

Wellcome Film Project

Entebbe Encounter

The Wellcome Trust Film Unit, 1989.

Directed by Anthony Palmer.

Researched & Written by Dr Billie Williams.

Sir John Kirk played by James Green.

Major Ronald Ross played by Tim Bannerman.

Colonel David Bruce played by Leon Sinden.

Sir Michael Foster played by Lee Fox.

Dr Patrick Manson played by Mark Brackenbury.

Professor Clifford Allbutt played by Bill Shine.

Dr Castellani played by Ian Harvey.

Dr Lowe¹ played by Tony Aitken.

Dr Moffat played by Barry Stearn.

Dr Baker played by Paul Lawrence Davis.

Mrs Bruce played by Catherine Parr.

Policeman played by Raymond Johnson.

Servant played by Derek Quartey.

Dr Forde played by Alexander John.

Dr Dutton played by Andrew Solomon.

Colour

Duration: 00:36:51:06

00:00:00:00

¹ References only have been found for a Dr George Carmichael Low, without the 'e' given in the title credits. George Carmichael Low was active at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine at the dates given in the dramatisation and was involved in the first Ugandan sleeping sickness expedition. It is most likely that the spelling of the surname in the opening credits is incorrect. However, for the purpose of consistency it has been used with that spelling throughout the transcription.



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<Opening credits>

<Fade into shot of Colonel David Bruce smoking a pipe in a boardroom meeting>

Colonel Bruce in voiceover:

On the 25th April 1902, I was present at the meeting of the Malaria Committee of the Royal Society, Sir John Kirk in the Chair. The foreign office had been receiving reports of a serious outbreak of sleeping sickness in Uganda, and Council had requested our committee to advise on the problems posed by the alarming spread of the disease, with its economic and political implications.

Sir John Kirk:

Well now, where were we? Oh yes, gentlemen, as you're very well aware the next item on our agenda is one which causes us all the utmost concern and is attracting considerable international interest. The Ugandan protectorate is in the throws of a severe epidemic of sleeping sickness – reports are coming to us from the Colonial Office and other sources that the disease is spreading at an alarming rate. Drs Albert and John Cooke, who first reported the appearance of the disease in East Africa, have informed us that such is the overwhelming number of incurable cases, begging for their help, that they've had no other choice than to close their missionary hospital in Bengria to these unfortunate wretches.

Manson:

That is quite disgraceful!

Major Ronald Ross at table:

And as usual our friends at the colonial and foreign office have taken their time to alert us?

Kirk:

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Well, as you know, Dr Manson, by virtue of his association with the foreign and colonial offices, has been doing his utmost to bring home to those concerned, the seriousness of the situation.

Ross:

I'm sure. But what do they intend to do?

Kirk:

Well as a result of Dr Manson's efforts, I'm pleased to tell you that events have now taken a step forwards. The foreign secretary has considered favourably our recommendation that a small commission should be dispatched to investigate the disease.

Ross:

And how do they expect this commission to be funded?

Kirk:

Well, I have a reply from the treasury concerning financial arrangements for the support of the proposed investigation. It has agreed the cost of locomotion to and from Uganda and subsistence allowances shall be defrayed by the treasury. All other expenses to be met by The Royal Society.

Ross:

In other words, the treasury are showing their typical generosity.

Kirk:

Yes, well be that as it may, gentlemen, it now rests with this committee to appoint the members of the commission to be sent out to Uganda.

Ross:

I hope you realise that it's going to be extremely difficult to find senior and experienced men willing to go?

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Kirk:

Yes, perhaps so. There's no doubt we're going to have to look to the younger men. Now, the commission, however small, requires a leader. I would suggest that it should comprise one man who is senior enough to act as this, together with two others. Manson?

Manson:

I have as you know been giving this matter a good deal of thought. Of course I agree, we need a man in charge. He needs to be a good all rounder. I would have thought our Cregg scholar at the London School would fit the bill – I'm thinking of Carmichael Lowe, he's youngish but he's a stickler for discipline and that will be required, and a chap who I feel will cope with the sort of problems that are bound to arise.

Bruce:

I think Ross feels that Cuthbert Christie might be a possibility.

Ross:

Yes, he seems to be doing extremely well. He's had a good deal of experience in the tropics you know – all over the place, Central and South America, Africa, and a stint in the plague laboratory at Bombay, working with Haffkine. He should be good in the field I would think.

