

THE TRENT AND I GO WANDERING BY

Robert George Hogarth

Lord Webb-Johnson, in his forward, described Robert George Hogarth's autobiography, *The Trent and I go wandering by* as his fireside chat as he reminisces in stories of his life and ultimately his work as consultant surgeon for the Nottingham General Hospital.

Coming as it did, it is a timely autobiography as it was published three years after the ending of World War II when, as hinted to in the final chapter, food rationing was still very much part of people's daily lives. Also, it was published the year of the inception of the National Health Service, which, as you will see as you read through his autobiography, Hogarth was a staunch supporter of.

Apart from his many sporting activities and the many influential people he made friends with, Hogarth charts, in detail, the progress and development of the Nottingham General Hospital from his time, which began in 1894.

Apart from charting the hospital's development and expansion, Hogarth also describes those to whom the hospital owes a great debt of gratitude that is those who gave generously their time and money to the expansion of the hospital's services. For example, Colonel Sir Charles Seely, Hogarth describes him as a person with a distinct personality; a great autocrat, very stylish in his appearance and generally dressed in a black tailcoat, and wearing white spats. It was said, as chairman of the hospital board Seely had a great idea of looking ahead and did practically what he liked at the Hospital, and as a long-term policy he bought up all the property surrounding the Hospital, by paying for it himself.

It must be borne in mind that Hogarth was himself influential in introducing services to the Nottingham General Hospital as well. Services, although greatly advanced, benefit people still to this day, that being Radiotherapy. Originally set up in 1901 for the treatment of certain skin cancers, the centre, in 1948 was renamed, by the Duke of Portland as the Hogarth Radiotherapeutic Centre.

Hogarth was also influential in the building of the General Hospital's Pay Bed Wing and after his death in 1953, in his will, he left his home to the Nottingham General Hospital 48, The Ropewalk in Nottingham's Park Estate to be used as a hostel for patients coming from areas outside of Nottingham for radiotherapy treatment. It was this hostel that was to become the catalyst for the Patients Hotel, which opened its doors in 1994 at the Nottingham City Hospital.

Although originating from the Nottingham General Hospital, the name Hogarth perpetuates still to this day with a ward bearing his name at the Nottingham City Hospital.

Finally, Hogarth's autobiography ends in 1948, apart from the year of publication was also the year of his eightieth birthday. Therefore, apart from describing the expansion of the Nottingham General Hospital, he also describes it as a very modern hospital, ready to take on the challenges of the new National Health Service.

The Nottingham General Hospital finally closed its doors in 1993!

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Forward

By the President of the Royal College of Surgeons

I am very glad to have the opportunity of writing a Forward to Robert Hogarth's story of his life and work. Only he himself could tell it, and he indulges in reminiscences in such a charming chatty way that you almost feel you are sitting with him by his own fireside.

It is given to few to be blessed with so much affection and gratitude in his own city and, at the same time, to earn the admiration and respect of his professional brethren throughout the country. The reasons in Hogarth's case are not far to seek. He loves his fellow men, and is himself a lovable character. He is modest, fair-minded, versatile, takes part in most things, and is fond of sport and is a good sportsman. He has done things which the majority of men only achieve in their dreams.

Hogarth surgical training was of the very best, for nothing can equal the experience gained in resident hospital appointments. It takes a conscientious man of high ideals and determination however, to devote six years, with little or no remuneration, to obtaining training under supervision before offering his services to the public as an independent specialist and consultant. This Hogarth did, and thus, after some experience in general practice in addition, he became a great clinician, a surgeon of sound judgement, and an expert and dextrous operator. He knew, as Kipling said, that his calling would exact the most that he could give – full knowledge, exquisite judgement, and skill in the highest, to be put forth, not that any self-chosen moment, but daily that the need of others. Hogarth, therefore, first of all got a very training and then kept himself up-to-date – and sitting mind and body for his life's work. Thus he brought air and cheer into the sickroom, and often enough, though not so often as he wished, brought healing. To modify Robert Louis Stevenson to fit Robert Hogarth: –

"He's faulted neither more or less
In his great task of happiness;
He's always moved among his race
And shown a glorious morning face;
So beams from happy human eyes
Have moved him much; and morning skies,
Books, and his work, and summer rain
Ne'er knocked upon his heart in vain."

Hogarth has been honoured by his King, his friends, his fellow citizens, and his peers in his profession. There is a visible evidence of his zealous service to Nottingham in the extensions of her institutions, notably in the Private Block of the General Hospital, and in the Radiotherapeutic Institute which bears his name. He was President of the Hospital he has served so faithfully and well for over half a century. He is past President of the Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club, and is President of the Nottingham Forest Football Club. His year as President of the British Medical Association was a memorable one, and the reprinting of his remarkable presidential address in this book of reminiscences will be widely welcomed. Hogarth was elected to the Council of the Royal College of Surgeons by the vote of the Fellows in all parts of the world. Thus he received the true reward of the dearly prized, because unpurchasable, acknowledgement of his fellow-craftsman.

As you will gather from this book, Hogarth has had a busy, useful, and a happy life. More no man can expect. A greater blessing the world cannot bestow. On all his journey he has been blessed with the companionship of a wonderful helpmeet. Together they have shared success; and together they have borne trials and sorrows. Thus, Hogarth has the additional joy of being able to echo with a thankful heart.

"Steel-true and blade straight, the great artificer made my mate."

Webb-Johnson.

“The Trent and I Go Wandering By”
Nottingham General Hospital

Stories of over fifty years of my life in Nottingham

By

R.G. Hogarth (1863 – 1953)
C.B.E., D.L., J.P., F.R.C.S., HON. LL.D. EDIN

Chapter 1

Early days at the General Hospital

It was in 1894 that I applied for the post of one of the Residents at the General Hospital.

The night before the election, that which I wish to face those who proved to be my long-term employers, it was my good fortune to be invited to dinner by a character of who all men on the surgical side, so it seems to me, has stood out alone from the many who have held position on the Honorary Staff. It was Mr Anderson, whose remarkable personality you will find further mention.

Since he and I had the same "Alma mater" in St Bartholomew's Hospital, London, Mr Anderson took somewhat more than official interest in my anxiety to join the General Hospital staff. It was the finality of that election which proved an occasion for me to realise – if I had not sensed this before – that here was a man of unusual make up "a curious man," I said to myself more than once, but a man, for all that, whom one could both admire and like.

As we candidates nervously awaited the new verdict, the small assembly room door suddenly opened, and my friend Anderson, not very big, and with shoulders sloping so that the one was much lower than the other, popped in his head and with no additional word or sign of pleasure said to me – "You've got it" – upon which he turned and slammed the door.

I was particularly glad to have been selected – and if in the proof is required of this pudding, well – here I am still in Nottingham – still an interested adherent to "the General," and surrounded by most happy memories of those 53 years between.

My experience of work as a Resident had already by that time been quite extensive, and my posts had included similar position in St Bartholomew's, London, and in the Royal Hospital at Wolverhampton; additionally I was already a Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, a point which no doubt had weighed much in my favour before the Board, who had a large number of candidates from whom to select their man. Let it be added that the fairness of elections to all such posts in those days was opened to great question, and in many of the public appointments qualifications and experience were often outweighed by personal likes and dislikes, with prejudices and intrigue sometimes playing their part.

I made a brief mention of my post in the Royal Hospital at Wolverhampton, and – with the million trusts which were and which have since been mine – I am now pleasurably recalling that it was at Wolverhampton that I gained early experience of playing Football as an Amateur in the Professional (Wolves) side. The ability to give me full time to Football did not come my way, and I would make no regular appearances for Wolverhampton Wanderers – as much as I should have liked to play for such a team more frequently.

But, let's get back to the General Hospital. What a different set up in 1894 to that which we find today. Firstly, there were then only for Residents – two Seniors receiving the fat salary of £100 per annum, and two Juniors who got no salary at all.

There were no specialists on the Honorary Staff, but while all the Honoraries had a general practice of sorts, none could be so classed, accepted to be the Mr Anderson, of whom I have spoken, and of whose ability I soon came to be amazed, for he was by far the most able surgeon who has been on the staff of the General Hospital – one with whose efficiency I was intrigued, even after my excellent experience of working for and with some of the leading London surgeons of that day.

At this time there would be about 170 beds in the hospital, added by four poorly paid or unpaid Residents, whereas in the present day the General can boast of some 564 beds and has a Residents List of at least eighteen men, all highly qualified. In those years between I have seen many a sweeping change, (but have also gladly made many and note of progress), the mere suggestion of which would have been considered quite revolutionary at the time when I first joined the staff.

It seems that there must have been some general acceptance by the people of Nottingham of the fact that it was "not all beer and skittles" to be a young Resident at the General Hospital, for I shall always remember how the Honorary staff made a point of entertaining the Resident staff, and how they went further by passing cars on to their own friends, many of whom went out of their way to make our social life and off duty hours more amenable – and, believe me, there was quite a lot of lavish entertaining in the Nottingham of that day.

That this aspect of my Resident's life had a very great bearing upon my future happiness can well be seen, for it was not that I selected from the (then as now) markedly pretty girls of Nottingham, my wonderful wife. During the successive years which we have spent together she has made a large contribution to the happiness which has been mine since the day when old Anderson bluntly said – "You've got it."

The social side of the Residents life had a recreational counterpart and in this connection it was the Boards practice to consult me – then the Senior Resident Medical Officer, in the matter of appointing men for junior posts. Naturally (and I'm the same man who earlier mentioned likes and prejudices), with some say in the matter I put forward, other things being reasonably equal, the young men of the day who, like myself, had some football, cricket or other sporting interest, plus commended themselves at least to me. So it was that I persuaded more than one International into our ranks, to our enjoyment and to the enhancing of the Hospitals athletic reputation. You see, we were always busy looking for some games outlet, and sought for the best which circumstances could provide in the way of a football pitch, or some practice place for cricket. We had a patch at the back of the Hospital which we develop sufficiently to allow us much fun, for though we could never manage to arrange a regular fixture list, much good fun was derived from our annual "Medicos versus Parsons," or ditto versus "The Law," and in each of these encounters there was always the enjoyable anticipation (and later realisation) of good brown ale, supped from large brown jugs at the close of the games.

Nottingham had previously, and has much since, appealed to me as a sporting centre. In 1890 I managed to win the Amateur Long Jump Championship – and if my memory serves me right, it was at this meeting that I came into touch with Daft, who won the Hurdles in the same year. My personal satisfaction was not so much in the winning that that in so doing I be the fellow who held the Championship for the two preceding years, together with a miscellany of area champions and others of long jumping fame.

I had already had a taste of floating through air to a Championship, four, after gaining the Public-School record (then something over twenty feet) I went on to achieve a United Hospitals Record, my best jump being of 21'11 inches length – made, be it noted, from a grass run-up and without that cinder grip has now provided for the run and take-off.

Athletics, as you will hear, were not my only recreational outlet, and it is of local interest to note that on being asked to play my first game for The Casuals, then a London amateur side of great prowess, I found myself at Trent Bridge and matched against my present friends Notts County.

The intermingling of my most interesting work with my varied sporting activities has brought me many wonderful friends, and I count it a blessing to be able to number amongst them men and women from every walk-in life, and from what can be termed the highest and the lowest, the determined by rank, by achievement or by wealth.

You may be assuming that we young Residents were more interested in the social and recreational side than we were in our work, but there was much of the latter and you will hear how interesting when many of the characters composing the staff of the General during those years.

At the moment my mind is still on the fun and games tack, and I have a mind in compressed with more than a few amusing incidents connected with this early phase.

There were nothing like the present day Christmas Festivities for others. We did have some sort of Christmas dinner, but for many years there reigned supreme a very strict disciplinarian Matron, Miss Knight, who looked after the nurses very strictly. Upon such hangs the following: –

We had amongst us a very effeminate looking Resident as one of the Assistants. In later years he became a very famous surgeon practising in Liverpool, but at about the time when the strict Miss Knight had brought discipline to a high-pitch, we conceived the idea of playing a trick on her. And so, we dressed down not unwilling effeminate-like Assistant in nurses clothes. As it was a nice moonlit night the Assistant and I climbed out onto the lawn at the back of the hospital and sat upon the seat in full view of the Matrons window.

Waiting until the correct moment when Matron came to her window to investigate I slipped my arm round Nurses waste and made pretence of caressing her most lovingly

Matron just fell for it and must have thought what a fine catch she had made, she immediately rang a bell, had all doors shut, and all nurses lined up for counting and questioning. Of course, she never found any culprit for all the nurses were reported present (and presentable), meanwhile we two men crept in at the window while Matrons Inquisition was at its height. For once, we felt, it would be Matron and not the nursing staff whose equilibrium would be upset, and I bet she spent a restless night wondering if her eyes had deceived her.

Everyone here has heard of the Hospital Ball, which is held annually and is undoubtedly one of the greatest social events of the year. I shan't forget the first one I went to.

It was after I had come to the Hospital and the Ball was held in the Albert Hall. The President, I remember, was Sir Thomas Birkin. This proves an expensive entertainment for the President (this as I know to my cost, because I was myself President years afterwards) for the President paid for the champagne, and for the oysters consumed, as well as meeting the cost of providing the Band. A £300 bill would be a lucky getaway.

To revert to the first Hospital Ball I ever attended. As yet, I didn't know many people in Nottingham – I had only been there about a couple of months – so I spent most of the evening dancing with our nurses, the selected few of whom were always allowed to attend.

After supper, in the Supper Room, I was sitting with another Resident from the Hospital, Dr Waring, who is still alive, and we were smoking cigarettes, when Mr Leslie Birkin (afterwards Colonel Birkin), sent a message to tell us to put out how cigarettes.

As I had enjoyed a good supper (and also something with which to wash it down), I felt very annoyed at this apparent dictation. Of course, the smoking of cigarettes was not so prevalent nor as common a practice at dances then as now, and, since how smoking was after the ladies had retired, I sent back a message to Birkin to telling – well, you can guess what, that at any rate enough to convey to him that I wasn't putting out my cigarette on his request. He, in his turn, replied that if I didn't comply he would have me put out, neck and crop. My reply was that, in such a case, he had better get on with the job.

However, he was the son of my host, the President and I was peacefully persuaded to comply. On reflection I'm glad that this contretemps did not result in a stand-up fight, because I rather fancy I might have got much the worst of it. As we were about to leave the Ball, Leslie Birkin's brother – now Major Philip – whom I knew fairly well by that time – rushed me towards his brother and introduced me to him as his friend. So, we potential antagonists thus became reconciled, and, I am glad to say, we became good friends from that day.

The word or two more about Mr Anderson, the Honorary "with the sloping shoulders" and my mentor in those early days.

Anderson had a strange habit of meeting you, staring at you for about 4 minutes and then walking away without even saying a word.

I well remember my arrival at the General Hospital to take up my duties, about a month after election. It was in the afternoon and so I asked old Dakin, the Hall Porter – an old Crimean soldier, I

should guess – "Is anything interesting going on in the Hospital?" He said – "Yes Sir, Mr Anderson is operating upstairs," and thinking – "Well, at least you'll be glad to see me," I went up to the Theatre.

Anderson had just finished an operation, and when I came in he ambled up to me, stood and looked at me for about three or four minutes, never said a word and then walked away. "Truly this is a strange reception, I thought," – but I was so taken aback I did not offer a word of recognition myself.

However, all who knew Mr Anderson will recall his funny ways and yet appreciate what a very straight and reliable man in every way he was. Unfortunately, when he left Nottingham, and went to live in retirement at Bournemouth, he was never fully happy there, and I was one of the many who would have wished that he has stayed in this district.

When I was a Resident at the Hospital, I used to cycle with Anderson quite a lot. Very definitely he was quite the most dangerous bicycle rider I ever saw. His erratic ways with a cycle at my side always frightened me to death; and he had several accidents, in one knocking over a cow on the Radcliffe Road, and, just after I had started in practice, having a very serious accident resulting in injuries of some severity to his leg and knee.

Other great personalities amongst the staff of those early days, come to my mind. The Senior Surgeon on the Honorary staff was Dr Owen Taylor, a tall, very good-looking man possessing beautiful curly hair, which he parted down the middle. This made him appear to have a permanent wave, and with such embellishment and with the finest bedside manner of any (and there have been many) this I have seen, I do not wonder at the great success which he had in his general practice. For Surgery he did not seem to care much, nor did he appear anxious to practice this at the Hospital. It must however be remembered that in those days there were not nearly as many operations performed as there are today.

Many in Nottingham and District will know his son, Dr Owen Taylor of East Bridgford Hall. Very like his father, he has the same cheery mien, an optimistic outlook and most polished manners.

Also, very kind and likeable man there was in the person of Mr Joseph Thompson. In the Hospital Board Room is to be seen a picture of Mr Joseph's father, who served the Hospital as a Surgeon before him.

Mr Joseph did not care much for Surgery, nor did he have to carry out very much, but it was always a great pleasure and worthwhile experience to see him operate and also to work for him.

Last of these Surgeons was Mr Chicken – indeed he was a strange fellow! I remember at one period, when I was House Surgeon, Mr Chicken did not attend the Hospital for the space of nearly a year. It fell to me to prepare his Operation List, and most often did he ask me to do his operations for him, which of course suited me well enough, for I gained thus quite an amount of excellent and varied experience.

However, the time came when the Board of Management heard about Mr Chicken's lack of regular attendance ("Chick hadn't come up to scratch," in fact!) and so they had him "on the carpet" and suggested that if he didn't care to come to the Hospital in might at least resign. After that he came most regularly!

Like Mr Anderson, he too left Nottingham to live in the south of England.

The three physicians of that day were Drs Brookhouse, Handford and William Bramwell Ransom. Ransom and Handford would have been marked anywhere as very fine physicians, and as a consequence they built up consulting practices of great repute, and enjoyed the confidence of many private patients as well.

William Bramwell Ransom was the son of old Dr William Henry Ransom, the Physician to the Hospital, and a Fellow of the Royal Society who had a distinguished career. Undoubtedly William Bramwell Ransom's early death was a tremendous loss to the Hospital, as it was to the Medical Profession and to the general public of Nottingham for whom he had already done much.

Dr Brookhouse, the Senior Physician, was a doctor of the old Victorian school. I should say that he only believed in about two drugs – of which one was strychnine! He had around boyish face, and rather red cheeks. There were many patients who were convinced that I was his son!

The Board of Management was composed of very able men. The Chairman was The Rev Henry Seymour, with Sir Charles Seely, The Rev Robert Holden, and Mr Tom Hill, and many others who over this period took real interest in the well-being of the Hospital. On Mr Seymour's resignation, Sir Charles Seely became Chairman. A great autocrat, very stylish in his appearance and generally dressed in a black tailcoat, and wearing white spats, Sir Charles Seely was a distinct personality. His

chairmanship was such that he practically did what he liked at the Hospital, but in all probability he was the greatest benefactor the Hospital has enjoyed – though none more than myself knows what great things were done and have been done, then and since, – amongst which more latterly is the aid given by Mr William Goodacre Player, not at that time a member of the Board.

Sir Charles Seely had a great idea of looking ahead, and as a long-term policy he bought up all the property surrounding the Hospital, paying for it himself. Had it not been that Sir Charles possessed this foresight, the General Hospital could never have achieved the expansion which it has, nor could it all have been rested on the historical and commanding site where it now stands, historical in that it was that Standard Hill that Charles I raised his standard in the Civil War some 300 years ago – and arresting not only in its structure but from its position on which it towers above the ancient city, and stands as a monument to the relief of human suffering.

Once, I remember, Sir Charles Seely said – "Hogarth I want you to come to look at a property which I have in mind to buy us a Convalescent Home for the Hospital." He took me to see the Cedars, which he ultimately bought, and from that date it has developed into its excellence of today, with which most of you will be acquainted. He also built the new Outpatients Department, where the present Casualty Department is now placed. How dark, crowded and entirely inadequate it had been that Outpatients Department before!

When his own mind had been made up fairly definitely, he asked the Honorary Staff to meet him and to discuss the plans which he produced. After these plans had been well and truly criticised – and as some alterations had been suggested, but got Sir Charles and said – "Gentleman, these are the plans, and if you don't like them, you need not have them." We honoraries went out, and Sir Charles had correctly assessed the position, for nothing further was said – and he proceeded to have the unaltered plans put into execution. Such was Sir Charles Seely!

Again, after we bought the old Children's Hospital it was decided to build a bridge over Postern Street, to connect up this building to the main Hospital. It was an elaborate and very beautiful bridge, something after the style of The Bridge of Sighs in Venice, and might have taken its idea from such a Bridge as may be seen at St John's College, Cambridge, as it spans the Backs. But, lo and behold as soon as this connecting bridge is built, Sir Charles Seely said, "I don't like it" – and proceeded to have the whole thing pulled down, placing in its stead that far less picturesque indeed ugly bridge which is there to this day.

Yes, the General Hospital those very much to Sir Charles, and indeed to the Seely Family as a whole.

Other notable members of the Board of Management at that time were Mr Frederick Acton, afterwards its Chairman, and Mr James Forman – names which are familiar to any Nottingham men of that day.

