Mr. L. S. Amery and he stated that it was the most magnificent he had ever seen.

* * *

The tales of Auckland deep-sea fishermen were so fascinating that I arranged to spend a week big-game fishing at Russell. Keyed up with enthusiasm for a delightful sporting holiday, I took two of my daughters on the journey by steamer to Whangarei, then rail to the Bay of Islands, and finally motor-boat to Russell. There we were accommodated at an hotel where conversation dealt with nothing but

swordfish and sharks and other denizens of the deep. I soon learned that a record Black Marlin swordfish weighing over 970 lb., and a Thresher shark over 920 lb., had been landed. The Government expert recommended a rod of about 6 feet in length, of stout build; a reel from 500 to 600 yards of line made of suitable thread; a strong, flexible 25 ft. trace of galavnized steel wire, to which a single hook is secured. Many anglers use a leather shoulder-harness.

Next morning I accepted an invitation to accompany three anglers in their four-ton motor boat, and after a pleasant run on a calm sea we reached Cape Brett and fished between the cape and Piercy Island, a rocky eminence jutting out from the ocean. Once yearly, I was told, a Maori climbs this sheer rock to collect the eggs of sea birds; a daring feat, for if he should slip, the sharks awaited him. I was interested to see large shoals of mackerel swimming round and round the rock, until suddenly there was a rush in their vicinity — the mackerel quickly dispersed, but the shark usually got his fill. We saw numbers of kingfish, which are great fighters and may weigh up to fifty pounds. We caught one and used it for bait.

Three of us had lines out, two from the motor boat and the third from a dinghy which we towed. I had a bite, my line running out rapidly as our skipper followed the direction of the fish. Unfortunately, the monster freed itself. That was disappointing, but great excitement was at hand. Our friend in the dinghy was sitting with his line out, his knees wide apart, when suddenly the bottom of his boat received a big jolt as a sword pierced the boat and appeared between his knees. The sword had broken off close to its base and fortunately hermetically sealed the hole made in the dinghy, and prevented it from sinking. The surprised fisherman lost no time in scrambling on board the launch. He soon recovered his nerve and put out another line. Half an hour later it was evident that he had hooked a big fish. After he played it for over an hour a swordfish, almost exhausted, was

brought alongside and harpooned. Our astonishment can be imagined when we saw that its sword was missing, and subsequent investigation showed that the sword stuck in the dinghy fitted perfectly the broken end of the snout. In his office in Auckland that lucky fisherman shows to all interested anglers the bottom of the dinghy with the sword still attached, as well as the swordfish itself.

Both my daughters had heard so many thrilling stories of deep-sea fishing that they asked to accompany me on my second trip, and with the sun shining and the sea smooth, I readily agreed. The local expert gave his opinion that the sea would probably remain calm, but added that it was not always possible to foretell the coming of a sudden squall when out in the ocean. The trip to Cape Brett was enjoyed by all, and the sight of shoals of fish created great interest, but some apprehension was expressed by Marjorie and Lola when informed that the dorsal fins on the surface of the sea belonged to large sharks. We cast out two lines and had the thrill of expectation that something big might happen. It certainly happened, but not in the manner anticipated.

The surface of the ocean soon showed a little swell, which quickly increased and within a quarter of an hour waves over six feet high approached our small boat broadside on. The rocking and pitching became intense, greatly upsetting my daughters, who hastily retired to the little cabin, and stretched themselves out on a mattress, feeling so desperately ill that they were no longer interested in the sharks, which seemed to come closer and closer. I felt rather bad myself, and apparently the only ones enjoying the situation were the sharks. The skipper asked me if I would like to fish. I replied, "For God's sake get to the nearest shore with the least possible delay." After half an hour of utter misery, during which time the two girls turned green, the skipper put the boat ashore on a shelly beach. There a cup of tea and a couple of hours rest made us feel ourselves again, and the sea having calmed down, the boat brought us back to

Russell. All were now happy, but my daughters declared that nothing on earth would ever induce them to go deep-sea fishing again.

Russell being situated in the centre of the early historical region of New Zealand, we took the opportunity to visit some of the more important places, including Marsden's Cross, erected on the spot where the Rev. Samuel Marsden preached his first sermon to the warlike Maoris on Christmas Day, 1814. We also saw the earliest homes built for the settlers in the Bay of Islands, and were particularly interested in the former library of the famous Bishop Selwyn. George Augustus Selwyn, born in England, was educated at Eton and Cambridge and in 1841 consecrated at Lambeth as Bishop of New Zealand, where he arrived in 1842. He was indefatigable in making visitations throughout New Zealand, frequently on horseback, often on foot and sometimes in small sailing boats. He must have possessed indomitable courage, for in 1848 he sailed to the Chatham Islands in the *Undine* of only 22 tons, and after undergoing many perils arrived at his destination, where he did good work among the natives. His untiring devotion to the Maori race endeared him to them. In 1868, at Queen Victoria's special wish, he returned to England and was enthroned as Bishop of Lichfield. It is such men who make the name of Britain honoured and loved among native races.

We were able to make a short ramble through one of the few remaining Kauri forests, and saw trees of great height and gargantuan proportions; there the native birds could still flutter from tree to tree and sing without molestation. We visited Waitangi House, where on the lawn the representative of Queen Victoria signed the treaty with the Maori chiefs in 1840 which made New Zealand a British colony. Lord Bledisloe, when Governor General of the Dominion, made over this historic house with the grounds to the people—a princely present.

Rock oysters and pipis are plentiful on the shores near

Russell, and are most excellent. Pipis are bivalves, and can be gathered from the sand and mud on the seashore, but the oysters must not be taken without permission from the Government agent.

Before leaving Russell I asked a Maori youth if he would show us how to make a Maori oven. First he dug a hole in the ground about 2½ feet by 2 feet and 1½ deep. In it he put two layers of rounded stones, the size of hens' eggs, and then filled it up with wood which he gathered from a forest nearby. The wood was kindled, and when the stones were sufficiently hot, he sprinkled water upon them, from which volumes of steam formed. The meat, fish and potatoes, carefully wrapped in green leaves, were placed on the steaming stones, the pipis being enclosed with a white cloth. A Maori mat was now placed on the stones, and another above the food, the upper one being covered with earth. The cooking process went on for an hour, and inspection showing the result to be satisfactory, we sat around in picnic fashion and enjoyed a really delicious meal. A most pleasant ending to our delightful fishing holiday.

## Chapter 10

# A CHILDREN'S CLINIC IN LONDON

In 1920, after our return to England, the Medical Officer of Health for Marylebone suggested that I should organize a Clinic for Children, from birth to the age of fourteen years. I agreed, and all the necessary accommodation, with a pharmacy, being available, and physicians and surgeons on the staff of St. Bartholomew's, Royal National Orthopaedic and the Royal Waterloo Hospitals offering their services, there were no real difficulties. Further, a number of ladies who had rendered fine service in the first World War gave their invaluable help in welfare work and nursing. I had a good friend in Miss Florence Davis, and was fortunate in meeting Mrs. Hay Newton, an extra Lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice, and whose husband had been Deputy Governor of the Isle of Wight. Mrs. Hay Newton was one of the most remarkable women I have had the pleasure of meeting. The authoress of several books, she possessed wide knowledge, good judgement and a most kindly heart. She undertook the chairmanship of the Clinic committee and through her influence Princess Beatrice consented to become our President, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke vice-president.

At each session of the Clinic every child, in addition to the full medical examination including the mental make-up, was weighed and measured on the first attendance, and subsequently at stated intervals. The lady helpers were invaluable in instructing the mothers in detail on the feeding, management and upbringing of their children. Although most mothers took an intelligent interest in the welfare of their children there were some who, if there was a stupid thing to do, invariably did it. Great patience was required

in dealing with the latter, but it was well worth while.

So interested and generous were many people in the Children's Clinic that we had no financial worries; in addition, a cinema near Euston Station donated a proportion of their Sunday takings to our funds. A Guild was formed to collect clothes for the children, and being of good quality they were invaluable. In a few cases some mothers tried to take advantage over the others, but were soon told off by the mothers themselves. In order to remove any suggestion of charity a charge of sixpence to one shilling was made for a whole dress. We gave away food tickets to those mothers whom we believed needed them, the Clinic paying the expenses.

A number of babies were brought to the Clinic from a home for unmarried mothers which had been established in the district under the patronage of H.H. Princess Helena Victoria. The work done by that home was of a high order, and as successful as had been hoped. Some of the mothers insisted on retaining their babies, but the majority wished to have them adopted. As one of the physicians to the National Children Adoption Association, I can state that every baby adopted was healthy and that all precautions were taken to ensure that the foster-parents were suitable and able to look after the adopted child. Quite a number of the mothers married, but only a few to the men responsible. Before marriage the bride informed her future husband of the exact circumstances, and in many cases she took her baby with her.

In dealing with patients human nature has always to be kept in mind and the effect of the illness, or it may be the peculiarity, on the particular individual concerned, and this is as important with children as with adults. To tell the child just sufficient about his illness and how he can help in the treatment, so that his ready co-operation in his own cure is obtained, often makes all the difference between success or failure where long hospital treatment is required.

In this manner tedium and boredom are averted.

On one occasion a mother brought her son aged nine years to the Clinic because of shortness of breath. He looked ill and had a bad colour. The cause was heart disease, so he was admitted to hospital, where he remained for three months. Then, his improvement being distinct, I arranged for his transfer to a convalescent home at the seaside for further observation and treatment. Ten years later a broad-shouldered man, over six feet in height, in the uniform of the Guards, asked to see me. Standing in front of my chair, and looking the picture of health, he asked whether I remembered him? I did not, although I thought something in his eyes seemed familiar. At that moment his mother came into the room, and reminded me of her once delicate son whom we had treated for heart disease ten years previously. I recollected the case and looked at his previous notes. That puny boy had grown into a magnificent specimen of manhood and the previous evening had won the heavy-weight boxing championship of the Guards. There is no greater pleasure to a medical man than to see one of his patients make a first-class recovery.

The importance of ensuring that adequate precautions are taken in a home where one of the family is suffering from pulmonary tuberculosis is common knowledge, but occasionally there is difficulty in enforcing such measures.

I well remember a girl of ten who visited the Clinic, complaining of a cough. She had brought with her a baby sister aged four months as there was no one at home to look after her, their mother being a patient in a hospital for consumption. It was distressing to find that the elder sister was suffering from a tuberculous cavity at the apex of one lung, a rare condition in one so young. I had noticed the elder kissing the younger sister on the lips as she held her on her lap; therefore we arranged to send both into hospital to be observed. The elder was transferred to a country hospital for tuberculosis, but the baby developed, as I feared,

general miliary tuberculosis causing tuberculous meningitis from which she died. What a tragic instance of infection through carelessness in not carrying out adequate precautions. The mother had infected the elder girl and she in turn her baby sister.

