

Material re the life of Dr. James Barry, Inspector General of Military Hospitals, "found upon death to have been a woman"

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DR JAMES BARRY

348 Kilmarnock Road, Newlands,
GLASGOW HERALD Dec 49 Glasgow.

Sir,—Readers of your review of "The Journal of Dr James Barry" may be interested to know that Dr Barry was well known to my parents when they lived in Kingston, Jamaica, and I have often heard my mother speak of him. They never at any time suspected his sex. My father was a chemist and druggist in Kingston and the doctor dealt with him and frequently visited, and often had my parents up to dine with him at the camp. He had a well-set table for them, but he ate only vegetables and fruit. When he wanted a haircut he drove to their house, sent for a barber, and got his hair cut in the drawing room—of course all the floors were polished, so it was not difficult tidying up after he left.

Once when he had a severe illness he sent for my father and showed him a small black box, telling him that if he died my father was to get the box and keep it until it was sent for. He often made them presents of jewellery. One piece he gave to my father was a signet ring with a crest on it; to my mother he gave a memorial ring with "Sacred to the memory of Marion" engraved inside it, which we often thought must have been his Christian name.

He wanted to adopt my sister, a baby at the time, and said he would send her to his cousin in Scotland—I think a Lady Jane Gray or Gordon. He gave my sister many presents, among them a solid silver drinking mug and silver knife, fork, and spoon, and engraved on them "Presented by Dr James Barry (Inspector General of Hospitals in the W.I. to—)." The articles were bought at a jeweller's in Gordon Street, near Buchanan Street, at that time, I think, occupied by Alexander.

He got his medical degree from Edinburgh University. He told my parents he had fought a duel and killed his opponent, also that he was medical attendant to the Governor at Cape Castle, and insulted the Governor by walking out of the room because the Governor would not obey his orders while ill. He was sent home under arrest, but was returned without any inquiry being made.

My mother took ill, and she and my father went to Canada for a trip. One day the doctor turned up at their hotel and told them he was on his way home, but would see them again in Jamaica. While in London he died in his hotel. His sex was discovered only when the body was being prepared for burial. His body servant, a black soldier, called at my parents' house on their return to Kingston and told them that a footman in livery called at the hotel and took away the black box which the doctor showed my father.—I am, etc., J. C. M'CRINDLE.

ROY.—At 11 Barr Crescent, Largs, on 27th December, 1949, Alexander Roy, late of Dunfermline and Glasgow, formerly manager of British Linen Bank, South Side, Glasgow, beloved husband of Lily Brook Workman.—Funeral to Woodside Crematorium, Paisley, to-morrow (Friday), arriving at 2 p.m.; friends please accept this (the only) intimation and invitation; no flowers, please.

SCOTT.—At 52 Chamberlain Road, Jordanhill, Glasgow, on 27th December, 1949, William Durie Scott, journalist, in his 85th year.—Funeral to-morrow (Friday) to Crematorium, Western Necropolis; friends wishing to attend please meet cortège at cemetery gates at 2.30 p.m.

STEEL.—At 25 Albert Drive, Rutherglen, on 27th December, 1949, Jane Wilson, wife of the late Matthew Steel.—Funeral to-day (Thursday) to Rutherglen Cemetery; those desirous of attending please notify Munn (Rutherglen 660) or meet cortège at cemetery gates at 2.15 p.m.; no flowers or letters, please.

WADDELL.—At a hospital, Paisley, on 28th December, 1949, Margaret Corbet, eldest daughter of the late Mr and Mrs Andrew A. Waddell, Glasgow.—Funeral private; no flowers (by request).

WATT.—At a hospital, Glasgow, on 26th December, 1949, Robert Watt, of 1228 Paisley Road West, Glasgow, S.W. 2.—Funeral at Riddrie Park Cemetery to-day (Thursday) at 1.15 p.m.; this is the only intimation and invitation; no flowers, please.

YOUNG.—At 65 Cunningham Street, Glasgow, C. 1, on 28th December, 1949, David Reid Young, beloved husband of Margaret Macnamara.—Funeral from above address to Riddrie Cemetery on Saturday at two o'clock.

Acknowledgments

Mr J. W. GORDON desires to thank relatives, friends, and ministers for kind expressions of sympathy and for beautiful floral tributes received in his recent sad bereavement.—Broomknowe, Milton of Campsie.

Mrs ETHEL GORDON wishes to thank the Rev. Dr Mackellar, doctors and nurse, and friends and relatives for the kindness and sympathy extended to her in her recent great sorrow.—71 Courthill Avenue, Glasgow, S. 4.

Mrs M'DONALD and FAMILY desire to thank relatives and friends for expressions of sympathy received in their recent sad bereavement.—4 Violet Grove, Dunoon.

Miss ELIZABETH F. YOUNG and NIECES thank all friends for kind sympathy in their great loss.—Barnsheen, 27 Victoria Drive, Troon.

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Vol 4 Page 96 "Part the 8th"

Journal of Count de las Cases. Cape. Jan'y 1817.
Lord Charles Somerset. Governor.

"ON the following day" - (day after arrival from St. Helena ?)
"I received a visit from one of the Captains of our station
at St. Helena.

"Knowing the state of my son's health, he brought a medical
gentleman along with him. This was a mark of attention on
his part, but the introduction occasioned for some moments
a curious misunderstanding - I mistook the Captain's Medical
friend for his son or nephew. The poor Dr who was presented
to me was a boy of eighteen - with the form - the manners and
the voice of a woman - But Mr Barry (such was his name) was
described to be an absolute phenomenon !

I was informed that he had obtained his diplôme at the age
of 13 after the most rigid examination - that he had performed
extraordinary cures at the Cape and had saved the life of one
of the Governor's daughters after she had been given up which
rendered him a sort of favourite in the family

I profited by this latter circumstance to obtain some
information which might serve as a guide for my conduct with
respect to the new Governor - to whom I that day addressed
a letter -

Page 109. "When the young Dr called to see us" - Instead
of listening to me he hastened to Emaneul's (his son)
chamber and embracing him - expressed his approval of his
conduct" - "Conducting him to the window he introduced him
to two ladies whom he had left in their carriage and mutual
salutations passed between them These ladies were the
daughters of Lord C Somerset, who had this morning themselves
brought the Dr as far as the Court-yard fronting our prison"

Page 112. "The only stranger I saw was Dr Barry who
frequently visited me I found his company very (?) agreeable



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*Replied to
18/11/69
H.M.J.*

17th November 1969

Dear Major-General MacLennan,

I am sorry not to have written before, but it took some time to read through all the papers of General Sir.A.J.Cleote.Unfortunately there are no references to his duel with Dr.James Barry,other than some notes of Cleote's career which appear to be in his own hand,and in which he refers to himself in the third person singular.I quote the relevant lines below:

"At this time(1820) there was at the Cape a very remarkable Character in Staff Asst.Surgeon,Dr.James Barry,M.D.,who combined in an extraordinary degree,the rarest qualities of Esculapian Talent,with the most mischievous propensities of a ^monkey,and all the subtle wiles of the Serpent.-

An altercation with this strange little Being,having caused the infliction of a personal insult on him,led to the necessity of giving him satisfaction be a hostile meeting in which he had his shot,which he subsequently declared had carried off "The Peak of the Captain's Cap".(Captain Cleote).This long suspected nondescript rose to the Rank of Inspector General of Hospitals in the Army,and at his death 1865,upon a Post Mortum examination was found to belong to the feminine Gender,passing through all the Grades of the Medical Profession from Hospital Assistant to Inspector General.(except Regimental Surgeon)."

The notes then give details of Barry's Commissions, and then quotes Lord Albemarle who wrote about Barry in "Fifty Years of My Life",2 vols. There was also with the papers an envelope containing some typewritten notes obviously made many years ago, and I have copied them and enclose this herewith.I want to keep the handwritten notes by Cleote with his papers, but hope that the information I send you now may be of some interest.

Yours sincerely
R.C. Bellenger

Major-General A.MacLennan,O.B.E.,

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MACLEAN'S

December 1, 1950

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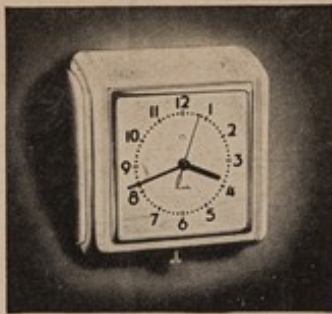
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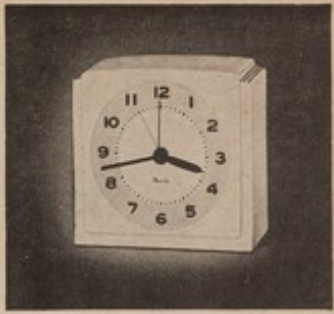
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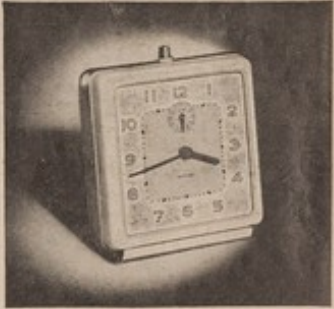
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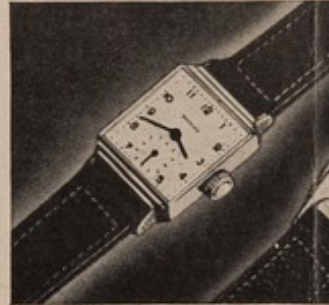
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EDITORIAL

Housing's a Headache the Provinces Should Handle

NEXT April 30 federal rent controls are scheduled to end. Between now and then Parliament has the choice of extending or modifying the present system of controls or of scrapping them and dumping the whole problem into the lap of the provinces.

It will be an important decision and a tough one. Housing is still the great unsolved riddle in our domestic life, and rent control is a part of the riddle's indecipherable key. Whether he's the head of a family looking for a place to park his kids, or an economist trying to predict what effect decontrol would have on inflation—no one has a certain answer. There are hundreds of thousands of Canadians for whom, even in a building boom, rent control has not solved the problem of finding suitable dwellings at prices they can afford to pay. No economist can say, or at any rate prove, whether decontrol would improve or worsen the general housing picture.

The two extremes of theory were expressed in a recent opinion poll conducted by *The Financial Post*.

One reply said: "Canada's alleged housing shortage is . . . mythical. (It) will disappear when the artificial restrictions disappear. If federal rent controls end next spring and if the provincial governments have sense enough and guts enough not to establish their own rent controls—if, in short, a free market in rentals is restored—then we shall have no more of a housing shortage than we have a beer shortage, or a tobacco shortage, or a hamburger shortage. Controlled rents will go up a little; uncontrolled rents—which have reached ridiculous levels—will come down a little."

Another view was this: "The shelter need is already critical and rent is the major factor in the dangerous inflationary spiral. With the situation aggravating monthly as the defense program congregates more people in production centres simultaneously with deferred civilian construction and mounting costs of all building, the elimination of rent controls would be disastrous."

Pondering the unassailable logic behind both these opinions we're happy for once that it's not our job to run the country. If we were running the country we suspect we'd do something like this:

We'd call a special meeting of the federal and provincial governments and try to work out an agreement under which Ottawa would vacate the field of rent control and each province would adopt a system of controls—or decontrols—based on its own special conditions. Whatever effect—good or bad—rent controls are having we think it's fair to say that the effect varies by locality. A set of rules beneficial in a crowded, high-rent area may work unfavorably in a moderately populated, low-rent area.