The positioning of various Departments, etc., has suffered much changed since I first knew the General. The Old Boardroom, for instance, was where the Sisters Dining Room is now, and where you find the Offices there was the Dispensary, a funny place, I thought, and close to that is now the Casualty Department. In this Dispensary was a small hole in the wall through which patients used to get their medicine. Inside would be the Apothecary and Dispenser, Mr Crackle, a quaint being who reminded me of some Dickens character – very old-fashioned, but most methodical and conscientious about his work.

He had only one Assistant, a nice little girl and I suppose then about seventeen years old. She is still at the Hospital, having come to succeed Mr Crackle, and you will recognise her as Miss Prince who served from her teens upwards. She likewise has the efficiency of her childhoods tutor, but nowadays has a large staff to carry out such greater volume of work as the days demand. I can look back and forward and say "Just as charming and pleasant as she used to be in those early days."

She will be able to recall with me how very nervous about his health was Mr Crackle, but she may have been too young then to realise how we used to play upon his nervousness and, devils that we were, used to play every old trick to make Old Crackle think he was ill, or was going to be!

Mr Crackle lived in the Hospital, and was most friendly with Sister Smith on No.2 Division. She was old-fashioned too and somehow, we came to form the idea that perhaps these two were man and wife. If in fact they were, they kept the secret well, because over a number of years we were not able to get the true perspective of their affinity.

At this time there was no Dental Department to the Hospital – so it fell to us Residents to extract all the teeth, as and when required. Now when I use the more modern word extract, I might have fitted better the word pull or tug – for that practically what it amounted to. No anaesthetics were used, of course, and the performances were generally accompanied by loud screaming! I got quite good at ridding people of their teeth!

We had a Dentist attached to the Hospital – Mr Blandy, who was father of Dr William Boothby Blandy who also served this district long and well, and who died quite recently.

Now Old Mr Blandy was a quaint old man, with a wooden leg, and was well known locally, though he did not carry out much dentistry at the Hospital itself. He certainly had no formal Department and there were no fillings and dental operations performed in the up-to-date manner of the present-day. He lived quite close to the Hospital, on Standard Hill, just at the corner of Mount Street – and he too would have well fitted as a model for the drawing of many a Dickensian character.

They fed us all quite well at the General, whereas Residents we were catered for by a funny old cook, Lizzie Green. I should say that she weighed about 18 stone! Anyhow she was fat and of some girth, one might say. I ought to know, for it used to be my annual, shall I say, duty and pleasure to open the Servants Ball at Christmas by dancing with Lizzie Green. I found her quite surprisingly light on her feet for a woman of such size – and we always got good appreciation by a burst of applause as she and I completed our opening circuit of the Ballroom floor.

Sometimes we used to try to take a rise out of Lizzie Green. I once sent the Staff Parlour Maid down to the kitchen with the following message (if only to see the reaction): – "Will you please ask Lizzie Green, with the Doctors compliments, how far off the cauliflower she stood when she threw the sauce that it?" The effect was electric – up stumped Lizzie Green into the Doctors room, flourishing her saucepan and demanding to know what we meant. I said, "My dear Lizzie, we only ask our question as a sort of complement to you, for we wanted to know how far off you could stand and do it accurately. Lizzie retreated with a broad grin on her face's formation!

The Doctors Dining Room was then situated where you will now find the lift to the Jubilee Wing. About this time, we possessed a couple of parrots, of which one is I later passed on to Mr Crackle in the Dispensary where it lived for many years.

Scoundrels that we were, we still like to give these parrots bits of bread soaked in whiskey and they would eat greedily until, the worst for liquor, they flopped off their perches into the bottom of the cage. Can we claim responsibility for the expression – "As tight as an owl – (or parrot)", I wonder?

I have mentioned that I used to cycle a lot, and it became a favourite run of ours to make non-stop for Skegness, and then return later by train. This ride usually just about knocked me out, and we could not repeat the effort often. Smaller routes were frequent, and one day Mr Anderson and Dr Owen Taylor came to me at the Hospital and said: – "We want you to do a test for us," and, as the story unfolded, I became quite intrigued and willing to comply. It took place at the time when Mr Ernest Terah Hooley, the financier, was in process of floating various companies, among sent to launch the production of The Simpson Lever chain. Dr Taylor was Mr Hooley's medical adviser, and Hooley (also an adviser) suggested that Dr Taylor might profitably take up shares in his new concern, which it was estimated, could prove a veritable goldmine.

Now this particular cycle chain, which looked like a mass of levers, was reputed to create power, so that if your foot, for example, put 100 lbs. of pressure on the pedal you would get from 150 lbs. to 200 lbs. Of pressure on the wheel – which, as the geometry book says, is absurd.

There came a day when Dr Taylor and Mr Anderson said to me – "Will you ride two cycles in turn from Castle Boulevard and up Standard Hill to the Hospital? They were both geared alike, that one is driven by an unusual form of chain. We want to know is whether you notice any difference between the two."

Well, I rode each cycle in turn as they asked and at the end of my second trip was eagerly asked, "What about it? I said – "This one – the one with the funny chain on it is perfectly wonderful. It has come up just as if I were riding on the level!"

My remark had somewhat disastrous result, for in consequence of my finding, both these men put a good sum of money into the new concern – and, of course, they lost the lot. I have often

reflected on the matter, and of course my conclusion must have been the result of pure imagination – but little did I then know how my approval would cost my friends dearly.

There was however the pleasing outcome – neither of these doctors ever showed the slightest feeling against me because of it and our friendships remained.

At the Hospital – and on the spot where the University Ward is now – we then had a Fever House. It was full of sufferers from Typhoid Fever exclusively. No other cases went there except the Typhoid's, for this Fever was then endemic in Nottingham and there was a lot of it to be found.

It happened sometimes that a patient with Typhoid Fever gets a perforation, and I well remember Mr Anderson operating on some of these cases, and I believe that one of the first of many such operations done with success and ultimately recovery in the patient was performed by him.

How different things are today, Typhoid Fever is a great rarity and much is the advance in preventative medicine to keep it so.

In those days of course we operated without rubber gloves, which were not produced, and I often wonder how we Surgeons didn't get our hands infected more with sepsis, seeing that we frequently had to plunge them in contact with all types of abscesses and infected wounds.

There were not nearly the number of operations there are today, and it was the custom for the House Physician to give all the anaesthetics, an arrangement which the Honorary Physicians did not like at all.

On the Wards we had some most efficient Sisters, and it was the practice that they should keep in immediate touch with their own particular Ward. Amongst the great characters of the period were Sister Smith and Sister Turnbull. The former was Sister of the Women's Surgical Ward, which, I believe, is now 2B. She was a very nice, kind, matronly, efficient and capable woman, whom everybody came to like. After long service at the Hospital she retired from office at a good age. She will be remembered as the Sister to whom we all thought Mr Crackle, the Apothecary-Dispenser might perhaps be married to – but as you know we never found out if this were so.

Sister Turnbull was on the Division I, being the Sister of the Women's Medical Ward. She also was very efficient, and claimed that she should be for (and she was very proud of this) she receives her training at The London Hospital in Whitechapel Road.

She was certainly a very good Sister and an absolute stickler for punctuality – so well betide if you arrive late for your morning round!

I became Senior Resident Officer and House Surgeon, I was House Physician and I remember the first morning when I went up to Sister Turnbull's Ward. It seems that for a nine o'clock visit I had arrived some five minutes late – and didn't she give me a piece of her mind! I made certain that for her Ward I was never late again. However, despite the somewhat dogmatic way, I liked her very much and I found that she was very kind to all her patients.

She too, like Sister Smith, remained until she had to retire on account of her years.

It was when House Physician that I was concerned with what was probably one of the last cases of Hydrophobia to occur in this country. I was seeing the Outpatients when a man from West Bridgford – a big powerful fellow, over six feet in height – a commercial traveller, I believe, came in. He appeared quite normal so I asked the reason for his attendance. He replied that in fact he was in a terribly nervous state. "You see, Doctor, these last two days I have had terrible attacks of nervousness, and I ought to tell you that about a month ago I was severely bitten by a dog in West Bridgford. It was destroyed of course, for it was assumed to be mad."

Now, as by this time I did not like the look of the man, I told him that he'd better come in for treatment, but in the meanwhile I gave him a glass of water to drink, which soon gave him a kind of spasm – a result which tended to verify my conclusion – he had hydrophobia!

I put him in the Isolation and sent for Dr Ransom. We agreed that in all probability he was a case of hydrophobia, but neither of us has seen a case before. Later on, this patient became very violent, and we had to depute three men to keep him in bed – yet in spite of everything we did, he was dead within twelve hours.

Mr Anderson used to tell me that, when he was House Surgeon (he was House Surgeon for 10 years, holding, I think, that office longer than any before him) – he once had another man in the Hospital suffering from Hydrophobia.

In the night this man got out of bed, and ran amok, creating great disturbance and crashing things about the corridors, upon which the frightened staff locked all doors. Anderson, who was then in charge, went out to tackle the man in the corridor. There was a terrific struggle apparently and both men fell and rolled on the floor, but Anderson held insufficiently for others to run in and help, so that the man was eventually overpowered.

I felt this was a very plucky thing for a man like Anderson to have done, and it must have had great effect in calming the normally unruffled Staff and in further cementing their confidence in him.

At this period to railway companies, the Midland and the Great Northern, ran into Nottingham.

If we Residents wrote and asked, it was the generous custom of either Company to provide with first-class returns to any place of our choosing on their systems – a kindness which was very much appreciated and was very convenient.

The generosity arose, it seems, from the fact that we were called upon to treat a lot of the Railway employees in the Hospital – and this facility was the Company's mark of gratitude.

Soon after I came to the Hospital I began to take an interest in X-rays, which had been discovered a little while earlier. I found that a Mr Simpson, working at University College in Shakespeare Street, had been experimenting with these, then very novel, X-rays. I got to know him, and suggested "Why not let us take a photograph of a foreign body in somebody!" You see, we were constantly getting at the General some man or woman with, say a metal splinter, or maybe a needle, embedded in their fingers, and so I soon found a woman who had broken a needle in her hand, took around to Mr Simpson who carried out the photography – and there was the needle to be seen quite plainly!

This picture was published in the local papers, the novelty of it causing quite a stir at that time. At any rate it must have been amongst the very first X-ray photographs ever taken in Nottingham.

This chapter which relates to my early days at the General would be incomplete without some reference to Mr Keely, who was for many years, both before and after my resident days, the Honorary Secretary of the Hospital. He was an amusing bird and was proud to be a Nottingham man. In actual fact he lived at the Cedars before Sir Charles Seely brought that house as the Convalescent Home, and I fancy that, after that day, Keely never went near the place again. Keely had an imposing moustache and was a thin, fair, little man, whose misfortune it was to have recurring bouts of gout. I do not know why he should thus have suffered, for he certainly did not get gout from any high living or excesses, but I would not put it past him to like a couple when the chance arose! We were all very fond of Keely, and it is with affection that I shall always remember him.

Many a yarn about the Hospital and its inmates could appear here – but I must bring this first phase to a close. In doing so, I should like to say that I had one of the happiest periods of my life during the time that I was at the General as a Resident.

I now look back on those times with great gratitude to my many friends and colleagues who made my association with this Hospital when of real pleasure and that over a good span of years.

In such a Hospital there must be sorrows, but there was also much gladness – and I am gratified to recall that there was ever a will to press toward something better. It is my blessing to have seen that will achieve its immediate end, and to find today the same will being expressed – a will to go further in providing for the future.

It is there that the torch is being carried – and I can do better than sit by, watch and repeat, have faith in it, for it deserves your trust.

Chapter 2

In Practice – And How It Developed

"God, and the Doctor, we adore,
When danger threatens – not before.

The danger over, both are then requited,
God is forgotten and the Dr slighted."

In commencing this chapter, I think it might be most fitting to tell a story about the very first patient whom I had in practice.

In 1891 – long before I came to Nottingham – in fact only two days after I passed my Final and become qualified, I had a word with my mother, then living in Salisbury, that if I passed my Final she hoped I would come home – since Dr. Harcourt Coates was very anxious to see me. Now this Dr. Coates had taken a great interest in my career, and when in my student days I could get home for the holidays, he would take me round to the infirmary, and where he thought I might be interested. All this was greatly to my advantage, for Dr. Coates had what was probably one of the finest private practices in the country, and attended everyone of note for many miles around the city of Salisbury.

So it came about that I had not been home for very long before Dr. Coates arrived at my house and said – "Look here, young fellow, I am off to Epsom Races tomorrow morning and shall be away for four days or so. I want you to run my practice while I am away." What a responsibility for a young man qualified but a few days before!

"Good gracious," I said, "I couldn't possibly run your practice! You have such grand patients, and they just wouldn't have me in attendance!" "Yes", he said "they would, and will, for anyway, I'm going to the Races."

"Now," he added, "you just be down at my house at eight o'clock tomorrow morning and you will find that I'm off."

Somewhat nervously I obeyed on the morrow – living in hopes that if I did get a call it would not be from one of Dr. Coates high and mighties. Of course that's just what did happen!

I had not been more than 20 min in Dr. Coates surgery when a horse-backed messenger from a noble Earl came to summon Dr. Coates to see the ailing Countess.

My heart sank within me, but I ordered the high dog-cart, which shortly arrived, driven by a smart groom. This carriage was drawn by a beautiful fast trotting horse – a real picture of a beast, and one of seven horses which Dr. Coates then kept. So I was soon driven over to the Castle, where, as I can well remember, I knocked meekly on the door, feeling that of all people, I should not be the one to make a noise.

In response, an enormous liveried footman opened the door, looked at me questioningly, so I thought, and asked me my business.

"I have come from Dr. Coates," I said quietly, whereupon the footman eyed the doctor's carriage and looking at me somewhat disdainfully, ushered me into the hall. There a very large and pompous butler came forward, and I timidly announced that I was the doctor and that I had understood that someone in the house was ill.

Whereupon this he ushered me into a very spacious Drawing Room and left me alone. After a while in came the Countess. Her ladylike bearing allowed her to hide what must have been her great astonishment at seeing me – for I looked much more like a 15-year-old, and certainly too juvenile to be a qualified medical man.

I asked her what I can do, and she complained that she had rather a sore throat – which might have meant anything. As bad luck (or possibly that excusable inexperience) would have it, I failed to bring a spatula – (one of those instruments which hold down the tongue to get a clear view of the throat) – so I said "Oh! might I have a spoon, a tablespoon will do?"

She rang the bell and gave the order to the majestic butler – who returned with the spoon placed in the middle of a very large silver salver. How well I remember that in taking the spoon my nervous hand allowed it to beat up a sort of tune, as if I was playfully using the salver as a drum. I doubt very much if the Countess would have been surprised at my playing the drum on her salver, for she must have regarded me as quite a youngster!

However, I did my best to appear professional, and proceeded to look down her throat, but however much I manipulated the spoon in the mouth I just can get tongue out of the way – with the result that I actually saw very little of the throat!

But in order that I should cover up this lack of elementary ability, and not display ignorance nor inexperience, I said, "There's nothing much to worry about, and I shall order you a gargle which I'm sure you will find a relief."

Now the only gargle which then came to my mind was Chlorate of Potash, with which everyone is familiar, so I wrote that on a scrap of paper and hurriedly left the house."

Once the dog-cart had reached the Lodge gates, I lit a cigarette – and wasn't this a nervous soother for the first ordeal of the juvenile doctor!

This was not the only episode connected with those four or five days when I was doing Dr. Coates' work, and he was enjoying himself at the Races.

Some while after I attended the Countess, I was in the Infirmary with Dr. Coates. One or two other doctors, and one of the sisters and some nurses were present when Coates suddenly said, – "I must tell you people about Hogarth. As you know, he was called to see the Countess of – when he was taking my work for me. When I was next summoned by her Ladyship she told me that if ever again I dared to send a young boy like Hogarth to see her, she'd never have me in the house again! She even said that both she and the Butler at first mistook him for the newly engaged Hall-boy.

The little assembly chuckled, but, no doubt, in their hearts had a feeling for me. So that was the judgement upon this young medico's appearance before his first private patient! But time went on, and with it my experience widened, and I feel that I might today say to myself – I wonder if that Countess would have spurned by professional advice at the end of say 10, or 20 or even 30 years after 1891, in which year she had not taken too kindly to being treated by a mere boy. (I'm sure she used these words). Somehow, I doubt it!

Because I been nearly 7 years a Resident in Hospitals, and I wasn't feeling very well, or perhaps merely thought I wasn't (the failing of mine, I fear) – I did nothing in the way of doctoring for a year. But I did perform one operation which was important enough in itself – I went and got married!

Following on this I again gave some help to a doctor in a practice at Salisbury, where my home was. But it was not long before I again made tracks for Nottingham, and taking a little house, which was vacant, at the end of the Ropewalk and facing the present Hospital gates my wife and I settled in.

In many ways it was an inconvenient little house – but it became ours and we managed to live in it quite comfortably for 25 years. We got used to it – but my friends used to draw attention to the awkward approach, for there were a great number of steps up to the front door.

To start a practice entirely on your own and without the backing of capital was less easy then than today. I had no capital and so dare not take a house on a long lease, nor, in fact, any place which would require more than a quarter's notice. But, when I really got going in my practice, my Landlord gave me a month notice, and so I was forced to buy the place for much more than its true worth.

It is rather curious, but nevertheless an established fact, that the more successful a Doctor or Surgeon becomes, the more unpopular he is likely to be amongst his professional brethren. I suppose, though, that this merely follows the general rule that "a successful man always has enemies." It is, I wonder, a more pronounced weakness in our profession than in others? Anyway, it is somewhat understandable, because it often happens that one doctor becomes exceptionally successful while his next-door neighbour (even if more highly qualified and equally able) cannot get together or build up a good practice at all! To a man who knows himself to be so qualified this "distinction" by the public must be very galling.

It is not all humbug all bluff which gets you in your practice, you know. In my case I know I didn't deserve the measure of success which came my way, nor could I for a moment claim that I was the best Surgeon in Nottingham – but I certainly can claim that I have the biggest practice – in fact one of the largest surgical practices in the Midlands. And there have it – success by pure good fortune, and possibly something else, just a good sense of one's fellow men!

To return to the progress of my practice. In the first year I managed to make an income of £60, and most of that was obtained through Mr Anderson asking me to give the anaesthetics for his operations! In those days, remember, the anaesthetist only got half a guinea for his fee – and you could not get very far on that!

To add to these fees I did get a few patients here and there – some from West Bridgford, and some from Sneinton, and to any patient I was quite prepared to go – on a bicycle – for a fee of 2/6 a visit. That's how it began!

But not long after I had started to build up the practice a stroke of good luck befell me. I got the appointment which had been advertised, as Surgeon to the Samaritan Hospital for Women. Added

to this was the good fortune that one-day Sir Thomas Birkin the Rev Russell of Wollaton (what a well-known name!), and Mr Spalding, came to offer me the post of Surgeon to the Children's Hospital. This Hospital was then situated in Postern Street, and is now merged in the General Hospital.

Of course I was tremendously thrilled at the idea of being the Children's Hospital Surgeon, for up to that time they only had one Doctor, Dr Marshall, who has virtually monopolised the place and controlled it to his own liking.

To the offer I felt bound to reply, however, "My dear Sirs, there's nothing I should like better in the way of work, but it would be more satisfactory to me that you should advertise the post, and then if you really do feel that I'm your man, he will vote me the position!"

They expressed indifference but appreciated my point and acted upon my suggestion. There were a number of applicants, but I found myself selected!

And that started my long association with the Children's Hospital, for I remained as its Senior Surgeon for some 30 years – 30 of the most happy and pleasant recollections.

It was later that this Hospital moved from Postern Street to Forest house, upon the gift of that by Sir Thomas Birkin. Since then, Mr and Mrs J. D. Player have gone one more generous step forward and have provided the magnificent Children's Hospital which now stands there, and which I personally regard as being one of the finest Children's Hospitals in the Country.

I have mentioned my good luck of the early days. The following shows how that good luck stayed with me.

Mr Anderson, whom you'll remember my mentioning as the world's worst cyclist, had a nasty fall from his cycle in Chapel Bar, and very seriously injured his right knee. I suppose that I had only started in practice three months previously, and I was definitely not a known man at the time.

On his being carried home, the news of Anderson's accident soon spread and two of his colleagues came in to see him, suggesting this and that and saying that they'd return in a couple of hours or so and would put up the injured knee in the sprint.

Meanwhile Anderson decided for himself and told his wife to summon me. "Look here, Hogarth," he said, on my arrival, "I badly smashed mine the. Have a look at it – now go back to the Hospital, get whatever type of splint you consider best and come back and put it up for me. Oh! – further, I'd like you to take charge of my case – so please hurry, and get the splint fixed before those other fellows return! I was only too glad to get busy!"

And so, of course, it soon got around that "Mr Anderson had insisted upon Mr Hogarth looking after him" – and you can imagine what an excellent piece of advertising this was for me! My friend and mentor or had done me a far more useful service than I had him.