In another case a little girl of two years suffered severely from asthma. It was piteous to watch this bluish-looking child struggling to get her breath. Brought into hospital where she had first-class nursing, she began to improve after a week, during which she had given the staff much anxiety. Her poor little body seemed unable to sustain the strain when pneumonia was super-added to the asthma, but the nurses achieved the apparently impossible, and after months she had sufficiently recovered to enable her to be sent to a convalescent hospital in the Isle of Wight. There she remained for two years, when she returned to London. A great change had been wrought—instead of just holding on to life she had grown and developed to the size of a child of her age. I last saw her when eighteen years old, and to my astonishment that once tiny weakling had grown into a fine young woman, mentally and physically, and above all things she had become a toe dancer. She had nearly, but not quite, lost her asthma, and her skin had the healthy glow of vigorous young womanhood.

We always hoped not to be taken in and extend sympathy where it was unmerited, although we would rather have chanced helping a doubtful case than allow children to go short of food, if we could prevent it. A mother brought her two children to the Clinic and told a piteous story of her husband's neglect of her and their children. He spent his money on drink while the family starved and lived in misery. Prebendary Pennyman kindly investigated this case for us, and after visiting the home and hearing the wife's account of cruelty and neglect, advised us to do all we could for this badly treated and deserving woman. She intended bringing her husband before the magistrate on the following Monday.

So far all appeared to be quite plain, and our sympathy went out to the mother. Early on the Monday morning an expert from a Children's Society called to see me, and told a very different tale. The husband earned thirty-seven shillings weekly, and gave thirty-five shillings to his wife, keeping only two shillings for himself. Instead of spending the money to pay rent and buy food she backed horses with it. As she usually lost, the children often had to go without food. Here was a sober, kindly father and a neglectful and lying mother. We certainly learned our lesson.

The lady almoner informed me that the majority of working-class families in our district kept their homes clean, well ventilated and took pride in the preparation of suitable food for adults as well as the children. There were exceptions, of course, and as the Clinic's patients represented a cross-section of the community, I arranged to visit one of the houses in a more squalid area. I was advised that it would be necessary for me to be accompanied by a member of the Labour Party, and was fortunate in having as my guide and companion the local Labour candidate for Parliament, who was a bricklayer and a fine type of man. He brought me to a sordid looking square, where he stated the houses were not well-kept, some in bad repair and the sanitary arrangements inadequate.

He stopped in front of the door of a house that must once have been a pretty home. In answer to his knock an old woman of about seventy opened the door. He explained our mission and asked permission to see over her house. She said she knew him, and he would always be welcome, but she was sure I was a Conservative, and as she had been told that all Conservatives were unkind and lived on the poor she could not allow me to enter. He pleaded and at last she relented.

The front door opened into a room in which three children suffering from coughs were lying in bed. The beds were filthy, bugs crawled over the children, the walls were dilapi-

dated and, the windows being all closed, the smell of the room was foul. I noticed that Grannie, as she turned out to be, never took her eyes off me, and wondered for what purpose I was really there. One of the sick grandchildren had enlarged and unhealthy tonsils, and my Labour friend suggested that Grannie might wish to bring him to the Clinic. She hesitated and said, could any Conservative be trusted? Such an unpleasant mental outlook and such prejudice was uncanny. My companion seemed as perturbed as I was by her attitude, and assured the old woman that all would be well and no harm happen to her grandchild.

The remainder of the house appeared to be in an even worse state than the front room. It was appalling to see human beings living in this manner, but I felt sure that a good deal of the fault was the grandmother's, as no attempt had been made to clean up. Soap and water are cheap and her son and his wife, who also lived with her, could easily have kept the rooms and bedding in a clean state.

Next day, much to my surprise, Grannie brought one of her grandchildren to the Clinic, all the time eying the rooms, the other patients, the lady helpers and me with suspicion. I told her that the child needed an operation on its tonsils and that it would be done in hospital. She enquired from the other mothers if children were safe in hospital, and finally being satisfied, consented. The child made a perfect recovery, and when it returned from a convalescent home two weeks later Grannie was convinced at last that we whom she called Conservatives could be absolutely trusted.

During the next year more of her grandchildren were brought by her to the Clinic, and one morning, coming into the consulting room and seeing several American doctors sitting by me, she became quite talkative and informed the Americans that she once doubted if Conservatives could be trusted with other people's children, but she had found all the ladies working there and the nurses in hospital to be

wonderfully kind, and although she remained a Socialist she would vote for me if I stood for Parliament. I felt highly honoured. But, she said, she had a grievance against me, as the authorities intended pulling her comfortable home down and she blamed me for it. She was correct, but I had been assured that one of the first of the new flats would be for her. Let us hope she finally forgave me.

Our committee raised funds from donations given by our friends, from theatrical performances, and on one memorable occasion by means of a Royal Jumble Sale, held under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Beatrice and opened by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. The Ladies' Committee had collected a splendid selection of almost new dresses, hats, underclothing, babies' clothes, and various utensils for children.

The jumble sale had been widely advertised, and half an hour before the official opening more than a hundred dealers, mostly women of the roughest type, assembled outside the entrance and pushed away the guard-of-honour of Girl Guides. Turmoil was in the air, and a hefty policeman stationed at the door was quite unable to keep order. The dealers scratched him with a hat-pin, tore off his coat, burst open the door, and to our utter amazement lifted him on to their shoulders and deposited him helpless on the floor of the hall.

Having made their opportunity these wild women swarmed around the stalls which had been so artistically arranged with articles for sale by our helpers, and who wished nothing to be touched before the official opening. The dealers continued the onslaught until they had pushed the stall-holders helpless against the wall. Having gained this vantage the women filled their capacious bags with children's dresses and whatever they could lay their hands on. Nothing had been paid for, and I insisted on every bag being emptied of its contents. From then onwards there was some sort of order and most of the goods were paid for.

By the time the Marchioness declared the Jumble Sale open only a few things remained on the stalls. During the ceremony one of our committee had left in the reception room a valuable jewelled bag, given her by royalty. On her return a few minutes later the bag had vanished, although no one had been seen to enter the room. More astonishing still was the disappearance of an ornamental coal-scuttle and a hip-bath, right under the nose of the policeman. The ladies who had organised the sale had wanted the mothers of the children attending the Clinic to have the opportunity of buying dresses, etc., at a nominal price, but the dealers gave them no chance.

In spite of these happenings and of at least £150 worth being stolen, the Jumble Sale was a financial success, the sum of nearly £400 being raised for the Clinic funds.

Two days after these events a lady called at Harley Street to see me, and informed the receptionist that she brought important news. A middle-aged woman dressed in dark clothes and wearing a hat trimmed with blue ribbon came into the consulting room. She gave her name as Mrs. Y. Immediately she sat down she lost no time in coming to the point. She stated that her husband was dead, and being a widow of considerable means she was devoting her life to charity. After mentioning the Jumble Sale, of which she had heard, she said that she knew of the case of "little Alice" who had been successfully treated at the Clinic for a serious bleeding disease. I knew the little patient well, and all the details she mentioned were quite correct. Because the child's life had been saved she intended to show her personal appreciation by asking me to accept £50,000 for the funds of the Children's Clinic, and she hoped to give more later on.

The sudden way in which she imparted her story astounded me, and I was certainly taken aback, and yet all her information being accurate I thought that perhaps here was a great philanthropist whom chance had directed towards the Clinic. I invited her to lunch, where we could

talk over details and arrangements. At first she refused, then changing her mind accepted with pleasure, at the same time taking off her hat, but when I happened to mention the subject of her banker she immediately put on her hat again and rose to go. Twice more she changed her mind in a similar fashion, ultimately leaving, stating that she had quite forgotten a most important appointment and asked to be excused. I was left wondering by the strange behaviour of this eccentric would-be philanthropist; never had I known anyone like her.

That same evening there appeared in several London newspapers a statement to the effect that an unknown lady had called on the treasurers of several London hospitals and offered each the sum of fifty thousand pounds. The Board of Governors of one hospital had entertained her to luncheon. Investigation showed clearly that the woman was a fraud and had no means. I never ascertained why she perpetrated this humbug on hospitals. Possibly it was vanity or it may have been eccentricity, but whatever the reason she had thought out her plan of campaign with consummate skill.

Post-graduate lectures were given by the staff at the Children's Clinic and were well attended by medical practitioners in England and from New Zealand and other Dominions. Original articles were published by the staff on "The Weight and Measurements of Children from birth to adolescence"; on "The Nervous Child"; and "The successful treatment of seven cases of Purpura Haemorrhagica by splenectomy." Once yearly in October I invited the fourteen members of our staff to be my guests at a house-dinner at the Savage Club, where we had a delightful reunion. Sir Humphrey Rolleston, Regius Professor of Physic at Cambridge University, always made a point of being present, as well as Sir Walter Langdon Browne, his successor in that post. After dinner we were entertained by Brother Savages of great renown such as Mark Hambourg and

Moiseiwitsch at the piano, Norman Allin, the great bass singer, George Baker, baritone, George Stampa, Punch artist, and Billy Leonard, raconteur. The menus from those memorable evenings have been sedulously preserved by all the Clinic staff.

Music lovers will be interested to know that Mark Hambourg played "The Moonlight Sonata" and Tschaikowsky's "Concerto." Norman Allin sang "Sarastro's Aria" from The Magic Flute (Mozart), and Purcell's "Passing By." George Baker delighted us all by singing "Myself When Young" and "Summertime on Bredon."

The Savage Club has entertained many illustrious persons and been honoured by the presence of Royalty at several house-dinners, including King George VI, just prior to his ascending the Throne. Nansen, the famous explorer and Mark Twain, the great American humorist, have also been our guests.

When the latter replied to the toast of his health, he stated: "When I arrived in London this afternoon I saw posted up on all the newspaper placards in large type—

ASCOT GOLD CUP STOLEN
ARRIVAL OF MARK TWAIN

"I can assure you," he continued, "that I did not steal the Ascot Gold Cup." Then after a pause, he added, "I never had a chance."

In 1933, while I was recovering from an operation for appendicitis at Totland Bay, Isle of Wight, the lady-in-waiting to H.R.H. Princess Beatrice invited my wife and me to take tea with H.R.H. at Carisbrooke Castle. Her act of personal kindness to me will always remain a happy memory.

In 1934 I accepted an invitation to deliver a series of lectures before medical societies in the United States and Honolulu, and afterwards to represent the B.M.A. at the biennial medical conference at Dunedin. That necessitated my being absent from London for nine months, and as at the

same time the building in which we held the Clinic was requisitioned, our committee decided with regret to close down the Clinic, and arranged for the patients to be treated at the Royal Waterloo Hospital.