Needs and conditions vary not only from province to province but from municipality to municipality; only the provinces, in consultation with the municipalities, are in a position to lay down general policies and still allow for local factors.

To decentralize the control of rents for housing would only be to act on a sound principle of government—the principle that laws work best when they're closely tailored to the individual requirements of individuals and of individual communities.

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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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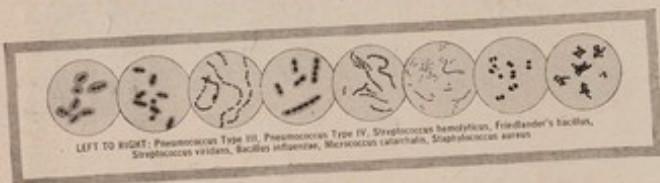
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BACKSTAGE IN INDIA

The Split With Asia Widens

By **BLAIR FRASER** MACLEAN'S OTTAWA EDITOR

Blair Fraser is on a world air tour to write a series of special articles the first of which will appear in the next issue. At the same time he is cabling his regular Backstage column from wherever he is at deadline time. This column centres on the conference at Lucknow of the Institute of Pacific Relations, at which he was one of several official Canadian delegates.

CALCUTTA, INDIA — Last month's conference of the Institute of Pacific Relations in Lucknow was a great experience for the people who were there. For us as individuals it was a great success. But the main purpose of the conference was to promote greater understanding between East and West—which means, nowadays, between India and the United States. In that purpose the conference failed.

It was held at a difficult time, of course. Indians were smarting under American criticism of their middle-of-the-road stand on Korea. Americans were tired of being lectured about their ignorance of the Orient, especially by people who were asking them for money. But that was all the more reason for holding the conference and for making it a success.

Apparently the difficulty was not realized. India's delegation ought to have been the strongest of the lot, and the best briefed. It did include some very able men, but it had no

coherence and very little teamwork. As so often happens in those circumstances the wrong people did most of the talking.

THE day after the conference closed Prime Minister Nehru told me, "I didn't know this conference of yours was meeting until just a few days before it opened. It was partly my own fault; I do remember somebody mentioning to me some time ago that there would be a conference in Lucknow, and would I come down to open it. I said I'd try, and I forgot about it."

"I certainly didn't realize it was the Institute of Pacific Relations with delegates from all over the world. If I had we'd have called our delegates to New Delhi beforehand, had some talks with them, explained our position on every issue. As it was, the delegates were just a group picked out here and there all over India, representing nobody in particular, and each man saying whatever came into his head." *Continued on page 57*



Cartoon by Grassick

The conference was wrecked when East and West both wanted to steer.

LONDON LETTER By Beverley Baxter



Attlee and Morrison: Their supporters demanded the moon and green cheese.

THE MASTERS AT MARGATE

MMARGATE is two and a half hours from London by train. Margate is on the sea. In August the crowds from London are so large that the sands are completely obliterated by the human concourse.

When the summer is over most of the hotels close and the boarding-houses, with their traditional names of "Seaview," "Mon Repos," "The Beach" and "Hillside," clean themselves up and then go to sleep. The fun fairs are silent and deserted and the donkeys are put out to grass to fatten up for the next children's crusade.

Let me think I am merely boosting Margate to attract you from your lesser beauty spots over the ocean I must hasten to explain that Margate has suddenly become vastly important in the political sphere, for it is there that the mighty Labor Party of Great Britain decided to hold its annual conference.

A man of more delicacy than your London correspondent might have decided that a Conservative M.P. would hardly be the most welcome visitor to such an exclusive gathering but, as a contemporary historian, I like to look upon the great and the powerful. So last Sunday I went by train to Margate to attend the opening of the conference.

At my hotel in Margate there was a great bustle and liveliness. Ministers, whips, backbenchers and delegates from the constituencies were arriving like MacArthur's reinforcements. Political correspondents were there too, wearing the curiously indeterminate clothes that seem inseparable from the profession of journalism. Now that I think of it I cannot ever remember seeing a newspaperman in a new suit.

The first Socialist to speak to me was a peer—which, you will agree, raises the whole social tone of this

letter. Lord Strabolgi was once a Liberal M.P., but inherited his title from his Scottish father and then joined the Labor Party. He is a man of grace and some charm, but for some reason the Socialists have never rewarded him with office or a governorship or even a directorship on nationalization boards.

Strabolgi smiled at me and remarked: "Where the carcass is, the vultures gather." Not bad, but rather pessimistic I thought.

And so to bed. The next morning broke bright and clear and it was good to walk by the sea. The tide was out, two ships were anchored off shore, the beaches were as deserted as those on which Robinson Crusoe landed, and the empty hotels showed no sign of life. It was just the setting for a seaside funeral.

But at the Winter Garden, the vast emporium in the front, there was great activity. No fewer than 2,000 delegates were already in their seats and the organizers had to arrange an overflow meeting where the speeches would be relayed. In such circumstances what chance had a member of His Majesty's loyal but obnoxious Opposition?

Now I must make a confession. The Socialist is at heart a friendly fellow who calls a chap by his first name after one meeting. I like that. In fact this warmth and humanity of the Socialists led me to a candid confession in a recent speech when I said that I felt with the Socialists but thought with the Tories. Nor did they fail me on this occasion. I was given an excellent seat in the gallery from which I could gaze upon our masters and our mistresses—if that is the right way of putting it.

The first great man on the platform to catch my eye was Aneurin Bevan who *Continued on page 60*

The gift that's going places . . .

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suit carrier



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With an axe and a few other hand tools, our ancestors could chop down trees and make houses, chairs, bowls, canoes—lots of things. But all these were heavy and had many other disadvantages. It's different now that we have aluminum—which is light, rustless, won't burn, doesn't rot . . . is practically everlasting.

It takes a whole series of unusual and complicated "tools" to make things of aluminum. To start with, it takes ships to import the ore, ports for unloading, powerhouses for electricity, smelters . . . all these to produce the aluminum itself, still only in ingot form.

Next, it takes a plant like the Alcan one at Kingston to receive these ingots from the smelters and to shape the metal into tubes, sheets, extrusions, forgings and foil. Finally, it takes more than 1000 Canadian manufacturers to form all these into chairs, kitchen utensils, building materials, aeroplanes, etc.—things Canadians use every day.

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"TOO MUCH SHAKESPEARE!"

"TOO MUCH SOAP OPERA!"

No matter what the CBC does somebody doesn't like it and says so. But the job of trying to please all of the \$2.50 customers some of the time with our native mixture of culture, corn and Canadianism goes right on while the bugbears of television growl on the doorstep

EVERYBODY BOOS THE CBC

By **PIERRE BERTON**

OF ALL contentious Canadian institutions, past or present, public or private, powerful or puny, not even the city of Toronto has received the Niagara of vilification, imprecation, tirade and abuse which has drenched the corporate head of the CBC.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has no exact counterpart anywhere, but it is a single aspect of its unique makeup which qualifies it for the title of Public Whipping Boy No. 1: Listeners to most radio networks occasionally feel like putting in their two cents worth; listeners to the CBC see no reason why they shouldn't put in their \$2.50 worth. If the recent talk about a \$25 license fee for television is upheld by the forthcoming Massey Report the name calling may well increase tenfold.

It is the license fee—plus the fact that we own the corporation lock, stock and studios—that gives us all the right to boo the CBC. The chorus grows loud each spring when the courts are choked with people who have neglected to pay the license fee. One man, a John T. Schmidt, of Ayr, Ont., got so hopping mad he mailed summons, license fee, radio and all into the Kitchener police.

But A. D. ("Davey") Dunton, the slight young ex-newspaperman who is chairman of the CBC's Board of Governors, and who describes his job as "getting grief," says he likes the idea of the fee. This way, he points out, you know exactly what you're getting for exactly what it costs. Besides, he says, the fee encourages everybody to criticize the CBC—and that's good.

Certainly the criticism is vociferous. In recent years the CBC has been publicly called bullheaded, autocratic, dictatorial, spineless, weak, pathetic, extravagant, cheap, high-handed, bumbling, nonsensical, dishonest, power crazy, idiotic and absurd.

It has been called a milch cow, a centaur and a dog in the manger. Sir Thomas Beecham, an Englishman who doesn't pay the license fee, has described it as "the worst broadcasting system in the world." Members of all political parties have attacked it. In a single debate M. J. Coldwell complained the *Continued on next page*

"TOO MUCH SYMPHONY!"

"Too Much Jazz!"

"TOO MUCH...!"

LEN NORRIS GOES ON THE AIR WITH THE CBC



corporation discriminated against the CCF, E. G. Hansell (Social Credit) complained it was too favorable to the CCF, and Liberal Walter Tucker kicked about a news broadcast. George Drew has gone on the CBC itself to attack the CBC.

The Canadian Association of Broadcasters, which represents the private stations, has mountains of statistics to show that in Canada hardly anybody listens to the CBC. Yet the most obscure CBC item can sometimes draw howls of protest.

Let a West Coast speaker make a sly reference to newsboys, say, and a dozen papers led by the Vancouver Sun roar with anger about "drivel" from "the limp-wristed characters on CBC." Let a Winnipeg announcer say "crick" for "creek" and the Guelph Board of Education is up in arms. Let the CBC Times put Alexander Graham Bell's birthplace at Brampton instead of Brantford and the Toronto Telegram is out with an instant editorial of reproof.

As if all this weren't enough the CBC subjects itself to a 10-minute period of self-immolation each Sunday night when speakers are asked to criticize the network's own programs on "Critically Speaking." Curiously, the big task is often to get people to be critical enough. In an effort to achieve this the CBC once engaged Dick Diespecker, a former

private station man turned radio columnist, to appear on the show. To everyone's chagrin Diespecker was inordinately kind. Then he twisted the knife neatly at year's end in his Vancouver Province column by picking "Critically Speaking" as the year's most uncritical show.

The CBC bends backward to be fair to everyone, including its critics. The calm reasoned voice of the 10 o'clock news has been heard reporting the harsh things that Joel Aldred, an ex staff announcer, had to say about the corporation. Reports of House of Commons debates almost always mention speakers from all parties. The CBC recently canceled a "Court of Opinion" broadcast because all four speakers on the panel favored Canada sending a representative to the Vatican. If there had been a dissenting vote the show would have stayed on.

"The CBC tries to be impeccably impartial—and you can't be that impartial without being dull," wrote Tommy Tweed last spring. The remark was part of a radio satire—broadcast, of course, on the CBC.

Unlike the big U. S. networks, which try to please most of the people most of the time, the CBC's job is to please *all* of the people part of the time. Its lowest mass listening level comes between the

hours of 6 and 8 p.m. when it broadcasts such minority-interest programs as the full weather report, the market summary and "International Commentary," a series of political talks. Yet each of these programs is of prime importance to certain groups of people. "If we dropped the weather broadcast Niagara fruit growers would go crazy," says Ernest Bushnell, director-general of programs. The same is true of the fishermen's broadcasts in the Maritimes. "There's not a damn thing you can do to make the weather report palatable to the guy who's not interested in fish," Bushnell says. "But if we don't give it to them, who's going to?"