Manson:

Well he might be just the chap to do the fieldwork, he sounds an independent type.

Ross:

I don't think I doubt that.

Sir Michael Foster:

Independent or not, what we need is some clear evidence as to his scientific ability.

Ross:

Naturally, I'll look into it.

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Kirk:

Well, does anybody have any further suggestions? Yes, Manson.

Manson:

There's been a lot of work done, mainly on the continent, suggesting various bacterial causes of sleeping sickness. We ought to send a good and careful bacteriologist out there now we've got the chance.

Foster:

Manson – isn't there a very promising young chap at The London?

Manson:

Oh, you mean George Sowden? Yes, well, he's only just qualified as far as I know. He's very young. Still he's done very well so far. If he'll go, he'll be as good as anybody.

Ross:

If he'll go.

Kirk:

Well, I must say we don't seem to be inundated with suitable candidates for this commission. So am I to assume that we'll agree to proceed with the matter *a propo* Lowe, Sowden and Christie's willingness and suitability, in order to give the foreign office a quick decision. *<sound of general agreement>* Then I would suggest that this Committee resolves that the government grant body be requested to initiate a grant of £600 towards the expenses of the investigation.

Finally, there's the matter of apparatus and equipment. I would suggest that these problems are referred to Colonel Bruce, Sir Michael, Dr Manson and Major Ross who will kindly deal with them and report back to us. Agreed? *<sounds of unanimous agreement>*

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Now gentlemen, time passes and we must turn our attention to another matter. I have here a letter relating to an outbreak of fever in St Lucia <*fades out*>

<Inside a gentlemen's club, members from the committee meeting sit smoking and drinking>

Foster:

I only heard about it yesterday as a matter of fact.

Bruce:

Damned pity Sowden can't go. We had to expect something like this.

Ross:

Christie's accepted though hasn't he?

Foster:

Oh yes, quite definite about it.

Ross:

Thank God for that. I thought he'd jump at the chance to get out there.

Bruce:

One more to add to his list of trophies.

<Manson enters and joins them>

Manson:

Good evening, gentlemen.

Foster:

Good evening, Patrick. I thought we might make our task more congenial by meeting here. You have dined I presume?

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Manson:

Oh indeed, I'm just waiting for a good glass of port now.

Foster:

I think we would all welcome that. All agree?

Ross:

Rather.

Manson:

Well, what do you think of the news?

Ross:

About Sowden you mean? You know?

Manson:

Oh yes, a little bird told me. But what I thought you'd all be talking about is this plan of running trains underneath London.

Bruce:

Yes, I saw that – they're calling it a tube system to the suburbs.

Foster:

How absurd!

Manson:

What we ought to be thinking about is who's going to take Sowden's place. We're badly in need of a bacteriologist for Entebbe.

Foster:

You suggested that you might be able to recommend somebody from the London school.

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Manson:

Well, maybe, as a last resort. Are you sure there isn't any young officer you could recommend?

Bruce:

Unfortunately no. It's a great pity. I'd go myself if the war office would pay me properly.

Manson:

Well you know the war office better than I do, David. But I fear they won't cough up a single penny if they don't have to. No doubt you'll all be amused to hear that when I asked my senior class if any of them would like to go out to Uganda every damned one of them stood up.

Foster:

Really?

Manson:

So we're setting up a little examination next week and the man who comes out on top might be offered the chance to go, provided he has the character to take it on. They're all very young to be pushed into the situation in Uganda but maybe it's for the best; one mustn't underestimate youth you know.

Ross:

And when can you let us know the results of your competition?

Manson:

Oh, early next week. There's no sense in procrastinating.

Foster:

And we will have our decision in good time for the next council meeting?

Manson:



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Oh, yes.

Foster:

I suppose you haven't got anybody up your sleeve?

Manson:

Well there is a very good young Italian in the class, but we'll see.

Bruce:

Yes, well perhaps we'd better get down to details of equipment and the programme that this kindergarten is to undertake. Seems to me we must spell out very clearly just what's expected of them. Above all we must specify absolute loyalty to the Society regarding publications and the discussion of results. *<fades out>*

00:09:15:06

<Intertitle>

British East Africa

Entebbe, Uganda Protectorate

6 months later

<Fade into shots of a field office, Lowe enters>

George Carmichael Lowe:

Good Lord, Castellani, you're still working?

Aldo Castellani:

I'm afraid so, George.