At the disbanding of the Clinic there remained the sum of over a thousand pounds standing to our credit after paying all expenses. The committee donated several hundred pounds to the children's wards of the Royal Waterloo and the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospitals.

There remained the sum of £700, which we allocated to the Royal College of Physicians, London, to institute a triennial lecture on the diseases of children. We suggested that each lecturer should be a distinguished paediatrician who had accomplished outstanding research work on paediatrics. The gift was gratefully accepted by the College. At the suggestion of my old friend, Sir Frederick Still—the foremost authority on the diseases of children of his time—it was agreed to name the lecture after Dr. Charles West, founder of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London. The lecturer receives a gold medal and £50 towards his expenses. Two lectures of a high order have already been delivered. I think it will be agreed that the money remaining at the closing of the Children's Clinic was used wisely and to good purpose.

## Chapter 11

# SIR EDWARD MAUNDE THOMPSON AND LORD RUTHERFORD

In 1920, when my wife and I with our daughters were staying at Percival's Hotel, Worthing, I happened to reprimand Marjorie during luncheon for using the slang expression "Old Bean". I felt a hand placed on my shoulder and, turning round, saw a distinguished looking man of about eighty gazing at me. With a twinkle in his eye and a kindly smile he asked if he might intrude on our conversation as he would like to express the opinion that the words "Old Bean" were good old English and he felt sure that I did not really object to their use.

I was so taken aback that I could say nothing and just smiled. The stranger had a striking personality with a gracious old world manner that seemed to belong to the mid-Victorian era. He was the type of Varsity don whom one might expect to see in the vicinity of the Colleges at Oxford.

In this inconsequential manner began a friendship with one of the most interesting men it has been my privilege to meet. Subsequently we spent many happy hours together, and I enjoyed his learned conversation when he expatiated on literature, history or the subject on which he was the great authority — palaeography (the study of ancient writings).

This quaint, learned, fascinating individual was Sir Edward Maunde Thompson, G.C.B., a former Director of the British Museum. Born in Jamaica in 1840, and educated at Rugby, he went to University College, Oxford, and became an Honorary Fellow. His writings on his favourite subjects were many and of the greatest value. He

became President of the British Academy. Among many other subjects on which he wrote was a volume on "Shakespeare's Handwriting."

Maunde Thompson loved to tell the story of an incident that occurred at Magdalen College, Oxford, while he was a student there. The window of an undergraduate's study opened close to a stream near the river and one Sunday, when Maunde Thompson was entertaining friends who were up for the day, they walked near the stream and were amazed to see a student hauling up a fish with a rod from the window of his study. Maunde Thompson's friends were speechless with astonishment and the story spread that students at Magdalen actually caught fish from their study windows. As a matter of fact, Thompson was aware that an imitation fish attached to the line had been let down into the stream just before the visitors came into view.

On one occasion when we talked of the Great War I told him of the visit of King George, Queen Mary and the Prince of Wales to the New Zealand Military Hospital at Walton-on-Thames and the delight of the New Zealand soldiers from Gallipoli at meeting their Sovereign. He became interested and spoke of King Edward VII and King George V, both of whom he had had the honour of meeting at various private functions.

Maunde Thompson said that King George had asked him to supervise the studies of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York from the ages of fourteen to seventeen years. Speaking of the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VIII), he said he was very intelligent and likable, and the Duke of York equally intelligent, likable and intellectual. He gave his opinion that Nature must have intended the Duke of York to be King of England. As Sir Edward Maunde Thompson died in 1929, in his ninetieth year, he unfortunately never knew that his prophetic belief was to be realized.

* * * *

The New Zealand University graduates present in England during the winter of 1935/36 gave a dinner in London which was attended by one hundred graduates. The guest of honour was Lord Rutherford. Although I had attended lectures on chemistry and biology for several terms at Auckland University College, I am not a New Zealand graduate and appreciated being included among those invited, and particularly when asked to take the chair. My special post-prandial duty as chairman was to propose the toast of our illustrious guest.

I was perturbed during dinner when Lord Rutherford informed me that he did not wish to be called upon to speak. Such an omission would have greatly disappointed all present and been like one of Shakespeare's plays without the leading character. When I proposed the toast of the evening I purposely referred to some contentious matters relative to his extraordinary and very brilliant career at school and the New Zealand University, which it was hoped would act as a bait.

To the delight of all, Lord Rutherford did reply to the toast, and for a wonderful half-hour we listened intently to his every word in almost spellbound silence. Commencing with events connected with his school days he passed on to his career at the New Zealand University, of which he recounted many absorbing incidents, and finally referred to his work at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, where he performed world renowned experiments in physics.

He talked of the first occasion on which he split the atom and described the nucleus, neutron and electron. When he sat down I asked him if the tremendous energy suddenly let loose when the atom was split would, in his opinion, be likely to be used for the benefit of mankind or his destruction. He answered that it was too soon to foretell, but he hoped atomic energy would be utilized for the benefit of mankind. He thought that much would depend on the actual state of civilization of individual nations and the

desire, or otherwise, to live at peace with all other nations. He seemed diffident to pursue the subject further. I enquired concerning the transmutation of atoms and the possibility of transforming a base metal into gold, like the dreams of the ancient alchemists, to which he replied that it would be possible to produce an infinitesimal amount of the rarer metal, but the process would be extremely difficult and the expense enormous.

We New Zealanders are proud to know that Lord Rutherford was born, in 1871, in the then colony of New Zealand. He died in England in 1937, mourned by all nations in the world. During his lifetime he had occupied the position of Professor of Physics at McGill University, Montreal, later at Manchester, finally becoming Professor of Experimental Physics at the Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, where he had formerly worked under his famous predecessor, J. J. Thompson. Rutherford performed prodigies of original experiment and brought such fame to Cambridge and other universities where he had worked that the ablest students from all over the world came to work with him. What wonderful company it would have made if he, Sir Isaac Newton and Faraday could have met.

Rutherford became President of the Royal Society and was certainly one of its greatest. He was a Nobel Prize winner and innumerable other honours were conferred on him. It is a pleasant thought to physicians to know that among his honours was his election to the Fellowship of the Royal College of Physicians, London, in 1928, on the occasion of the tercentenary of the publication of the immortal Harvey's great book on The Heart and the Circulation. Rutherford lived in an age which he described as the heroic age of physics, and of that brilliant period he was the brightest ornament. One word more—he was one of the kindliest of men, jovial in company and a great lover of children.

It seems hardly necessary to state that the whole company

of New Zealand graduates present at that dinner felt elated at the privilege of entertaining a man of such gargantuan intellect. New Zealand has produced many very able men, but as far as I am aware Rutherford was her first and only genius.

When I was invited by Lady Rutherford to take tea with her at her home in Cambridge two years ago I felt it a pious duty to first visit the Cavendish Laboratory and see the bench on which her husband first split the atom.

## Chapter 12

# LECTURE TOUR IN U.S.A.

In 1934 I accepted an invitation to lecture before Medical Societies in the United States, commencing at New York where I arrived at the end of October. My itinerary included lectures at Philadelphia, San Antonio (Texas), Chicago, Seattle and other towns on the west coast, and ending up with Los Angeles and San Francisco.

This meant quite a formidable amount of travelling but the wonderful kindness and hospitality of the American people made every day most enjoyable.

On arrival at New York I found that a suite of rooms had been engaged for me at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, probably one of the most expensive in the States. Apparently it was thought suitable for me to entertain medical friends, but that was not what I had intended and I moved to a quieter hotel next day.

The day I arrived I was entertained by the New York Paediatric Society at a dinner and afterwards delivered a lecture with lantern slides on Essential Purpura. There was a large audience and all present seemed very interested in the subject.

I had often heard of the famous Rockefeller Foundation and it certainly lives up to its fame. I doubt if any other similar institution has a more brilliant staff of world renowned investigators engaged on medical problems of great value to all parts of the world.

The New York Hospital (The Medical Centre) is the largest hospital I have seen anywhere. Enormous sums of money were spent to make it as perfect as possible. The spacious entrance hall contains marble from all parts of the world, I was informed, and the cost of it alone was half a

million pounds. If I may criticize I would say that it was a little too gaudy for my taste, and some of the money spent on it might have been better used to endow the hospital. The doctors who showed me round agreed, and in at least two important towns which I visited in America and where I was asked to be interviewed by the Press, it was always to suggest the importance of endowing hospitals. The necessity of endowment has been long understood in England and I hope is now equally appreciated in the States. I was asked to speak to students in a ward sixteen stories up and there is no doubt how sumptuously and efficiently the wards of the New York Hospital have been constructed.

Among the medical friends who showed me hospitality was Dr. Chapin, one of the most highly-held physicians in New York, who told me proudly that his ancestors came over in the *Mayflower*. I soon found that American hospitality has to be seen to be believed; more kindly and generous people I have never met.

Several American friends accompanied me to Philadelphia where I was to lecture before the American Medical Convention. Festivities continuing there, I wondered if I could hold out for another five weeks. After a luncheon of welcome, the wife of one of the committee said she had been deputed to look after me for the afternoon and asked where she should drive me. When I suggested "Valley Forge" she looked at me incredulously saying "Do you know its history?" I told her it was for that very reason that it appealed to all Britishers as the brave stand put up there by Washington was something we admired as much as Americans. My hostess was astonished, I learned, by my desire to see the precise spot where George Washington and his brave but starving army endured the rigours of that severe winter and yet triumphed.

I had never seen so large a building as the Convention Hall where I was due to lecture. It holds many thousands on the floor alone without counting the galleries, and when

informed that there were three thousand attending the Convention, I was overcome by stage-fright. This was intensified when my name was called and a flash-picture taken as I mounted the steps and saw at the same time the vast audience. After being introduced I stood before the microphone and try as I could I was unable to utter a word. The audience got restive and the chairman anxious.

At last I got out a few words but being too near the microphone the words came right back at me. Making a supreme effort I commenced, and judging the acoustics of the immense hall, I had no further difficulty and my address was well received.

Immediately my ordeal with over three committee ladies took me by car to Atlantic City, a famous seaside resort, seventy miles away, where I felt bucked up by the fresh sea air. It reminded me of my native New Zealand. Hackney's Fish Restaurant where we sat down for supper is rather remarkable in that you choose your fish or lobster in the fish-ponds while it is alive and it is cooked according to your taste. We all chose lobster and I have never tasted better. Our supper would have satisfied the most fastidious epicure.

The proprietor, a most friendly man, told me that his father had come from Ireland full of prejudice against everything English, but after ten years, during which time he met many Englishmen, he completely changed his views, having found the English kindly, absolutely honest and straightforward. He became a great admirer of Englishmen. His son shared his father's admiration. When we left our host gave me two Police-tickets which he stated would give me immunity from any offence except murder if stopped by the "Force". Obviously I would not use them and kept them as souvenirs.