These are some of the reasons why the CBC gets attacked for putting on too much Greek tragedy on Wednesday nights and too many chicken reels on Saturday nights; for carrying too much symphony and too much soap opera; for carrying too many British accents and too many Yankee twangs. The CBC cannot think only in terms of the "mass listening audience" which dictates commercial network fare. It must think also of those people who do not belong to the mass—but who also pay their \$2.50.

Partly because of this the corporation has had a strong influence on the Canadian mosaic. Close to



7,000 Canadians get cheques from it each year, ranging all the way from a \$5 royalty on a Canadian poem to the record \$20,000 that actor Bernie Braden earned in 1947. The CBC acts as a sort of superpatron of the arts, commissioning original poems, short stories, music and drama. In 18 weeks its French network broadcast 65 popular songs written by Canadian authors. Without the CBC, Winnipeg would have no symphony orchestra. Indeed, the corporation is the largest single contributor to symphonies in the country.

In Aklavik every morning Eskimo children do physical jerks to CBC transcriptions. In Toronto an interdenominational church was organized by a group of people who met originally to listen to the CBC's "Citizen's Forum." In the Maritimes fishermen and farmers in remote spots no longer get scalpers' prices for their lobsters and strawberries—thanks to CBC market broadcasts. In the Arctic a man held on to his girl friend and eventually married her thanks to the CBC's "Northern Messenger," the only regular winter mail service the people of the Far North receive. In Quebec the CBC is changing the speech habits of the Canadian, who once called precise announcers "fifis" (sissies) and now complains if they slur their

Continued on page 30

THE MEMBERS OF THE CAST



- | | | |
|-----------------------|---------------------|-------------------|
| 1. Ernest L. Bushnell | 9. Jane Mallett | 16. Sandra Scott |
| 2. A. Davidson Dunton | 10. Tommy Tweed | 17. Budd Knapp |
| 3. Charles Jennings | 11. Alex McKee | 18. John Drainie |
| 4. Harry J. Boyle | 12. Robert Christie | 19. Dianne Foster |
| 5. Lucio Agostini | 13. Pegi Brown | 20. Roger Newman |
| 6. Eric Christmas | 14. Lister Sinclair | 21. Andrew Allan |
| 7. Mavor Moore | 15. David Tasker | 22. Esse Ljungh |
| 8. Frank Peddie | | 23. Lorne Green |



FERGUSON'S radio voice makes listeners think he is an old cactus-whiskered codger with a wad of chewing tobacco.

CORN

AN

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

Max Ferguson, a well-groomed university man who loathes cowboy music, is the same Ol' Rawhide who is denounced in Parliament and adored by his fans for his zany half hour of amusing mimicry

MAX FERGUSON is an alert, well-groomed, pleasantly toothy young radio announcer of 26 whom it is easy to picture as the secretary of a students' council or president of a young men's business association.

But because he is part of a nationally owned radio system, the CBC's Ferguson has already been the subject of an impassioned speech in the House of Commons, a long poem by a prominent clergyman and a mailbag full of letters to the Press. As "Rawhide," the corporation's best-known corn merchant, he has, in the eyes of some fans at least, divided the nation again into Upper and Lower Canada.

The "Rawhide Show" is a zany half-hour program of recorded music formally known as "After-Breakfast Breakdown," heard on the CBC's eastern network, from Toronto right through to St. John's, Newfoundland. On it anything can happen and usually does. A parade of British archaeologists, crackpots, ignoramuses, stuffed shirts, spiders, families of hillbillies and prominent public figures continually interrupt a kindly, cactus-voiced old character called Rawhide who does his best to protect the audience from their songs, dialects, speeches, plays and horrible ideas.

All this talented malarkey emanates from *Continued on page 34*



BOYLE hasn't got the goatee and sideburns that some expect; rather he looks (and often speaks) like a rumpled farmer.

D CULTURE

By H. C. POWELL

Harry Boyle, the man who dishes up those
highbrow Wednesday Night sessions,
is an ex-hobo who used to write horror stories
for the pulps and who likes
his music schmaltzy. Yet one night he
spent \$16,000 of your money on art

BACK IN 1932 a brakeman kicked a young hobo named Harry J. Boyle off a westbound freight, somewhere near the Manitoba boundary. By all odds this should have been Boyle's exit cue. The most optimistic prophet could never have foreseen him in 1950 as a top CBC executive, charged with spending \$2,500 every Wednesday night to ladle out the biggest gobs of radio culture Canadians have ever been offered.

Boyle's three-hour program, "CBC Wednesday Night," has become one of the country's most controversial. Largely because of it a new series of epithets has been aimed at the CBC. A Flin Flon radio station manager complained to the Massey Commission about "too much long-haired tripe" on the CBC; a Toronto colleague referred disparagingly to the CBC's "culture hounds"; a Vancouver paper has called the corporation an "arrogant culture trust."

On the other hand Boyle has been deluged with fan mail. The CBC got 1,000 requests for scripts of one Wednesday Night program, "A Layman's History of Music." And when Boyle shot the works and presented Benjamin Britten's revolutionary opera, "Peter Grimes," the CBC's Toronto switchboard was jammed with

Continued on page 36



KNOWN TO BE DANGEROUS

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN



THE pavement was too treacherous for their favorite pastime: automobile poker. They'd played that ever since they'd become partners. Next car to pass would be Marty's, the one after would be Joe's. They'd make poker hands from the numbers on the license plates. Zeros were tens, ones were aces on low straights and jacks on high straights. The letter X was played as a wild card.

They gambled heavily: never less than a thousand dollars a hand, sometimes more. Joe kept a record in a little book, and, as things stood now, he owed Marty \$83,000. Of course they had no idea of paying off: it was just something to kid about, to relieve the tedium. When they got serious, one would say, "Next pair of cars, we're playing for coffee and doughnuts . . . for real," and they'd get pretty excited about who would have to pay.

On the dashboard they carried the daily list of hot cars. Playing poker that way, it was easier to compare the licenses with the numbers on the hot sheet. They'd had more than their share of luck, but chiefly the game was a bond between them, something to kid about. But tonight: no soap. Marty, who was at the wheel, had to concentrate on his driving. Headlights rushed at them out of the fog and rain, red tail lights passed them too fast. This was a night for vigilance, not for games.

They worked Central Division and were crawling through an uninspiring section of the city which was busy enough in the daytime, but was almost deserted at this hour of the night. It wasn't even a good commercial district: most of the warehouses were old, some were deserted. Marty had turned

into this street because Joe Ferguson told him to, but it didn't make sense. Nobody here; nothing to look for, really. But Ferguson was a thorough guy: give him a district to cover, he covered it. And sometimes they got a break that way. They'd made a half dozen pinches in the past six months, usually on Joe's hunches.

Marty hoped some day to be half as good a cop as Joe Ferguson. Joe wasn't the spectacular sort, but things stuck in his mind. He knew his Division and his radio district. Marty couldn't understand why he'd never made sergeant, and when he asked, Joe shrugged. "I ain't the examination type," he explained. "I've made the list three times, but always so far down that they never got to me." He didn't seem to worry about it. His \$340 a month appeared to be adequate for himself and his wife. Six more years and he'd be able to retire on a pension of 40% of his pay. He liked to talk about buying a trailer then and touring the country, but Marty had the feeling that he'd never retire—not unless he had to. I. O. D. Maybe—Injured on Duty. Something that would put him physically behind the 8-ball.

They'd been patrolling now for more than ten minutes without talking. Marty was watching traffic, Joe was watching everything else.

No calls for Car No. 11. No excitement. No nothing except boredom and dampness and cold. Then Joe Ferguson spoke sharply.

"Turn right at the next corner, Marty. Then pull up to the curb and stop."

"See something?"

"Guy back yonder. Got a quick look under the light. Near that old warehouse. We'll shake him down."

First pedestrian they'd passed in a long time. Marty figured the fog was doing tricks to his partner, except that Joe could see things other cops would miss. "Somebody special?" asked Marty.

"Could be." Joe Ferguson whipped out a bulging wallet which contained his notebook and a fistful of mugs. He turned the dashboard light higher and thumbed swiftly through the pictures, selecting one and showing it to Marty.

"Feller back yonder: That's who he looked like."

Marty made his right turn, stopped at the curb, cut off his headlights. He turned a pocket torch on the mug shot Joe was presenting for his inspection. He saw a full face, plus a profile, of a dark man with narrow eyes and a cruel mouth. He looked on the reverse side and read the description:

"Gus Ackerman, alias August Jones, alias Gus Acton. Male. 36. 5 ft. 10 in. 170 pounds. Hair, brown. Eyes, brown. Convicted and served for armed robbery. Two-time loser. Wanted now for robbery here. Usually carries a gun. Approach this suspect with caution. *Continued on page 42*

ILLUSTRATED BY BRUCE JOHNSTON





Ted Reeve Picks MACLEAN'S ALL-

ALL STARS OF 1950

Quarterback—Jack Jacobs, Winnipeg

Halfbacks—Bill Gregus, Hamilton
Billy Bass, Argonauts
Virgil Wagner, Montreal
Tom Casey, Winnipeg

Snap—John Brown, Winnipeg

Insides—Ray Cicia, Montreal
Herb Trawick, Montreal

Middles—Ralph Sazio, Hamilton
Buddy Tinsley, Winnipeg

Outsides—Bill Stanton, Ottawa
Vince Mazza, Hamilton



Ted Reeve

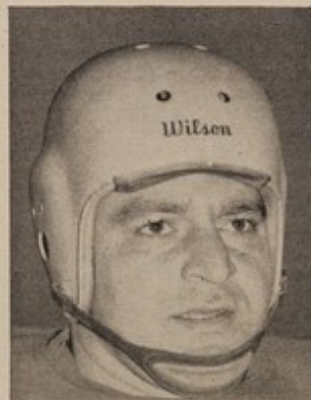
PHOTOS BY SILLANTINE, ACHMAN, KILAN, STEEL, NEWTON, TURROFFSKY, BER

The All-Canadian is
all-American, with
four from the West,
eight from the East



BILLY BASS, Argos' running star until a broken back stopped him.

◀ TOM CASEY, a steady speed back, also helped Winnipeg pass attack.



VINCE MAZZA, Hamilton's rugged defensive end, caught passes too.



RAY CICIA'S submarine tackles helped hold Alouettes together.

CANADIAN FOOTBALL TEAM

ONE of these fine autumns the system for selecting all-star football teams will have to be changed rather radically. Instead of picking five backfielders and seven linemen the nervous selector will have to work on the three platoon system—one offensive club, one defensive outfit and one squad in the hospital.

Either that or the all-star experts will have to settle for a quota of specialists and select placement kickers such as Joe Aguirre, Annis Stukus, Nick Volpe; kick runners-back like Tommy Ford, Ken Charlton and Ted Toogood; hole openers for touchdown drives such as John Kerns and Jack Carpenter; heavy duty linemen of the Glenn Johnson, Max Druen or Shanty MacKenzie type for goal-line stands, and punters à la Joe Krol or Fred Kijek. By that time the writers of such treatises would be chewing their mitts as feverishly as a football coach. A bleak prospect!

For this season, however, we'll have to go along with the Walter Camp method of picking 12 men who appear able-bodied enough to play almost 60 minutes a match going all ways (including

sideways), which in a way penalizes the players on the teams with good reserves.