Before I came to Nottingham I played quite a lot of first-class football – so it is not surprising that from the very early days of my practice I like to see either the Forest or the County play. One day – it was on the Forest ground – Spouncer, the Outside Left, got hurt. It happened on the opposite side of the ground from me, and there was a sudden call for a Doctor. There were obviously many doctors present, but I determine to be first on the scene, and being still a sprinter above the average, I won the doctor race with some ease and the injured outside left was my patient from that moment onwards. But that was not all, for upon this I was engaged by the Forest Club to be their official Doctor, and I have been closely associated with the Club ever since. Today I am in the proud position of being its President! There will be more to tell of my happy association with the Forest Football Club later on.

One more fortunate contact came my way soon after I arrived in Nottingham. The Duchess of Portland (now the Dowager Duchess) came to see me and said "I am very interested in crippled children. I am going to get them collected in various centres in Nottinghamshire, and I shall ask you to be good enough to come and see them for me, and to advise in what way they best can be helped." Of course I was just delighted to accept!

Anxious to clinch the matter, the Duchess asked me to stay a night at Welbeck, and there to discuss our plans.

It is only natural that as a rather shy young Surgeon I should feel somewhat nervous on being entertained at Welbeck – but need I have been? – No, the Duke and Duchess were in residence alone and in their charming way made me feel not only completely at home, but definitely their friend and adviser. Thus began the Cripples Guild.

Later followed the foundation of the Hospital (which I looked after for many years) at Grindley-on-the-Hill. This Hospital was provided by the generosity of the Duke of Portland and Gen Sir Joseph Laycock, and is now an annexe of Harlow Wood Orthopaedic Hospital. So it may be seen that Harlow Wood emerged from that modest beginning to become one of the largest and most important Orthopaedic Hospitals in England.

This has all been achieved by the boundless energy, and enthusiasm, and (let us not forget), the kindly feeling for those who suffer, for which Winifred, Duchess of Portland has been renowned through the many years of her life.

When Harlow Wood was opened, I, in my turn, had the honour of being appointed Honorary Consulting Surgeon.

I must not omit to say at this stage that I also obtained a third appointment, that of the first of two Assistant Surgeons (a newly-created post) at the General Hospital. Either speak came attached for duty to Dr Owen Taylor and Mr Anderson. The other newly appointed Assistant Surgeon was Mr Morley Willis, while two new Assistant Physicians, Dr Jacob and Dr Cattle were also brought on the staff.

These new posts were eagerly sought amongst the profession and were the subject of much competition.

Dr Jacob will be long remembered in Nottingham. A vast number will recall what a splendid Physician he was. Unfortunately for his many friends in Nottingham he no longer resides here but has selected Malvern for his retirement.

I had thus attained the position which more than any other up to that time I wanted – to be on the staff of the Nottingham General Hospital.

As I now have three appointments it may be seen that I had plenty to do – but I was also very rapidly getting together a good practice.

The speed with which this building of the good practice progress has also an element of good luck associated with it, as the following will show.

There was a certain Dr in Nottingham who had the reputation of being very self-opinionated, very pompous and altogether very pleased with himself. He had a very fine practice, probably the best in the place. Just about that time one of his best-known patients had a fall, injured his knee, so that he found it most difficult to straighten it again. After he had been in bed for almost a week he was told by his doctor that the leg would have to be put in plaster of Paris for some six weeks, for an internal lateral ligament had been torn.

Well, as I have said, having attended Dr Anderson for his knee injury (and having by now being appointed the Forest Football Clubs doctor – and later in similar capacity to the Notts County FC), quite a number of people began to point to me as "the man who knew all about joints." I think this might have been true, for I had gained excellent experience just previously, having been House Surgeon in London to the great Howard Marsh, and he was absolutely first class on the subject – the treatment and manipulation of joints.

This Nottingham big noise must, therefore, have heard about me, for he suddenly summoned me to his house. However, he mentioned that as yet he had not told his own doctor that he was calling me in.

For my part I thought it politic not to go until the man's own doctor you this, so I went myself to see that doctor, and explaining the position asked if he would make an appointment so that we could together see his patient. He bluntly refused! "I know perfectly well," he said, "what's the matter with the man's knee."

His abruptness I met with "Very well, if you are not coming with me, I'm going alone" – and I did.

The patient was in bed with one knee slightly bent and nurse standing by – a pile of plaster of Paris being handy to put up the joint in this plaster for, maybe, six weeks or more.

I looked at the knee, formed my own opinion (quite contrary to the man's own doctors), for it was obvious that all the treatment required was immediate manipulation. I asked "Can you stand a bit pain?" He said that he could, so I took the knee, bent it up sharply and quickly straightened it out. It hurt him a little – but the job was done!

"Now," I said, "you just get up and walk around the room." So he got up and walked along quite normally. Upon this I said "Now then, you are quite fit to go to business this afternoon. You must keep using the knee, otherwise try to forget it, and I'm sure it won't bother you anymore. You might, by the way, send this nurse round to the doctor with his plaster bandages, and at the same time let him know that your knee is cured, and that you are now going back to business." The delighted patient, concurred!

Of course, that healing story soon got about, and much of my practice soon consisted of the one-time patients of this man's doctor – for they came, as a result of this recommendation, asking me to be their family doctor.

I kept to the rule of saying that I'd be delighted to attend but they must first write to their previous doctor to let them know they were making a change.

It was thus that in quite a short while I find myself with the rapidly forming and already highly remunerative practice, which included attendance upon some of the best-known families in and around Nottingham.

From my personal point of view this was, of course, all very satisfactory, and to add to it I also had the three Surgical appointments at the General, the Children's and the Samaritan Hospital for Women.

Now to be a purely Consulting Surgeon has always been my real ambition, but to launch out into this would mean making one of the most momentous decisions of my career, because I should have to decide upon the merits of giving up this excellent general practice and then to take to Surgery alone.

If you wish to be a consulting Surgeon At it is no use attempting to carry on any general practice at the same time. You must concentrate on Surgery alone.

There is more to it than that – for when you become a Consultant the whole of your practice depends upon the goodwill which you establish with other doctors, who feed you by sending their cases to you, or by calling you in as a second opinion.

It was definitely a difficult decision for me to take – having started virtually from zero and having obtained such a good income in the short while I had been in general practice. There is, of course, bound to be some uncertainty as to whether you will be the same success as the Consultant as you were as a General Practitioner.

However, after much consideration I took the plunge, gave up my general practice and became a Surgeon – a decision which, I am glad to say, turned out to be wise.

Very naturally I was loathe to give up all those nice kind people who had placed their faith in me as a doctor, so I had to begin this transformation by accepting no new patients, and gradually dropping off the others. It needed tact, and had to be carried out by easy stages – resulting at the outset in a considerable drop in my income.

However, I soon began to get a fair amount of surgical work, and then my previous good luck held, for I was elected to the full surgical staff of the General Hospital, upon Mr Chicken's resignation.

To mark this notable step I had launched out into ownership of a motorcar, and I fancy that I must have been the first doctor in Nottingham to possess one.

There followed the peaceful period which we now all know to have been the "calm before the storm," and when eventually the First World War broke out, a great many doctors had to join the forces, the piece-time strength of the Royal Army Medical Corps being quite inadequate from the outset to cope with the need.

The recruiting took all the younger men, leaving the three elder Surgeons, Dr Anderson, Mr Morley Willis and myself to carry on as Consulting and Operating Surgeons for the Hospitals, Civilian and Military covering the whole of the immediate surrounding area of Nottingham.

As they were considerably more than 1000 beds reserved for Military use in Nottingham – including those at Bagthorpe and those put up at the General Hospital in the hut built over the back lawn – we were kept exceptionally busy, in fact almost worked to breaking point, seeing that we also had to attend to our private operations.

As some relief from pressure, I must note, I had by that time ceased to be working at the Samaritan Hospital for Women – but more and more work came my way.

Now to be added was my appointment as Consulting Surgeon to the Duchess of Portland's Hospital at Welbeck, secondly to Lady Charles Bentick's Hospital, Mapperley and finally to Mr Charles Birkin's Hospital that Lamcote – truly I had a whale to carry on my back. It is to be wondered that I have a tale or two to tell?

My first was produced by a curious coincidence. A man came into hospital after the Battle of the Marne and I removed the shrapnel from his right leg. The leg eventually healed and the man in due time return to the Front. Some eighteen months later he was again wounded – this time in an exactly similar place but in the other leg. Back he came to England – into an ambulance Train – out at Nottingham and, would you believe it, finding himself once again in the same bed as he had occupied before. Same Surgeon, same recovery – but different leg.

The rarity of the coincidence may easily be seen, for on arrival as a stretcher case in England, myriad are the hospitals in which he might have found himself – but same wound – same bed – same surgeon was fortunes decree!

I find the strangeness too in the following. In hospital was a soldier with a bad shrapnel wound over his left buttock. I took out a lot of varying shapes of shrapnel, deeply embedded, but at the same time I removed from the wound some five or six German coins.

When I saw the man later I told him what I had found and said "How the Dickens can you account for coins in your wound?" He remembered and said "Just before I was hit I took the money from the dead German and put the coins in my hip pocket." The coins have been carried into the body from the shrapnel!

As Consulting Surgeon to the Bagthorpe Hospital I was one day escorted by Dr Cole of Beeston who had charge of the ward I was to visit. "Hogarth", he said, "Here's something strange for you. Lying in adjoining beds are two soldiers who arrived by last night's convoy. One is named Hogarth and the other, Cole!"

So I became quite interested in my namesake Hogarth, for the name is not very common, and I enquired of his parents and place of birth. Apparently he lived in Norfolk and was a schoolmaster's son. And, being a namesake, I sought to do all I could for him, even down to ensuring that for his convalescent he should go to Welbeck, where he would be so well looked after. The Duchess accepted him upon my recommendation, but, I regret to say, the man did not live up to his name, and being rather more than a nuisance there, he was eventually turned away elsewhere. But how was I to know who had laid claim to such a name?

Unfortunately our colleague, poor Morley Willis, contract a fatal disease during this War period, and a great deal more work was required of Mr Anderson and myself.

The War Office did offer us the help of another man, but, to the credit of Mr Anderson, an older man than me, he decided to carry on alone – and carry on we did. It was probably verse that in 1918 we found ourselves awarded the C.B.E.

There were difficulties too at the General Hospital, for we could not get any Male Residents. It was finally decided that we should apply to the London School of Medicine for Women, and then get some Women Doctors in the place.

How particular fortunate I was in having Miss Glen Bott's attached to me as my House Surgeon, in which post she remained as my active aid for four years.

Afterwards she started in practice for herself, and there are very very many in Nottingham who knows what a success as a Surgeon she has been. She is certainly the best woman Surgeon I have known, for I saw much of her work, been fortunate to have her for many years as my Assistant for private operations as well.

I also had very often, as an Assistant in private, Mr Llewellyn Davies, for which it can be seen that I had exceptional and fortunate aid, for the last two named can be styled as two of our leading local Surgeons of today.

By leaps and bounds my private Surgical practice grew after the War, and I soon found myself in increasing demand in the City and its surrounding districts. By this time I had taken over the complete Nursing Home, with sixteen beds, and situated in Regent Street. It was always full!

Much as I enjoyed that work, I never like to stray in my affection, nor neglect any duty in the General Hospital, for it was from this Hospital that I derived more pleasure by association than from all other of my varied work. Do not blame me for harping upon my good fortune – it seems to have been so recurring.

A great piece of it fell to me when in 1926 I found myself selected as the President of the British Medical Association – one of the finest and largest professional Associations in the world, to be President of which would be any man's pride.

Having been President of the Nottingham Division of the British Medical Association, and also of the Midland Branch, I had been given the tip that I was well in the running for the National Presidency, and though I personally thought my chances remote, I duly (and most gratifyingly) found myself elected.

To deal with the events of the term of this office would almost need a volume to itself, suffice it to say here that the office, though high and acceptable, is not all beer and skittles but proves rather a difficult position to hold.

In my year of office there was doubt in some quarters about the venue of the British Medical Association's General Meeting – and there were some who thought that it would hardly prove a success if held in this Midland City – but success it proved to be, in fact the meeting is remembered as one of the most successful and universally acclaimed of all held to that date.

In this ancient (and yet in many ways most modern and progressive) city of the Midlands was found a place more pleasant and more hospitable than many had dreamed!

The Presidential Address of such a General Meeting, finds itself reported in almost all the press of the country, and in that of much of the world beyond our shores. Are you surprised and that any ordinary medico should find the delivery of this Presidential Address somewhat of an ordeal?

The setting of the scene in the Albert Hall I thought most impressive; the Doctors all in Academic Robes, the Ladies in evening dress – and representatives of all our Dominions and Colonies present too.

We followed up our assembly with a grand Reception at the Castle where some 2500 and accepted the invitation to be the guests of myself, my wife and the Nottingham Division.

It was a gay scene – the grounds all lit up by fairylike, and in the large marquee a Cabaret Show and Dancing – dancing to the full band of his Majesty's Grenadier Guards, which – partly to the good auspices of my son, who served with that Regiment – I had been able to obtain for the occasion.

It was a sad blow to us that this son, who had served in both the World Wars, should lose his life while serving in Italy in 1944 – so close to the year when peace was once more secured.

As President on such a historic occasion one very naturally receives kudos for the success obtained. I would rather point and say thank you to the whole of the Medical Profession – both of the City and County – for theirs is the truly valuable work of organising.

Much of the success was undoubtedly due to Mr Webber the Honourable Secretary – but who nobly too did the women respond, Mrs Webber, Miss Kirrage, for whom I and most indebted to the B.M.A. and to whom I can as thankfully and appreciatively address myself today – before she remains my secretary still!

But a Presidents task is not finished with the Annual General Meeting and its attendant functions, for there is the most incessant call upon one's time to attend meetings, and Branch functions up and down the country.

As a consequence time is spent in travelling, hours are erratic and a practice – even though good and well established practice – is bound to lose some of one's attention. But what a grand year of office it was!

Chapter 3

"Personalities and Projects – In Passing"

At a Point-To-Point Meeting – I think it was of the Belvior, and held at Barrowby, near Grantham – I was walking around the Enclosure when a hunting man rushed towards me, and in a loud, autocratic and excited voice, yelled at me – "Hi! You doctor fellow, come here! There's a man hurt and we want you in the tent!"

I was not used to being so addressed or so peremptorily summoned, so I said to him, "To whom, in Hells named you think you are talking – one of your stable lads? If you want me to attend to someone who is hurt, you can ask me in a Civil and proper manner." He was all apologies, and said that excitement had got the better of him – but I knew from experience that these hunting people were given to talking thus, and no more than one occasion it had annoyed me very much.

However, I went into the tent, already very crowded, and I searched found for the fellow who was injured. Pushing my way through the crowd, and not feeling in the best of temper I came at last upon the man sitting in a chair and holding his arm, obviously in some pain.

In front of the man was a younger fellow clad in riding breeches and a bright coloured sweater.

I said to the young man – "For God sake man, get out of the light and let me see to the injury." So doing, I gave him a push, nearly knocking him over. "I am a doctor," I said, "and I've spent some five minutes trying to find this injured man."

You can imagine my feelings when all of a sudden it dawned on me that the young man whom I had so rudely pushed aside, was none other than Edward Prince of Wales. Foolish of me not to have recognised him sooner, for had we not met many a time before the house of our mutual friend Colonel Charles Birkin.

And when the Prince recognised me, and burst out laughing. I made profuse apologies for my treatment and busied myself in dealing with what proved to be a fractured collarbone. The Prince of Wales watched me put up the fracture, and for some reason or other I did not adopt standing methods, but put it up in a patents way of my own. The Prince was a bit mystified (having himself had quite an experience of fractures) and said "Well, I've never seen any collarbone put up like that! I've broken both mine – just feel them and tell me what you think about them."

Doctoring makes you realise how small and how strange world is ours. I remember being called to Lincoln once, to perform an operation on one of the Canons of the Cathedral.

The nursing home in which he was lying is situated at the top of the steep hill, near the Cathedral. The operation was to be a major one, so I said to the Doctor who had sent for me, "I think I had better see the old gentleman before I do the operation." So I went to his room and greeted him with, "Good morning, don't you worry, I am feeling in top hole form!" This was one of my somewhat novel ways of giving courage to people, for it broke down the ice, and was so blunt that it made him believe that I at least was confident of success, even if they felt nervous!

The old Canon stared at me, and I wondered if I had somewhat annoyed him – not a bit of it – he was smiling and having summed me up said – "You are my Hogarth." "My Hogarth," I answered, "and what makes you use that expression?" – "Simply," he replied, "that you are my Hogarth of years ago, for I was your Form Master at Felsted, you remember?"

And so the small boy of some years past had the responsibility of operating on his erstwhile Form Master. But he stood the responsibility, and blood to say, and the patient got on well, which is all that really mattered. I might have suffered in the past at his hands. I am glad he did not add mine!

With the growing reputation which came my way in connection with treatment of injuries sustained by our Notts footballers, it soon started to spread to the Hunting Field, for I noticed that for most of the serious hunting accidents in the district around, they used to send for me. The South Notts., The Belvoir, The Quorn and The Cottesmore all had me "on-call", and particularly during this period I saw many a sad fatality. I call to mind, the outright death in the hunting field of Lady Victoria Bullock, daughter of the late Lord Derby, Lord Harrington, Mrs Greenall, Mr George Hubbersty, Mr Bainbridge and Miss Le Marchant. Nor, unfortunately were these all, and with them many a score who suffered serious injury.

I was consequent upon an accident in the hunting field that I was called in to perform an operation for complex and serious internal injuries to Miss Rosemary Laycock, the daughter of General Sir Joseph Laycock of Wiseton. I am proud in my belief that this is the most successful operation I performed to put to right such serious internal injury. Miss Rosemary Laycock is now married and, I am glad to say, fit and well.

I also attended Steve Donoghue when his mount fell in one of the races in Nottingham. He had a serious injury to his leg, just above and involving the ankle joint. It was a comminuted fracture and I was called in by one Racecourse Doctor, Dr Paul, to see him. He came into my Nursing Home and was in for about six weeks and made a very good recovery, I am glad to say. What a nice man he

was and I think his generosity to others have helped to bring about his bankruptcy at one time. He was always very grateful to me for what I did to him and he gave me some wonderful tips – two of which won at 35 to 1 against, and I always accepted his tips with confidence, I got a pretty good fee out of each, to say nothing of the good bets I had on Brown Jack. By the way, I saw Brown Jack during the war when I was inspecting hospitals down at Market Harborough. I was staying with Lady Zia Wernher, to whom he belonged. He looks very well and was very happy and well looked after.

When the great Hackenschmidt, the wrestler, came to the Nottingham Empire, he had an accident and hurt his shoulder. I had him as a patient and as he was due to wrestle in the Albert Hall in London in 10 days' time against the terrible Turk, Madrali, I had to advise him to put off the encounter. This caused a tremendous lot of trouble at the time. However, it took place later on and Hackenschmidt beat him.

Very naturally this professional attendance upon so many distinguished people, and upon County families, brought me into contact with a wide and influential circle with a good number of whom I still keep in touch and I'm proud to number amongst my friends.

Influence is one thing, a spice of good luck another! It is to the latter which I attributed the Honorary Degree of LL.D., conferred upon me by the Edinburgh University (a distinction of which any man would be proud) in 1927 after I had handed over the Presidency of the B.M.A. to Sir Robert Philip. I was particularly pleased when I found my fellow recipients to be Lord Moynihan and Lord Dawson of Penn.

When, in 1928, the Late Duke of Portland formed the Nottinghamshire Branch of the British Empire Cancer Campaign, the public meeting which gave the campaign its inauguration did me an honour in appointing me their Chairman, a position which I held for nearly twenty years.

The campaign has been a great success in Nottinghamshire, which is much to my delight, for I was from the early days very interested in the possibility of our forming a Radio Therapeutic Department at the General Hospital, in which, as you know, my chief interest centred.

To do so, meant raising a lot of money, for it was not only necessary to buy Radium (very much more expensive then than now) but also all the Deep X-Ray Therapy Plant.

But the effort has been successful and the result is that one of my dreams is fulfilled, for we now have in Nottingham one of the finest Radio-Therapeutic Centres in the County, complete with a highly skilled staff of technicians and operators. Their work is of course of the highest importance, and is most efficiently carried out. Recently they have done me the honour of naming it The Hogarth Radio Therapeutic Centre, for which I am very grateful.

My recent mention of Lord Moynihan makes me recall that in 1930 when President of the Royal College of Surgeons of England, it was he who persuaded me to apply for one of the vacancies on the Council of the College.

Of the seventeen candidates all except myself had been from Teaching Schools and Universities – and most of them were leading surgeons in London. The election is by postal vote, taken from all the Fellows of the Royal College and over the whole Empire. To my own surprise I was elected, and not only elected but placed second in the list! There was some extra gratification in that I was possibly the first of the Surgeons elected to that Council who had not been associated with a Teaching School or a University.

The appointment was for eight years, and not only was I proud of the office, for it called me to Council Meetings in London once monthly – and often more frequently, for there were Committees to attend – but it also afforded me great pleasure and a widening of my interests.