Next day I attended a dinner and heard an American toastmaster for the first time. He informed me that his object was not to praise the good qualities of the person

being toasted, but to say uncomplimentary things and get beneath the skin. I suppose the method must have its merits as otherwise it would not be done. It is certainly peculiar. They let me off, but one guest was referred to as resembling the "Devil" in appearance, although the toast-master and the "Devil" were personal friends.

A good friend of mine, Mr. Montagu Sterling, of Connecticut, and Mr. Tebault accompanied me on the journey to San Antonio, Texas, where I was to give an address at the Southern Medical Convention. My room at the hotel was hot and I immediately shut off the radiator and opened the windows, thereby causing surprise and almost consternation to the hotel porter. We are not used to our bedrooms being over-heated.

Looking around the room I saw a really magnificent bouquet of beautiful flowers and neatly attached by a ribbon was a charming note from a lady living in San Antonio, in which she welcomed me to the city and invited me to take tea with her on the morrow. While still thrilled by the beauty of the bouquet, Dr. Forestier of Paris, who likewise was an invited guest to the Convention, burst into my room telling me he had received the most wonderful bouquet imaginable from a beautiful lady who invited him to take tea with her and he looked forward to meeting her. Turning round he spotted my bouquet.

"What, you also," he said. "Then let us go together."

He could not understand my lack of excitement. I explained that although most appreciative of the kindly thought of our would-be hostess, I was not aware of what our attitude should be, as neither of us knew anything about the lady, and I personally intended to ask the President of the Convention. He put the matter to the wives of the Councillors and they decided that as no one knew the kindly and well-intending lady we should not accept her invitation to tea. My French friend did not quite comprehend my point of view and seemed disappointed. Doubtless he

thought me illogical. It made an awkward situation, but I wrote an appropriate letter and can only hope the kind lady understood and forgave us.

Next day, after delivering the opening address to the Paediatric Section on "The Occurrence of Purpura in Children," I attended a luncheon given by the President and Council, at which four hundred delegates were present, including some from Canada and Mexico. After lunch the President called on me to propose the toast of the Southern Medical Convention, and whispered to me that I being a New Zealander he felt sure those assembled would like me to refer to the sentiments of my countrymen towards England. I promised to do my best and would state the simple facts.

After the formal opening I went on to say that New Zealanders were proud to inherit the English language, English laws and sense of justice, the English love of freedom and truth, the joy of playing games which England has given to the world, and we hoped we inherited their sportsmanship. I suggested that England had been the greatest civilizing influnce in the world. I noticed an intense interest in my remarks.

Continuing, I mentioned that Englishmen had an unusual peculiarity which I would illustrate.

"Mr. Howard Ruff, Founder of the Royal Society of St. George, told me that 80 to 85 per cent. of the British Imperial Army during the 1914/18 war were Englishmen. Since the war I have been present at many banquets, official and otherwise, and heard Englishmen speak of the splendid fighting qualities of the Scots, the Welsh, the Irish, the Dominion troops, and our American and other Allies and of what they did in the Great War, but never have I heard an Englishman say what England and Englishmen did in that war."

I sat down. The effect of my few simple words of real facts staggered me. The whole gathering stood up and

expressed their eulogy of England. I heard some say that it was wrong to charge England interest on the American War Loan. Others said volubly that the debt should be wiped out. If I had contemplated that my simple story would have had the effect it did I may not have spoken.

I greatly prize a book, given me as a memento of my visit to San Antonio, which contains the following inscription:—

"This ancient volume of Shakespeare which once belonged to Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, who performed the first operation in the world under ether-anaesthesia, in Jefferson, Georgia, March 30th, 1842, is presented as a mark of admiration and esteem to Dr. Bernard Myers of London, England, by Maude E. Long of San Antonio, Texas, grand-daughter of Dr. Long, at the Southern Medical Convention, November, 1934."

I might add that several of the pages were torn and I wish to express my grateful thanks to the British Museum for their great kindness in arranging for the necessary restoration of those pages by a special process.

I noticed the same coloured porter on the train from San Antonio to Chicago that we had seen previously. He informed me of his high regard for Englishmen, and added: "If I am to be born again I would like to be born an Englishman." When I informed him that I came from New Zealand he begged me to tell him about the Maoris and was intensely interested by my description of them as a fine race both mentally and physically and absolutely loyal to the British Crown and Empire. He hoped one day to meet the Maoris.

In Chicago I was accommodated at the Hotel Stevens which the local medical secretary informed me contained 3,000 rooms and was the largest hotel in the world. From my room on the twentieth floor I had a panoramic view of Lake Michigan. Next day I was shown over Armour's meat and canning factory and although I dislike to see the slaughtering of animals, necessary as it is for human diet, I was glad

that scientific methods and scrupulous cleanliness were fully utilized. I was particularly interested in the dexterity and care displayed by those who dissected internal glands, like the thyroid, the pituitary, the pancreas and the liver from the animal immediately after it was slaughtered. These and other such glands are invaluable in the treatment of so many human ills, like cretinism, inertia, diabetes, anaemia, etc., as is well known.

I caught influenza at Chicago and although I was able to deliver my lecture I could not attend the banquet given by the local Medical Society. Not feeling up to the journey direct to Seattle, I was advised to travel by way of Canada where I had friends, and was surprised when told that a representative of the railway company would call and make the necessary alterations in my ticket without my getting out of bed, and he certainly did so. I have not seen a similar thing done in England or New Zealand, but apparently it is usual in the States in cases of illness.

A few days with friends at Prince Albert, Canada, did me the world of good. I met a number of Canadians who had been born in Britain and they all asked about the Old Country which they hoped to re-visit in good time. The Canadians show visitors the same kindness and hospitality as the people of the States. Much snow had fallen and I noticed it was drier than in England, so much so that it is apparently difficult to make snowballs.

Travelling by train from Saskatoon to Seattle we passed Jasper Park where we saw a wolf on the ice, and elsewhere some deer, goats and mountain sheep.

Travelling down the west coast of the U.S.A. I was put up at the University Clubs at Seattle, Portland (Oregon), Los Angeles and San Francisco, and most comfortable they all were. Those kindly Americans were unceasing in their hospitality, and I enjoyed each day of my tour. During a luncheon at Seattle I sat next to a Health Officer who enquired about the English method of bringing-up children.

He asked me if I were in favour of allowing children to have their own way and learn from experience.

I told him that from the thousands of children I had seen in hospital and in private I had very definite views. A child left to itself would develop some, perhaps many, undesirable qualities which would ultimately be to its own detriment, and surely there can be no doubt that one reason why childhood is so prolonged compared with lower animals is to provide the child with the protection and guidance of its experienced parents. Of course originality and self-expression must be encouraged, but directed by parents.

He agreed with me that nothing is more important with children than to set them a good example, and if that were general there would be far fewer cases of juvenile delinquency before children's courts.

My neighbour instanced the following case on which he invited my opinion. He accepted an invitation to take tea with a lady who took great interest in the bringing-up of children and read all new books on the subject. In fact she told him on arrival that she had read the latest book just out that day and therefore she was right up to date. He sat at table between his hostess and her six-year-old daughter and listened to the mother holding forth on the ideal way to bring up children. He was smoking a cigar, and momentarily put it down on the ash-tray with his head towards her. Suddenly he felt an agonizing pain on his bald scalp where the child had placed the burning end of his cigar. The mother, instead of dealing with the child, said admiringly, "How wonderful of you, my darling, to have thought of doing it. I am proud of you." My medical friend said he was never nearer committing a rash act, he felt so furious at the attitude of that hopeless mother who believed herself to be an authority, but who was really laying up trouble for her daughter and herself. He told the mother in frank language his opinion of her and the child. He definitely had my sympathy.

Los Angeles is so much in the news that I greatly looked forward to my visit there, and it came up to expectation. It seemed to me to be unlike any other part of the States from the point of view of the lay-out of the town, its environment, and the people and the things to be seen there. The senior medical officer at the hospital where I was to lecture met me at the station, and after settling me at the University Club, he took me for a drive in the sunshine among the orange and lemon groves. The pleasant fragrance from the blossoms and the fruit as we drove along the lines of trees gave me a feeling of exalted happiness. It was a joy to stretch one's legs again when we made a halt for tea. The freshly picked fruit has a taste and flavour superior to any bought in shops. Much of the work is done by Japanese labour, and I was informed that with few exceptions it was quite satisfactory.

The opportunity of visiting Hollywood was offered and I readily accepted. I was fortunate in being present while several films were "shot" and also saw a rehearsal of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." It surprised me to see how a little scenery showed up so effectively in a film. My interest in this picture was great as I had practised for many years quite close to the house where the Barretts had lived and where the meeting took place between Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning.

We lunched at Hollywood and several "stars" were pointed out to me. Our table was next to that of Ginger Rogers, then at the height of her fame. Once again I met Ronald Colman, whom I had known at the Savage Club in London. Some years previously I sat next to a man I did not know at a club house-dinner and enjoyed his conversation so much that I asked him his name. He replied, "My name is Ronald Colman." I confess that at the time it did not convey anything to me, and as all members of the Savage Club are engaged either in literature, art, science, drama or music I enquired which profession he belonged to.

He answered me very quietly, "Oh, I am on the films."

As I rarely go to the cinema, his answer did not suggest anything in particular about his career. But when I arrived home and told my wife, I heard of his great fame and said my ignorance of that well-known fact had let the family down. I hope he has forgiven me. In Hollywood I heard from several sources of the high esteem in which British stars are held there.

A Dr. N. of Los Angeles, who reminded me he had attended the lectures given at the Children's Clinic ten years previously, invited me to lunch with him. He drove me over the Beverley Hills, from where I enjoyed the attractive view of the country around, and pointed out the homes of noted film stars, some of whom were his neighbours. His own home was of the bungalow type, prettily designed and surrounded by a well-laid-out garden. There I met his charming wife and their daughter of fourteen. The food was very appetizing and the conversation, which was chiefly about local matters, pleasant and most entertaining. After lunch Mrs. N. asked her daughter to retire, and she told me her husband, at her suggestion, would tell me of their recent experience.