For instance, Regina, Ottawa, Edmonton and Toronto Argos had enough fairly responsible performers to keep traffic going from bench to the huddle at a pace that sometimes reminded you of the corner of Queen and Yonge or Portage and Main. Hamilton, Winnipeg and to a great extent Montreal had key players who had to give with the mud-and-glory business in every match. The responsibility may have worn down their physiques but at least it built up their press clippings. So several Maclean's Muscle Men this year are there partly for good attendance.

Features of a hard-fought fall, besides this growth of specialization, would include: 1. Increasingly arduous schedules, 2. Mounting costs, 3. The highest paid and in many ways the most powerful collection of imports to come this way since the depression days of the 1930s, 4. The Americanization of the game to an even further extent so that the Canadian extension run and the outside kick went the way of the Hurons and the *coureur de bois*,

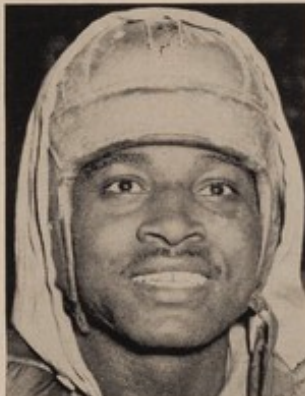
5. The sad turn of affairs in which the long-suffering Ontario Rugby Football Union became a sort of farm system for the Big Four after the withdrawal of the Hamilton Wildcats.

Balmy Beach, now a subsidiary of the Argonauts, Windsor Rockets, who seemed to provide Ottawa with many of their developments, and the peppy Sarnia Imperials, a sort of company team, still supplied some good football. Linemen like Bruce Mattingly and Dutch Davey of Sarnia, Dick Fear and Oaten Fisher of Beaches and Rube Ainsworth of Windsor undoubtedly would do well in the tougher Big Four. And backs like Jim Caine, Johnnie Murphy and Jack Krause of the Rockets and Gerry Tuttle and Carl Galbreath of Balmy Beach would do admirably in faster company. But they are not playing in the sort of competition in the O.R.F.U. to prove it. Shades of Norm Perry, Ormond Beach and Yip Foster! Canadian football is becoming big business but there are certain penalties that go with the box office.

The rise in expenses to \$125,000-\$150,000 or higher was met by Continued on page 39



VIRGIL WAGNER rallied from slow start to spark Alouette comeback.



JOHN BROWN'S body anchored line for Winnipeg's revival in West



JACK JACOBS, crafty Indian field general and passer for Winnipeg.



BILL GREGUS' bursts into line gained acres for Hamilton Cats.



HERB TRAWICK, Montreal veteran, who turned on some inspiring ball.



RALPH SAZIO, a defensive great who led Hamilton ground attack.



BUDDY TINSLEY, 260 pounds of leadership in Winnipeg's line.



BILL STANTON, a powerful end who also ran with Ottawa backs.



How to Buy

BY JUNE CALLWOOD

IF THERE is anything more inescapable than doom it's that father will get a tie for Christmas. And Grandpa Homer, and that wild young Wendell down the street who drop-kicks a football all the way home. And George Drew will get a tie and so will Turk Broda.


The likelihood that any of these men will admire, revere or even wear their Christmas ties is mighty slim.

This is not the fault of the Christmas tie in itself, though most of them are more colorful than anything seen in nature. It is a case of mass misdirection.

George Drew, who favors subdued stripes, might receive a \$15 Bronzini tie, emerald green silk and covered with winged horses. He wouldn't even wear it in the shower. But Turk Broda would have treasured it. Turk will get a navy blue rep tie with a subdued stripe.

There is little hope that Drew and Broda will swap haberdashery. Neither will young Wendell, who will get a dusky Paisley, ever discover Grandpa

COLOR PHOTO BY PETER CRUYER



That Christmas Tie

Hey, wait a minute before you buy that crazy-colored cravat!
Consider the guy who's going to hate you for putting it under
his Christmas tree. Here's how to buy him a tie that he'll wear

Homer's horror when he receives a brilliant fuzzy-wool tartan.

It's impossible to estimate the amount of money wasted each year on Christmas ties that will never be worn. There's no way to compute the energy expended by Canadian women shopping for these tie rack ornaments. The number of homes whose foundations were rocked when mother realized that father was NEVER going to wear his new tie can only be surmised.

Men who sell ties say there is a solution less fatal to the tie industry than turning to handkerchiefs and cuff links. Men, these authorities insist, just want a tie like the one they're wearing.

This is almost too incredible for a woman to believe. If a woman discovers that a purple hat with an upturned brim is flattering, she is delighted. But she is never tempted to buy another. "That was a lovely hat," she sighs, as she buys a new green one with no brim.

A man is not pushed by a desire to present a refreshing, ever-changing exterior. If he suddenly

decides a recent tie with small dark blue checks makes him look rather debonair he rushes into the store where he bought it, holds the tie in front of him as though it was an apron full of crumbs, and asks the clerk: "Got any more ties like this one? I'll take three."

Tie men think this is dandy. The man has found his proper medium of expression. He feels suave and alert in a checked tie. In the future he might try slightly larger or smaller checks, a black-and-white check for more serious occasions, a green-and-white check for dash. Clerks are delighted with him and he is delighted with his good taste.

His wife thinks he is in a rut.

Since he hasn't confided in her that he feels extra magnetism in checked ties she assumes some tie salesman is unloading a slow-moving line on her big innocent. Next Christmas she gets him a tie with black-and-white eyeballs on a red background. Even with care it takes him three months to get it to the Salvation Army. *Continued on page 57*

THIS BY CLETT PEARSON, CURRIE, JOHN FORSYTH, ELY, CAMERON-JEFFRIES, STANLEY & REDWORTH, KAREN BULLER



DEATH OF A UNION

By T. G. McMANUS

Former Secretary-Treasurer, C.S.U.

FIVE YEARS ago the Canadian Seamen's Union had nearly 10,000 members. It held contracts on more than 300 ships sailing the Great Lakes, the salt-water coasts and the high seas. Its revenue was \$30,000 a month. On the cold, bloodstained North Atlantic the men who carried its cards had finished fighting their share of a war in which no combatant won more honor than the merchant seaman. No union's stock was ever higher.

Today the Canadian Seamen's Union has no more than 600 members. Its crews are working on barely a dozen ships. The union has been expelled from the Trades and Labor Congress of Canada and from the International Transport Workers' Federation. The respect in which it once was held by employers, governments and other unions has turned to hostility and contempt. In every way that matters to a labor union the Canadian Seamen's Union is dead.

The primary cause of its death is already known or strongly suspected by most of the people who saw it happen or have read about it. Only a handful know the details and I am one of them. Until last July I was secretary-treasurer of the union, a position second in authority only to that of the president. I was also a member of the Canadian Communist Party which dictated—at every step

and in every particular—the events which led to the union's bitter, inglorious ruin.

Obviously I could not, even if I wished to, evade my own full share of the responsibility. In every one of the series of strikes from 1946 through 1949 which culminated in the C.S.U.'s downfall I obeyed the Communist Party's direct and specific orders, both in helping to call the strikes and in helping to run them. Even though I thought the last of these strikes (called in March, 1949, at the secret request of the British Communist Party to create an artificial strike issue for the dock workers of London) was tactically insane, it wasn't because of this that I quit the party four months ago. I quit because, after 19 years as a dedicated and well-disciplined Communist, I found I could not stomach the pro-Russian and anti-Canadian party line on Korea.

I will not pretend that the allurements and visions which first led me into the party and kept me there in the face of many doubts have altogether lost their power. Politically I am still of the extreme Left. Spiritually I am still a union man. I believe in trade unions as firmly as I have always believed in them. I believe that it is the job of trade unions to fight as hard and intelligently as they can to win the highest possible standards of living for the working man.

If I thought it would hurt the cause of unionism I would not be saying the things I shall have to say here. But it's my earnest belief that not one Canadian union man in a hundred has a clear picture of how a "Communist-dominated" union is run and I think it is vital to their own interests that union men should have such a picture.

In strict accuracy there is no such thing as a Communist-dominated union. Once it falls under Communist domination a union ceases to be a union. It becomes a branch of the Communist Party. Often the party will lay down objectives for it and prescribe courses of action which are perfectly sound and valid from the point of view of the union's rank and file. But where the interests of the party and the interests of the union diverge it must be the party's interests that prevail, even though—as in the case of the Canadian Seamen's Union—this means that the union must die.

The C.S.U. was founded in 1936 at a meeting in the Communist Party's national headquarters. At its peak 90% of its members were non-Communists, but most were content to leave the union's control in the hands of the Communist leaders. It was their belief that the union's objectives were honest and legitimate, as I believe they were until they conflicted with the party's objectives. When they did the union was wrecked.



AT VANCOUVER police battle C.S.U. men who tried to stop rivals boarding a strike-bound ship.



BRITISH TROOPS unloaded vital cargoes held in the London dock strike sparked by the C.S.U.

The Canadian Seamen's Union — once strong and respected — had to die for the greater glory of the Communist Party. Here's how it was killed — a frightening, firsthand expose of Red strategy in Labor by an ex-Communist who witnessed the betrayal of 10,000 Canadian workers from the inside

I joined the Canadian Seamen's Union in 1945. Neither the union nor I had anything to do with my joining. When the war ended I was a medical sergeant in the Canadian Army. I had enlisted on the Communist Party's instructions in 1942 and as I waited for my discharge in Montreal I took it for granted that my next job—like every job I'd held for nearly 15 years—would be an assignment from the party. (Now it's called the Labor-Progressive Party but the old name is the only accurate one.)

When my discharge came through I reported to the party's Montreal headquarters. Fred Rose, the federal member of parliament who was later to go to jail as a leader of the Communist spy ring, instructed me to go to national headquarters in Toronto and gave me transportation and expense money.

In Toronto I reported to Sam Carr, then the party's national organizing secretary, now also serving a prison term for conspiring to forge a passport for a Russian agent. Carr told me the

Political Bureau, the party's 11-man inner cabinet, had already decided my future. A few members of the bureau had suggested that I return to political work in Saskatchewan where before the war I had been the provincial leader and had served as an alderman in Regina. The P.B. finally ruled that I'd be more useful in trade union work.

I ran an election campaign for Buck and then Carr sent me to Ottawa where I saw Pat Sullivan, then president of the Canadian Seamen's Union and secretary of the

Continued on page 58

STAR



JOE SALSBERG, MPP. His Reds bossed the C.S.U.

GLOBE & MAIL



HARRY DAVIS. He put in the last death thrust.