But another great pleasure also came for me, for meanwhile the General Hospital had paid me the signal honour – they had named one of their Chief Wards after me, made me Vice Chairman of the Board of Management, a Trustee, and finally President of the Hospital. I am the only Doctor upon whom that Presidency has been conferred, and even though the holding of such an office can prove a costly item (possibly £300 per annum to carry out the things expected of you), I am immensely proud of having served the hospital thus.

Some while previously, in my presidential address to the B.M.A., I had advocated the provision of Pay Bed Wings or blocks for the Voluntary Hospitals.

I felt that they were much-needed for those who could afford an expensive Nursing Home, and yet who were perhaps not fully entitled to the charity provided in the Free Wards. To quote the passage: – "The interests of the middle classes deserve attention no less than those of any other class.

May we not therefore look forward to a time when every General Hospital will be well equipped with paying wards, or have a Paying Hospital in association with it, served by the same doctors and the same nurses.... The middle-class patient, moreover, has always been the principal sufferer from the high fees of the Nursing Home, another Institution which has a necessary place in our existing system in dealing with the curing of disease, but which is by no means immune from all justified criticism."

My words were spoken in 1926, and though I continually pressed my point in the right quarters, I was sorry to find that Nottingham was one of the last places to adopt this provision.

Somewhat half-heartedly it was decided upon, and desiring to bring the matter to fruition, and speedily so, I undertook to raise the necessary money, in which great task I had exceptional help from many.

The Pay Bed Wing, Nottingham General Hospital

The principal initial benefactor was Mr J. D. Player who, with the usual generosity which he has displayed in Nottingham, started us off with £25,000.

Finally we raised over £63,000 and that is briefly how the present Pay Bed Wing of the General Hospital came into being. Its 43 beds are always occupied and its popularity proves it to have a long felt want.

Something over twenty years ago I came to have visualised (perhaps rather before the general public were ready to consider colour except it), that a State Hospital Service might one day come into being. My then advanced views did not meet with approval, indeed they formed the background of my resignation from the Board of Management and from the Trusteeship of the Hospital.

It is however, most interesting in the light of the interim and the present-day deliberations, that in 1926 I should have expressed the following in the public address –

"Other countries have their State Hospital Services but letters stand by the principle of voluntarism in the hospital at whatever cost of energy and patience required for the adequate provision and efficient management."

You see, I visualise that if the Voluntary Hospitals were to retain their status in the Country they must get together with a definite policy and must cooperate more closely with the municipal and other hospitals. There was too much parochialism!

I saw no harm in their taking grants from the Local Authorities in order to provide for expansion for adequate dealing with all the ailments of all the people who wish to use them.

My views, as I have noted above, met with serious disapproval, and in some cases even personal loss of friendship. However, be that as it may, my own special thought was for the well-being and the general advancement of that hospital which I loved so well, the General Hospital, Nottingham.

In my eagerness, I had perhaps pushed the matter too far, or expressed myself at times too bluntly, but there is some satisfaction to me in these later years of my life to find that what I had prophesied in this connection had come about and that my suggestions have been adopted by the Hospital, even though I momentarily lost friend or two in my zealous pronouncements!

Another project was the Hospital Saturday Movement, and when Mr William Player resigned from the Chairmanship of the Hospital, and its Hospital Saturday Movement, I accepted the Presidency of the latter, and held the position for a good many years.

I started by pressing the advisability of having some definite contribution scheme, for though some £30,000 was raised in a normal year, it struck me that we might almost certainly double that amount by a contributory scheme. My belief did not find the acceptance by the majority, even though I urge that other large towns had both wisely and profitably used such a means of raising money. The controversy ultimately reached a climax and I resigned the Presidency.

But, having now adopted the scheme, which I had so long before proposed, our General Hospital is receiving something over £100,000 per annum as a result.

Without such contributory schemes, I wonder, could the many hospitals spread over a land, have existed? How much more would we in Nottingham have been able to do had this threefold increase in income come about so many years earlier!

Time heals wounds, for these were not too deep, and I am happy to think that I am now very good friends with all my antagonists, but that is, I enjoyed the full friendship of all, the Board of Management, the Doctors, and last but by no means least, with Colonel Pearson, the Chairman.

To be a Magistrate hardly proves a Project – though it certainly brings one into touch with personalities! I was On the Bench first in 1923, and having only just resigned, still keep my name on the supplemental list.

I have liked the work, and attend in my due turn, believing that, apart from the need to give such service when asked, a great benefit is derived from the insight which a Magistrate can obtain into human nature, and the differing environments in which man finds himself.

I have now some more to say of a personality, for I regarded Lord Moynihan of Leeds as one who was most probably the greatest surgeon we have known in this Country since the days of Lister. His contribution to the development of British and International Surgery was immense, and I am proud to have had his friendship, his advice, and personal assistance in much of my work. He had an exaggerated opinion of my own ability – but I learnt much from him. He answered my call on two great occasions, firstly to give the Opening Address on Cancer in the Albert Hall, to inaugurate our British Empire Cancer Campaign, and secondly to open one of the new Operating Theatres at the General Hospital.

His first visit was a memorable one, for few who were present will forget the absolutely engaging manner in which this polished orator held the audience, and to most of the Medical profession his oratorship came as a pleasing surprise, for the art of public speaking is not one in which our profession usually excels.

When Lord Moynihan opened the new operating theatre, at the General, it was upon the generous presentation of Sir Louis Pearson, at which time the work was being started on the second of these operating Theatres, the gift of Sir Thomas Shipstone, which I, myself, had the honour of opening some twelve months later.

The three men in the Medical Profession, who have made the greatest impression on my life are Lord Moynihan, Lord Webb Johnson and Mr Victor Bonny. I can truly say of these great men that I never had a conversation with one of them without learning something, and I am glad to think that I have been fortunate enough to have their friendship. To bring this medley of Personalities and Projects to a close, I have two little yarns to spin!

About the time that I was elected President of the B.M.A. (and of course then considering myself "no end of a fellow!") I was provided by chance with quite a good tale to tell, against myself, at one or two of the Dinners which accompanied the Presidency.

Once out in the Country at a consultation I came round a road junction to find two men, one old and one younger, lying in the middle of the road and smashed cycle close by. I got out of the car and gathered that the young man had a broken collarbone, and the older man long and rather deep cut in head, both injuries the result of the younger man cycling into the older.

I was busy rendering aid to both when I realised that a crowd was gathering, a crowd of miners returning from the pits. The first conclusion of the crowd (by no means friendly upon this surmise), was that I had crashed into both of those injured!

One voice said "Who's that bloke?" "Why, he's the Doctor," said another – "in fact," he said, "It's 'Ogarth, 'Ogarth o' Nottingham." The first speaker said " 'Ogarth, never heard of 'im, anyway he's a bloody funny looking doctor – I wouldn't let him doctor me!"

It was such a remark that pulled the then President of the B.M.A. completely abruptly from his pedestal!

We Surgeons are often asked – "What's the highest fee you ever got for an operation, and was it worth it? This story answers the question: –

A very well-known philanthropist and benefactor of all Hospitals engaged me to perform on him a serious operation. Under the circumstances I did not think that 150 guineas was too much to charge, and I duly rendered an account for that amount.

To show you that this philanthropy was not at an end I quote "My highest fee was 300 guineas," for this kind of fellow not only insisted upon giving me double that which I had asked, but, I am glad to say, did not forget to double the fee all who had anything to do with the operation, which he duly paid to the Anaesthetists, the assistance and to the Sisters – a magnanimous recognition!

May I now endorse an old popular saying: –

"The surest way to health, say that you will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill,
Most of these evils, we poor mortals know,
From Doctors – and imagination flow!"

From any measure of success to which I may claim, I feel it no personal attainment, indeed I attribute very much to my friends, who have so greatly helped me and have so well supported me up on many occasions.

It is then to them that I pay tribute, for I should be mean in my failure to acknowledge such debt. I cannot mention all, for they are legion, I am thankful to say!

Chapter 4

Developments I have seen that the General Hospital during the last fifty-five years

It would be well, I think, to say something about the people who have been chiefly responsible in carrying out, or making possible the great developments which have taken place in the General Hospital. I will begin by a mention of each of the excellent Chairmen we have had during this time.

Firstly, there was the Rev Harry Seymour, who held the office at the time of my joining the Hospital as Resident Medical Officer. In 1894 or 1895 he resigned and was succeeded by Sir Charles Seely, who held the position of Chairman until 1914.

I have previously said much about Sir Charles Seely, describing him as a great autocrat, and a great gentleman, who always had such commanding bearing and looked the aristocrat which he was. I would not like to affirm that he is the greatest of all the many benefactors whose generosity the Hospital has enjoyed, simply because it is impossible to estimate the sum total of his many gifts to the Hospital. Suffice it to say that whenever he got the chance he brought up any surrounding or adjacent land which he could get in the Hospital's vicinity, and paid for it himself. He would do so quite regardless of the cost, and so it resulted, largely due to his foresight in acquiring land, that the Hospital was able to expand to the extent which it has upon its present site.

It was he, of course, who gave "the Cedars" to the Hospital, and as he was by no means the only one of his family who sat on the Board or was a benefactor, the General Hospital may be said to owe a great deal to the Seely family.

Until 1926, and following Sir Charles Seely, Mr Frederick Acton held the Chair. He was a Lawyer and had served on the Board of Management for a great many years.

A most astute and clever man, he took a real interest in the Hospital, on whose behalf he conducted a great deal of legal work, entirely without charge. During the First World War he managed and carried out on the administrative work of the Hospital most efficiently, and although he never was in a position to give large sums of money to the Hospital, it transpired that he died leaving it a legacy.

Then came Mr W. G. Player, Chairman between the years 1926 and 1932. He has properly given more money to the Hospital than any benefactor we have known. He was truly most generous, and the monuments which testify to his generosity may be seen in The Player Ward, The Castle Ward, and The Mable Player Ward, the latter of which was added to The Jubilee Wing.

Mr. W. G. Player was an excellent Chairman, conscientious, painstaking and an inspiration to all who served with him. However, he was a man of very retiring disposition, never wanting to place himself in the limelight or to draw any personal glory from what was achieved.

Between 1932 and 1942 the Chairman was Sir Louis Pearson, also very generous in his gifts to the Hospital, being, of course, the donor of, The Pearson Theatre, one of the most up-to-date Operating Theatres in the Country.

Amongst his many other large gifts was The Pearson Hall, a beautiful room for the use of the Nurses for their meetings, as well as their recreation centre.

For four years, 1932-6, I was Sir Louis' Vice-Chairman and during the greater part we were the greatest of friends, and worked in close harmony. The time came however when we could not see eye to eye on the matter of major policy and our disagreement was followed by my resignation. I am glad to say that before so Louis Pearson died we have long since sunk our differences but the past, and our friendship was renewed on the same good footing as in 1932.

Sir Louis had retired on the grounds of ill-health, and from 1942-1944 the Chairman was one who perhaps of all has given the longest service to the Hospital, a very long-standing member of the Board, Mr William Dawson. He too was a most conscientious and able Chairman, who gave his highest ability, and did much for the Hospital financially. He had a very difficult task compared with those who had preceded him, for during the years of his office the Second World War was at its height.

And lastly, I came to mention our present Chairman Lieutenant-General Noel Gervis Pearson, who succeeded Mr Dawson in 1944.

Everyone in this locality knows what an excellent Chairman is Col Pearson, and what a tremendous amount of time and energy he gives to the Hospital, which, it is pleasing to note, he has made the chief interest (one almost might say hobby) of his life.

Nobody knows how much money he has devoted to the Hospital, because it seems that he gives all manner of things quite anonymously. He is a progressive, there is certainly nothing old-fashioned about him, for he has reorganised the changing conditions in which we now live, has adapted himself, and the Hospital, to these conditions, and has brought it forward by a succession of progressive steps and measures. It is very gratifying to know that now the hospital has come under State control, Col Pearson has been appointed Chairman of the Regional Hospital Board.

I have had a larger insight into the Hospitals affairs than most, and I can say without hesitation that I have never known the Hospital to be in such a state of sound efficiency as it is today.

So much for our Chairman, and now to mention some others of the many benefactors of the General Hospital.

I called to mind Mr James Foreman, a most valuable member of the Board for many years, and a very generous benefactor too. Then there is Sir Thomas Shipstone, of Lenton Firs who gave a great deal to the Hospital, and who supplied among his many gifts, something which is most outstanding – the beautiful Shipstone Operating Theatre.

Before his time there was another generous benefactor in the person of Mr William Bradshaw, and I am sure that long and notable is the list of all who have so generously aided this Hospital. I must be forgiven in failing to mention more of them, but I have just recall those with whose generosity I am myself most familiar.

But in considering the developments and changes in the Hospital I should fail in my purpose if I did not also say a word about the excellent Residents who have served it. I refer chiefly to the House Surgeons, for I know them best and was more familiar with their work and devotion to the Hospital.

They too, in their respective spheres, have contributed very much to the high reputation and popularity of the General Hospital, and – it is worth more than casual note – a great many of them have successfully become very important members of the Staff, and have taken high position in this profession.

Amongst those of whom I have made special note are Dr Jacob, Dr O'Donovan, Mr Allen, Mr Neil, Mr Crooks, Mr Llewellyn Davies, Mr Hunt, Mr Swan, Miss Glen Bott and Dr Wilkie Scott. These were all Residents at the Hospital. I referred to Dr Rowe and Mr Webber.

I would also add the names of two Residents who have made notable names for themselves elsewhere as Surgeons. Firstly there is Mr Keith Montsarrat, who was Assistant House Physician to me as House Physician, and who has since become one of the most famous of Liverpool's Surgeons, and secondly there is John Kelly.

John Kelly was one of my own House Surgeons, and has now made for himself the great name in Cork, where he is regarded as one of the Country's most prominent Consulting Surgeons.

Nearly all those I have mentioned have gone on from the Hospital Staff, that I don't believe that the Hospital has ever had a more efficient or better set of Surgeons in its Senior Staff than it has today, and in the persons of Mr Crooks, Mr Llewellyn Davies, Mr Hunt and Mr Swan.

Miss Glen Bott is not now, of course, on the General Hospital Staff, for, being well-known as one of the leading Gynaecologists of the Country, she has made a great name for herself as Surgeon to the Women's Hospital and the Children's Hospital in Nottingham.

Mention must also be made of the Secretaries who have served the board, for it must be remembered that they too have had them large part to play.

In my time there have been three of them; they are Mr Keeley, of whom I have already spoken, Mr McColl, who served the Hospital truly and well, and who unfortunately died before he had long enjoyed his retirement, and the present, efficient, obliging and pleasant Mr Stanley. He carries the torch in maintaining the Hospitals tradition for here is well versed in the modern and up-to-date methods demanded of one of his position.

There are some trusted faithful servants of the Hospital who have also done more than their bit, for instance the Porters, old Dakin, Bradbury, Starkey (a character and not readily forgotten), and Hickling, who has recently left the service, and who was the sole survivor of those serving the Hospital from the day when I first served it myself.

Then there is Brown, the present Hall Porter, who I believe, has been in service for over forty years. Good and faithful people these, well worthy of recall when aught is written of such a Hospital has this.

I shall not forget Meers, our X-Ray man, who in devotion to his work was burnt, lost some of his fingers and thereby developed a malignant disease. Many there are who will remember Meers!

Fewer would come into contact with Hunt, the Engineer, who was in the Hospitals service for many a year and was quite a character of note by those who met him.

When I come to consider the Office Staff I shall first remember Mr Rose, whom I met when he was but a boy. His present capacity I cannot give, but I note that he always seems to be making for the bank and is obviously engaged in monetary transactions!

There are also two fair ladies whom you will know in the office – Miss Reynolds and Miss Singleton, who are both done so much in their positions to help things along and to make matters easier for others.

In mentioning no others I sincerely hope that, by virtue of failing memory, I have not missed out anyone of special note!

But of Matrons I must say more than a word, for there have been four during my time. There was Miss Knight, whom I have already described (by the way she was known to us

more familiarly as Gertie), and following her was Miss Kendal, who came from Wolverhampton.

Being by no means as strict, she may be said to have been diametrically opposite to Miss Knight – much as we like them both – though Miss Kendal wisely went out of her way to make life more amenable for the Nurses. She tried to give them a good time, and as a result the Christmas Parties and other festivities became quite a feature of the institution during her Matronship.

Yet Miss Kendal did much for the Hospital, bringing new life, and many good ideas to fruition.

Following Miss Kendal came the gentle, homely and much loved Miss Liddle. I have great personal pleasure in thinking that it was my vote (for she obtained the position by one vote only) which brought her to the General Hospital.

Mrs Liddell was certainly a very good Matron – very kind and understanding, so much so that she always made a first-class impression on any visitor, so gracious was her manner and her way of receiving them. She was also very fond of the patients, and enjoyed their complete confidence.

I am so glad to feel that I can still meet Miss Liddle, because she is living in her retirement near the City and is still to be found taking the greatest interest in the Hospital and its well-being. I can record my belief that she never received quite the recognition nor the fair and generous treatment which she deserved.

Less opportunity has been mine to assess our present Matron Miss Plucknett; but I understand her to be equal to the best, and perhaps a bit better than most in the Country, and that's saying much! Knowing her personally I find her most pleasant, even to an old 'un' like myself, who is nevertheless grateful!

Two of the Sisters of my Wards in the Hospital must be mentioned. Firstly Sister Johnson who was so long in charge of my Men's Surgical Ward, and whom I came to regard as one of the best Sisters I had ever met. Please don't think I'm saying this because she was always so tolerant with me – for I am sure I was trying and difficult to manage when at my work – but she was one of those people who was never put out, and certainly not to be upset by a Surgeon, for she was always of the same equal temper whenever she met you. As she is still to be seen in Nottingham I recorded as a joy to meet and to discuss old times.

And secondly there was Sister Tooley, the Sister of my Women's Surgical Ward for many years. She was more than efficient, looking after her Ward and all her patients very well. As she afterwards became the Matron of a Nursing Home on Park Row there will be many who went there and who will remember with gratitude the efficiency and kindness with which she ran the place.

I append the list of Development and Historical Records of the Hospital.

1894. Mr Hogarth Resident Medical Officer

Number of Inpatients admitted	1,769
Number of Outpatients treated	10,888
Number of Outpatients attendances	49,000
In Patient Operations	545

1895. The Cedars Convalescent Home opened – 20 beds

1896. Woodthorpe Lodge added – 20 Beds

1897. Property adjoining Standard Hill purchased for £8,500.

1898. Work of Jubilee Wing commenced. Builders Estimate £23,78 Mr Robinson, Worksop Manor gave £10,000. Architect Alfred Waterhouse R.A. Builders William Woodsend Ltd. Foundation Stone laid by the Duke of Portland. Opened 1901. 66 Beds. Accommodation for 20 Domestic Servants

1899. Hospital lighted by Electricity. X-rays installed, presented by Sir Charles Seely.

1901. New Kitchens etc. Mortuary, Engineers Lodge and Laundry completed; New Entrance Hall; X-Ray Department enlarged; Old Children's Hospital – Now Postern Ward and Pathological Laboratory presented by Sir Charles Seely.

1903. New Boardroom.

1904. Radium purchased; Radiant Heat installed; Ambulance provided; Maintenance Staff increased – Plumbers and Joiners Shops built.

1910. Castle Houses opened for Tuberculosis Cases – 16 Beds.

1914. Sir Charles Seely resigned from Chairmanship of Board after 17 years. In addition to other gifts, he had given the Cedars and loaned Woodthorpe Lodge and maintain these at his own expense as Convalescent Wards since 1895. Temporary Building erected on lawn to accommodate 150 soldiers. Cost £3,367. Cedars and Woodthorpe Lodge set aside for Soldiers.

1915. X-Ray Department further improved – new apparatus purchased and additional staff appointed; Beds for Troops now 263 – a further 53 Beds provided.

1917. First Electric Light installed.

1918. Orthopaedic Department opened – June; Committee appointed to appeal for £100,000 for extension of the hospital – £15,000 Donation from Red Cross.

1919. Preliminary Training School for Nurses opened – Sister Tutor appointed; Old Fever Block converted – upper floor Surgical Women – lower floor Ear, Nose and Throat Department.

1920. Freeholds value £3,320 presented by the Duke of Newcastle for extension of Hospital; Gift by Sir Jesse Boot of £50,000 for the endowment of the Cedars together with £1,850 for improvements.

1926. Ultraviolet Light installed; Ropewalk Wing opened by Princess Mary, 30th April,

1927 Cost of clearing site and structure £94,450

Heating £7,050

Equipment £10,000

Aural Department 40 Beds; Dispensary, Outpatient Department, Deep X-Ray Department (Radiotherapy Department), Extra Storey to Nurses Home (Memorial Nurses Home); Accommodation for 40 Nurses – cost £7,478.