Lowe:

You must have been sitting at that bench all day. You know, you'll have to slow up a bit, or you'll go mad.

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Castellani:

<yawning and stretching> Oh, my dear George, sometimes I think I am beginning to go a little mad. I see things down the microscope and yet, out here, I feel quite unable to believe in what I see. Nothing seems certain. If it was not for your encouragement I couldn't go on.

Lowe:

Come on, things aren't so bad. You're lucky. At least you got something positive to show for your time out here. I came out believing I was going to make my name sorting out Manson's *Filaria perstans* to the resounding glory of The London School, and what do I find? The medical officers out here have proved that *Filaria perstans* has nothing whatever to do with sleeping sickness. Moffat and I have merely confirmed Hodges and Wiggins' work, and no doubt all we need now is for that bastard Christie to put in his brilliant report to finally bury the parasite for good. God knows where he's got to. I haven't seen him for weeks. According to Wiggins he's out chasing butterflies most of the time when he's not kicking baskets of rotten eggs over African chiefs or threatening people with guns. Thank God he's not here.

Castellani:

<laughing> I wonder what Christie thought when Wiggins told that chief he was barmy, eh, and suffered from the brain storms? He was sure they were both going to be murdered – they were very lucky to escape.

Lowe:

Well he was right about the brain storms. <both laugh> Well, and what's gone wrong today?

Castellani:

You know how I worry. Although I am sure I have discovered a new strep I haven't seen it in enough cases to completely prove its significance. I just need a few more positive post-mortems.

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Lowe:

<looking at Castellani's notebook> You know, you really ought to write up your results even though it is early days. Why don't you put together a paper for The Royal Society and I'll send it in with my report? Well at least it'll show them that we haven't been idle.

Castellani:

Don't you think I ought to get a few more positive results first? Although I am sure it is the strep, I still have to prove it.

Lowe:

Well you must certainly continue the work so that you have enough cases documented to prove that the strep is the cause. And that's going to take time. I think it would be a pity not to put in a preliminary report at this stage. I mean, after all you're pretty sure that your results so far are accurate and highly suggestive and you're only going to say that much. You really ought to get your name attached to the discovery you know. If you wait too long, somebody else will get in there before us. And your theory that this germ is the cause of sleeping sickness is the, well it's the one good thing to come out of this Commission. Don't forget that Moffat and his friends have got a disaster on their hands with this epidemic and they're more than keen to get on with plans to isolate cases, to prevent the spread of the disease.

Castellani:

I'm so afraid I might not be right George. I couldn't bear to make a fool of myself and let us all down. The foreign office will be involved with the isolation plans. Just think what it will say about that young Italian, eh, if I involve them in all that money and I'm wrong.

Lowe:

But nonsense, and what if you're right? And you can come up with a vaccine one day? Think of the lives you may save.

Castellani:

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I hope.

Lowe:

Anyway, pack up now and get that report off your chest tomorrow.

Castellani:

No, I'll just carry on a little while longer.

Lowe:

Well not too long, I'll see you later.

<Castellani shown writing way into the night>

<Intertitle>

4 months later

<Castellani looking haggard in bed, smoking, African man knocks at his door>

African man:

Dr Moffat here, Sir. <shows Moffat in>

Moffat:

Hello Castellani.

Castellani:

Oh, hello Dr Moffat. It's good to see you.

Moffat:

Are you all right? You look as though you haven't slept for nights.

Castellani:

No, I don't think there is anything seriously wrong. I'm just tired.

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Moffat:

Well, the last couple of months have been rather difficult for you now that Lowe's gone home. And of course your other team member Christie hasn't exactly been available. Life out here can take a lot out of you, as you are finding out young man. We all seem to survive, you know. Look, Castellani, I've had some news via Government House.

Castallani:

My paper?

Moffat:

Yes. The Royal Society is still being difficult over publishing it. The Foreign Office is pushing really hard now for a positive opinion so they can go ahead with plans for the isolation of cases and money for the production of a vaccine.

Castellani:

But what about the results?

Moffat:

Well, despite your increased evidence for the strep, The Royal Society will not commit themselves very far on its significance. Some money is available for the isolation of cases but they feel that the epidemic is a matter of imperial significance, and in a nutshell, they're sending out the big guns. They should be here by the middle of March.

Castellani:

But who, Moffat, who?