It appeared that a neighbour whom they had previously not visited gave them a pressing invitation to dinner, and stated he would not take a refusal. In addition to their hostess and her husband, there were only the son of the house, aged twenty and rather spoilt, and a young girl of seventeen who was dining out for the first time. The dinner was excellent, with the exception that in front of each guest was a bottle of whisky which the host said each one must finish by the end of dinner. A rather tall order for even habitual drinkers, and quite impossible for moderate people like Dr. and Mrs. N. That annoyed the host. After dinner the party adjourned to the bathing pool in the garden where the son of the house, although in evening dress, jumped in and invited his girl friend to follow, which she did. Then,

saying he did not like wet clothes, he took off everything and again dived in, and insisted on "sweet seventeen" following suit. Next mother and father stripped off their clothes and dived into the pool as Nature had made them. Now the host begged Dr. and Mrs. N. to strip, but being thoroughly disgusted they walked away feeling, they told me, very insulted. Mrs. N. then said it would not be advisable for me to accept any invitation without first making enquiries from them. I appreciated the kindly interest of my host and hostess and told them they could rely on my acting as they suggested.

At Los Angeles I saw the new 200-inch telescope-mirror being ground. It is easily the largest in the world and I understand that by its use astronomers are likely to substantially increase their knowledge of the heavenly bodies. I had hoped to visit the Wilson Observatory, built on a hill nearby, but a fog prevented its realization.

A friend of mine in London had once possessed the famous painting by Gainsborough known as "The Blue Boy," and when informed that it then hung at the Huntington Library at San Marino, which was not far off, I expressed a desire to see it, and in an hour's time we stood in front of this masterpiece. The painting, a canvas 70 by 48 inches, represents a full-length portrait of Master Jonathan Buttall. It displays the Van Dyck tunic, breeches and cloak of brilliant blue satin, with silver braid and garters, the tunic being left open to show the white shirt. The background displays a stormy sky with a glow over the low horizon on the left. Considering the almost fabulous sums which picture-lovers have paid to possess this celebrated painting, it is interesting to know that "The Blue Boy" was sold in 1796 for thirty-five guineas.

On arrival at San Francisco, the city of the Golden Gate, I was met at the station by Dr. Langley Porter, the very efficient Dean of the Medical School. We drove around the seashore and saw the seals disporting themselves on the

rocks, enjoying life in their ideal home. I delivered my last lecture in America at the Medical School, and felt a real regret at leaving such hospitable people. The more I saw of our American cousins the more I liked them. My only regret had been my inability to accept the invitation of the President of the New York Academy of Medicine to lecture before the members of that Institution, but time did not permit as I had promised to lecture at Honolulu on the suggested date.

When that luxurious liner, the *Mariposa,* arrived at Honolulu the Native Band and choir welcomed the ship and the President of the local Medical Society came on board to welcome me, and according to custom placed two leis around my neck as we were photographed.

The Committee entertained me to lunch at the Golf Club and after the repast I had some difficulty in concentrating while lecturing on account of the enchanting view visible from all the windows. I am a great lover of beautiful trees and flowers, and I had to partially close my eyes to prevent distraction from my subject.

In the afternoon I was driven round the island, and revelled in the beauty of the flowers which seemed to be everywhere. I was surprised to see that the pineapples, for which Honolulu is famed, grew luxuriantly from comparatively small plants. Each produces a single pineapple on a short flower stem. I saw over Doles factory where they produce pineapple chunks and juice. This firm has a method for extracting the tartaric and citric acids in the preparation of the juice, the acids being available for commercial purposes, and their elimination renders the pineapple juice more palatable.

In Honolulu I took the opportunity of visiting the Leprosy Colony. That was not my first visit to such a colony, for in 1902, when on a visit to Norway, I met Dr. Hansen, the discoverer of the bacillus leprae in 1874, who showed me over the Norwegian Hospital for Leprosy.

In the colony in Honolulu I saw lepers in various stages of the disease, some being early, others advanced. A few live in individual cottages, others are accommodated in the hospital. So far as possible they are allowed to live a normal life. Some marry, but their children are removed to territorial homes in Honolulu. There are schools in the colony and also a chapel. I was glad to know that they have a picture theatre, as it must help to break the monotony. Their needs are further provided for by the presence of a store and a post office, but I was surprised to be told that a court house and a jail exist. Some of the inhabitants grow vegetables and keep poultry, hogs or cattle, for use in the village, or for sale in the territory. There are facilities for fishing and swimming. Relatives are allowed to make visits on occasions, but two fences placed several feet apart prevent contact. The morale is, I was informed, good, and taken altogether I found the patients more cheerful than I had anticipated. The work of the doctors and nurses is magnificent.

Recently Sir Leonard Rogers, the great authority on leprosy, told me that derivatives of chaulmoogra oil give real hope of success in curing at least some leprous patients.

In Honolulu I was greatly impressed by the method, in provisions shops, for keeping all kinds of food fresh and clean. Joints of meat, poultry, fish, fruit, bread, cakes and milk are all invitingly displayed in glass cases under nearly perfect conditions, which prevent dirt or flies from infecting food, which is kept at a low temperature to prevent decomposition. If Honolulu can provide the public with food under these ideal conditions why cannot London and other parts of Britain do the same? I have seen dust being blown from the streets and dustcarts right into food exposed for sale in shop-windows. The danger from flies and other insects is even worse. It is full time that ideal methods of food protection were introduced everywhere.

I left Honolulu, the land of happiness, plenty, liquid

sunshine and surf-bathing, for Fiji, and we called en route, at Pago Pago, a U.S.A. naval base. At Pago Pago we were driven eight miles in the most breakback motor-car I have seen anywhere to a native settlement among palm and coconut trees. The native huts have open sides, and there we saw the natives sleeping during the hottest part of the day. All was peaceful until a pig, the only one seen, emerged from beneath a hut and ran to another a hundred yards away. This audacity on the part of the pig caused such anger to the only dog that it inflicted vicious bites that hurt even the pachydermatous skin, causing the animal to run back to its hut squealing with pain. The sleepers, being awakened, hit the long-suffering animal with a boot, causing still more squealing, until peace came again to this sleepy village.

The native guide took us to a plantation where coconut trees grew. These interesting palms grow to a height of sixty to ninety feet, and show many rings marking the site of former leaves. At the summit of the palm is a crown of leaves, which curve downwards for ten to fifteen feet. I was told that one tree may produce from eighty to two hundred nuts yearly. The guide's son, tying a piece of rope around the tree and knotting it behind his back, made a series of propulsive jerky movements upwards of about a foot at a time, soon reaching the top of the palm, from which he threw down nuts. After the removal of the outside of the coconut, and the inside exposed, we were astonished to find the edible part so soft and delicious, so different from those nuts we see in England.

The day before our arrival at Fiji I slipped on deck and broke my right fibula just above the ankle, which was unfortunate as I had promised to lecture at Suva before the local profession and the students of the Native Medical School. My leg was put up in plaster at the hospital, and I decided to proceed with the lecture although Dr. Victor McGusty, the able Principal Medical Officer and adminis-

trator for Indian affairs in Fiji, advised me to defer it to another date. The lecture hall was filled to capacity with European and native doctors, as well as students, which with the tropical heat and humid and oppressive atmosphere made me feel faint. However, I managed to finish the lecture, although at the end I confess I was nearly all in. Fiji brought back sad memories to me, for my father had been drowned at Levuka and is buried on a hilltop overlooking the vast Pacific Ocean.

The native doctors, who are trained at a school founded for the purpose of enabling specially chosen young natives to "doctor" the native inhabitants, render invaluable service to their own people when they return to their villages. They are given three years' instruction and ample hospital experience. Another instance of the great practical services rendered by British administration for the benefit of native races.

From Fiji I travelled to Dunedin. There I was the representative of the British Medical Association at the biennial conference of the New Zealand Branch of the B.M.A. Nothing in my long journey gave me greater pleasure than to be with my own people once more. The conference was well organized and the numerous papers read were of a high order. After an "At Home" given by Their Excellencies, Lord and Lady Bledisloe, a most enjoyable dinner followed at the Dunedin Club, where I replied to the toast of the British Medical Association, and that ended a most successful conference.

## Chapter 13

# THE LUCKY GREENSTONE

Speaking some years ago to Maggie Papakura, the famous Maori guide at Rotorua, on the subject of luck being attached to the possession of New Zealand greenstone, I was told that all greenstone, whether weapons or ornaments, had been reckoned as a source of wealth to the old-time Maori. So important was it held that it could be given in "utu", which is payment for insult, or in dowry. She further said in answer to my question that greenstone, in its several forms, was the only available material possessed by the Maoris that was suitable for making weapons, apart from bone, wood, and stone, and its possession was thought lucky from that point of view also.

I have several pieces of greenstone which I prize and I mention three instances in which it has been lent for a special purpose when good luck was intently desired to achieve a definite object.

Six weeks before the British invasion of Normandy I wrote to Field Marshal Montgomery (Viscount Montgomery), asking him if he would like to have a piece of New Zealand lucky greenstone during the final fighting in France and Germany. He replied that he would very much appreciate the loan of the lucky greenstone. I immediately sent him an earring which had once belonged to the wife of that famous Maori fighting chief, Hone Heke, the great Maori leader in the 1830/35 period of intermittent warfare, and suggested that the Field Marshal should carry it on his person from a month before the landing until a month after the final defeat of Germany.

Viscount Montgomery had the greenstone with him all through those days of fierce fighting and also when he

visited Copenhagen, a few days after the Armistice, when it was reported that an evil-wisher had intended to throw a bomb at the Field Marshal as he passed in front of him, only ten yards distant. But when our great leader was only thirty yards away the would-be assassin, according to the Press, stated that he felt something was preventing him from carrying out his intention. The lucky greenstone was duly returned to me and is much prized.

Followers of the great doings in billiards in the early part of the present century will remember that prince of billiard players, John Roberts, who had the reputation of being able to do what he liked with the balls. Roberts had passed his prime and H. W. Stevenson, the then billiards champion, was playing an important match against Roberts in Leicester Square. The older player insisted on Stevenson's receiving a 1,500 start, although the latter wished to play level. Stevenson experienced atrocious luck and Roberts gained a lead of 1,400 after three days' play. Stevenson heard that I had some lucky greenstone and begged me to lend him a piece. I lent it just before the afternoon session and saw him put it into his waistcoat pocket. He looked more hopeful and played so confidently and with such amazing skill that he now scored more than his doughty opponent at each session, and finally won a great match by over a thousand. Stevenson was so elated that he begged me to give him the greenstone, which I did.

One morning in the early nineteen thirties, a daughter of the late Lord Curzon called at Harley Street to ask me to lend her husband a piece of greenstone as he was fighting a closely contested election and badly needed luck. I did so. The day before the Parliamentary election she called again, this time in great trepidation, and holding the greenstone to show me, said that her husband while emphasizing a point with his right fist brought it down forcibly on the table and broke off the tip. Lady Cynthia apologized and hoped it did not portend bad news. I replied that it was difficult

to say but possibly he might win the present election by a small majority and just lose the next one. Strange to relate, he won that election by only some thirty votes and lost the next against a future Prime Minister of England by a similar adverse majority.