TELEGRAM



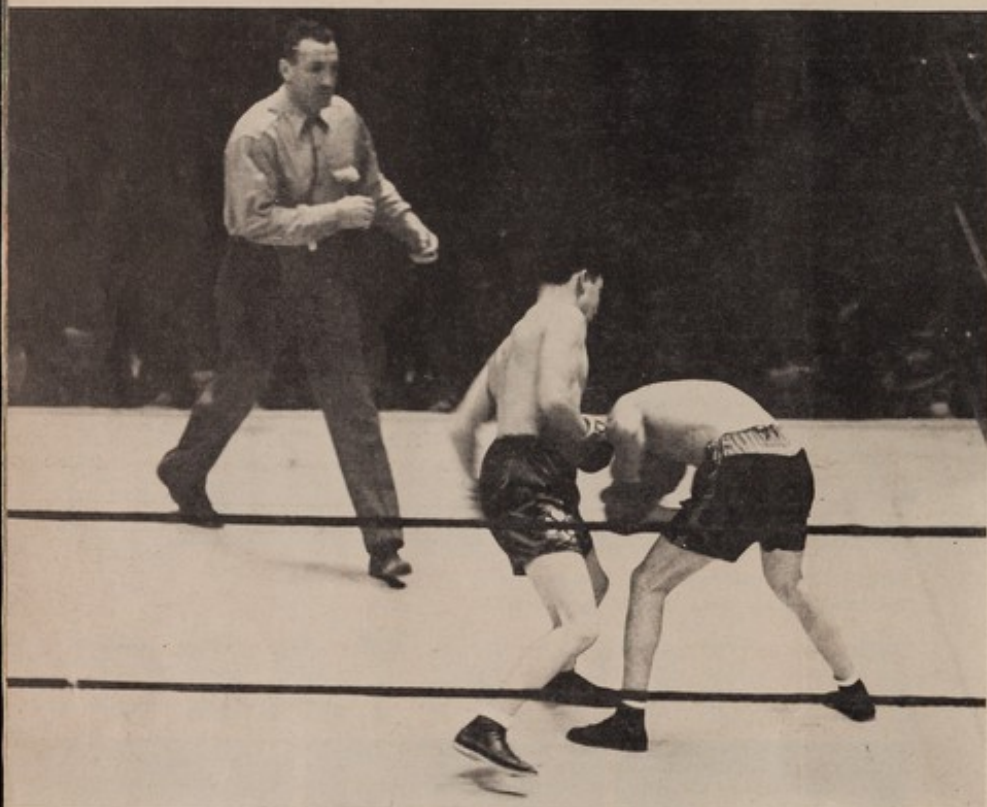
GERRY McMANUS. Now he tells the whole story.

PART FIVE — Conclusion

DON'T CALL ME BABY FACE

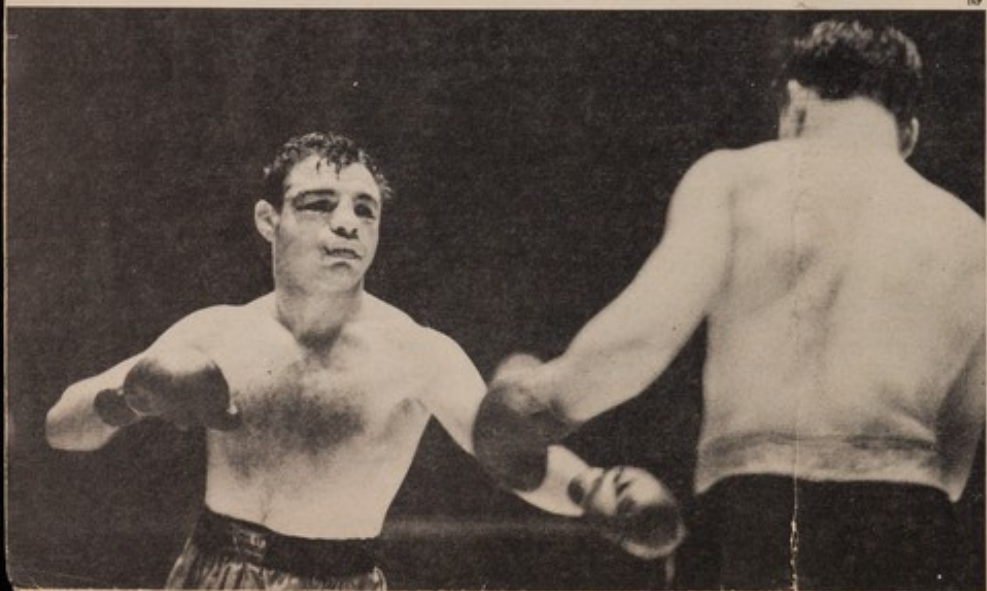
"It was a good punch, one I'd been working on for nearly 15 years. I let it go . . ." Seconds later Young Corbett was licked and the kid from the Vancouver waterfront was champion of the world

By Jimmy McLarnin as told to Ralph Allen



BARNEY ROSS ducks a McLarnin hook at Madison Square. They fought three times, Ross winning twice. This time, though, Jimmy got the nod.

THE LETHAL FISTS of Vancouver's pride did this to the face of Tony Canzoneri. But Tony untorked a thunderbolt and won easily.



IN A fight it's the first hundred seconds that are the hardest. You're cold physically. Your muscles are a little stiff and your reactions are a little slow. You're unsettled mentally.

There is always a moment, just before the first bell rings, when you stare through the floodlights hanging above the ring, trying to pick out the people who are for you and the people who are against you. On some faces you see more faith in you than is reasonable and on some you see more hostility than is called for.

You look back across the ring at the man you're going to be fighting and try to remember how you're going to fight him and how you have figured he's going to fight you. For an instant you draw nothing but a blank.

You're nervous and a little scared and the feeling doesn't usually pass until the fight has started and somebody has been hit.

On May 29, 1933, I fought Young Corbett III for the welterweight championship of the world at Wrigley Field, in Los Angeles. This was a very important fight for me. I had won 11 fights against world champions in various weight classes—some while they were champions and some after they ceased to be champions—but I had never held a title myself. I'd had to wait five years for my first shot at the welterweight title and during the last two I'd been ranked unofficially as the best welterweight in the world. If I blew this one and had to wait another five years I knew I'd never get there.

As I've been saying, the first minute or two of any fight is chancy and critical. Pop Foster, my manager, and I agreed that the first minute or two of the Corbett fight might be particularly critical. Corbett was a big man, as strong as a horse, with long arms and heavy shoulders. Besides, he was a southpaw and boxing a southpaw is like trying to read by a mirror. Everything—his leads, his crosses, his footwork—goes from right to left instead of from left to right. I'd only fought one full southpaw before, a good one named Lou Brouillard, and he'd beaten me.

"If you can make him open up, you'll win," Pop told me the day we signed for Corbett. "If you can't he may hug you to death."

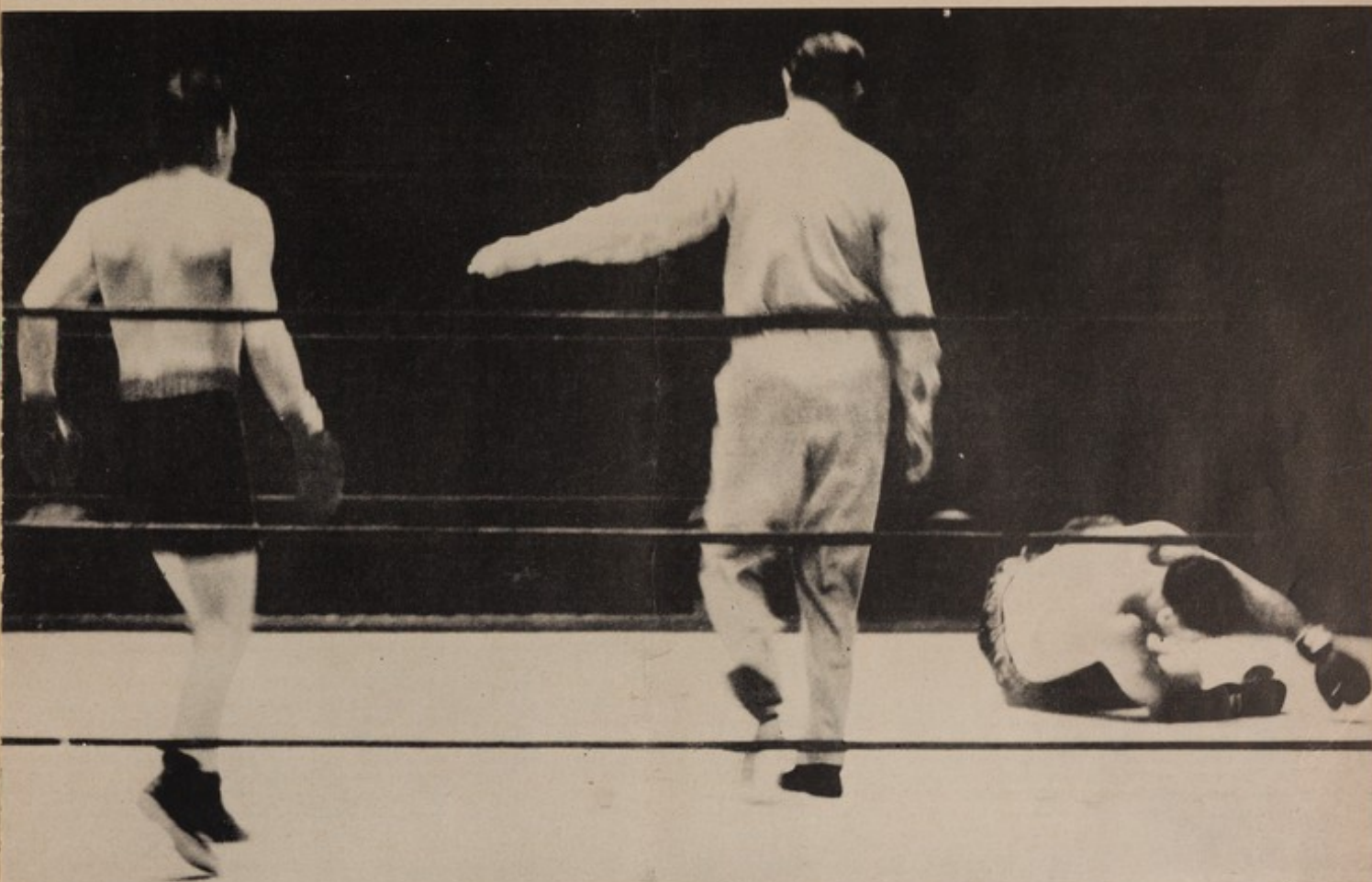
Our strategy was rudimentary, but we gave it all we had. For the last month before the fight we insulted Corbett, publicly, enthusiastically and at every opportunity.

When we arrived in Los Angeles to start training and the newspapermen came around for interviews, Pop pointedly took a rain check on the usual pre-fight platitudes. Instead of saying, as nearly all managers say before nearly all fights, that it was going to be a great fight between two great fighters, Pop said it would probably be a stinker.

"Corbett's not much of a fighter," Pop said sadly.

I winced slightly for my reputation as a modest unassuming boy as I nodded in agreement and told the sports writers that I expected Corbett to run away from me but also expected to catch up to him and knock him out inside six rounds.

Larry White, Corbett's manager, dropped around to the Olympic Auditorium to watch me work out one afternoon. Pop had him run off the premises. Then Pop remembered a state law under which boxers weighing 145 pounds or less were permitted to wear five-ounce gloves and boxers weighing more than 145 were required to wear six-ounce gloves.



A TITLE IN 2½ MINUTES. McLarnin won the welter crown from Young Corbett after a prefight battle of insults. His mother was proud and happy.

Corbett was dead on the welterweight limit of 147 pounds and I was two or three pounds under. The lighter a glove is the more damage you can do with it. When Pop announced he would insist that Corbett wear six-ounce gloves and I wear fives, the reaction was just what we expected. Larry White howled murder.

Pop replied through the press that if White and Corbett had their way we'd be fighting with pillows. Finally the Boxing Commission stepped in and ruled that we'd both wear 5½-ounce gloves.