Moffat:

Dr Nabarro, a first class young scientist, together with Colonel Bruce. No doubt you'll be getting a letter in a week or two explaining all this. Now I hope you don't go and take this the wrong way, I know Colonel Bruce can be a bit of a bear but I'm sure you'll find them both helpful and you won't be on your own, and I believe Mrs Bruce

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is a very kind woman, also a very talented one, though she must have a hard time making up for her husband's boorishness. Anyway, don't forget to come and see me if you're feeling worried. You must look after your health. <leaves>

00:18:03:11

Castellani:

<eyes to the ceiling, talks to himself> Madonna, they're still not going to publish my paper. They must be sure I'm wrong. I wish I knew what George told them last month. I knew it was too good to be true. So quickly! <snippets of the previous conversation with Lowe, above, heard in voiceover> Still only finding the strep in the terminal stages, never in the early stages; maybe it's just a secondary infection.

My God! It may be the trypanosome! One, two, three, four positive since November and one in the blood just before Christmas. Why didn't I tell George before he left? Oh, don't be stupid, *perstans* was just like the tryp and Manson was wrong? Manson can afford to be wrong. Of course, that's why they're sending out the pro's, he has suspected a trypanosome is the cause. I should have told George. What a fool I look! If it is the trypanosome, I can just see Bruce telling me how stupid I've been, because I missed it. I must tell someone about my discovery or someone else will take the credit.

<Castellani working at a desk in his field cabin, Moffat bursts in>

Moffat:

Castellani! Exciting news! Baker has made the most marvellous discovery and we want you to have a look at it and tell us what you think.

Castellani:

Of course, Moffat, anything I can do.

<Moffat signals for an African colonial officer to enter, Baker accompanies him in>

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Baker:

Has Moffat told you, Castellani?

Castellani:

Only that you have made a wonderful discovery.

Baker:

Well, er, this constable came to see me this morning not feeling too well. He has a history of, no, I won't tell you any more, but I would be very grateful for your opinion on his blood.

Castellani:

Of course. *<to African man>* I'm just going to take a sample of blood from your finger.

Colonial officer:

Yes sir, I know.

<Castellani takes sample of blood and examines it under a microscope, accompanied by dramatic music>

Castellani:

Well, as you are both well aware, these are trypanosomes.

Baker:

You agree?

Castellani:

No doubt.

Moffat:

There, Baker, you're famous!

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Baker:

Moffat, you realise what this means don't you? We have trypanosome fever here now as well as in the Gambia. If this thing gets going we're going to have two major epidemics on our hands. As though this sleeping sickness wasn't enough, eh?

Moffat:

I wonder if the tryps could be carried by something like a ... tsetse fly.

Castellani:

<thinks> Tryps in the blood. I must tell Baker about my discovery.

Moffat:

Well that's really quite something, eh Castellani?

Castellani:

Yes, yes!

Baker:

Well, we'll see about that.

Moffat:

Now don't you go underestimating your discovery, Baker. It's about time we colonial doctors were appreciated for our work. Not all the brains are in London and Liverpool, look how Dutton took over Forde's case in Bathurst, while we're just expected to deal with the routine stuff. No thanks, money or time to do anything grand as research. That's left to the real scientists from home.

Baker:

Moffat ...

Moffat:

Please excuse my enthusiasm for my colleagues. Right well ... <leads out colonial officer>

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Baker:

Thanks again Castellani.

Castellani:

Oh, Baker?

Baker:

Yes?

Castellani:

There is something I must tell you.

<Fades into shot of boat arriving on river, Castellani on the banks watching, Moffat and Baker join him>

Moffat:

Morning Castellani. Fine morning.

Castellani:

Yes, it's very fresh.

Moffat:

Well, I hope they're on time. Colonel Bruce likes to be punctual. Hey, look Moffat, there's something that's been worrying me. I must talk with you but you must give me your promise that you will not tell anyone what I am going to say.

Moffat:

Of course. What's the matter?

Castellani:

Since Lowe went home I have examined quite a few cases of sleeping sickness and in a number of these cases I have found trypanosomes in the cerebrospinal fluid.

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Moffat:

Good heavens, Castellani! That may have something to do with the disease.

Castellani:

No, I don't think that for a moment. I think the presence of the trypanosomes is merely an accident, just like the *filaria perstans* we found in so many cases. I'm not sure it is of any importance as regards the sleeping sickness and I have only told you because I do not intend to tell Colonel Bruce.