1927. Ransom Memorial Laboratory; Cost of adapting premises and Equipment provided by Ransom Memorial Fund.

1929. Casualty Department reconstructed at a cost of £6.880, opened in 1930.

1930. New Children's Ward – extra floor to Jubilee Wing – 24 beds – cost £12,075.

1931. Deep Therapy X-Ray apparatus installed – cost £1,500 met by Cancer Campaign; Louis Pearson Operating Theatre opened by Lord Moynihan, March 25th – cost £7,129 met by Sir Louis Pearson; Work commenced on the Thomas Shipstone Operating Theatre – Opened 13th February, 1932 by Mr Robert George Hogarth.

1932. Mr Player resigned Chairmanship 16th March, 1932; Sir Louis Pearson appointed; Extension at The Cedars – 40 Beds, cost £10,000; Opened by Viscountess Galway, 28th September 1932. Pay Bed Block/Wing: Fund opened in 1931; Foundation Stone laid 13th November, 1935, opened 12th of April 1938 – 43 Beds.

1935. No. 5, Newcastle Drive acquired for Nurses; Fracture Clinic opened.

1939. Work on Pearson House Nurses Home accommodation commenced, July; Blood Bank for this and other Hospitals in Nottingham; Refrigerator for Blood Storage installed.

Chapter 5

"Sport"

CRICKET, FOOTBALL AND ATHLETICS

A man's not worth much if, with the blessing of a fit body, he has spurned participation in some form of sport which calls for ability to withstand a few hard knocks.

Luckily, being possessed of, and always aiming to retain a men's *sana in corpore sana*, I have been able to take no small part in various forms of sport. This does not mean (and indeed it need never mean for any) that I have been in the first flight has an all-rounder – though I did enjoy the highlights in football, as I did in general athletics, with particular stress on running and jumping.

There are many who regard these reiterations of sporting activity has merely nostalgic – but, I contended, there are just as many who would be the poorer if some dog who has had his day did not record the pleasant memories of the past, and perhaps give thereby something for reflection in the future!

I have derived the greatest player from games. Even if one's personal performances have not reached beyond the mediocre in some, and to the fringe of first class in others, is something of a blessing – and that blessing is mine!

How much, too, can sport helping your career! I can instance many a case in my watch upon the career of others; I can more certainly endorse the belief from my own actual experiences. How many times can I sense that I was myself given preference over others, first because (other things being fairly equal) I was the gamester, or mine was the name which readily occurred in some appointing Board, who also kept their eyes on the sporting items of the day!

Particularly, I can remember this factor being concerned in my appointment as House Surgeon and House Physician – and a very valuable appointment it was! Was not the scale in my favour largely because the appointing Committee recalled my having been Captain of the Cricket and

Football XI's that Barts – and the 100 yards, 220 yards, and Long Jump representative at the same in the United Hospital Sports; finally, Captain of the United Hospitals team?

The point was – everyone knew me, and further, they would know me to be a fit and energetic man, looking after himself, and not one to racket about – for, indeed, otherwise, how would a man have achieved even this much in such a medley of sport?

Let each, younger than me, reflect, too, upon the other aspect to this subject – what a variety of friends can you make under the common bond of love of the game!

It isn't football that I possibly shone the most, for from very early age, I seem to have outstripped the majority of my contemporaries, and gained schoolboy success which took me to St Bartholomew's already known in the Football, as well as in Running and Jumping spheres. So be it, I was soon in The Barts XI, and representing them in many an athletic contest.

We won the Hospital Football Cup on several occasions during that time, and curiously enough, there were two Nottingham people in the team – Dr Coulby who also kept Goal for Notts County, was our Goalkeeper, and Fred Dickson, Johnny Dixon's brother, played Centre Forward. With that team, we managed to do something that no Hospital team had ever done before; we got to the Final of the London Senior Cup and played Woolwich Arsenal (now the Arsenal) at the Oval, but we had to play through all the preliminary qualifying rounds which began in October.

I cast no aspersions on the present day Clubs (for conditions of play and the fairness of performances are so vastly different now) in telling the following experiences. They will at least serve to show progress in sport!

We played a club in the south of London – I am not quite sure of its name. There were no penalty kicks in those days and no goal nets, so that if a foul was given for you and it happened to be about a yard from the opponents Goal Line, you all lined up and the ball got into the middle of you, something like a Rugby Scrum. Well, having got a foul just about a yard from the Goal line, we all lined up, and put our heads down and pushed for all we were worth. We pushed the whole of the other side through the goal with the ball! Incidentally, we won that match by 10 goals to nothing.

No Referees Charts and Instructions to Referees existed in those days!

Perhaps our greatest triumph as a hospital team was against Milwall Athletic, a professional side whom we met on two occasions in a battle royal. And battle royal it had to be, for you are allowed in those days a pretty free hand (or should I say, body and shoulder) in the matter of charging your opponent. Having a really tough test of backs and half-backs, we determined that our best method of success against Milwall Athletic would be to knock their forwards off their feet. We did, but they had ideas too, and the first occasion saw a 1-1 draw. The replay brought us victory, and our 2-0 win entitled us to meet The Arsenal at the Oval.

Do not, for a moment, visualise this as comparative to a Wembley Cup Final – look upon it as an occasion when the roughest of teams ever put out by a Hospital did battle against the professional, and so it turned out, a more skilful team who won by 3 goals to 1. But it was not so much the rough football which I recall, as the almost fanatic behaviour of our supporters and theirs!

Almost every Medical Student in London, using hired buses, attended that match. Our particular contingent took a flag with them, and planted it (rather in the position of the rallying point) on one side of the ground.

Shortly after the contingent of Woolwich Arsenal supporters arrived, and made as if to knock down our flag. The free fight which ensued was a not very auspicious opening to the game!

I remember W. W. Read (who was then the Secretary of the Surrey County Cricket Club, and whose ground we played), coming to me, as captain of the hospital team and saying "You must get that flag taken down, or we shall have to call in the police." So I said, "Well I will come out, if you will come out with me, and have tried, but I don't think I shall manage it! So I got out and I managed to address our supporters and in the end they gave me the flag, which I took into the pavilion at the Oval, where it lay on the top of the lockers for a long, long time – so much for our beautiful black-and-white flag! Well, the Arsenal won 3 goals to 1 in the end, but if we laid plans to knock Milwall out in the semi-final, the Arsenal obviously meant to lay me out in this final, because they made this pretty certain within the first 20 minutes, and I wasn't much use for the rest of the match. However, that was a very memorable occasion in the annals of our Hospital football.

It will be of interest to Nottingham people if I recall my first meeting with Tinsley Lindley, one of our most famous of amateur centre forwards.

In 1886, when I was leaving school, London was due to play Glasgow; I think it was, at the Oval. In those days, intercity matches were great events and drew tremendous interest. As a slim youth, with but a good spell of school football behind me, I little thought that it would be so soon fall to me to play for our capital city – it did, and that's how Tinsley Lindley comes into the story.

I suddenly found myself chosen as a reserve forward for the forthcoming intercity game, and I went down to the Oval, proud to have reached consideration, and looking forward to seeing the great match in which our London XI was practically international. There was Mooning goal, the brothers Walters at full-back, and names such as Holden White, Saunders, J. Lambie, E. C. Bainbridge and Tinsley Lindley on the card.

Tinsley Lindley arrived and announced that he was quite unfit to play, whereupon Pa Jackson (who then ran the Corinthians), and the two Walters brothers said, "You've just got to play, Tinsley Lindley; we can't play that schoolboy, Hogarth, as centre forward, and it will mean upsetting the whole forward line."

I overheard these words, and felt that, if I did have to play, I should not be enjoying the full confidence of the Chief Mentors.

Fortune not only favours the brave at football, it sometimes favours the unknown and, for the ultimate issue was the type played in Tinsley Lindley's place, and was so disdained by the opponents, as an unknown, that they left me completely unmarked and I notched the three goals which mattered!

For my own side rumbled, that for all they had to do was to pass the ball to this despised schoolboy who being unmarked, promptly steered it into the net!

From that day, Tinsley Lindley and I became staunch friends, playing on many an occasion as partners in the forward line, and remaining in closest contact until his death, which non-regretted more than I did.

It was about this period that I found myself called upon by many different clubs. I played often for the Casuals and occasionally for the Corinthians, and for another very good amateur club, known to many of my day, but no longer in being, The Swifts. It was for The Swifts that I played in a memorable cup tie against Sheffield Wednesday on the old Olive ground at Sheffield.

We had what was almost an international side, and though I got our first goal in the first 10 min or so, I was badly crocked a few moments later, and took little part in the remainder of the game, which we eventually lost 2 – 1.

Though I played for the London Caledonians, and was in their side which then won The Middlesex Cup, it was against West Bromwich Albion (who had won The FA Cup but a week previously) that I finished my first-class football career – this last as a Corinthian and as a partner to Tinsley Lindley.

Tinsley Lindley was playing centre, and he didn't at all like the attentions of the West Bromwich Centre Half, I think his name was Charlie Perry. So much so, that at half-time, he said, "You go centre now. I said, "I don't want to." He said, "You have jolly well got to do what you are told!" So I did what I was told, that Perry so damaged my left knee (by sitting on it) that I never played anymore really first class football. When I came to Nottingham, I did play more football, but it was of a less serious nature and I never really got quite sound again.

Before I close my personal experiences – as a player – there is an item, which serves to show, by comparison with present-day tendency, the rather stupid snobbery which we amateurs adopted in relation to our professional counterparts.

Upon my giving quite a credible display in a charity match in London against Preston North End (that was in the eighties, and when P.N.E. were the team with all the talent), I received an invitation from their manager – his name was Sudell, who sent me a telegram invitingly to play for Preston the following week as their outside right had been crippled. Well, I didn't play, because I consulted N.L. Jackson (I was only a boy) who really sort of dominated the amateur football in the South, and asked him what he thought I ought to do. And he said, "Certainly you mustn't play – we can't have you playing with a professional team," – so that was that. I kept the telegram for years and I think I have got it now.

Well, I could go on writing all sorts of stories about football matches, people I have seen, played with, and made lifelong friends with, the time must move along and talk about something else – my association with out to great local clubs – Nottingham Forest and Notts County.

Besides getting a great deal of happiness and pleasure out of football, I had to keep more or less fit, and to do that is good for everyone. I was appointed, soon after starting practice in Nottingham, as a Doctor to the Forest Football Club and later as Dr to the Nott's County Club. Those were very pleasant jobs, and although they may not have been particularly remunerative, I attended all the home matches, which I enjoyed very much. The exceptions, perhaps, were the times when Notts, and Forest played one another, and when I had to be particularly careful not to say which side I favoured, but somehow, I think, I managed to evade the matter successfully, although I don't mind confessing now that I always had a slight partiality for the Forest. Possibly that may have been because I like to recognise that they adopted me first. It may not be generally known that, of all the clubs in the leagues, Nottingham Forest is the only private club – the others are companies – and Nottingham Forest still continues to be a private concern today. Of course, I did not have to go away to matches, that I wouldn't have done, but I did go with Forest to two semi-final cup ties, both of which I think we ought to have won, but we didn't. I forget the years, but one was when we played Bury in the semi-final of the cup at Stoke. We didn't get on very well in the first half and we were one down at half-time. Our chaps seemed to have lost their dash and I remember that I suggested to the chairman and the members of the committee who were there, that we should give the players some champagne – about half a tumbler each. It seemed rather curious treatment, but we decided to do it and hastily secured some bottles champagne, and each player had a half tumbler full. Well, it seemed to act therapeutically in the way I thought it might, and it wasn't long before we got an equalising goal. But unfortunately the effects of this champagne began to wear off and we were fairly lucky in the end to achieve the draw at one goal each. The replay took place at Bramhall Lane, Sheffield. That was quite a sensational match. When we got on the ground and our players turned out ready to kick off, not of the Bury team had arrived and they hadn't arrived after a further 10 minutes. Meanwhile, our men were kicking the ball about, then two of the Bury men arrived, already changed. We discovered that their train had broken down. They had changed in the train and came as quickly as they could in a cab. The full Bury XI arrived in two's and three's. The referee, however, started the game with only eight of their men on the field, and Forest soon took a two-goal lead. As soon as they got going, Bury began to show very good form and about 5 minutes from time, the score was 2 to 1 in our favour. Just then, their outside right centred the ball right across our goalmouth, Alsop punched it out – and it went to the feet of their centre forward McLucky, who popped it in the goal and made it 2 all! And so it was necessary to play extra time, during the second half of which Bury got another goal and beat us 3-2. Unfortunately, in that entire match, we were without Frank Forman, who was recovering from pneumonia. I think if he had played, we would certainly have one and would thus have been in the final. However, Bury won the final quite easily!

The other semi-final of the FA Cup, which I attended with Forest, was when we played Southampton at Tottenham. We scored first in this match and if we had played anything like up to early form, we should have won it, but they beat us 2-1. They had their famous defence, C.B.Fry and Molyneux as full-backs, and Robinson in goal. That defence was picked for England against Scotland. I always feel, reflecting upon those two matches, that Forest ought to have won the Cup again.

I regret that I was unable to see them win the F.A. Cup in 1898.

I am very proud to find myself now the President of the Forest Football Club and to have is a great friend of mine, they Chairman, Mr H. R. Cobbin. I once had the pleasure of doing a little cutting job for him, when he seemed to be in serious trouble, and I am glad to think that he was able to pull through. Anyhow, he has never forgotten my service and he is more grateful to me for it than any patient I have ever treated in the whole of my surgical career. He has certainly been a grand Chairman for Forest, and I can say this with the knowledge of several good ones before.

Then there is my old friend, the Vice-Chairman Frank Forman – whom in his day I deemed as the finalist's half-back I have ever saw kick a football. He was wonderful, both in attack and in defence, and represented England many times. I have attended him for many injuries, but he was one of the, what I call, pretty tough ones – and I have attended too many.

But of all the football players Forest had during my long connection with the club, the one who stood the worst knocks and was hardly ever absent due to injuries was Arthur Capes.

Forest have had a number of secretaries, who have all been friends of mine, but none of them have been so good or able a secretary as Noel Watson. I think Forest have been very fortunate to enjoy his service all these years, and what a fine referee he was too!

Although I have written a good deal about Forest, I shouldn't like it to be felt that I wasn't also very proud to be a doctor to Notts County. I took a great interest in their matches – I used always to go, of course, and I have made many lifelong friends through this association. They too, had some excellent officials and players, whom I shall never forget. But of course, I wasn't so long connected with the County as I was with Forest.

How strange it is that we now reached the sere and yellow, and more apt to recall correctly some trivial matter connected with sport of the many years past, and yet cannot – however great may be our momentary interest – remember, say, the winner of the current year's Derby.

But it's these little isolated trivialities that stick! In 1890, I entered for the Amateur championship, for the 100 yards and for the long jump. The championship was stage at Aston lower ground and the day was particularly wet.

I was then just an also-ran in the hundreds, but I got soaking wet, and returning to the dressing tent, I was minded not to risk the long jump under such appalling conditions. I voiced my opinion, and I was about to scratch, an Oxford Blue, whom I did not have the pleasure of knowing, most kindly offered me some dry togs, saying – "I should enter if I were you." Where an he got me a fine set of shorts and vest, trimmed with the familiar dark blue.

Carrying an umbrella and clad in a Macintosh, I made my entry – and with my very first jump, won the event! I knew it wasn't my best jump, but nobody beat it, and I was surprised, seeing that Bulger of Dublin University, who had twice previously won the event, was quite expected to complete his hat-trick!

With the rain, a slippery take-off and a grass run-up with which to contend, it was not long-jumping under normal conditions, so that my first-jump success must have upset general expectation – not excluding my own!

My Felsted School records prompted me to keep on trying in more competitive spheres. At Felsted, I won every event (except the one-mile, in which I did not compete) – in the last of my six happy years there.

I might have been classed as an all distance fellow – four I took the 100, 220, Quarter, Half, High and Long Jump (the latter as a Public School Record), and even won the bicycle race – an event not usually associated with the purely athletic contests of today. At St Bartholomew's, I therefore was soon accepted as a member of the athletics team, and represented the Hospital in the hundred, 220, and long jump, which latter event I won several occasions, and held the United Hospitals record. There were years, too, when I also represented Barts, in the 100 and 220.

It was in these early medico days that I was running the 120 yards handicapped, stage at Lillie Bridge by one of the London Harrier Clubs, I forget which.

Being somewhat unknown, I was given a goodly handicap and though I did not anticipate reaching the final, at least I felt for the first heat it would be money for jam for me. Accordingly, I tipped myself to a good number of my Barts friends, who obtained from the Bookies (regular in evidence at these meetings) some long odds, and who reaped financial reward from my success.

But not so for the succeeding heats, for I found myself up against stiff competition, and in other sports meetings to come, I found my handicap at a much reduced – in most cases to a back-mark!

I get little chance of seeing first-class athletics these days, but even in listening to the excellent descriptions of events on the radio, I cannot help wondering if these athletes would have outstripped the men of my day, had the former to compete under conditions with which the latter had to content.

But success is welcome – the red or dark track surface replacing the (not too well mown) graphs, the microphones starting replacing the starters shout, and the consistent and organised training facilities supplanting the haphazard, even if most earnest, form in which we had to indulge.

I shall listen to and heed of the 14th Olympiad as keenly as any, but my vision will be of days at Lillie Bridge and the like.

CRICKET

In writing his Nottinghamshire Cricket and Cricketers, the late F. S. Ashley-Cooper (one-time secretary of the County Cricket Club), could not have expressed anything with which I could more agree than "May Nottinghamshire and its Cricketers flourish!"

I can endorse this, for my love of cricket – and cricket in Nottinghamshire and at Trent Bridge – is exceptional, and probably very exceptional for one who cannot himself claim to have been amongst its exponents.

So when in 1932 I was elected as President of Nottinghamshire County Cricket Club, you will realise that it was with the greatest pleasure that I learnt of my selection, even with some surprise that, not being much of a cricketer, I should find myself in this happy and exalted position.

The year 1932 was a memorable one in the world of cricket, for was it not at this period that the prowess of our two Notts bowlers Harold Larwood and Bill Vose, was so prominent – not to mention the lengthy controversy which the word "Body-line" produced. I was one who telegraphed my congratulations to them for the way in which they skittled the Australians, and I would be only too glad to have a chance of sending a similar telegram to some other Harold or Bill who was doing likewise! We could do with a Larwood and a Vose today – I'd like to have seen the 1948 Australians facing our two that their best.

Since I was president of the County Club, I have been on the Committee continuously and I am still on, although I keep telling the club that I am too old, but, as I am still able to give them good advice (I hope) about the physical condition and injuries to the players, I think most of them still like to have me amongst them, which is most gratifying.

I could, of course, write lots of details about cricket matches in which I have played, but most of these would show up my own lack of skill, I shall have to restrain myself and keep to one or two references.

When I first left school, I was asked to play in an important match against the M.C.C. and I was very nervous. I went into field at third man, when the M.C.C. went in after having won the toss. In the first over, I missed catching an international cricketer who came in first for them. I went out to field why the sight screen, and, as we now had a slow bowler on at this end, the same international player hits the ball nearly as high as Salisbury Cathedral spire, and straight towards me near the site screen. I thought I can now make amends for this first miss, so I ran into position, got well under the ball, but instead of getting it in my hands, it went through them, hit me on the chest, making a noise like a drum, and I felt on my behind. Naturally my notes were not improved by these two blunders, but I returned to third man again. Again the great player put one straight at me, and I, of course, politely put it on the carpet. So three times in three overs I missed the man who proceeded to make 170. When I went in, I was out first ball in both innings, so you will understand why I was never asked to play again in a really important encounter.

I remember playing in a Cup Tie for Barts in the Hospital Cup Competition. When the last man came in to bat, the other side required two runs to win the match. I was fielding at third man and this last player took a violent hit at the ball which went off the edge of his bat, very high, between mere at third man and cover point. I heard our captain call my name to take the catch, which I proceeded to do, and I feel sure I could have caught it, but just as I was about to receive it into my hands, I was violently struck on the head by cover point, who had rushed to the same spot, and we both lay on our backs in the semi-unconscious state, while they ran the two necessary runs and won the match.

From the time I first came to Nottingham, I always went to Trent Bridge to watch the County Cricket, but I little thought then that someday I should become the President of the Club and for so long, a member of the Committee.

There have been great changes in county cricket during these years – I'm afraid not all of them for the best. For one thing, I deplore very much to see how many fewer amateurs are playing in county cricket. I don't mean regular players of the county team, but we used to put them in a match or

two, or even one match. They always livened up the game and I am sure interested the members very much.

But before closing these references to cricket, I must mention that, when I first came to Nottingham, I used to go for weeks cricket tour with a club which styled itself as "The Fireflies". Our week was at Skegness each summer, where we met various sides and including Skegness and District, who could always be relied upon to field a good side.

But I have made one reference above, upon which I must enlarge – the subject of the amateur in the cricket world. It might not be inappropriate to finish this chapter by quoting the speech which I made at a dinner of the Notts Amateur Cricket Club.