Pop and White wrangled about the referee, about the method of bandaging Corbett's and my hands, even about the movie rights. Corbett was 25 years old two days before the fight. I sent him a patronizing wire: "Birthday greetings and best wishes for your future success." We stirred up a pleasant amount of unpleasantness all around.

Not that we were sure of accomplishing anything. As Pop assessed it, the best we could do was to get Corbett and White mad and the worst we could do was get them guessing.

The night of the fight we sent my brother Bob to Corbett's dressing room to check the bandaging of his hands. We hadn't told Bob the reason for our rudeness, but we urged him to keep his ears open.

Pop and I had just opened the door to our own dressing room and were starting to head for the ringside when we saw Bob coming down the runway. There's always

a crowd outside the dressing room and Bob was having trouble fighting his way through. He came through the crowd, half on his feet and half on his elbows, and when he got to the room he pulled me back inside and slammed the door. His face was the color of a mouthguard.

"James!" he panted—to the family I was always James—"James," Bob panted, "he's gonna come out punching!"

We still didn't have a written guarantee, but it

looked good. I floated down the aisle to the ring feeling as smug and lightheaded as a bride. I sat forward on my stool and looked across at Corbett. He looked pale and anxious—the way a fighter usually looks when he's up for his fight. When I caught his eyes he stared back for a moment and then looked away.

Some of the writers who saw this exchange said afterward that Corbett's nerve was running out on him. I wasn't nearly so optimistic. In that last minute—no matter how confident I'd been a few minutes before—I began to feel, as always, a little shaky myself. If I'd been trying to psychoanalyze Corbett, all I'd have said was that he quit looking at me because he didn't like me.

George Blake, the referee, waved us to the middle of the ring and gave the stock instructions ending with the stock phrase—"Go to your corners and come out fighting."

Corbett obeyed to the letter and with a vengeance. I hadn't taken two steps before he was on top of me, throwing his left hand—his best hand.

In the first minute it crashed past my arms half-a-dozen times and bounced against my ribs like a bucketful of hot rivets. His first charge pinned me against the ropes and as I tried to circle away he hooked another hard left to the head.

I couldn't find room to get away from him, much less to throw a punch at him.

These punches of his all hurt. I was glad he was throwing them, but I was by no means glad they

Continued on page 48



POP FOSTER and the McLarnins retired to L.A. in 1936. Now they see each other often, but seldom talk about the past.



NEVER GET FRIENDLY WITH A FRIENDLY BEAR

Don't let our pet Jasper fool you with his comic charm. In the fur, bears can be tougher than traffic cops with sore heads. They don't know their own strength and will sometimes help themselves to the hand that's feeding them

By FRED BODSWORTH
Jasper drawings by Simpkins

THE men whose job it is to keep an eye on Canada's birds and beasts have a problem: How do you keep wild black bears wild? Biologists tell us that Canada's bears are becoming too tame and sociable. It's serious. Tame bears, they say, are dangerous. Oddly enough, only a wild man-hating bear is a safe bear to have around.

You can always tell what a genuine wild bear will do. When he smells man scent he will gallop for the hills at 25 m.p.h. Trouble is, Canada and the U. S. don't have many of these genuine wild bears left. Many of Canada's bears have abandoned their wilderness way of life and become sociable parasites around towns, lumber camps and tourist lodges. They have discovered it's much easier to live off hand-outs than to make a living the old way.

All this has our park officials and wildlife experts worried. Bruin means well but he has atrocious table manners. He sits around camp politely munching bread or bacon rind handouts, then shuffles up and makes off with a couple of loaves of bread or a side of bacon. Usually he leaves a wrecked tent or food locker behind. In parks like Jasper in Alberta black bears will eat chocolate bars and cookies out of visitors' hands. But if they don't start getting at least half a dozen cookies at a time they may claw the flesh off a man's arm.

Every summer park rangers rush several persons to first-aid stations with clawed arms and nipped fingers. Bears are short-tempered. They won't take teasing. A bear will take a sandwich out of a tourist's hand like a gentleman. Then he'll notice that the fellow has a box of sandwiches concealed behind his back and he will knock the tourist over to get the whole box.

Some years ago, near Algonquin Park in Northern Ontario, a friendly bear was accepting candy from a U. S. woman tourist. She began teasing, holding out a candy and jerking it back to make the bear sit up. He didn't like this. He took one swipe with his paw and raked her with his claws from her face to her knees. She is scarred for life.

As Goldilocks found out, there are great big bears, middle-sized bears and wee little bears.

On the coastal slopes of Alaska is the Alaskan brown bear, an overgrown grizzly that sometimes fattens up to 1,500 pounds and walks off carrying the carcass of a bull elk, which weighs the better part of a ton, as though it were an extra overcoat.

The middle-sized bear is the grizzly, a hulking

800 pounds of brawn who has retreated into the remote wilderness areas of the Rockies. Biologists estimate that fewer than 600 grizzlies survive in the U. S. Only in British Columbia, the Yukon and Alaska do big-game hunters still find them.

America's wee little bear is the black bear—"wee little" as bears go, yet still big enough to tip scales occasionally at 600 pounds and rip the roof boards off a summer cottage as though it was a match box. This is the bear on most of the continent from Mexico to the Arctic. Most of them are coal black with a brown snout, though in parts of the West there is a brown one.

How do you tell a grizzly from a black bear? One B. C. guide suggests: "Climb a tree and if the bear climbs after you it's a black." Grizzlies climb well until they are about a year old, then their claws will no longer support their weight. Black bears climb like kittens.

Won't Even Hug Blondes

There are more exact ways of telling them apart. The grizzly has a prominent shoulder hump and a big round dishpan face. The black bear isn't humpbacked and has a narrower, more pointed face. If your bear ambles up with a friendly "woof," sits on his haunches and begs for something to eat, it's Blackie. Just the same you'd better tell him to rustle up his own dinner if you want to keep on counting to ten on your fingers.

Ever since Champlain became Canada's first bear hunter we've been slandering the black bear as a pig-thieving, baby-snatching bruiser with a rib-crushing bear hug for every human he meets.

A few million armchair hunters have the idea that a bear rears up on his hind legs at sight of man and charges with the speed of an express train (it's always an express train). If the bold hunter's trusty Winchester doesn't knock bruin out of commission when he's six feet away (it's always six feet, too), the bear snatches up his adversary and hugs him until his ribs are shattered.

No bear has yet shown the least desire to hug anyone and they've met their share of blondes in shorts, too.

Truth is, the black bear would much sooner eat chocolate cake or peppermints than chew on a leg of man. He just doesn't know his own strength, that's all. He might claw a couple of layers of flesh

off a man's back with a friendly "woof" that just means "Hurry up and pass the peppermints."

In parks and resorts, bears are fine tourist attractions. But park officials would sleep better if tourists were not so interested in bears.

Tame bears can never be relied upon to continue acting like tame bears. A mother who thinks her cubs are threatened or a touchy old daddy alarmed by a back-firing car are at times instantly transformed into frantic wild animals.

Bears in Jasper Park have been as domesticated as fox terriers ever since Earl Haig opened the golf course there in 1925 and at the fourth hole a big black daddy clouted Haig's ball down the fairway with his paw. Bears sometimes sit on the golf course benches. Yet last June, when Vince Holbert, a University of Alberta student, stopped to admire two playful cubs the mother bear charged, knocked him down with one swipe of her paw and began chewing on his leg. The bear was finally frightened away by the shouts of Holbert's companions.

In a summer home area of northern Michigan, near Sault Ste. Marie, bears started getting chummy two years ago, entertaining cottagers by eating from garbage pits while people watched. One became too chummy and lost his fear of man. He dragged off three-year-old Carol Pomeranky and left her dead in the bush.

This is the only recorded instance of a black bear making an unprovoked attack on a human. There are other records of attacks by bears but all are cases in which the bear was teased, protecting cubs, or wounded.

But when tourists get too close they aren't safe whether the bear attacks or not. Bears aren't gentle. In Yellowstone Park, Wyo., a tourist photographing a friendly bear got between the bear and an empty syrup can the animal was eyeing. The bear gave the tourist a little nudge to push him out of the way. The nudge broke the man's shoulder.

"When bears get into trouble with tourists it is usually the tourists' fault," says Dr. William J. K. Harkness, chief of the Ontario Government's division of fish and wildlife. "In Algonquin Park we have bears fearless enough to gather at garbage dumps when people are standing near, but they're not tame enough to let people feed them. We want to keep them that way. Because when bears let tourists approach close, sooner or later someone

does something foolish and gets himself hurt."

The bears seem intent on developing a close association with man whether the wildlife experts approve or not.

In Waterton, a resort town in southern Alberta, last summer a bear ambled down the main street, came to an open tavern door, strolled through the lobby and headed like a seasoned pub-crawler for the beverage room. While drinkers scattered and waiters hid behind the bar the bear squatted on a table and clawed plaster from the ceiling. Ten minutes later he ambled out and returned to the bush.

Residents of Fort William, Port Arthur and Sault Ste. Marie are growing accustomed to seeing bears on the streets. In Port Arthur last fall a woman called police and exclaimed: "There's a bear walking up my sidewalk." Police cruisers arrived but the bear had disappeared. Other residents began reporting bears on their sidewalks. Cruisers sped from street to street, always about one block behind the bear, as radio messages from headquarters kept them on the trail. Finally the police cornered the bear under a verandah and shot him. Two hours later a second bear was cornered in a tree and also shot.

At Hearst, Ont., a farmer's wife glanced out her window and saw a bear muscling pigs away from a barnyard feed-trough. She chased it back into the bush with a broom while the pigs squealed applause.

Bears have keen curiosity, keen noses and very poor eyesight. Men in the bush frequently become alarmed and fear a bear is about to attack them when actually the animal is only lured by curiosity or scent and unable to see clearly what it is getting into.

A Powerful Smeller In That Snout

In northwestern Ontario's Quetico Park last summer Sig Olson, biologist for the Izaak Walton League, told me of a bear encounter he had a few years ago. He had stopped at a Quetico campsite, unloaded his canoe and left two freshly caught lake trout lying in the shade under one of the packs. Then he walked into the bush a few yards to cut wood. He climbed onto the trunk of a fallen tree and at the other end of the tree 100 feet away saw a mother bear and two cubs. The big bear was facing him, swaying her head from side to side and snorting impatiently. Olson knew that a mother bear with cubs might attack. If he ran for his canoe the bear

could easily overtake him. If he climbed a tree, probably the bear would come right up after him. He gripped his axe and waited.

The bear moved slowly along the tree, head tossing, nostrils wide and sniffing noisily. Olson glanced around and selected a small jack pine. If he had to he could climb it and hope that it was too small for the bear to follow. The bear approached more rapidly. If he turned to run she could be on top of him in three bounds.

Then the bear, ignoring him, jumped down from the tree, ambled past a few feet away, picked up the lake trout from under his packsack and carried the fish back to her cubs. She hadn't seen him, had merely smelled the fish and was sniffing her way along the fallen tree toward them.

Two lakehead men on a fishing trip two years ago were portaging into Trout Lake, 25 miles northwest of Fort William. One took the canoe, the other followed with camp equipment. It was a steep trail and the leading man, his head under the canoe, could hear his companion puffing along behind. For half a mile he kept chatting, telling jokes, and when his pal didn't answer he attributed the silence to his shortness of breath. At the top of the ridge he put the canoe down

Continued on page 47





Illustrated by Jock Bush

In Port-au-Prince, where the mysterious doctor fell ill, two officers came calling uninvited. They swore to keep a secret as long as they lived.