Moffat:

What? Oh, why on earth not?

Castellani:

I only want you to know, because after I have left he may come across it himself and then you will be able to tell him that I've already discovered it.

Moffat:

Well I suppose you know what you're doing. I'll honour your confidence.

Castellani:

I knew you would. Thank you.

<Boat arrives with Bruce on it, he shouts at the men unloading his equipment>

Bruce:

Watch what you're doing! There's valuable scientific instruments in there! Damned awful country, this.

<Camera pans back to show Bruce sitting with Lady Bruce>

Bruce:

I'll be glad to get all our stuff safely off the boat. What a journey!

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Lady Bruce:

Well I shan't be sorry to land. But it hasn't been too bad really.

Bruce:

You realise, I suppose, it'll take quite some time to get all our luggage off? I shouldn't be surprised if we land up with a load of mangoes when it's all unpacked in the laboratories.

Lady Bruce:

Well a few mangoes might be rather nice – you might find something far less acceptable.

Bruce:

God, what a journey!

Lady Bruce:

<stands and walks to side of boat> David! I can see the pier, won't be long now. I think I can see some people waiting for us.

00:27:04:16

Bruce:

Well I sincerely hope that Dr Castellani is among them. When I think of all those telegrams! First he was going home, then he's going to meet me in Mombasa, then at the last minute he thinks he'll meet me here. Heaven help the little Iti if he doesn't turn up this time. *<mumbles something which is drowned out by sounds from the boat>*

Lady Bruce:

What was that David?

Bruce:

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I said he's been damned lucky to get that paper of his published at all.

Lady Bruce:

But he's so young. It must have been very difficult for him out here.

Bruce:

My dear, as always you are being too kind. He behaved very badly.

Lady Bruce:

Don't let's jump to conclusions. He may not be nearly as bad as you feel. And you know you're dying to get into that lab to find out what's really going on.

Bruce:

Pity I didn't come out here damned soon earlier. The whole thing's a complete mess!

Lady Bruce:

I'm sure you'll feel quite differently when you meet him, David.

<**Bruce and Lady Bruce are met by Moffat, Baker and Castellani**>

Moffat:

Dr Moffat, Sir, I hope you had a good trip. Oh and you too Mrs Bruce.

Lady Bruce:

Not at all bad, thank you Dr Moffat.

Moffat:

Nevertheless I'm sure you must both be quite tired. I should like to introduce some of my colleagues before you get rushed off to see the Commissioner. Dr Baker, one of my medical officers. I'm sure you'll be as pleased as we are at our great news. Dr Baker has made a great discovery – only two or three days ago he discovered trypanosomes in the blood of one of his patients, a man from Uganda.

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Bruce:

Oh, that's really very interesting. Well done.

Moffat:

Oh, and have you met Dr Castellani?

Bruce:

I feel I've waited quite some time for this.

<Bruce and Castellani in Castellani's field hut>

Bruce:

Before I say anything else, Castellani, I must tell you I consider your behaviour disgraceful!

Castellani:

Please, sit down Colonel Bruce. Would you like a drink?

Bruce:

No thank you! We'll go through your work first.

Castellani:

Of course. But before I show you my work, I want to tell you something in confidence.

Bruce:

Oh yes?

Castellani:

It is very important to me. And it is only since this morning that I've decided to tell you. But I want you to promise certain things before I do so.

Bruce:

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I'm not in the habit of making promises. What on earth is all this nonsense, Castellani? You're not going off your head are you?

Castellani:

No, there are many times out here when I have thought I was going off my head but I can assure you I'm perfectly sane about what I'm going to tell you now.

Bruce:

This is not a personal matter I take it?

Castellani:

Oh, extremely personal to me! It concerns my work! I have discovered something which I begin to think may be of importance. At first I did not but now, now I quite simply do not know and I must do more work to settle the question.

Bruce:

And what are these conditions? *<sits>*

Castellani:

<takes paper and reads from it> First, that I may remain a few weeks more in Uganda to continue my experiments. Secondly, that all my work until I leave Uganda will be independent and my own; and thirdly, that at the end of my stay in Uganda I shall write a paper and this paper will bear my name only.

Bruce:

Oh, I suppose it could be worse.

Castellani:

Can you agree to these conditions, Colonel Bruce?

Bruce:

I don't seem to have any choice! But you'd better make sure that this paper you're going to write is a damned sight better than the one you sent us in October. Well

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now, I think perhaps you'd better tell me what it is you think you've found that you think may be so important.