The Notts Amateur Cricket Club

I rise to propose a toast of the Notts Amateur Cricket Club. I do so with a lively sense of the delicacy required in handling the word amateur. It is as prickly to the touch as it is awkward to define. I heard, indeed, of a schoolboy's definition the other day which may hit the mark passably well in some company, but misses the whole target in this. An amateur said this bright boy, is like Mr Billy Bennett, almost a gentleman. I thought it prudent therefore to have recourse to the Oxford Dictionary. There I was agreeably reminded of what I once knew by heart, that amo means I love and that an amateur, in its primitive meaning, is one who is in love with a thing. Then it came to mean a person who cultivates anything as a past time as opposed to one who makes a profession of it, and from that it easily takes on a rather disparaging connotation, whereby your amateur cricketer or surgeon or gardener, or whatever a man's hobby or pursuit may be, becomes by implication a dabbler or some aptitude and tenuous achievement. I will leave it to your consciences, gentleman, to sort yourself out in your respective categories, but, for the harmony of the evening, I adjure you not even to whisper your opinion as to the class to which your neighbour belongs. And, after all, as I have shown, whether he makes a dashing century every week, or is just a rabbit from any old hutch, he can claim an equal title to the honourable name of Amateur.

It is natural; of course, that the amateur cricketer should flourish in Nottingham, for Notts has produced a long and brilliant line of cricketers, both amateur and professional, as any county in the land. Just let me mention a few famous names. I begin with Old Clarke, best of all lob bowlers, Father of Notts Cricket, founder of the All-England 11, apostle of length, flight and head work: Sam Redgate, one of the best of the early round-arm bowlers and John Jackson, who was certainly the fastest and by common consent, one of the greatest bowlers of all time; Jimmy Grundy, Jemmy Shaw; William Oscroft; Joseph Guy, artist and stylist with the bat: George Parr, the lion of the North, successor to Fuller Pilch as the champion batsmen of England in his day; Richard Daft, an elegant model for all young cricketers; Alfred Shaw, Fred Morley, Dick Attewell, Scotton, Mordecai Sherwin, Walter Wright, one of the first of the servers; Shrewsbury Barnes, William Gunn, Wilfred Flowers, A. O. Jones, and many other of yesterday and today whose exploits are known wherever cricket is played. In the achievement of these whom I have named, you can trace the evolution of the game of cricket, stage by stage, from underhand bolding to round arm; from round-arm to over-arm; from straight bolding to the swerve and the googly; from hit-or-miss slogging to cultivated, organised scientific batsman-ship. Many of these cricketers were not merely first-class players, but pillars of the game, and pioneers who did something more than their fellows for the development and improvement of the game.

In the Tests Matches in Australia in 1884-5, Scotton, Shrewsbury, Barnes, Flowers and Attewell – five Notts men – played in every one of the five tests of the series. I believe no other county can make such a claim, and I doubt whether any other county has had ten men in a county match side that had already played for England against Australia, or afterwards enjoyed that distinction. That was the boast of the Notts side which played Surrey in 1885. May I recall also that amateurs played a much more commanding part in cricket when regular county sides were unknown, and titled patrons of the game spent a good deal of time and money in playing cricket themselves and engaging others to do the same. Finding the most outstanding of the old school of "Gentleman" players appeared on the Nottingham Forest Ground many years ago for All England against 22 of

Nottingham for a stake of 1000 Guineas. Their names were the Rev Lord Frederick Beauclerk, D. D., Edward H. Budd, Squire Osbalderson, John Willes and William Ward. It was during this period of the Luddite riots and the game was played under a magistrate's order that play must stop at 7 o'clock for fear of disturbances. A replay of that match would draw a good gate today if only for the joy of seeing Beauclerk and Ward turnout in tight white jackets, neck cloths, japanned shoes, silk stockings and gloves. Lord Frederick reckoned to make five or six hundred pounds a year out of his cricket – presumably by wagers, but how he contrived to get his Doctorate of Divinity, I have never discovered. At Redbourne Church in Leicestershire, where he was vicar for 22 years, his parish clerk announced one Sunday morning: "The Vicar is going on Friday to be throwing off of the Leicestershire hounds, and cannot return home until the following Monday. Therefore, next Sunday there will not be any service in the church." Anyway, peace be to his ashes!

He bowled slow underhand twisters and would dash his hat to the ground with an oath if a special twister just missed the wicket. That might be thought shocking in a Doctor of Divinity, but then he was also in direct unapostolic succession from Charles II.

Osbaldeston, the Squire came from Yorkshire and was known throughout the land is what Arnold Bennett called a Card. For 35 years he was master of various packs of hounds, he was a fearless rider, and as a game shot had no superior. Osbaldeston was the only sportsman barred by the renowned Captain Horation Ross in open challenges to walk and shoot. In 1818 he was matched at a single wicket against George Brown at Brighton (whose underhand the bowling was so fast that at Lord's he once bowled a ball that ripped through a coat held by a long-stop and killed a dog on the other side). After the match, in which he was soundly beaten, in a violent fit of temper, he crossed his name off the list of members at Lord's.

Edward Budd played cricket in the most distinguished company for half a century, his last match for the M.C.C. being in 1852. For 50 years he took out a shooting licence, and for 25 years he was a match for any man in England at running, jumping, boxing, cricket, tennis and billiards! In the match on the Forest ground which I have mentioned, Budd took no fewer than nine catches.

John Willes was a daredevil, handsome, hard riding landowner in Kent and Sussex; a man of irresistible good fellowship; and man of many parts and many escapades. He did much the cricket. In the days before railways, he spent £100 a time in taking an 11 from the Kent countryside in the neighbourhood of Sutton Valence, his home, to play in London. When the Sutton Valence team, after Willes own playing days were over, returned late from an away match, they always found whiskey, brandy, glasses and a bucket of water outside the hall of his house. And in return for the refreshment, it was the custom to serenade him with good rousing songs of the hunting field. He taught his dog to retrieve the ball at cricket practice, his sister bowling, and it was said that Willes, his sister, and his dog, could be most Elevens in England. He invented round arm bowling, which met with fierce opposition, and matches in which he took part frequently ended in uproar, the crowd swarming onto the field and uprooting the stumps. The climax came when in 1822 he opened the bowling for Kent v. M.C.C. at Lord's and was promptly no balled (for throwing) by Noah Mann. Willes threw down the ball in disgust, mounted his horse (which was tethered near the playing area) and road out of the ground and out of cricket history. Yet round arm eventually became the standard style.

William Ward, the last of my little group, was MP for the City of London, a Director of the Bank of England and an unrivalled hand at piquet. In 1825 Thomas Lord proposed to sell his ground for building land. Ward asked him how much he wanted for the lease. Five thousand pounds, said Lord, probably without serious thought. Ward pulled out his cheque-book, wrote a cheque for the sum on the spot, and Lord's was saved.

No let it be forgotten that in 1820 he scored 278 for the M.C.C. v. Norfolk, the highest score ever made at Lord's up to that time by any batsmen, and the record stood until Percy Holmes of Yorkshire broke it in 1925.

Think of their descendants in the true line of animus succession; Alfred Mynn, Alfred Lubbock, William Yardley, William Gilbert Grace, the Walkers of Southgate, the Steels, the Littletons, The Studds, the Fosters of Worcester and Frank Foster of Warwick, A. J. Webbe, A. P. Lucas, A. N. Hornby, W. L. Murdoch, Andrew Stoddart, C. L. Townsend, C. I. Thornton, T. C. O'Brien, Archie McLaren, C. B. Fry, Ranji, Gilbert Jessop, Stanley Jackson, Ernest Smith, Lionel Palairet, J. R. Mason, C. J. Kortright, Sammy Woods, The Crawfords, Reggie Spooner, Kenneth Hutchings, Bernard Bosanquet, Walter Brearley, Rockley Wilson. The Gentleman v. Players had a

lively meaning when they played. And we remember here with particular refection Johnny Dixon, A. O. Jones, and Charles Wright. What would these have said about the Timeless Test? Possibly something similar to what the public and said when one of his customers protested against the call "Time, Gentlemen, please" as the hour of ten struck. "If you're not drunk by 10 o'clock," he said, "you're not trying."

There is a serious point behind the jest. Those whose names I have mentioned were always trying. Cricket to them was a gay challenge, and adventure, a thing of lusty feeling and execution. While they were on the field, the game was always alert and alive. They were amateurs in the original sense of the term – men who did a thing for the love of doing it, and counted the game beyond the prize. We have fewer amateurs in first-class cricket today than ever before, and the game has lost spirit and personality in consequence.

I hope that no counter attractions or distractions, however alluring, will affect the regular flow of new members into the Notts Amateur Cricket Club, and that it will flourish so long as the Trent flows under Trent Bridge.

Chapter 6

Fishing

You may wonder why I want to write about fishing, but when you realise that I have derived more recreation from (and a tribute not a little of my good health) to this gentle art, you will appreciate that my life's pleasure has been wrapped up in many parcels, not the least of which was the time spent in angling for the wily trout or salmon.

Let me say that I have no desire to tell exaggerated tales about the size of fish which I have caught – nor of the much larger size (for this is the usual want) of fish which have been hooked and lost! No, it results from the pure delight which pitting my skill against these silvery fellows has brought me. There is, further, the spice of adventure attached to it, especially in my early days – when we were all want to attempt the quasi-illegal!

You see, I was brought up on the banks of the Tweed, and from the age of about six years I possessed a small rod and a couple of flies or so, and thus became interested in the exciting sport of catching (I admit it, quite illegally) the Salmon Parr.

From that day onwards, and with much more propriety and definitely under the rules of the game, I have been fishing in many a river and stream of these isles.

While yet a boy at school I used to go, and accompanied with my grandfather steward, to the banks of the Tweed and virtually as a poacher, fish the Upper Floors Water, the stretch strictly preserved by the Duke of Roxburgh. No doubt he would have forgiven the youthful delinquent, but I doubt if he would have countenanced the aiding and abetting of the steward!

It would be just as it was getting dark that we would sally forth, and many is the wonderful basket of trout which we secured. The steward was an expert fisherman, and I'm nearly the learner – that I had a role to play apart from the learning, for it was who would have to watch out for the Water Bailiffs, and, warning my mental, would know the means of disappearance when they approached. Many and narrow were the escapes.

But there was more legitimate fishing too, and I had many a good day on the Tweed and on the Teviot, an experience which was supplemented at a later day when, upon my mother's move to Salisbury, I took up fishing in the Avon – quite a different story, for this was a pure chalk stream and called for considerably more dexterity and patience.

All the fishing on the Tweed in my younger days had been with wet fly – generally with three flies on a cast, but to fish the Avon meant use of a dry fly – cast upstream of course – and with not a little skill to be shown in keeping oneself out of you, for the trout has a quicker view of you than you have of him!

However, the Avon is a beautiful river, full of lovely trout, and it did not take a long to change, I believe with quite considerable success, to drive fly fishing.

I could fish on every occasion when, as a medical student, I came home for a spell, and, when I was apprenticed to Dr Coates (of whom I have made previous notable mention), I used to fish off the wall of the garden of the infirmary, just where the river runs under the street. Those who know Salisbury will be well acquainted with the spot, for most visitors stop to look over the bridge and to spot the rising trout which are still to be seen there even if not in such sizeable quantity as when I sought them.

Mr Sharpin, the House Surgeon at the Salisbury Infirmary, was my fishing companion of that day, and many were the fine trout which we creeled between us. Dr Sharpin is now at Bedford and will remember how pleasant were our fishing days and how people used to stop and admire how catch, or watch those plays some fighter.

And then there was the move to Nottingham, to be House Surgeon at the General Hospital. Now this brought me into contact with Sir Francis Lee, of Epperstone Manor – a member of the hospital board – and (would you believe it?) I found that he now rented that very stretch of the Tweed, the Upper Floors Fishing, on which my early fishing had taken place!

He very kindly suggested that I might like to return to my schoolboy haunts – which I readily accepted and thus he most generously arranged for me to go up there in June, adding a warning (no doubt with knowledge of the past!)... "But, my young man, you must not fish for Salmon." So, accompanied by Dr Buckley from Nottingham, I set off for a lovely holiday – and didn't we catch a lot of trout!

I think that there were more trout in the Tweed then in them there are now, but it is still a fine trout river.

Some of our finest baskets were obtained when the river was dead low and gin clear, when we would fish upstream with Stewart tackle, and if you know how to use that properly you will have realised how deadly it can be.

With Sir Francis Lee's permission, I had further fishing, chiefly on the Greet and then on the Dover Beck, subsequent to St Francis' death, when Col Leslie Birkin took over the fishing. He must offend these trout with lavish hospitality, for I remember that there were some big ones to be caught, and that the fishing as a whole was excellent.

The Dover Beck came again into my fishing list, for Mr Stanley Bourne asked me to look after his stream for him, and to keep it regularly stocked. There was fine fishing here, just as there was at Elvaston in Derbyshire, where I was indebted to Mr William player for many a fine days sport.

Some years later, when I was on the Honorary Staff at the General Hospital, I took over from my friend, Major Colley, a stretch of the Dove, practically from Dove Holes up as far as Hartington. This, as many will know, is a fine reach of the Dove, and how lovely is that cottage on the foot of the hill from Alsop-in-the-Dale in the Alston Field's direction.

The keeper and his wife lived in this cottage – and what a grand keeper, and what an expert dry-fly man he was! It was a perfect holiday that I could spend in that beautiful valley and how excellent the fishing, even if presenting the greatest difficulty, even to one pretty well versed in the art. But I was lucky, for the keeper taught me more about fishing with a dry fly than I had known to that date, and I reckoned this man as one of the finest fisherman who ever cash to fly. I heard of his decease after he had spent some years on another fine river, the Test – for which he went to live near Andover and no doubt compared the Test with the water which he had known in those Derbyshire Dales.

And what a wonderful river is the Dove – and how well described by the father of fishing, Isaac Walton, who loved every inch of it.

Many local people come to fish with me on the Delve including Sir Douglas McCraith, who married my wife's niece. At that time Lady McCraith did not care for fishing at all – at least not that sort of fishing – but I would not mind wagering now that she is the most expert lady fly Fisher in the Midlands. She can catch fish now when nobody else can get any.

Though these later references have been stressing my pleasure in catching the wily trout, let me not forget my main delight – that of Salmon fishing. I liked it best and had a most enjoyable share of it.

People often ask me what is the greatest thrill I have had from sport – they ask it of others, suggesting... The making of a century at cricket... Or it may even be the shooting of a left and right

at Woodcock! I know that gave me the greatest thrill – the first pull of a good salmon! I believe that nine out of ten experienced sportsmen would give you the same answer.

It was not until about 1901 or 1910 but I took up salmon fishing in earnest, and this was when my old friend Charles Crompton, of Stanton Hall, invited me on the Carron in Rothshire, where he had taken the grand stretch of water.

For then it was that I began to learn that there was something in salmon fishing – something different to that I experienced as a mere boy.

I admit (and who would not) that anybody, with a large cock and sunken fly and on the River where there is plenty of water can catch a Salmon provided that he gets his fly in the water and allows the stream to take it round – but to catch salmon in low water is quite a different matter. It is then that you will be able to spot the novice from the old hand, for the man who knows how to work his fly in low water – one who really knows how to fish – will be catching some salmon, while the novice is standing aghast and quite hopeless. I particularly refer to fishing with a greased line, and with a small-sized hook. There is art for you! And what an art mending the line, as it is called and working it up and down according to circumstance, always with the aim of keeping the fly fishing, and without the tell-tale drag.

But perhaps the most difficult fishing is that which necessitates the use of a bait, and in lowish water – and, shall I add, knowing how to use the prawn properly.

When I was inspecting hospitals in the 1939-45 War, and travelling over much of the West Country, I got a good deal of fishing on the Wye, and as the fishing there is largely with bait, I was able to study the methods of some of these really expert men – and what a revelation to me, for I found there was need for considerable skill and experience to attain even a modicum of success.

As the years had passed – and as, I suppose, I was by then able to afford it, I determined to have some fishing rights of my own. I had so much hospitality from Mr Charlie Crompton that I felt that I ought now to be able to entertain him – and others.

So I took Invercauld, on the Dee at Braemar, and held the fishing there for several years. Naturally, not being able to be there all the while, I sublet as required – but it was a grand piece of fishing when the water was in order and when the fish were running. In 1920, for instance, I took 10 salmon each day for three consecutive days – but I do not put before you the number of weeks when my total catch was one per week!

Later I had some fishing on the Berridale, and Langwell – two beautiful little waters, the latter being fished when I was staying with the Duke of Portland, but of course one has to hope for plenty of water, for as the season rolls on and the water gets lower and lower, the fishing is poor.

However, I got a call once more to return to my old love, the Tweed, and giving up Invercauld I successfully had some excellent beats on the Tweed, namely Henderside, Floors, Mackerson, and Carham – all the wonderful stretches, and productive of some wonderful sport for Major Colley, Lord Belper, Lord Charles Bentick, and Sir Maurice Cassidy, my friends – not forgetting Charles Crompton – all of them grand fisherman too.

For two years I also had the Dryburgh Abbey fishing on the Tweed, but that had proved rather disappointing.

With all this mention of fishing you will be wondering how it came about that I had time for work too! (You will also note later that I devoted much to shooting and motoring, but I can assure you that I did not neglect work – indeed the evidence is in plenty – for I determined to work when I was at work, and to play just as hard when at my varied forms of recreation. Further, and I commend this to anyone, the better the recreation you get, the better fitted you are to carry out a heavy task.

What peace and contentment there is in the beautiful surroundings to stream or river, in the trills and chattering is of birds – all to be had by the fishermen.

I shall repeat it – fishing is a very soothing and peaceful way of taking a rest from one's labours – so go to it any who can! For my part I could not give you wiser counsel.

You will be looking for some tall stories – I can hardly call them lies, but if there is a slightest exaggeration then just put it down as fishermen's tales, please. The percentage of truth is more than deliberately outweighing what is due to faulty memory or to personal gratification, for I certainly do not want to stress my own abilities as a fisherman – for I fished for pleasure – not for records!

However, I can relate that when I had Henderside on the Tweed, my great friend Major Colley was with me, and for his days fishing he had a wonderful stretch of stream, under the name of

Little Davy, which is probably the best low-water fishing on the Tweed. I was fishing much lower down, and got, I think, but one solitary fish.

It was a nasty cold day in May, with the wind coming upstream from the east. Frank Colley had decided to leave the river at about 4 p.m. for a sea mist was gradually dropping, and on my enquiry as to how he had fared, he said "I haven't done anything – in fact I'm just miserably cold and am going in for a drink."

But I, who look to make the most of any fishing, decided to stay an, so replied "you go, if you like, but I have a mind to make one or two casts from the top here." So I got in the boat (an absolute necessity on Little Davy) and asked old Brown, the fishermen, to row higher up. It was not long before I had hoped salmon, having used a dropper and tail fly – a Blue Charm, and Silver Grey as the dropper. The salmon was soon landed, and so I thought that I might stay on a bit. I did, with a final basket of nine – all taken within the next ninety minutes! All nice Spring Salmon, taken on the dropper in four cases, and all of them in the 9 or 10lb range. I never broke once and never lost a hooked salmon that afternoon. But what a different story after 5:30 p.m.! First, let me say, my old boatman, Brown, had been given sufficient time – and opportunity – to fill himself quite nicely with tots of whiskey, with a result that he was gradually getting more and more under the weather – in fact was distinctly tight! Add to this there seem to come some strange lull over the water (Brown's predicament may have exaggerated this in my mind), and, fish as I could and did, not another salmon did I hook. There had been one and a half hours of glory and quite an equal period of hopelessness.

It is, though, most singular that one can catch nine salmon during a short period of a bad day, and under most adverts fishing conditions (according to the rules) and yet flog on for a further period and get nothing stirring at all.

We have all experienced it, but perhaps this occasion most stuck in my mind because my companion had so early called it a day, and my boatman had passed from activity to oblivion!

Fishing experience produces some awkward moments I remember once I was fishing the Carron, with Charlie Crompton, and, having hooked a good salmon, I found it taking me down the river – were good-sized rock stood out and promised some trouble.

My endeavour, of course, to keep that salmon from the vicinity of the rock, but, try as I could, I was unable to stop my line from getting round the rock, and – worst of all – under the water. So there I was, completely fixed – not knowing whether the fish was still on or not. But my friend came to my aid, with what I will call a real fisherman's bit of cunning.

There was a bridge over the River the short way up, and so Charlie Crompton got onto the further bank and by means of a large hook caught up my line and took it slightly upstream, ultimately getting it over the rock – were low and behold there appeared the fish on my side – for he hadn't broken after all. Making for a small waterfall below he eventually gave me the chance to land him – which I should certainly have not done but for Charlie Crompton's ingenuity.

Fishermen always like to talk about the size of fish they catch, which reminds me of a story of a fishing club, who arranged a big dinner in the middle of the day, and spent their time in telling such tall stories about the fish they had landed. As the dinner wore on, and the diners became mellow, of course the stories got more exaggerated. Dinner over, they proceeded home, no doubt each traveller trying to cap the fish size story of his mate.

And in crossing a field one of these too well dined saw a scarecrow, in its usual position with outstretched arms. The semi--inebriated diner walked up to the scarecrow, eyed it up and down, and then said "And you're the biggest dammed liar of the lot!"