The Double Life of Dr. James Barry

Inspector-General Barry ruled the British Army's medical corps in Canada with a bossy efficiency in a thick cloud of rumor and legend. Then, after 53 years' service, a shocking secret came out

By James Bannerman

ONE of the sights of Montreal in the winter of 1858 was a magnificent red sleigh that dashed along Sherbrooke Street every fine afternoon, silver bells jingling, harness glittering, a coachman and footman in glossy furs on the front seat. But eye-filling though all this was, two things made the sleigh downright spectacular—the lunatic speed at which it was driven and the grotesque appearance of its solitary passenger.

Not quite five feet tall he wore a tight-fitting dark-blue military uniform. His chin, half hidden by the folds of the greatcoat collar, was narrow and sloping; his mouth a tiny peevish slit under a beak of a nose. The yellowish cheeks had a kind of withered smoothness, and such of his thinning hair as

could be seen under a gold-braided peaked cap was dyed scarlet. Every now and again, when the sleigh bounced and slewed in an icy rut, he was flung violently to the floor, cursing in a voice like the squall of an angry sea gull.

Even the most polite Montrealers stared openly. For the strange little creature struggling in a tangle of musk-ox robes at the bottom of his wonderful sleigh was Dr. James Barry, Inspector-General of Military Hospitals and Principal Medical Officer of the British Army in Canada. Army doctors at this time did not rate military titles beyond that of the post they held. Barry's equivalent

rank, however, was major-general. Although he had only arrived from England that fall he was already surrounded by rumor and legend.

People said his coachmen drove him as they did in revenge for being treated like dogs and that he had to hire and fire a new one every few days. They said he never drank wine or spirits, and would eat nothing but fruit and vegetables. They said he slept on specially made pillows which he took with him wherever he went, and used an enormous number of bath towels. They said a great deal, and some of it was true. But there was something far stranger about the inspector-general than anything they knew or guessed, something too fantastic to suspect.

James Barry was a woman.

The beginning of her story is lost. There is no record of her birth

Continued on page 50

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

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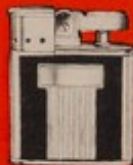
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SIDNEY KATZ and friends. He's going to tell you all about them.

KEN BELL

In the Editors' Confidence

SIDNEY KATZ and Herb Manning have joined our staff as assistant editors. Both their names have appeared in the magazine as by-lines on articles. Katz was pictured in this very column in the Aug. 15, 1949, issue, surrounded by the newspapers from which he extracted the story of how the Toronto evening papers covered the last federal election.

Manning, who comes to the magazine from the news editorship of the Winnipeg Tribune, wrote us a story a few years ago about the colorful characters who populated the Olympic Rink in his hometown.

Katz, who was born in Ottawa, has combined the careers of a social worker and a magazine writer ever since he left the Air Force in 1946. He worked for a digest magazine, attended the University of Toronto and wrote pieces for us—all at the same time. Completing study for his master's degree last spring he set off almost at once on a trip that took him across the nation talking to hundreds of teen-agers about their problems.

The first results of this big assignment will be seen in the next issue when a three-part series, called "It's a Tough Time to be a Kid," begins.

In Vancouver, Katz, who is 34, was asked by a young blonde: "What's it like to be settled and not always wanting to go places and see things?" Katz will be going many places and seeing many things for us. His list of assignments will understandably lean in the direction of his other profession, in which he has already gained international recognition.

Mrs. Katz writes for us too under the name of Dorothy Sangster. We're not suggesting there is anything sneaky about her using this name because it was hers before she was

married. They have a son Stephen, 3.

When Manning, who is 37, got on the train to come to Toronto and this magazine he said he felt like a commuter catching a local. In the last few months he has made four round trips between his native Winnipeg and the East.

In the spring he moved his family to Toronto to escape the flood. He came east again in July to pick them up, have a vacation and get his shoes dried out.

A month later he was back in the Ottawa Press Gallery and returned to Winnipeg just in time to unpack his bags before coming to Toronto, once again, and to this magazine.

"Frankly," he says, "I'm tired of looking at Lake Superior."

He is married to Dorothy Robinson and has a daughter, Merrily, aged 8.



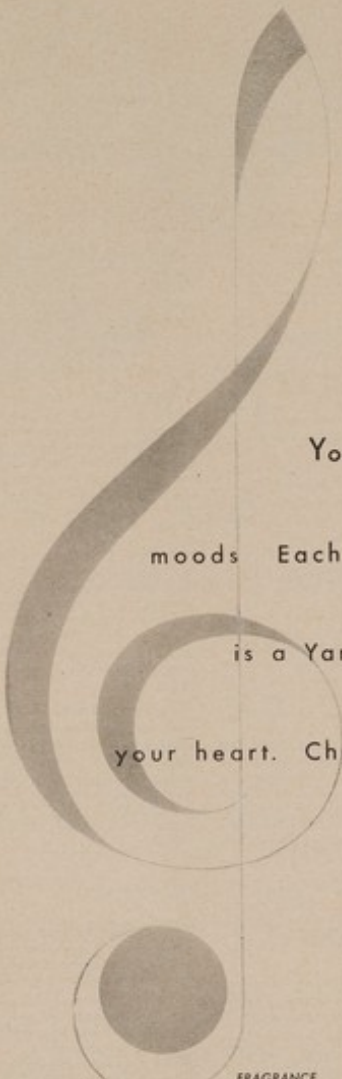
HERB MANNING, tired of looking at Superior, can now get acquainted with smaller Ontario.

KEN BELL

MACLEAN'S



FRANKLIN ARBUCKLE used the store of Boucharde at Frère (Marchands Généraux) in Bois-St-Paul, County Charlevoix, Que. as the model for this cover. "I did the painting right in the store with two rather unfriendly cats for company," he writes. "This store did not have merchandise hanging from the ceiling as most of the others in the area did. So, I made sketches and moved some of the goods to 'my' store. The scales, for instance, were drawn in Warren's general store, in Pointe au Pic. Everyone was very helpful as I explained in my version of French just what it was I wanted. They also seemed sure I was crazy, but harmless."



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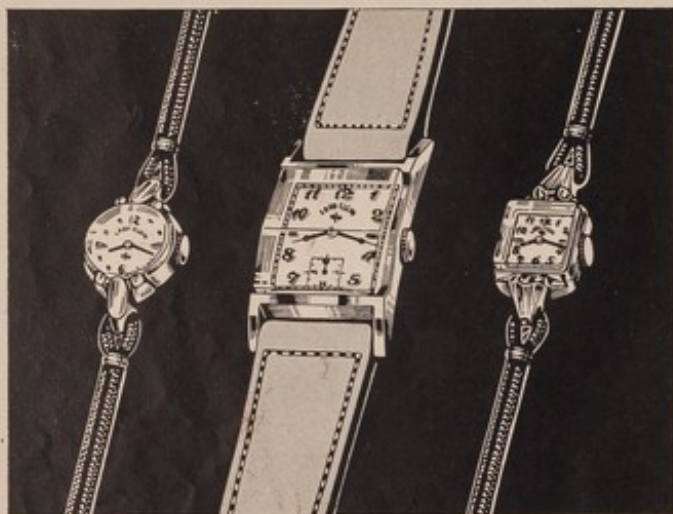
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SINCE 1865

Maclean's MOVIES



CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

CONVICTED: The basic materials are awfully familiar, but sincere acting and Henry Levin's crisp direction make this a better-than-average prison drama, enlivened by laconic humor. The good cast includes Broderick Crawford, Glenn Ford, Millard Mitchell.

50 YEARS BEFORE YOUR EYES: Barbara Ann Scott, the late Mackenzie King and other Canadians are briefly spotlighted—along with such global luminaries as Buffalo Bill, Valentino and Hitler—in a half-century newsreel panorama. Sketchy but interesting.

THE MILKMAN: An affable, unpretentious little farce, starring Jimmy Durante and Donald O'Connor as dairy deliverymen who run afoul of some tough but bewildered hoodlums. The great Schnozzola sings a couple of fairly lively songs in his copyrighted mood of genial indignation.

MISTER 880: If you can't visualize such a thing as a lovable counterfeiter, wait till you see Edmund Gwenn as an old junkman whose activities keep the treasury sleuths in a mad tizzy for 10 years. One of the season's better comedies; an enjoyable job all around.

NO WAY OUT: The most blunt and shocking of all Hollywood's studies of race prejudice in America. However, the Negro-hater, played vividly by Richard Widmark, is practically a homicidal maniac, a fact which lessens the film's impact on "nice" people guilty of less

violent intolerance. Worth seeing just the same.

THE PETTY GIRL: An amiable semi-musical about a society painter (Robert Cummings) who finds a prim but shapely professor (Joan Caulfield) and turns her into the queen of the pin-ups. Elsa Lanchester and Melville Cooper take part in the shenanigans, some of which are quite amusing.

PRETTY BABY: This one starts out with a good comic idea—pretty spinster carries life-sized doll on subway trips so somebody always gets up and gives her a seat. But the fun stretches out too thinly, long before the plot has run its tedious course. Betsy Drake is the gal, and Edmund Gwenn the crusty tycoon who "adopts" her.

SADDLE TRAMP: Another attempt—mainly unsuccessful, in my opinion—to ring in a few chuckly changes on the ancient yarn about the vagabond bachelor who foster-fathers a brood of small children. Mildly and pleasantly satirical at first, it becomes routine hois-opera at the finish. Joel McCrea is the hero.

SUMMER STOCK: Judy Garland, if now becomes clear, still has more communicable zest and charm in putting over a popular song than most of her younger (and older) rivals. Her talents and the agile footwork of Gene Kelly are enough to make this fun-in-a-barn musical a superior entry in its own category.

GILMOUR RATES . . .

All the King's Men: Drama, Excellent.
Annie Get Your Gun: Musical, Good.
Asphalt Jungle: Crime, Excellent.
Beaver Valley: Wildlife short, Tops.
Bicycle Thief: Tragi-comedy, Tops.
Black Rose: Costumed drama, Poor.
Blue Lamp: Police thriller, Good.
Bright Leaf: Tobacco drama, Fair.
Broken Arrow: Frontier drama, Good.
Cheaper by the Dozen: Comedy, Fair.
Cinderella: Disney fantasy, Excellent.
City Lights (re-issue): Comedy, Tops.
Comanche Territory: Western, Good.
Copper Canyon: Comic western, Fair.
Destination Moon: Space drama, Good.
Duchess of Idaho: Musical, Fair.
Fancy Pants: Bob Hope farce, Good.
Father of the Bride: Comedy, Good.
The Fireball: Rooney drama, Fair.
Flame and the Arrow: Costumed swash-buckler plus acrobatics, Fair.
Frightened City: Plague drama, Poor.
The Furies: "Super-western," Poor.
Glass Mountain: Opera drama, Fair.
Garden of Eatin': Historical, Good.
Great Jewel Robber: Crime, Fair.
Hasty Heart: Tragi-comedy, Good.
Holy Year 1950: Rome pilgrimage, Fair.
House by the River: Drama, Poor.
I'll Get By: Musical farce, Fair.
In a Lonely Place: Suspense, Fair.
Intruder in the Dust: Drama, Good.
Key to the City: Gable comedy, Fair.
Kind Hearts and Coronets: Comedy and murders, Excellent for adults.
Kiss Tomorrow Goodbye: Crime, Fair.