Castellani:

Last November, not long before Dr Lowe left for England, I was looking for streps in specimens of cerebrospinal fluid, taken from cases of sleeping sickness. I had had the idea of centrifuging the fluid in order to catch any bacteria in the deposit and increase my chances of finding them.

Bruce:

Yes, yes, hmm.

Castellani:

I found a trypanosome.

Bruce:

Did you, by Jove? Are you sure? Have you found tryps in any other cases?

Castellani:

Yes! I've looked at fifteen cases and found tryps in the fluid of five of them. I also found a tryp in the blood of one of these cases just before Christmas.

Bruce:

Well, that's interesting. There's no good speculating about this – you're sure it's tryps that you're seeing?

Castellani:

Of course Sir, identical with the ones Dr Baker found in his policeman!

Bruce:

How much longer do you need here?

Castellani:

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About a month.

Bruce:

Well, since I'm forced to accept your terms, you'd better get started. You're on your own as far as experiments are concerned. Mrs Bruce and I, together with Sergeant Gibbons will give you all the technical help you need. We must make sure the others don't know what you're about. That means keeping them out of the laboratory, that's not going to be easy.

Castellani:

Thank you Colonel. Also when I have finished my paper, would you be kind enough to look at it and correct any of my language mistakes?

Bruce:

Yes, yes of course. Now, first things first. Number one, you must show me how you carry out this examination and demonstrate the presence of a trypanosome. That'll give us a starting point anyway. And if you can't do that, the whole thing is off! Of course the trypanosome, assuming it's there, may be of no more significance than the *Filaria perstans* – these natives are full of parasites. But on the other hand, as you well know, it could be of enormous significance if it turns out to be the specific cause of sleeping sickness. Now, I can have no opinions in this matter until I have more evidence and that's going to take a lot of hard work in quite little time. But I must say I tend to think the bacterial agent is more likely – I'd personally put my money on the streptococcus. But that is mere guesswork at this stage. Now, you must keep an open mind on this too Castellani. It's a very serious situation in Uganda.

The Foreign Office is pressing the Royal Society for a firm decision so that they can get money from the treasury to go ahead with their segregation plans. And, of course, the search for a vaccine. As yet we have no proof of the nature of the agent against which we're expected to make a vaccine, God help us! The Royal Society's in a very difficult position, without watertight evidence to support our views we expose ourselves to severe criticism and discredit. That's why we didn't rush to



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publish your preliminary report. I'm sure you understand now a little better just why we acted as we did.

Castellani:

But of course.

Bruce:

But that's enough for one evening. Well, little did I know when I set out just what I was going to hear. We haven't even looked at your notebooks yet. Tomorrow you must show me your centrifuging technique, find a trypanosome I hope, and then later in the day we'll go through the bacterial work. And don't forget – an open mind!

Castellani:

Yes Colonel.

Bruce:

Now, what about that drink, eh?

<Castellani in voiceover, over photograph of him as an older man in a laboratory>

On April 5th 1903, I left Entebbe and returned to London. Later that year I was appointed Director of the Bacteriological Institute in Colombo where I spent twelve happy years, saddened only by the unjust allegations about my discovery in Entebbe. The suggestion that I was unaware of the possible role of the trypanosome as the cause of sleeping sickness, before David Bruce suggested it to me, is untrue. At that time I considered both – the trypanosome and the streptococcus as the possible cause. However, I have survived these criticisms and hope that my discovery has been of some value in the understanding of sleeping sickness.

<End credits>

<in addition to those at the beginning>



Wellcome Film Project

Photography: Paul Bernard.

Assistant Cameraman: Eric Marquis.

Sound Recordist: Mike Russell.

Make-up: Sheelagh Wells; Karen Turner.

Chief Electrician: Bob Brown.

Sets: Steve Hall.

Stylist: Penny Legg.

Production Secretary: Rosemary Tilden.

Assistant to the Director: Lindsay Bennett.

Video Editor: Gary Graham.

Post Production: Pullman.

Assistant Editor: Richard Monks.

Music: Roger Cotton; Kevin Pyne.

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The Royal Society.

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The Wellcome Tropical Institute.

The Wellcome Museum of the History of Medicine.

The Royal Society of Tropical Medicine & Hygiene.

Sir Ian McGregor.

Dr AJ Duggan.