Well, I have never caught any very big salmon, nothing over 30 lbs., that is to say, but I remember fishing the Carham on the Tweed one autumn – and there was always a good autumn run of salmon on the Tweed in those days, the big fish coming on that run and the smaller ones in the spring run. I got two of these big fellows, fresh run, during the morning and went down to the hut for lunch. The hut is situated just at the corner of a pool called The Kirk End.

After lunch I hooked something which seemed to me to be bigger than any I had taken before in my life, and I struggled with him for something over an hour, until I was quite exhausted, for the salmon never moved out of the pool, and had every bit of fight left in him.

So exhausted was I that I called to Frank Swan, the Ghillie, "I can't go on anymore, I must lie down on the bank and give it up." "Don't do that, sir, he said, it's very unlucky." But I just had to give in, so asked him to take the rod and do his utmost.

In 2 min time I was flat out on the bank, when the Ghillie regretted that salmon was gone! As one of the oldest hands on that stretch of the Tweed I could take his word for it that an estimate of something over 40lbs. for that salmon was no exaggeration. Certainly I, who fought for an hour with the fish, had never met his like – nor did so again in my long fishing experience.

Once, when fishing on the Wye, I heard that a very big salmon was moving at Summerfoot – a pool on the stretch. So I resolved to try to get to grips with him. All morning I fished that pool, and though I had to other salmon by that time, when up came the landlord of the Green Man, at Foundhope, who had been fishing a great deal lower down. I told him "There's a very good fish in there, at least I think so, for I have seen him once – but I cannot catch him, would you like to try? If you do, I promise you he'll be a big fellow, but you can certainly have him if you get him." Somehow though, I did not fancy his chances. But I was wrong, and I well remember that he was fishing with the real called the Easy Cast – and Easy cast it must have been because on his first attempt the bait came round, the fish took it, and there followed one of the finest tussles which I have witnessed. His strong wire trace held and after about a 45 minute fight the man had landed this whopper – the fish of 45½ lbs.!

Search on my yarns, and I could no doubt spin as many and as grand ones as any – for I had started fishing so young, and with such long apprenticeship and such a wide experience of this noble art, I felt that I certainly ought to have been one of the country's best fisherman (and at times even I felt myself so!) But the time comes when one cannot carry on, and today I very much doubt if I could use a rod for long without sustaining undue fatigue. I certainly could not land those fish which had been mine in the past.

But fishing has brought me a wonderful time – it has been my principal joy and pleasure – but I have derived much the same from my work and what more can a man ask?

To any who wants the pleasant – and health giving form of recreation – may I say "Take-up fishing, and cultivate the art."

It is good in ones later years to look back upon such an enjoyable experience as mine, for:

When time shall steal our years away
And steal our pleasures too
The memory of our past will stay
And half our joys re-new.

Chapter 7

Shooting and Motoring

It would not be right to describe myself as more than a moderate shot. In the shooting of game one can be so very variable, and while on some days there is a feeling that you are really good shot, on others you find yourself equally bad. I make a general moderate claim in the way of proficiency.

However, that did not prevent my enjoying some of the finest shooting to be had in the country, for which I am indebted to quite a number of friends whose hospitality I've so much enjoyed.

Amongst them – for it was principally on their land that I shot – I place the late Duke of Portland, at Welbeck, and the late Lord Savile at Rufford is providing me with the greatest enjoyment in this branch of my recreation.

It was after Lord Savile's death that in 1930 I became one of his Trustees and, as the other two Trustees lived at some distance, it fell to me to manage most of the local affairs at Rufford and on the Yorkshire estates. On the latter he had a very fine Grouse Moor at Walshaw, and I found it necessary to let both these shoots to a syndicate – of which more anon.

Charlie Crompton, Lord Charles Bentick, Stanley Bourne, Lord Belper and Sir Harold Bowden also of their generosity provided me with most excellent shooting, while there were many others who kindly gave me a day or two here and there.

These were wonderful days, and I shall not forget in a hurry the excellent sport which we got at Welbeck and Rufford, chiefly of pheasants and partridges – but that was not all, for the shooting was arranged to give every comfort to the guns, that is to say one's comfort was so well looked after, with two sets of beaters to ensure getting the best out of the day – not to mention the marvellous luncheons provided in a specially erected luncheon tent – all of which added to one's pleasure.

Apart from the enjoyment which this all afforded to me I must record that, as far as I know, I did not shoot any human being – though I got pretty near to it on more than one occasion, and even tickled up one or two of the dogs. On the contrary it was I who got shot up, for someone once hit me rather badly in the leg, and this meant that I was quite a while laid up. But such things are all in one's lifetime's shooting experience, and I am glad that nothing worse befell me or my hosts – or their employees!

In the matter of the size of bag, I suppose that the most wonderful day shooting that I experienced was when I had some Grouse shooting at Gunner Side and Keld in Yorkshire, with C. R. Crompton and his brothers-in-law, Edgar and Stanley Dennis. We got over 900 brace, from six guns, in one day. But what a day it was – far too much strain, and I remember returning with a splitting headache, so intense had been the effort.

Lord Savile's moor in Yorkshire was not a big one, but it was wonderful for its size. In one occasion, after Lord Savile's death, I had let the shooting to a syndicate, and we took a toll of over 3000 brace from it. I formed one of the syndicate and used to complete the general management, that is to say, I arranged all the catering, fixed up with the staff and kept the accounts, the members of the syndicate having nothing to do but to shoot and to meet their share of obligation. As the Trustee, and as the working Member I got free membership of the syndicate, which was only natural to expect.

Years before I had also been in a syndicate, in Nottinghamshire, where we had various shoots, including those at Bestwood, Kingston, Bingham, Oxton and Gopsall – the guns being the same nearly all the time. We comprised, the late Bailey Foreman, Dr Michie, Major P. Birkin, H. D. Snook and myself, and we got some splendid sport and much enjoyment from it all.

Possibly Bingham gave us the greatest sport, for partridges, with Oxton as its second, Kingston and Bestwood being better for pheasants.

But what I most treasure from these memories is the great companionship which the shooting – just as in other forms of sport – provided to us all. Further, how good it all was for one's health! You come back from shooting refreshed in mind and body (except on the rare occasions when the bag had been far too heavy!), And there was a feeling that, now that's over I feel fit and ready for work again. At least I always did, for I believe that all outdoor sports keep you fresh, give you added interests and thereby intensify your interests in your daily round and common task – the routine work, love life.

I can't close these few remarks about shooting without reference to two things which make for much of the enjoyment – one was my splendid spaniel, Jane, a grand game dog, perfectly trained and the best retriever I've ever seen. She was given to me by Lady Savile.

The other is my friend Geddes who has been with me for nearly 30 years as my chauffeur. He has driven me for many thousands of miles in all weathers, day and night, with never an mishap of any kind.

He is a wonderful all-round man. Can do anything, first class with guns and dogs, and a fine fisherman and shot. I hope he has enjoyed his field sports as much as I have in having him always with me. I certainly owe him much.

It is a close thing between Dr Ashwell, Dr Owen Taylor and myself as who can claim to have been the first doctor in Nottingham to have possessed a car. I lay claim to first place by a short head, and being a keen pioneer I took to competition work with my car, motor racing and especially hill climbing, for which the early 1900's provided quite a craze. Most counties boasted an automobile club or a hill climbing club, and I became one of the enthusiasts.

For a year or two I went in for this quite extensively using a Clement-Talbot which I had from the makers in London. It was of 12 hp and wonderfully efficient.

The hill climbing competitions, as, I believe, today, took into consideration the size of engine and the weight of the car – the sort of standard formula being set for the matter of handicapping.

One season I did remarkably well and ran off with nearly every challenge cup in the Midlands, all of them either at hill climbs or speed trials. The successes were due to the fitting of a little (then novel) device, which I had personally attached to the car – working roughly as follows:

You will have noted that an induction pipe takes your petrol mixture into the cylinder, and in this I tapped a hole between the butterfly valve (throttle) and the engine fitting a quarter inch copper pipe, with a stopcock on it and leading to the dashboard. When we got the car going we then switched on or opened up our device – and, mind you, this was a distinct novelty in those days – with the result that additional power was obtained and we excelled our fellow competitors who knew nothing of the device.

This all led me to think that if I could manage to win these midland competitions, I might go a step higher, and so I contemplated entry for the Shelsay Walsh Hill Climb.

This, as you will know, is an open competition, open to the trade, that is to say, and one which even in those days took a bit of winning. To see if they would aid my success by makers advice I wrote to the Clement Talbot people and told them that I was making an entry with my own car. They replied to the effect that they were making three special cars for the event, and that an entry with an ordinary Clement Talbot would seem rather superfluous, as their cars would be specially entered, been driven by their professional drivers. Good as these Clement Talbot's may have been, none of them had my own little device upon it, with a result that I drove the whole way up to Shelsay Walsh from Nottingham, competed and beat on timing all three special cars built for this occasion by the firm! The firm were, shall we say, mystified and mortified, but they learnt of my gadget and from that time fitted it to all their cars. I took some delight in beating the special Clement Talbot's, but in the actual Shelsley Hill Climb I came across something hotter still, and did not get first place.

But the effort had very pleasant repercussions, for the Clement Talbot Company stood me a dinner in London, where I was presented with the most beautiful 25 hp Clement Talbot for nothing, except that I had to hand in my own car, now rather battered by its two years hard running. But the Clement Talbot 25 was not a patch on my old-un, and I did little beyond winning a few local challenge cups with it.

Since that date I have used, for my professional work, something like twenty different makes of cars – for my work took me out often and far afield, so I looked for the most reliable.

Without too much distinction let me say that of all (and I have had three of them) I liked my Rolls-Royces the best, for I always could confidently rely upon having a smooth journey, and never had the slightest fear of being let down, all stranded upon some country lane due to engine or other trouble.

I have consecutively touched upon many interests from Football to Fowling, I might almost say, but I have made no mention of the enjoyment which also failed to me from such participation in Tennis, in Bowls and in Golf. They merely serve here to stress my pleasure in having had so many and so wide outside interests, and to reiterate that I have derived considerable physical benefit from each and every one.

Chapter Eight

The Importance of Health

I might perhaps be allowed to finish this book by writing a chapter on the above, seeing that I have spent the whole of my working life trying to cure people of their ailments and teaching them how to keep from getting them.

The value of health cannot be rated too high. Bodily health, mental health, moral health, spiritual health, national health – in each and every aspect health is a state of being well worth striving after an worth all the effort of which one is capable, to maintain.

You may suppose that this has always been so and that mankind has always thought much the same as today about the blessings of health. In this sense, of course, that is true. In another sense it is not true. The science of health, as the experts now understand it, has only lately been discovered. Indeed, I would rather say it is only now in process of being discovered.

And for the best of all reasons, in other words, the only within the last 100 years has the medical profession begun to be master of its own science and practice. But you must remember that ~certain discoveries were made, medical science not merely did not advance, but could not advance. You must not be too hard on doctors and surgeons for not making at an earlier date the supreme discoveries of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It would be just as unreasonable to blame the engineers for not discovering centuries ago the steam engine, the motorcar and the flying machine.

Probably almost the youngest of my readers is old enough to remember the general introduction of wireless which we now take for granted as a commonplace of civilisation. A schoolboy can now make his own wireless set. In 10 years this modern miracle will excite no more wonder than an electric tram car or a motor bus, and people will find it impossible to realise the old boredom of winter evenings when one could not switch on the wireless and listen to the news of the day, the BBC Orchestra or Dance Music till midnight from the Blackpool Winter Gardens or the Piccadilly Hotel.

When our fathers and grandfathers lived in great isolation in respect of health, they will cut off effectively. They had their physicians, surgeons and apothecaries, who looked just as wise – or problem even far wiser – than their descendants of today. Certainly they trust the part better and were much more solemn and impressive in manner. However, they took their calling seriously and lived God-fearing and self-sacrificing lives. But much of what they thought they knew best was wrong, and most of the discoveries which have wrought a beneficent revolution in medicine were wholly unguessed.

No real progress in knowledge is possible to view have firmly discovered cause and effect. To you discover its cause, any disease is your master, and even then you may grope for 50 years to find its cure. There was no science of health as we know it, till medical science had started forth on its new career. For any given person, health and life were almost a matter of luck or accident. The great killing epidemics re-occurred at intervals and mowed the people down in broad and ghastly swathes. Other diseases were permanently encamped in our midst, as they still are, but they then took an enormously high toll, because most conditions were then favourable which are now adverse to their spread.

Do you think that it was mere perversity or callousness on the part of the ruling classes that a Ministry of Health was not established in this country till the Great War. Not at all. It is fair criticism to say that it might well have been established say 20 or 30 years earlier, but much earlier than that it would have been impossible. If you ask why, the answer is that before then the grand inspiring conception of a Nation in Health had not arisen, and indeed how could it arise when the prevailing and ruling idea about disease and academics was that they were inevitable, that they were not merely allowed by Providence but were actually sent for our punishment and for our good, and that it was a matter of luck or Providence – according to the point of view – whether you escaped all you was stricken down.

I wonder how many have any conception of the opposition which the sanitary reformers more than a century ago encountered before they won the battle for decent sanitation.

You should read the violent letters attacking and denouncing such men as Chadwick and Charles Kingsley when they dared to attack the common pumps standing in the fetid courts of London and the great cities as the prime source of infection in a cholera pandemic. This is the one supplied the people with water from sources contaminated by foul and murderous cesspools, but the explanation given was that this scourge was sent by God, like other pestilences, and that the miasma of fever and malaria was as inescapable as the great clean winds blowing on the health. There was no glimpse of the real truth in the public or even in the educated mind. There was in fact a strong obsession of the public mind by the most fatal errors, especially fatal because honest, well-meant endeavours to

persuade the victims to an attitude of pious resignation became perverted into an appalling defence of some of the worst social and sanitary evils arising from human selfishness.

There was a public body founded in 1848 through the agency of one eager reformer, Edwin Chadwick, called the General Board of Health, and it was an independent body, which was not even subject to any departmental or Government control. But it had no power of come portion over the vestries and municipalities which it sought to goad into action and after seven years of hectic controversial live, it was actually abolished by a Parliamentary vote in the name of individual liberty.

It was sarcastically said at the time that "the English people would prefer to take their chance of cholera rather than be bullied into health." And so the cause of sanitary reform received a painful check. That meant, of course, that public opinion was not ready for it, and candour requires the admission that general medical opinion was not very much more advanced. Moreover, Chadwick himself was too far ahead of his time to gain popular support for schemes which were the product not of practical experiment, but merely of hard reasoning and logic. The doctors disliked a man who was not even a doctor, telling them what ought to be done towards the prevention of epidemics and the organisation of a pure water supply. Survey is derided his projects for the wood-pavings of streets. Great industrialists suspected one who decided to make employers liable for accidents to their workmen. And the whole company of vestrymen, as you can well imagine, were up in arms against a reformer who was resolute in exposing their efficiency and corruption. Edwin Chadwick, however, had the vision on a great system of preventative medicine as part of a National Health Scheme as we have seen come into being within the recent century. Like Moses, he saw but did not enter the promised land.

Why have I dealt on this bygone Victorian reformer and the bitter opposition which she encountered? I will tell you. It is because I would not have the present generation repeat the mistakes of its predecessors. The battle of sanitation has, indeed, been won, and we are all sanitarians now, at any rate in theory.

But you need not look far to find gross offences against sanitation, and it is not also true that you encounter the closed mind at every end and side? You know what I mean by the closed mind. It is the lazy mind that does not want to think. It is the selfish mind which resents being convinced. It is the bigoted unprejudiced mind that will not admit new evidence. It is this shattered mind that will not open to the light.

It will not have you to be light reads shaken by the wind all to be always running about after you doctrines, or at the mercy of the latest advertisement which promises you a quick and certain cure. But I advise you to keep your mind open and receptive and when those who are qualified to give you counsel in matters of Health pass their well-considered judgements, I would have you sympathetically disposed to accept and act upon them.

I would ask you, in a word, to cultivate an active Health Sense. The development of such a Sense in the general body of the nation would soon produce magnificent results. You may tell me that it exists today. I beg you to be under no such illusion. One of the most distinguished of British Scientists said not long ago that millions of people in the United Kingdom are, in a medical sense, every whit as superstitious as the natives of Darkest Africa.

Ask yourself whether it is any less superstitious to part with your good money for quack medicines which you see advertised in the newspaper or on some flaming poster on the walls than it is to call in the help of a native witchdoctor? You laugh at the fetish of the untutored savage in the jungle; but you have your own fetish in the shape of a medicine bottle.

I have seen it estimated that the 12 million insured persons under the National Health Scheme consume every year more than 10,000 tons of medicine bottles! They could almost make a railway embankment. What proportion of that enormous mass, even if harmless, is valueless to the patients who consume it? I would not attempt to estimate, that it certainly would be very large.

You may say, "Then why do doctors prescribe the stuff?" The cancer is that if they did not prescribe it, their patients would lose faith in them and would go home and say, "Oh, that fellow is no good. He did not give me a bottle of medicine."

Something of that sort was probably in the scientists mind when he said that millions of our own people are as such the victims of superstition in a medical sense as the tribes of Central Africa. They cling to the old notions. They believe that heart that a doctor who knows what is wrong with them yet cannot cure them, is an incompetent full, though too often they keep away from the doctor

till they are almost passed cure. They believe that there must be an effective remedy for every ailment – which is by no means certain – and the panel Dr ought to know it and be able to apply it in their case, though they may be suffering from a complex of maladies or some disorder whose cause and cure still baffles the expert knowledge of the profession.

Again, I ask you whether it can be said that a real Health Sense exists in our midst when you see the great mass of the people flagrantly breaking the most elementary rules of health. Do the majority of our people scrupulously obey the laws of personal cleanliness? Do they behave as they understood that dirt is the deadliest enemy of health and the most fertile breeding ground of disease? Do they serve the laws of health in diet? Do they make wise and healthy use of their most precious leisure?

I could extend my list of questions ad infinitum, but these are enough. My point is this. It is little use knowing the rules of health unless you obey them. Knowledge, of course, is good, for knowledge is the basis of all improvement. But a very wise man once said: "Knowledge grows but wisdom lingers." That is where more people fail in respect of health, and that is why I say that the real and living Health Sense has still to be created in this country.

Mere knowledge is not enough. We all know the Ten Commandments and yet it is obvious that they are not frequently broke. The religion of health also has its Ten Commandments, and, speaking as a health enthusiasts, I say that I heartily admire the practical wisdom of the old Hebrew lawgiver who included the sanitary regulations of the Book of Leviticus as an essential part of the religious ritual of the Jews.

It was a sheer disaster for the sanitary health of Christendom that a critical moment in its history scrupulous cleanliness of the body came to be regarded as carnal indulgence and the loathsome hairshirt – unchanged for ten, twenty or thirty years – was looked upon as a proof of holiness. I know the historical explanations, of course. All say is that the consequences were fatal to the health of the centuries that followed. Consider how different the whole sanitary history of Europe might have been if the churches had always preached the doctrine that Cleanliness is next to Godliness, which they did not for centuries. Next to Godliness, observe – next to it, and indeed so close to that today the maxim which would have been regarded at one time as an impiety is now accepted as an obvious truth. I do not think anyone will challenge the statement that any religion is gravely incomplete if it does not recognise, sanction, approval and proclaimed the laws of bodily as well as spiritual health.

I hope that I make full allowance for the indifferent and too often unwholesome surroundings which handicap so many who try to live according to the rules of health. Many gallant souls are broken out right in the struggle. But even now in the worst places there is usually to be found a dauntless minority who make a brave show for decency and cleanliness. These are days they who have the sense of health which, if it were widely diffused, would lighten to an incredible extent the work of the Sanitary Inspector, the doctors and the hospitals.

A greater discipline is needed, a more disciplined life and conduct. Perhaps I'm a make it more palatable in this democratic age if I say self-disciplined? Democracy shies that the word Discipline like a timid colt, as though it implied infringement of his personal freedom. Yet democracy makes a rare mess of things without discipline. Just consider the painful ill success of the campaign against litter in the streets the parks and the countryside. This is a sheer loutish refusal of discipline in one of its simplest forms, and it is utterly perverse and senseless because litter is displeasing to the eye and no man can seriously suppose that he is exercising the right of a freeborn democrat when he stews the pavement or the green with cigarette boxes or orange peel.

And the same British public has dropped within little more than a generation the disgusting habit of promiscuous spitting. This is a remarkable case of the triumph of self-discipline, for which no praise can be too great. To what is due? Partly, I believe, no doubt to the deep impression made on the public mind by the discovery of the dreaded bacillus of tubercle and the proof that the habit of spitting conduced to its widespread diffusion. The white scourge of tuberculosis or consumption was known and dreaded in too many homes in England for such a hope for discovery to pass unheeded and the campaign against spitting had a marvellous success. I suppose that today you would have a difficulty in being able to purchase that once familiar and hideous article of domestic furniture, the spittoon, which the most dignified name of Cuspidor was given on the other side of the Atlantic. The younger

generation can hardly conceive the change that has been wrought in the cleanliness of railway carriage floors or the street pavements.

