



"You would do well not to be sick in India." This Indian mother and her daughter were photographed by Cecil Beaton during his wartime tour of India for the British Ministry of Information.

(continued from previous page)

and students meet him at one time or another. He became miserably thin and ill, during the bad years after 1940. He was invited to have calcium injections, and even offered the Wasserman test! I induced him to have certain teeth removed, and wrote to New Zealand to enquire about his alarming symptoms. Now I know, and have written to tell him, that he is suffering from enterocolitis, caused by long-standing malnutrition; and I have learned, here only, what diet he must stick to, to avoid further pain and weakness, till he can get out of the country! The doctors who saw him daily, and were his friends, either did not know, or did not care.

Rich patients, officials, titled families—these are excellent clients. Why take a patient who will not pay? The very low, who have alarming tropical diseases, or V.D., are collected, treated, and studied, by those who wish to make a name, and collect a fortune, as specialists. I have heard very little about surgery in Bombay. Medicine and treatments are far more general and profitable.

#### Positive and Negative Gynaecology

Also gynaecology! This is practised in two ways. There is the positive side, which sets up maternity homes and obstetric hospitals. That is a very good average sort of practice. There is the negative side, for the wealthy, which prevents little troubles from being born at all. That is very lucrative. That is a specialist's game.

When I was really ill, I met Indian men and women doctors at their worst. It was 1941-42, when anti-British feeling ran very high. One young man positively refused to do anything for me at all. "You live a long way from my place, and if anything should go wrong, I would be blamed." Another, a relation of my husband, living near by, flatly refused to prescribe even an ordinary bromide powder. "I will not give you drugs," said he.

A sudden rash of large, painful water blisters, like a bad scald, came out on my shoulder. I bought a well-known British proprietary ointment and went to Doctor. "What do you want me to do?" said he. "I want you to put this ointment on my arm, and bandage it so that I can put on my blouse without hurting myself," said I. "Why don't you go to J.J. hospital?" "Because, until you bandage this arm, I cannot dress decently enough to go there." Well, he did exactly what I asked, no less, no more, and had the decency not to charge me for that service. After that we cut each other dead when we had the misfortune to meet.

When I was going to have a child, which we lost in a very miserable and untimely manner, I should have carefully avoided these people. Instead, I went to a celebrated obstetric hospital, hoping for advice and proper examination from their women doctors. The Irani (Persian) woman who subjected me to very rough handling told me she did not like the English. She also, having

hurt my back so that it was not right till after I had lost my chance of having the child, told me that I was not "carrying," and needed only a purgative—which subsequent events proved to be a crashing lie. I became so afraid of them all that I feared they would kill not only my chances of having a child, but me as well!

I know of one young woman who slipped and fell, heavily, so that she damaged her kneecap. Unfortunately, her mother took her to the hospital, and called on a local G.P. as well. The result was, one permanent scar from an ultra-red treatment burn, two months in bed with (alleged) fever, and a delightfully costly series of injections for something or other which was never exactly specified. Since she was employed as secretary to the group of doctors who did all this mischief she had to go through with it, looking grateful, to keep in with them.

#### To Sum Up

Probably one could complain to the Medical Council; but probably the Medical Council knows all about this, and prefers to keep up the general high reputation of the Indian medical schools and profession, by making everybody keep quiet.

Our own verdict is that the medical training is quite up-to-date, and that Indian conditions make it possible for a man to become a specialist, very easily, if he can afford to pay for the course, and to live in the broad-minded fashion of the rich man's sons and daughters who take up this line. But Indian social and economic conditions also make it almost necessary for the ordinary G.P. to become a money-grubber. Gynaecology—meaning midwifery, abortion, and treatment for various kinds of venereal disease—is a very profitable business. Fevers due to malnutrition keep the dispensary 'running nicely. And, in sum, you would do well not to be sick in India. You would do best to die there, if die you must, quietly in a corner somewhere, without bothering your head about a doctor.

My experience led me to believe that they are all probably very nice people, privately, but that professionally they do not understand either Western medical etiquette, or ethics.

#### Some Changed Their Minds

BY the time this issue reaches those of our readers who live in the deep South or the Winterless North, the shouting will have died, the bets will have been settled, and the post-mortems and autopsies almost completed, leaving simply the people's verdict. But, as a substantial number of our readers get their *Listeners* by Wednesday, we give some slight amendments to the Election chart.

There are now only two candidates for the Awarua seat: Herron (N), and Mitchell (L). The name of Allen (I), has been added to the candidates for Waitakere, making three. For Northern Maori there are now only three candidates, Henare (N), Paikea (L), and Poka (IL), and for Western Maori, Hou (I), has joined the ranks. In the Hutt electorate Simpson's banner is now given as U.S. (Ultimate Socialist), and O'Keefe has withdrawn from the Nelson contest.



THE  
WORLD'S  
VERY  
BEST  
TUTORS  
by the  
WORLD'S  
VERY  
BEST  
TEACHER

(SHARON PEASE).

Price  
6/- each  
Book

### ALBERT'S BOOGIE WOOGIE TUTORS

BOOGIE WOOGIE FUNDAMENTALS.  
BOOGIE WOOGIE PIANO STYLES, No. 1.  
BOOGIE WOOGIE PIANO STYLES, No. 2.

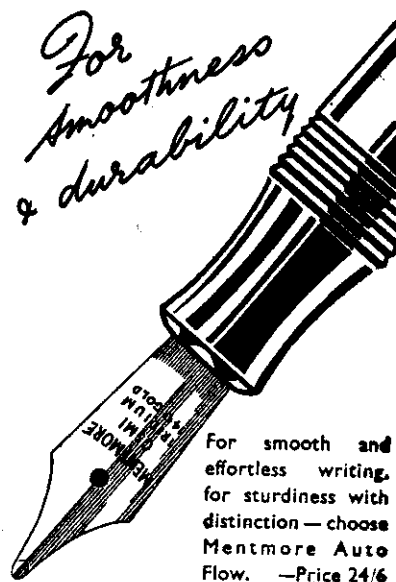
by **SHARON PEASE**

The WORLD'S GREATEST Authority on  
BOOGIE WOOGIE.

Price, 6/- each Book. (Posted, 6/3).

**ALL MUSIC SELLERS**

Or Direct from the Publishers  
J. ALBERT & SON PTY. LTD.  
2-4, Willis Street Wellington



For smooth and  
effortless writing,  
for sturdiness with  
distinction—choose  
Mentmore Auto  
Flow. —Price 24/6

SOLID 14 CT. GOLD NIB OSMI-IRIDIUM TIPPED

**MENTMORE**

*Auto-Flow*

ENGLISH FOUNTAIN PENS