## Chapter 14

# THE WORK OF THE RED CROSS

War has always been brutal and puts civilized man temporarily back to the Cave-man age. Such must have been the impression of that great Swiss humanitarian, Henri Dunant, as he witnessed the terrible scenes of suffering at the Battle of Solferino. He knew of the merciful errand of Florence Nightingale and her nurses in the Crimea, and what she had done to relieve the human agony and distress resulting from war. These things so impressed the sensitive, sympathetic and altruistic mind of Henri Dunant that he wrote *Un Souvenir de Solferino,* in which he urged the necessity of help being rendered to the sick and wounded in war by voluntary societies. Ultimately, the International Red Cross Committee was formed in Geneva, with its emblem of the Red Cross on a white ground. The Red Cross has since borne the spirit of the Good Samaritan to all parts of the civilized world and is always in evidence wherever war may exist. There must be few, if any, countries which do not boast of a National Red Cross Society.

When in 1937 I accepted the post of Commissioner to the New Zealand Red Cross Society in the United Kingdom I felt honoured, and enjoyed the duties which it entailed during the ten years that I held it. After war broke out in 1939, I was asked to act as Commissioner to the Joint Council of the Order of St. John and the New Zealand Red Cross Society and I was certainly kept busy but, like others, felt a pleasure and joy in helping our sick and wounded servicemen, and particularly our prisoners of war.

The New Zealand Joint Council did a great work in preparing and sending over a million food parcels to our

POW's. The parcels were excellent and contained the essential food factors and vitamins. Nearly all the parcels arrived in good condition at their destination which speaks highly for the care taken in their packing. Our POW's received a weekly parcel as soon as possible after arrival at the prison camp, but owing to war conditions delays sometimes occurred. When we heard of them in London we took immediate steps to have things put right and if possible, where digestive trouble existed, would send an invalid food parcel meanwhile. By a wise arrangement British and Dominion POW's had some variation in diet by sometimes receiving British Red Cross parcels, at other times Canadian, American, South African or New Zealand. Each parcel had its special attractions and this method tended to prevent monotony.

Individual parcels were despatched to each prisoner every three months and were most welcome, containing as they did toilet requisites, underclothing, socks, pyjamas, towels, etc., and chocolate. I established a Packing Centre in London where the first individual parcel for each New Zealand POW was put up. The subsequent ones were sent from New Zealand except in those cases where the home of the POW was in England, when we continued to send parcels from London. My friend, Mr. Cyril Burdekin, took charge of this centre and was greatly helped by Mrs. Burke, the head packer, and a specially chosen staff.

The Joint Council forwarded from New Zealand a splendid selection of books — some suitable for light reading and others for the purpose of study. The books gave great pleasure to all our POW's and did much to prevent boredom. We had the full-hearted co-operation of the Universities of Oxford and London in this important matter, and they arranged special courses for those desirous of keeping up their professional studies and gave every inducement to any POW to do so.

There were quite a number who, for the first time in their

lives, thought of commencing a particular course of study. Examinations of a high standard were conducted by London University and many passed, some with distinction. How pleased our men must have felt when, repatriated at long last, they realized the great advantage these camp studies had been to them in preventing loss of time. In one instance at least, a University was actually established in a prison camp and, furthermore, was well conducted.

I found the goodwill and kindly co-operation of the War Organization to the N.Z. Joint Council to be ever present and they were ready to render any service. Whenever I asked for special invalid food parcels for one of our POW's, it was quickly despatched by air and many who received these parcels would not have survived otherwise. Some who had to live on Italian or German prison-fare for a few weeks before they were given our parcels, developed stomach trouble and could only digest special invalid food, and we felt thankful to be able to supply it in this way.

Sometimes drugs, sera or vaccines were urgently required by the prison medical officer, or a special instrument for an operation, or again dental apparatus—they were all sent. If an artificial limb was required for a POW, we were always able to forward the exact thing according to the measurements sent to us. No service ever asked of the War Organization in this way was too much trouble for them and everything was done with delightful grace.

New Zealanders, of all people, love sport and games of all sorts and in the life of a prison camp such recreation and enjoyment would be more missed than ever. When I approached the branch of the War Organization concerned with games and amusements for a supply of sporting equipment such as footballs, cricket bats, balls, etc., tennis and boxing equipment, card and other indoor games, they arranged to send them to all camps where there were New Zealand POW's, and for the ridiculously small sum of five shillings per POW per annum. I heard from many POW's

after they were repatriated of the infinite enjoyment and recreation they got from these pastimes.

Our prisoners became upset if they did not receive letters from their next-of-kin regularly, whatever the cause might be. Each case of this kind was sent on to the Joint Council or the N.Z. Red Cross, and a personal visit was made to the POW and the reason for delay explained. Of course sometimes the mail had been destroyed by enemy action, but word from home made the individual happy and he ceased to worry.

During the last two years of the war many enquiries came to hand from the Dominion about relatives and friends of whom nothing had been heard since the air-raids began in Britain. I wondered how I should obtain the necessary information and thought it best to try Police Headquarters first. They went to considerable trouble in following address after address, so that all the "lost ones" were found—whether in England or Ireland—and reports sent to the enquirers in New Zealand. A splendid piece of work by the Force.

Much greater difficulty was experienced in trying to find missing friends in France, Holland or Belgium, where the channel of communication I had to employ was quite different and full of difficulties. However, we ultimately traced all except one Frenchman, who seemed to have disappeared into oblivion.

Pathetic letters from relatives of dead airmen, soldiers and sailors were received in which the request was made for a photograph of the grave to be sent to the mother or sweetheart, after a wreath had been placed on the last resting place of the beloved one. No difficulty obtained where the grave was in the United Kingdom, but there were great difficulties in cases where the grave was in Africa or Europe, before the wishes of relatives could be carried out.

Frequent meetings took place during the war at British War Organization Headquarters in London when the

various Dominion Red Cross or Joint Council Commissioners met the heads of the War Organization to discuss the welfare of prisoners of war and other matters of importance. These meetings were attended by representatives of the American Red Cross and were like a family gathering, with the spirit of brotherhood and mutual help. Towards the end of the war we also met the Allied Red Crosses in England, and this gave the opportunity for clearing up many problems.

I took the opportunity to visit recently repatriated New Zealand prisoners being treated in British hospitals. They loved a chat with a fellow New Zealander and often wanted information which I could give them. I was able to bring them Red Cross comforts which were appreciated. In this connection I must mention the fine work performed by Miss M. Thurston, R.R.C., in visiting hospitals wherever there were New Zealanders.

Some wonderful surgical operations were being performed in all branches, perhaps especially in plastic surgery, bone work and abdominal and brain surgery. Some cures were quite extraordinary. On one visit to a plastic hospital under the direction of Sir Alexander McIndoe, I spoke to a pilot who had been so badly burned about the hands and face that he wanted to commit suicide. His hands were useless. He was told that an almost perfect cure would result after several operations had been performed. Nine months later his face, eyelid and mouth had been restored with little disfiguration remaining and, equally wonderful, his hands, instead of being useless, had been made so normal again that in the previous week he had won a golf tournament. Elsewhere I saw operations on brain conditions which would have been thought impossible twenty years ago. Many perfect results were obtained.

The International Red Cross Committee did great work in arranging the exchange of prisoners, an operation which otherwise would have been infinitely more difficult to carry

out. In addition to organising and carrying out the tremendous work entailed in the delivery of food and other parcels for each POW, the International Red Cross Committee did all that was humanly possible in sending special messages from prisoners to the Red Cross in London and conveying the replies back to the prison camp. It can be stated definitely that if any service could be executed for any prisoner under whatever conditions prevailed, it was done, and the civilized world is in the debt of the International Red Cross Committee.

Towards the end of 1944 I visited a small town in the west of England where planes arrived from Belgium with our sick and wounded. Although these men had so recently been in the heavy fighting in Holland, they were cheerful but very modest—"they had only done their duty and could not comprehend why their stand at Arnhem should have been headlined." These magnificent qualities are so typical of Englishmen.

Each man was given refreshment, his wounds dressed and three hours' rest allowed before they were despatched by hospital train to the appropriate British hospital for their particular injury. With Lady Chetwode, the wife of the Field Marshal, the chairman of the executive committee of the War Organization, I walked through the train from end to end and was delighted to see the excellent accommodation, comfort and efficiency everywhere. The hospital train was a distinct improvement on similar trains during the first world war. Much credit is due to the Army Medical Services and Lt. Gen. Sir Alexander Hood, the D.G.A.M.S. The ambulance drivers at the air-port were all women and most cheerful they seemed, notwithstanding their constant laborious duty, night and day. I was pleased to know that one of the drivers came from Christchurch, New Zealand. She told me that she loved the work.

I slept that night at a large mansion with extensive grounds — the stately home of an Earl. Several officials

who were also billeted there told me of an incident which had occurred a fortnight previously. The Officer-in-Charge of an important post twenty miles away rang up the mansion at two o'clock on a dark, stormy night and asked that a very important message be sent immediately by some reliable person to a post ten miles distant. A lady's voice answered that the only person available that night was her ten-year-old son. She was requested to awaken him and send him off with the message. He cycled through the black night and pouring rain and safely delivered the message to the officer at the post. The latter, astonished at seeing so young a messenger, asked him his age.

He replied: "I am ten!"

"Well, you are a clever and brave boy," said the officer; "tell me, what is your name?"

"My name is Michael," he replied, "but sometimes I am called the Earl of S.....k."

The New Zealand Red Cross Society sent numerous gifts to hospitals, hospital ships and to prisoners of war, and in addition provided excellently trained V.A.D.'s who performed invaluable service during the war. The N.Z. Joint Council, apart from its great services to POW's and to military hospitals in the Dominion and abroad, provided libraries wherever they were required. Monthly, during the last year of the war, I sent on behalf of the Joint Council sackfuls of books to the N.Z. Commissioner in Italy and the Middle East. These were books which could only be obtained in London and they were wanted for hospital libraries and for individuals who were chronically ill and spent much time in reading. In obtaining the books desired I acknowledge my indebtedness to the Librarian Section of the British War Organization.

Towards the end of the war I had to arrange for a suitable lady to act as receptionist to the large number of New Zealand prisoners who were awaiting repatriation from Germany. It was necessary that she should be a nurse, know all

the answers to the innumerable questions put by the repatriates, know the position in London and be strong and able to rough it.

Mrs. Mowbray Tripp, of Christchurch, a prominent member of the N.Z. Red Cross, and I, singled out Mrs. Upham for this very important duty and it would have been impossible to suggest anyone more suited in every way. How well she carried out her duties, and the gratitude expressed to me by our repatriates as well as many British POW's whom she also contacted, is common knowledge to all concerned. Indeed, the War Organization informed me that Mrs. Upham was simply wonderful. I was privileged to propose the toast of Captain and Mrs. Upham at the reception after their wedding ceremony. No woman could be more suitable to marry the only double V.C. of the war.