Here then is encouraging proof that self-discipline can be acquired in the interests of health, though it is only right to remember that simultaneously there has been a great change in the smoking habits of the people and that the virtual disappearance of the short clay pipe and twist tobacco and the universal spread of the cigarette habit, have powerfully contributed to the same happy results. It is not indeed a crowning mercy that the cigarette can be smoked almost continuously without creating the desire to spit?

An eminent Professor remarked the other day that "in order to secure the submission of the Anglo-Saxon to discipline you must call it by some name which disguises the fact that discipline is what he is submitting to." He added that the most popular name with the public is education. That shrewd saying bears out my argument that a real health sense has still to be called into being among the general mass of our people and that self-control must begin in and with the body. We are suffering from undisciplined minds and from undisciplined bodies and while we do our best and the most for the improvement of both, it is with the discipline of our bodies that we should primarily be concerned. Let me put it in a homely way that all will understand – we have to learn how to digester our pudding and what pudding we can best digest.

Remember too, that never before in human experience has the health of the individual being so largely in his own hands to make or mar. He can now, if he chooses, the captain of his body as well as of his soul. Not, of course, absolutely. Men being mortal, will always be subject to the rule of morality by natural decay. But it is now within a man's power curiously to hold these processes of decay in check, to oppose retarding forces and retain a maximum maturity over a much longer space of time. We cannot indeed escape the accidents of morality; we remain subject to the caprice of chance which still, as in the Bible story, finds two working in a field and one is taken and the other left. We remain the target of the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune which with the complete unconcern makes strike you down and pass me by. We are still liable to be the innocent victims of the recklessness and folly of others. Your neighbour may be a fool or a madman and his escapades may cost you your life. You may be immune from 100 diseases and for like a child to the hundred and first. Nevertheless, it is true, as I have said, that your health is in your own hands, with laws and bylaws and the whole battalions of inspectors to protect and shield you from harm. The child born today has an expectation of 20 years more life than his grandfather. We have lengthened our days by taking thought and those who are born fifty years hence will certainly be the heirs of yet another span. But if it is not also healthier in a much fuller sense than is implied by mere survival, I am inclined to think that the extra years will only be a burden and a drag.

You will remember the Biblical phrase of having life more abundantly. That is what I have in mind. It is not life itself that is the boon, but the content of life, how you are able to use it, and with what pleasure and satisfaction, with what activity of mind and body. That is what I call health. Merely to vegetate in one's declining years, to die by slow and apathetic inches, to fight a stubborn rearguard action against death, when the real purpose of life is lost and one is a useless cucumber of the ground. That is worth nothing. The ambition of all should be life to be the last enjoyed, life active to the end, and even when activity wanes, through weakness, then serene and calm. This, I say, is a perfectly realisable ideal by those who guard their health, not as Valetudinarians who are, as you know, a garrulous, peevish and selfish race, but as men and women who love life for the joy and happiness that it has given to them, and are ready for this summons, whether to stay or go. Live, said the Roman poet, as though each day has dawned for you the last. That is the Christian ideal as well. In fact, it is the ideal of the best minds of all time.

If the viewer a brief extract from the delightful essay old age which Cicero composed more than nineteen centuries ago. It is so modern in tone that it might have been written for your morning newspaper by an apostle of a New Health Society. The words are put by Cicero into the mouth of the veteran, Marcus Cato, who is discussing old age with two young friends who have come to visit him, and the passage runs as follows: –

"It is our duty" he says, "to resist old-age, to compensate for its defects by watchful care; to fight against it as we could fight against disease, to adopt a regime of health, to take moderate exercise, to eat and drink no more than is sufficient to restore our strength and two over task it. Nor indeed must we can find our attentions to the body, even greater attention should be given to the soul

and to the mind. For these become extinguished by old age like lamps, unless you replenish them with oil."

There, expressed with singular charm, as are the very latest principles of the health experts of the present age. I would gladly quote their passages from the same treatise, but will content myself with the anecdote told of Gorgias of Leontine, who lived to be 107 years old and remained an eager student of philosophy all his days. The friend asked him why he chose to go on living so long, and is and so was "I have no cause to reproach old-age."

A notable answer and worthy of a sage! Without regret for vanished youth and manhood, this Grand Old Man of the ancient world was still content to enjoy with unclouded mind the vision of the glory of the world. I do not know any story which better illustrates the ideal of the healthy old age when the machine is slowly running down. The Psalmist was not at his best when he said that after seventy man's years become heaviness and sorrow, and the sound of a grasshopper a burden. At any rate, let us who believe in the Gospel of Health welcome – even when we are past ninety – the chirp of the Cicala and the cheerful chatter of the sparrow on the house top.

Long life, I repeat, is not a boon but a curse unless it can be enjoyed. To live on and to lose the causes and purposes of life is a useless bore. It gives me no satisfaction to read of the octogenarian's and non-octogenarian's who survive bedridden for ten years or more in the wards of the infirmaries. I still see less reason for congratulation when I read of new institutions rising on all sides for the mentally deficient. This is not life. Nor do I call life the dull existence of the C3 population who are never well, who have lost the power to make a sustained effort, who cannot maintain themselves even in their general incapacity and inefficiency, and who are a burden to themselves and to those to whom they are dependent. This is not life. For how long should you reckon what it is to live? I will tell you in the words of a poet who once lived in this city of Nottingham to which I belong.

"We live in deeds not years, in thoughts not breadths,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial;
We should count time by heartthrobs. He who lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best."

It is possible, of course, for exceptional strength of will to overcome physical disability and for man's unconquerable mind to triumph over extreme weakness of the body. Let me recall one or two examples for your encouragement. Fifty years ago there was a famous Oxford Don who lived for years and received his pupils reclining on a sofa which he never left except to be carried to his bed. An athlete in his youthful days and an Alpine climber, a single night's exposure on a Swiss mountain had deprived him of the use of his lower limbs. Yet his brain remained as clear as ever and he bore his terrible misfortune with perfect self-control and cheerful courage.

Arnold Hills, the shipbuilder, was another similar case. He, too, was paralysed in his lower limbs yet never allowed his disability to affect his rules of conduct and life. His fortune is the most striking because in business he was committed to a forlorn hope. His shipyard had been established in the days of sailing ships, and for his purpose was badly placed because so far distant from the sources of iron and coal. But Hills would not give up the old tradition of a flourishing shipbuilding industry in England's largest waterway, and fought on until he could fight no more.

Yet another great industrialist who would not strike his flight to the remorseless advance of disease in its most crippling form was the late Lord Trent, properly better known by the name to most of you as Sir Jesse Boot, the founder of the firm of manufacturing chemists with retail shops in every town of the country. For the last years of his life, he was so terribly stricken that he could not move a limb and was as helpless as a battered hulk on the seashore. Yet his brain never ceased to plan a more perfect organisation for the great business which he had founded in health, and a wider range and scope for the philanthropic institutions on which he had lavished his wealth.

And I would like to mention the same connection the case of the late Lord Curzon. He was one of the most ambitious public men of his times, and a tireless worker. But I wonder how many of you who remember him chiefly for what seemed to be a supercilious air of pride and superiority are aware that he suffered throughout his life from painful weakness of the spine which would have killed ambition stone dead in most men and reduce them to querulousness, and that his most splendid and polished orations were often composed and delivered in circumstances of acute physical pain.

Occasionally, too, we see in the newspapers brief obituary notices of men and women who have been the lie to their homes and the joy and inspiration to their friends, through the threads which bound them to life will born to the latest degree of tenuity and pain and weakness were their constant companions. Such a rare and choice spirits by their triumph over suffering should teach us how to endure when all the blandishments of life seem to be gone, and we should be grateful for their shining example.

Then still the hard fact remains that these are the expectations which proves a general rule that when health is broken a man's life is finished, and his usefulness done. Almost automatically drops out of the active list. In the industrial system if the wheel did not turn freely because of the damage cog, the cog is at once displaced. The machine cannot be sacrificed to the individual.

For many years the industrial system has been required to contribute to the cost of carrying out its own invalids, just as any army must carry its own sick and wounded and those who are temporary hors de combat. That is just and proper. But is it any less just and proper that these industrial invalids, actual and potential, should recognise their personal obligation to the industrial system. What, you may ask, is that? It is to keep themselves in health to the utmost of their power, for the good of the machine as well as for themselves.

In these days we think too little about our own obligations to the State in respect of health, though we require no reminder of what is called the States duty to us. If we are ill, we say that the State, in his own interest, should providers with medical attention and with a hospital bed if our case is serious. We almost expect it is our right that the larger share of the costs shall be provided out of other pockets than our own. Indeed, there are those who demand that the State should meet the entire charge.

As to that, my view is that while it is too duty of the State to see that no one in his hour of need lacks medical attention, and that institutional treatment is available for those in extremity, though ought to release the individual from his personal duty to keep himself in health and contribute what he can to the cost of his medical treatment during illness.

What is health? it may be asked. Well, there are some things which you cannot well define but which are unmistakable when seen or felt. "They are best recognised when they are lost. Health is one of them. Not until things go wrong and do we appreciate what precious thing it is.

It is difficult not to feel a pang of envy mingled with regret when we watched trained athletes or young people in perfect physical development, playing games or taking exercises which demand complete fitness of body and muscles, and suddenly realise our own utter inability to imitate even their simplest and apparently most effortless movements. When you find yourself panting if you have run 20 yards or have mounted 20 steps on the staircase; when you have put forth an exertion to rise from a chair; when you cannot get down to stop the slowest moving ball, or when you begin to develop a liver or rheumatic pains, it is then that you realise what health and fitness mean.

Man is said to be fearfully and wonderfully made. Man is also constructed that it is fairly easy for the organs of his body to function imperfectly if they are not subject to faulty or imperfect usage. As a rule, though not always, they give you unmistakable notice when you are not dealing fairly with them. I say, therefore, take heed of those first warnings if you value your health, and ask yourselves what they portend.

A famous Dean of St Paul's in the reign of James I Dr Donne, wrote versus full of odd conceits and paradoxes. I remember for lines in which he says: –

"There is no health. Physicians say that we at best are only a neutrality
And what can be worse sickness than to know
We are not well, and never can be so?"

If that were true, no sickness could indeed be worse. But, of course, it is not true, in a practical sense. Can we be well; the majority of us are well until we begin to sin against the laws of health, and we can and ought to be better than we usually are from the cradle right onto the grave. It all depends first on knowing how to be well, and second, on putting that knowledge into practice. Most of us, I suppose, fail chiefly in respect of the second. We see and approve the better course, but we pursue the worst.

Health is a just balance, a timely coordination, a nice equipoise of functional activities. And since we have been given not only bodies but minds, there can be no complete health unless we have a sane healthy mind in a healthy and sanitary body.

I should be inclined to put it this way, that a sound body is of little avail without a sound mind, which, in its turn, is equally dependent upon the maintenance of a just balance and harmony, in the body, to achieve a quiet mind – however active mind – free from the distraction of anxiety, and mind truly at peace with itself – that is essential to full health and to full bodily well-being.

We must not expect the impossible. No one in these anxious days can expect to be wholly carefree. But there is a world of difference between a mind which can face commonly and everyday difficulties of life and confront its major crisis with fortitude, and a mind which is in a perpetual worry and fret, which is scared that the prospects of having to make a critical decision, or which is obsessed by real or fancied terrors.

Probably most of you know that a depressing and deadening influence can be cast upon the spirits of the domestic household by the mere entry of a single confirmed and incorrigible pessimist. It darkens the sun at noon day; it chills the midsummer air; it wraps you in a fog and mist. A cheerful equable temper, equanimity in the largest sense of the word, is a priceless boon.

Cheerfulness, I think, is more precious for domestic health and happiness even than wisdom. It is one of the essential ingredients of health. Again, an equitable and cheerful mind is devoid of fear. Fear is the arch enemy of mankind. No man is free until he rid himself of fear. If he is in the thrall of fear, the deposit is a slave.

Fear, too, that is one of the more potent contributors to disease. Cast fear out of your minds and you gain a surprising immunity. If you face the issues of life unafraid, you will have a strong defence against most of the ills to which mankind is subject.

And as I have ventured upon a little moralising, let me also beg of you, in the interests of your bodily health, not to envy and not to hate. These are not only ugly vices of the soul; they are deadly enemies of health. They spoil digestion. Just listen to the poet and forgive me if I quote amiss for alas I have lost the reference: –

"Oh do not hate! For it rumples sleep.
It settles on the dishes of the feast.
It specks the fruit. It dips into the wine.
I rather have my enemy hate me
Then I hate him."

There is something more than good morality. It is first-class medical advice.

You may ask me for a simple rule of health by which to regulate your daily life, I think I could do better than recommend the maxim of the old Greek philosopher, who crowded to some of all practical wisdom into two short words –*Meden Agan* – Nothing too much. Moderation in all things, nothing in excess. They show self-control in the use and enjoyment of the good things and pleasures of life under reasonable attitude of mind towards all things, for "Health consists with Temperance alone." Can modern philosophy improve upon a precept which embodies the calm assurance of reasoned judgement and consorts perfectly with the latest discoveries of Science? I know that some good people believe that no commandment is complete without its "Thou shalt not" and detect some special virtue in rigid abstinence from the things which the generality judge to be pleasant.

With all respect, I do not agree. Of course, if it is a choice between an injurious self-indulgence and an enforced abstinence, then I stand with them strong on the side of abstinence. All injurious self-indulgence is opposed to the rule of "Nothing too much." It is also an excellent discipline to test one's power of resistance by occasional abstinence and it is useful to remember that the philosopher, who advocated pleasure as the paramount object in life, was careful to add that the supreme pleasure of all was to be able to do without. Nevertheless, I have observed as a general rule that austerity of life as opposed to Temperance of life does not make for cheerfulness or for the happiness of one's family.

But if you want health, avoid excess. That is nature's law. Break it and sooner or later you suffer, and in many cases it is fortunate if the penalty comes soon, for nature commonly reserves her severest strokes for the old offender.

Observers, too, that ignorance is no excuse. Nature is concerned more for the species than for the individual. Her care is for the race, not for Mr Jones or for Mr Smith. It is useless to plead ignorance at her bar. Indeed, whatever you plead, nature does not hear, or if she hears, she gives no sign.

Moreover, there is little or no excuse for ignorance in these days. What excuse, for example can there be for ignorance in the matter of diet? Judging by the popular press, diet is a topic almost as absorbing as crosswords, or racing, or sunbathing. You cannot get far away for long from patient foods and vitamins, the perfect diet for hot and cold weather, the best way of dishing up a sardine, or the powerful virtues of orange juice and nuts. Health societies exist for no other purpose than to give you advice on how to dress, and how to take exercise, how to cook, how to clean your teeth, and brush your hair. The human race, with such tuition, ought to be making visible strides towards greater physical perfection.

And so, in fact, it is, for unquestionably the general standards of health and fitness are much higher today than they were a generation ago. It is not only that people live longer that they live better, then it would be a disgrace if it were not so, when we consider how many millions are spent on popular education and how freely the results of all scientific discoveries are canvassed in the newspapers, magazines and books. All who can read with discrimination and not confused and distracted, as last numbers are, by the multiplicity of the exhortation's address to them in every variety of tone from entreaty to menace, have the gospel of health preached to them daily.

Yet it is almost incredible how human folly persists; how careless the majority still are in the diet and what complete lack of judgement is displayed by a multitude of women in the choice and preparation of food. No doubt, certain excuses can be urged, such as in different cooking, accommodation, lack of training, the pressure of other duties, etc., etc., but I am not at all satisfied that these excuses are not in large measure brought forward in order to mask the growing distaste of the actual work of the kitchen. The food of the British people, as it comes to the table, does not, I fear, compare favourably with that of the many other nations. Yet food used to be cheaper in this country and it is to be had in greater variety here than anywhere else. The British people, therefore, ought to be the best nourished in the world. Yet I doubt whether that distinction is theirs.

One of the most valuable contributions that the women of Great Britain could make to the health, and wealth and happiness of their homes lies here – in the choice and preparation of the most nourishing and appetising foods. When you know how, it is just as easy to buy right as to buy wrong; to cook well as to cook badly. And may I, somewhat selfishly perhaps, add this you – that the male appreciation of good food never fails from meal to meal.

If you would like to hear what are the principal defects of the ordinary English diet, I would quote to you the considered opinion of one of the best living authorities on the subject, and one who has perhaps done more for the prevention of rickets in children than any living man. He says that proper feeding in infancy and in adolescence is the royal road to the prevention of many of the commonest causes of ill health and he finds that two main defects in the English diet.

The first is that it contains too little of such foods as milk, eggs and vegetables, cheese and fruit. The second is that it contains too much bread, rice, oatmeal and other cereals.

I beg of you, as you value the health of your children, to pay attention to those two defects – too much bread, rice and other cereals and too little milk, eggs, vegetables, fruit and cheese, of course I know they can't be obtained now.

I sometimes hear people saying confidence that they have not lived to be 40 or 50 years old without learning what is good for them and what is not. That wise man, Francis Bacon, said very much the same three centuries ago. "A man's own observation," he wrote, "what he finds good of, and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health." Yes, but how many people can you trust to draw the right conclusions? They are often most wrong when they when they are surest that they are right. You should, also includes them among your rules of life unhesitatingly the role of the open window and the healing influence of light.

Don't become faddists in diet, making mealtimes and misery to others as food-faddists often do. They cultivate a suitable diet in the lines suggested and you will find that it is also a protective

diet. It is immensely important to children and to no less important to women in pregnancy, for defects of diet frequently results in structural malformation and later liability to disease. And this also no longer admits a doubt that while certain diseases are directly due to the deficiency of certain vitamins in the food, these same deficiencies will render you less able to resist the onslaught of a whole range of infective diseases and will weaken the hour to hour defence which you have to maintain against the persistent attack of these parasitic enemies within the body which produce, unless successfully combated, a grisly troop of horrid disorders.

Science, therefore, does not demand that you should perform hard, impossible feats, if you are to guard and maintain your health. It does not tell you that you need a generous diet, expensive food and costly drinks, which you cannot afford, or get day-to-day, unless you have the purse of Fortunatus. There is no one in receipt of a living wage who cannot afford the articles of diet which I have mentioned. If you were prepared to take a little trouble, you could, before the war, insist on getting nothing but good wholemeal bread instead of white bread, from which most of the natural goodness has already been extracted. Nearly all of us like fruit, and thanks to science, almost all of the fruits of the earth, I hope, will soon be at your service throughout the year.

I remember an old rhyme originally derived from a mediaeval jingle which came from a once famous medical school of Southern Italy. It sang the praises of three celebrated doctors. One was Dr Diet; the second was Dr Merriman, and the third was Dr Quite. They formed a perfect partnership. There was much good sense in the old popular sayings:

"This surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill,
Most of those evils we poor mortals know
From doctors and imagination flow."

You see that they poked fun at the doctors and at the folk who brooded over their imaginary ailments until the actually brought on the illness which they feared – a perfectly common occurrence. They recognised too, the value of exercise. Listen to Glorious John.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than the fee the doctor for a nauseous draught
The wise for cure on exercise depend,
God never made his work for man to mend.

I do not recommend a last line without a caution. Dryden manifestly had not grasped the distinction between preventative and curative medicine.

I have tried to explain to you the supreme importance of preventative medicine, to which more and more the attention of the Ministry of Health, and that of the medical profession generally, will, I am sure, be directed. Prevention is better than cure, and if medical science had always gone, principal, the present health of our people would be infinitely better. But the era of preventative medicine has really begun. The scientists in their laboratories are the men to whom you should pay homage – and the men of whom you never hear except on rare occasions – those who discover the nature and causes of things and penetrate even more deeply into the secrets of life.

Don't grudge money and expenditure on health. But don't make the ridiculous mistake of supposing that an effective Health Service depends principally on the number of its officials and inspectors. It doesn't. Advance will depend primarily on the development of preventative medicine. And after that it will depend for its practical success upon yourselves.

If you will carry out the simplest rules, you can work a revolution in your own health, and in that of your families. If you don't, you have not sufficient self-discipline to school yourselves and order anew your manner of life, then you will have to pay for your follies. You will find your health decay, and you will slip back into the role of the older generation and find yourself pinning your hopes on the old fetish – the bottled medicine – to restore to you the boon which you have thrown away.

I read the other day of a fine soldier who gave this counsel to his sons – "Fear God, but take your own part." Those wise words are readily adaptable to rules of Health. Those who keep the Ten Commandments are reckoned better lives by an insurance company than those who break them.

Keep your affections at home.
Keep yourself and establish a strong self-control.
Remember that health is a rhythm, not a jazz.

You have a motherly – sometimes a grandmotherly – State. You have an efficient and watchful Ministry of Health and Medical Officers of Health. You are guaranteed against the perils of an impure water supply and bad drains. You are protected against infection and contagion.

But do not rely too much on others. Be vigilant guardian of your own health. Take your own part and let it be an active one, and even if you cannot be sure of grasping Glory with your left hand, you will have done all you can to grasp length of happy and healthy days with your right.