Immediately after the Armistice I was rung up by the War Organization and informed that the N.Z. Joint Council had 10,200 food parcels in Lisbon that morning and would we consent to their being forwarded to the starving people in the Channel Islands. A ship was available for their transport, so I said that the Council and the people of New Zealand would rejoice at the opportunity of succouring the brave Channel Islanders who had endured so much. The food left that day, and two similar consignments followed shortly afterwards. Letters of gratitude to our Council and New Zealand came from the Bailiffs of Jersey and Guernsey.

I must refer to the wonderful humanitarian work performed by the British Red Cross in helping those injured or caught beneath the debris of bombed houses during the devastating raids on London and other parts of Britain during those terrible bombing days and nights from 1940 to 1945. It is a tale of self-sacrifice, resourcefulness and bravery of daily occurrence, but it will suffice if I relate two cases.

The largest anti-aircraft battery in London was placed close by our flat in Regents Park and the battery seemed to

be always singled out by the German bombers for the fullest attention. After a particularly bad night of fourteen hours' continuous raids early in 1941, when houses and roads showed the terrible effect of the bombs next morning, I went to see what had happened to a house at the back of our flat which had been hit. The previous afternoon I noticed a card on the gate stating that "Here in the basement live Mrs. I, aged 50, her two children, (with names and ages), a dog and a cat." The Heavy Rescue Squad and the Red Cross were there and doing their utmost. Towards evening the humans and the animals were all rescued. The people seemed almost as pleased at the safety of the animals as of themselves. They were calm and quietly thanked their rescuers and the Red Cross for the food and comforts they had brought, but no one appeared to want thanks — there were more duties elsewhere — and off they went to help others in similar distress. That was the spirit.

One day, in another part of London, a rocket fell on a Trust-house in the basement of which five children were playing alone; their mothers were away at work. The rocket hit the roof and the upper and middle parts of the house collapsed, the debris completely covering the basement. The Heavy Rescue Squad were soon at work to rescue the children, whose ages ranged from twelve months to six years. It seemed well nigh impossible to get to the children, and the mothers were frantic. Day after day passed, and on the fourth day two mothers dressed in mourning. It was a most piteous scene. Towards the end of that day a worker made a hole leading down to the basement where he and a Red Cross worker descended. To their amazement and joy they found the children alive and well. By fortunate chance an air vent remained intact down to the basement, and the older children calmly went to a larder containing sufficient food and water and fed the little party. The joy of the mothers was almost indescribable; at first they were numb with astonishment, and then several mothers became hysteri-

cal with joy. Under such conditions they could well be excused.

The work of the National Red Cross Societies continues in peace as well as in war. The League of Red Cross Societies, founded in 1919 for peace-time service, is specially interested in the prevention of disease, the promotion of health and the mitigation of suffering. The service rendered in the case of any catastrophe is truly magnificent, as witness what has been done in floods, bush-fires, earthquakes and other tragedies. The sick, injured and the infirm receive all available help. I am particularly interested in the Junior Red Cross for the kindly altruistic feeling which is engendered and the international approach which it teaches. When I was in Finland before the war I asked the Finnish children to correspond with members of the Junior Red Cross in New Zealand. This was done and these Juniors may one day help to make universal peace.

Soon after the war I was asked by the Order of St. John in London if I would broadcast the congratulations of the Ambulance Brigade to the St. John Ambulance Brigade at Dunedin on the occasion of their jubilee. Dunedin had the honour of being one of the first brigades in the world, and Headquarters at St. John Gate, London, were desirous of marking the occasion with a special broadcast. This was made from "Overseas House," London. I was asked to speak first, stating the history of the movement in the world and in Dunedin in particular. Next Lady Louis Mountbatten and the Earl of Clarendon sent messages on behalf of the Order. I believe the reception in New Zealand was satisfactory.

It may be asked why I was invited when I was the N.Z. Red Cross Commissioner. The answer is that the Society and the Order both do work for the alleviation of human suffering. Furthermore, in 1893 J. C. Maclaurin (afterwards Dominion analyst) and I took our St. John certificate in Auckland together, and in 1901 I accepted the post of

medical officer to a London branch of the Order and officiated as judge at Headquarters contests on two occasions.

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In 1942, when the Allied Post-war Requirements Bureau came into being, I was asked by the New Zealand Government to represent the Dominion on the Technical Advisory Committee on Medical Supplies and Services of the Bureau.

In addition to the representatives from Great Britain and the Dominions, there were delegates from the Allied Countries. Committees and sub-committees were formed in order that the required organization should be ready to act efficiently, and bring the much-needed relief to the starving peoples in enemy occupied countries, immediately each country was freed from the enemy.

The first essential was the provision of food, medical necessities, hospital treatment, doctors, nurses, trained personnel and transport, so far as possible in each region. Each nation had to be helped on the road to its economic recovery —a truly difficult and tremendous task.

All representatives were eager to do their utmost, but I thought the Ministry of Health, London, and the Americans rendered particular service. The estimates of requirements for each occupied country became an involved and difficult matter, but invaluable work was accomplished and the essential detailed information got ready for UNRRA when that body took over its enormous responsibilities and commenced to function.

A sub-committee was formed "To Report on Measures practicable to combat Tuberculosis during the Emergency Period", of which I was appointed chairman. Others sitting on the sub-committee were Dr. R. A. (afterwards Sir Robert) Young, the greatest authority on lung tuberculosis in Britain; Wing-Commander Trail, R.A.F.; Dr. Norman Smith, Ministry of Health, and Dr. Harley Williams, Secretary-General of the National Association for the Pre-

vention of Tuberculosis, as well as delegates from Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Belgium and Holland. We met at the Ministry of Health.

It was difficult, if not impossible, to obtain reliable information with regard to the number of people likely to be infected by tuberculosis in enemy occupied countries. We could only make an estimate by a process of deduction from conditions believed to be existing.

I put the following possibility to the committee. The enemy takes over a six-roomed house with seven occupants—father, mother and five children, aged one to twelve years—probably only one room was allowed for the family, the enemy occupying the remainder of the house. The mother gives most of her share of the meagre food ration to her children. She may have suffered slightly from pulmonary tuberculosis as a child and made an apparent cure. Now, under the stress of war, she has perhaps only 1,000 calories daily, instead of at least 2,500. Their one room is used by the family for all purposes. The air is stuffy and the sun hardly penetrates into the room. From overwork she becomes depressed. Further, she may have to endure insults from the enemy.

In this state of utter misery, while constantly worrying about her starving family, she develops a cough and cannot throw it off. Her general condition soon becomes worse. She observes herself becoming thinner, and always feels tired, added to which are feverishness and night-sweats. When she coughs the spray-infection affects other members of her family — first the younger children, then the older ones, and perhaps her husband. The neighbours come in and help as much as they can. Some of them become infected, and so the whole wretched process goes on.

Treatment is almost unobtainable, such as rest in bed, sufficient good food, good nursing, peace of mind, and very important — plenty of fresh air and sunshine. There is no sanatorium, probably no doctors and no X-ray apparatus.

Under these distressing conditions matters go from bad to worse. Multiply this case by hundreds, thousands or tens of thousands and we ascertain the dreadful state of things that was likely to face UNRRA when at long last came the opportunity of coping with the starvation, misery and disease existing among the inhabitants of the occupied countries. Subsequently, it was found that the above picture was true of what actually happened in innumerable cases.

In view of such a picture we made our report, for which I, as chairman, was responsible — "On the Measures we deemed practicable to combat Tuberculosis during the Emergency Period following immediately upon the Liberation of any of the Countries of Europe." It was a grim business and we had to look at realities. We estimated that the number of cases of tuberculosis in Occupied Europe would probably be at least between two and three millions. It was impossible to make any estimate about Russia for want of information. Large as was our estimate there is good reason to believe that the actual figures finally found were in excess of those quoted.

Most individuals realise the severity of casualties occurring on the battle-field, but have little conception of the terrific casualties resulting from sickness, and the latter have a high mortality. Unlike the Red Cross and the Order of St. John, which both have excellent organizations, UNRRA had to build up an organization from nothing, but they finally succeeded and rendered great service to the starving and sick people of the occupied countries.

## Chapter 15

# REFLECTIONS

I GREATLY ENJOYED my two years of office as President of the Clinical Section of the Royal Society of Medicine in the late twenties. Thanks to two most competent secretaries, we had most interesting meetings on clinical subjects with discussions opened by anatomists, physiologists, pathologists, and followed by clinicians. We talked on medical or surgical subjects and it was good to hear not only the opinions of physicians and surgeons, but also what the general practitioners had to say as they, after all, are the backbone of the profession. As the discussions are printed in The Proceedings of the Royal Society of Medicine, valuable records are preserved for future reference.

In 1935 I was President of the West London Medico-chirurgical Society, and I particularly recollect the meeting when we discussed "The Medical Witness." It was a great night and every seat was occupied. We were fortunate in our openers — Sir William Willcox, the well-known authority on poisons; Sir Bernard Spilsbury, the noted pathologist; and Dr. Edwin Smith, a famous coroner in London.

Sir William Willcox used to give his evidence in Court in a quiet, unassuming but sincere way that always appealed to the jury. Once in a case of alleged arsenical poisoning administered by a husband to his wife, there were great duels between Willcox and the very famous K.C., Marshall Hall, in which the jury finally convicted on the scientific facts given in evidence by Willcox.

Spilsbury's evidence in the Crippen case, in which his accurate knowledge of pathology was all important, proved definitely the essential points and Crippen was found guilty.

Edwin Smith had an enormous experience in the Coroner's Court and on the duties of the Prison Medical Officer. He told me that after years of observation he had definitely come to the conclusion that in cases of premeditated or brutal murder, capital punishment was essential in the public interest.

As can be imagined these three great experts were listened to with marked attention by the packed audience as they expatiated their own special points on "The Medical Witness." There were many questions afterwards, and I am sure that such discussions are of the greatest value.

Lord Davidson, a former Archbishop of Canterbury, after consecrating several beds donated to the Royal Waterloo Hospital, said he wished to thank me for what I had done for the poor in the South-east of London. I was taken aback, as I felt sure I had accomplished no more for the poor than my colleagues had, and told him that I really did not deserve any mention, as all medical men do whatever they can in that direction and think no more about it. Nevertheless I will never forget his kindly words. When I visited Canterbury Cathedral two years ago I saw his tomb opposite that of the Black Prince.

On two occasions I had particularly trying experiences. I acted as judge at a baby-show at Windsor, and as the wisdom of Solomon was once requisitioned to decide between two women claiming ownership of a baby, I doubtless would have been wiser to have declined. Of course it was not a case of ownership, but the maternal jealousy of one mother towards another whose baby wins the prize.

One mother informed me that her baby was a perfect child, not like another to which she pointed with contempt. As a matter of fact her baby was too fat and rickety, having been badly fed, and it so happened that I gave the first prize to the healthy, perfect baby whom she held in contempt. The irate mother then demanded to see me, stating that her husband would accuse her of letting him down.

However, I declined to join battle, and the matron showing me a side exit, I drove silently away and hoped the irate one would calm down after a cup of tea.

Another day an extraordinary coincidence occurred. Soon after the first World War, I was present at a committee meeting of a charitable society and sat next to a good-looking and intelligent woman of about fifty. During the meeting the question of the proper way to bring up children was discussed and I expressed my own very definite views on the subject. When I rose to go my neighbour said she was going my way and we could walk together to the railway station.

As we walked I mentioned the case of a dreadful crime that had occurred a few months previously and of which a young man of good birth and education had been found guilty. Although he was condemned to be hanged, the sentence had been commuted to imprisonment for life. I stated that many people were of the opinion that the crime deserved the full penalty of the law.

Never will I forget her pained expression and the pleading reply: "Oh, but the public may not be aware of all the circumstances of the case." There were tears in her eyes and I did not pursue the subject further. I certainly was perplexed.

Next day a lady whom I knew came to see me and gave me the astonishing information that the lady with whom I had conversed on the previous afternoon was, in fact, the mother of the prisoner. The mother had married a second time, which accounted for her name being different from that of her son. Who would not feel deep sorrow for that most unfortunate mother?

In 1915 I was asked to speak at a recruiting meeting at Walton-on-Thames and when I had finished a young man of nineteen came to see me privately. He was very worried and hurt as that morning a woman had given him a white feather when walking in Oxford Street. He was most

anxious to join up, but his parents were old and his two brothers had already been killed at the Battle of Mons. What was his duty?

I told him that under the circumstances there could be no doubt that his duty was to his aged parents, who would have broken their hearts if anything should happen to their last son.

Why do some women constitute themselves as arbiters in this matter and nearly always without the slightest knowledge of the real circumstances? As a matter of fact I know of two cases where white feathers had been given to officers on leave and in mufti, both of whom were V.C.'s.

In 1944 I lunched with Viscount Bennett (former Prime Minister of Canada) and in conversation that genial personality asked for my views on life.

I replied that after forty years of practice I believed that it was true to state that we all sought health and happiness, but by no means always in the same way. I had found that hard work — whatever the occupation — altruism, recreation, good health, good friends and a contented mind paved the road to happiness. It could not necessarily be bought with money, and yet could be attained by the comparatively poor. I added that if the Government of the day should act wisely, both internally and externally, that gave to all a greater chance of attaining real happiness than otherwise. Lord Bennett said that he absolutely agreed with these views.

I am often asked for my opinion on the present method of bringing-up children, in view of the publicity given to this most important subject today in the newspapers and on the wireless. There is no doubt that at the present time the number of cases of child delinquency is appalling, and mainly due to lack of parental control. Those of us who have large experience are agreed on this matter, and the public is aware that something should be done about it. There is a marked deterioration in the manners of the average child. Many

young people are stubborn, selfish and impossible, and disregard authority. Can it be wondered at that sometimes with bad company and possibly from the effect of certain films the tendency easily turns towards delinquency?

From investigations that I have been able to make I am convinced of the immediate necessity of the resumption of parental control of children, the re-establishment of family life — so dear to our forefathers — good example, love, fair treatment in the case of disobedience but punishment if required. Above all, religion must again become an integral part of the family life in each home. If understanding be combined with these things there should soon be a great change for the better and if the schoolmaster and the clergy play their parts in co-operation with the parents, the change will soon come about.

As a corollary I venture the opinion that it would be followed by more marriages being happy, as the child who has not learned to obey is likely to become an impossible husband or wife, and the contrary is true of children who have had the good fortune to be under parental control.

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Sitting in an armchair in front of a log fire on a cold Christmas eve, the snow thick on the ground, happily anticipating the family party on the morrow — the constant arrival of Christmas Greetings from old friends by each post — one is apt to fall into silent contemplation on things long past. It was thus that I found myself — not long since — reminiscing on events, incidents and people that had come into my life during the years of long ago.

Those who saw Queen Victoria in her stately drive up Ludgate Hill to St. Paul's Cathedral on the occasion of her Diamond Jubilee in 1897 will never forget the scene. I was a medical student at the time and with my cousin, Fred Baume (later K.C., M.P.), I secured good seats giving a first-class view of the procession both before and after the

ceremony, which was held on the steps of St. Paul's so as not to inconvenience Her Majesty. The enthusiasm came from the hearts of the dense throngs everywhere and yet there was a quiet decorum and deep affection for their beloved Queen. When the Queen's carriage had passed towards Fleet Street and the crowds left their viewpoints, I saw several students — medicals I have no doubt — out to enjoy themselves, and one wearing a silk hat had it bashed in by the walking stick of another student and then kicked right into an open window with the cry of "Goal!"

A few years later, on the sad occasion of the funeral of the great Queen, I was on duty at Apsley Gate, Hyde Park, in charge of a detachment of the St. John Ambulance Brigade. The police told me that there must have been nearly a million people in the Park and before the arrival of the procession we had numerous cases of fainting and some epileptic attacks. One of the staff gave brandy to each fainting case and it seemed to me that some of the "faints" looked remarkably fit, so I arranged that future cases should have sal volatile instead. It was really amusing to see how the would-be lusty type of faint became disillusioned on tasting the "new brandy" and spat it out. From then onwards there were few faints.

When the sad procession at last passed into Hyde Park there was absolute silence and every head was bared. Faces which had rejoiced at the Diamond Jubilee now showed real grief at the passing of their Queen and as the cortege proceeded from Apsley Gate towards Marble Arch, with the former Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, riding behind the gun-carriage with the German Kaiser, I saw many wet eyes.

During recent years we have spent many pleasant holidays at the Royal Glen, Sidmouth (Devonshire), and above the main entrance is a tablet stating that it was erected in the year of the Diamond Jubilee (1897) of H.M. Queen Victoria. Underneath is stated:

> "This house, previously known as Woolbrook Glen, was occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Kent in 1819-1820, and Princess Victoria, afterwards Queen Victoria. It was visited by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in 1856, and by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in 1881."

The room we occupied had a tablet with the inscription that it had been used by the Duchess of Kent in 1819-20 as a boudoir. On the wall was a delightful picture of the Duchess of Kent and Queen Victoria as a little girl, and upstairs was the former nursery of the Princess. From our window the view must have been most pleasing as to the left lay the glen, with stately trees, to the right the hill now known as Connaught Gardens (a favourite spot with the late Duke of Connaught), and in front the sea. An ideal home for the then young Princess.

In 1937 we were present in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the Coronation Service of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth. It was a magnificent and solemn scene in the perfect setting of the ancient Abbey. I thought the most wonderful moment was the King's Dedication of himself to his people.

It was raining hard when we left the Abbey and I will not easily forget seeing a peeress, still in Court dress with her coronet on her head, sitting patiently on the kerb at the Abbey gates awaiting her car. She told me she was so tired (we had to be present before 7 a.m.) that she did not care what happened to her dress.

Still musing, my thoughts took me back to New Zealand. It was 1934 and I was with the Headmaster of Wellington College where I had promised to address the boys in ten minutes' time. Leading me downstairs the H.M. left me half-way down, saying he would be back in a few minutes, during which time I could collect my thoughts.

Then I saw his reason. I beheld a three-quarter size portrait of Joseph Pentland Firth — my old master and later

the Headmaster of the College. There depicted in a magnificent painting was the man we old boys honoured and held in deep affection. The spirit of J.P.F. seemed to be there — it all appeared so real that if he had stepped out of the frame it would not have surprised me. A soft light fell on the painting. I gazed spellbound at his noble countenance with his face like that of a Grecian God. His head and neck were poised on a magnificent pair of shoulders in the attitude I had so often seen him assume when about to say— "Now remember, boys, that I expect from every one of you the best of which each is capable, both for your own sakes and the School's; never let yourself or the School down."

Once more I felt I was one of his boys, notwithstanding the many, many years that had passed. His prowess at games, his great influence for good and his marked patriotism all came back to me. Could there ever have been a greater Headmaster? Silently I saluted his portrait.

A hand pressed gently on my shoulder — it was that of the present Headmaster. He fully understood my feelings and spoke no word as he led me down to the Great Hall where the boys were assembled.

Next my thoughts returned to London. It was a luncheon party given by Field-Marshal Lord Chetwode in my honour to bid me adieu on relinquishing the post of Commissioner to the New Zealand Red Cross Society in the U.K. The heads of departments were there, fourteen in all, including Gen. Sir John Kennedy, Sir Ernest Burdon (former financial adviser to the Viceroy of India), and Lady Limerick; also my successor, Arthur Porritt, and Miss Violet Russell, my Assistant Commissioner for several years. It was indeed a most kindly thought on the part of Lord Chetwode and I deeply appreciated it. Lord Chetwode told my wife, who sat on his right, that he had arranged for the food to be prepared by the Cavalry Club, of which he was president, and wonderful fare it was.

When proposing the toast of my health he stated that during the long years we had served together we had been like members of one family and he regretted that now there would be a break in our old and happy association so far as Red Cross work was concerned. I felt touched, for we all have a deep reverence for the Field-Marshal, and could only express the high esteem in which the New Zealand Red Cross regarded the British Red Cross. Countess Mountbatten wrote me from Delhi, expressing her regret at her inability to be present. Everyone had been kindness itself and ever ready to be helpful during those ten years, and I greatly enjoyed the work and the friendly and kindly co-operation.

Finally I passed to thoughts of many old friends in various parts of the world, friends in whom time had further cemented our understanding and friendship.

The peacefulness of the fireside was rudely disturbed by a lusty chanting of "Hark! the Herald-Angels Sing." The carol singers had arrived, consisting of four boys and a little girl, whose ages must have been from five to ten. They were invited in, given cakes and something to recompense them for braving the rigours of the snow and cold wind. Cables arrived from New Zealand and Australia, bringing Christmas Greetings, and how welcome they were. These with the many seasonal cards made for the real Christmas spirit. We all like to remember our friends and be remembered by them.

This world of ours can be a very pleasant and happy place and in my experience much of our happiness depends on possessing congenial, kindly and loyal friends. It certainly has been so with me. As the poet, Edward Young, wrote in the eighteenth century:—

*"Friendship's the wine of life."*

The Reminiscences of a Physician * Myers

Reed