Lady Without Passport: Drama, Poor.
The Lawless: Suspense drama, Good.
Louisa: "Gay grandma" comedy, Fair.
Love Happy: Marx Bros. farce, Fair.
Morning Departure: Sea drama, Fair.
My Blue Heaven: TV musical, Fair.
My Friend Irma Goes West: Slapstick ranch musical, Fair.
Mystery Street: Crime, Excellent.
Night and the City: Crime drama, Good.
Our Very Own: Family drama, Fair.
Panic in the Streets: Crime, Excellent.
Prelude to Fame: Music drama, Good.
Reformer and Redhead: Comedy, Fair.
Reluctant Widow: Spy drama, Poor.
Riding High: Turf comedy, Good.
Rocketship XM: Space drama, Fair.
711 Ocean Drive: Crime, Fair.
Shadow on the Wall: Suspense, Fair.
Skipper Surprised His Wife: Domestic comedy, Fair.
Spy Hunt: Espionage, Fair.
Stage Fright: Comic suspense, Good.
Stars in My Crown: Old West, Fair.
Stella: Screwball comedy, Fair.
Sunset Boulevard: Drama, Tops.
They Were Not Divided: War, Fair.
Tight Little Island: Comedy, Tops.
The Titan: Art documentary, Tops.
Three Came Home: Drama, Good.
Three Little Wards: Musical, Fair.
Treasure Island: Boy adventure, Good.
Twelve O'Clock High: Air war, Tops.
Union Station: Kidnapping, Good.
Wabash Avenue: Musical, Fair.
Wagonmaster: Western, Good.
Where the Sidewalk Ends: Detective melodrama, Fair.
Winchester '73: Western, Good.



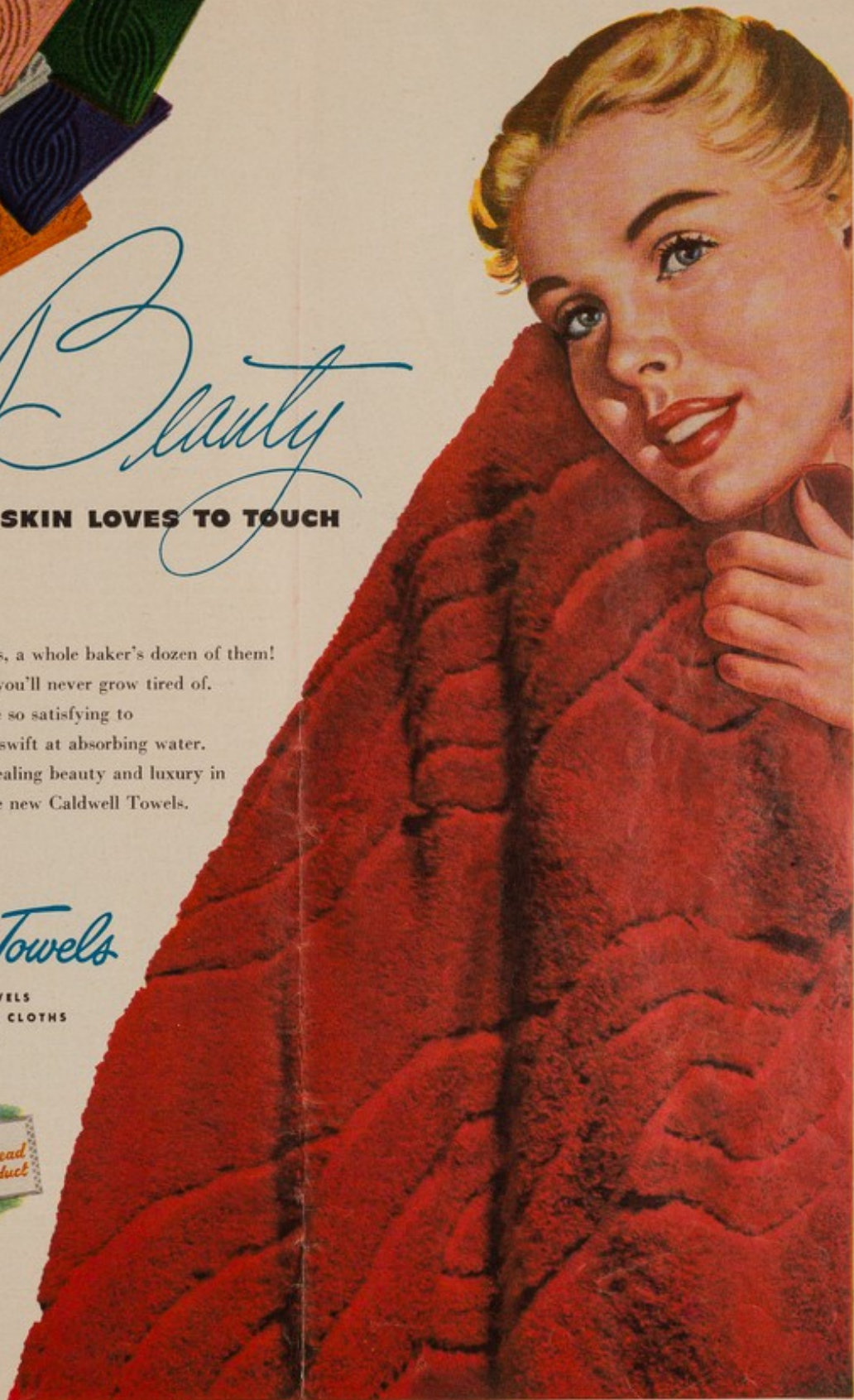
Beauty

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Everybody Boos the CBC

Continued from page 9

phrases in the Quebec manner.

Fifteen hundred farm groups gather faithfully each Monday to hear the CBC's "Farm Forum" and half a million school children hear the morning school broadcasts on weekdays. These school broadcasts have standardized the Shakespearean plays studied in most provinces and have caused the addition of two new courses—conservation and guidance—to the Ontario curriculum.

Canadians almost anywhere in the world can hear CBC programs. Three Oblate missionaries listen regularly; one to the French network in Montreal, one to CBC short wave beamed to B. C.'s Queen Charlotte Islands and a third to the International Service in Chile. An Italian street urchin recently wrote in for a CBC schedule explaining he was too poor to own a radio but had found a house in Rome where CBC programs came through an open window. A Brazilian wrote that after hearing the CBC he'd broken a sacred vow to visit the Holy Land and would come to Canada instead. In a recent poll taken of 6,000 listeners around the world by the International Shortwave Listening Club the CBC ranked fourth in a field of 26, three places ahead of the Voice of America, whose budget is seven times larger.

Sometimes Canadian producers feel they are without honor in their own country. When Swedish-born Esse Ljung (pronounced "Young") produced a series of folk legends he got 16 letters from CBC listeners, most of them derogatory. The series was also carried on a New York City station and produced 2,000 letters from Americans. Only one beefed.

CBC programs regularly win radio Oscars from the Institute for Education by Radio, at Columbus, Ohio. Last year the CBC took more of these awards than any of the U. S. nets.

Recently a group of U. S. radio people, including Norman Corwin, the gifted writer, listened to a recording of the CBC's two-hour production of "Hamlet." Canadian Mavor Moore, who was present, noted with dismay that Corwin grew gloomier and gloomier as the play progressed. It turned out, however, that Corwin wasn't upset by the production but by the fact that in the U. S. it wouldn't be commercially possible to produce a two-hour Shakespearean drama free of commercials.

U. S. radio is as different from its Canadian cousin as the Manhattan towers of Radio City are from the one-time young ladies' seminary that now houses the CBC's Toronto studios. There is little of the frantic atmosphere of sales and soap on this side of the line. Ernie Bushnell recalls walking into the office of his opposite number on a big American net. It was a perfect Bedlam. A playback machine was roaring out a recently transcribed program; a loudspeaker hooked to a rehearsal studio was blaring from another corner; and there seemed to be three radios as well—all tuned to different programs. Bushnell has one old-fashioned radio in his office to which he seldom listens. "Quite frankly I can't work with that damn thing on," he says.

"The American nets are interested primarily in making money," one CBC man said recently. "The CBC is interested in losing it."

The reason for this difference in concept—a difference which will almost certainly be carried over into television—can be traced directly to Canadian geography and history. A Canadian network must operate in six

time zones and two languages and it must also service the sparsely populated districts which make up most of the country. Only a network prepared to lose money could do this.

Before the first Royal Commission into radio Canadian stations were largely northern extensions of U. S. networks, primarily serving city areas. The occasional Canadian network show was handled by the Canadian National Railway and on one occasion listeners to a musical program were treated to a fine display of profanity by a CNR dispatcher who hooked into the network by mistake. As late as 1932 only two fifths of the country outside of Toronto and Montreal could get regular programs and there were no French programs at all. The CBC, like the railways, defies geography to link the nation.

The present radio setup is the result of the recommendations of a Royal Commission under banker Sir John Aird, created by a Liberal government in 1929 and implemented with some modifications by a Conservative government in 1932. The Aird report urged total nationalization of radio, but a parliamentary committee decided that private stations should be allowed to continue to serve local needs while a government-owned network should serve national needs. A board of governors, serving without salary, was appointed to sit in judgment on both, giving preference to national interests.

The initial result was Hector Charlesworth's Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission. "If the politicians leave us alone we shall be all right," said Charlesworth. They didn't. Jean

CHRISTMAS AT THE EMPRESS

There's no other hotel quite like the ivied Empress in Victoria. And there's no other writer who could have written about it with the same wit and knowledge as

Bruce Hutchison

IN MACLEAN'S DEC. 15

On Sale Dec. 8

François Pouliot rose in the Commons at one point to suggest that Charlesworth's tongue should be torn from his mouth and wound seven times around his whiskers.

The CRBC was fettered with a civil-service atmosphere. Salaries were held up for weeks pending Treasury approval. When Charlesworth sent a \$10 wreath to the funeral of the president of the Canadian Radio Manufacturers' Association an order-in-council was needed to approve the spending. The CRBC, as one M.P. put it, was "alone, yet not alone." Four years later it was replaced by the CBC which is divorced from direct government interference and has control over its own expenditures.

It is a curious legal animal. MacKenzie King once agreed with Gordon Graydon that it was "half and half—partly a department of the government, partly a public corporation." Nonetheless it has withstood the scrutiny of seven parliamentary committees and two Gallup polls.

There have been a few attempts at political control. For example, General L. R. LaFleche, when he was Minister

Continued on page 32

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Kodak Tourist Camera, Kodet Lens—

\$26. Old favorite with new ideas. Kodak's economy-model folding camera. Other "Tourists," \$40.75 to \$100. Flashholder with guard, \$14.

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Kodak
TRADE-MARK

Continued from page 30
of National War Services once successfully ordered a controlman in Montreal to pull the plug on a program he didn't like on the state of Maritime Insane Asylums. But these have been stoutly resisted by the CBC itself.

The corporation started with 135 employees and six hours of network broadcasting a day. It now has 1,430 employees, operates its trans-Canada network 21½ hours a day, its French network 16 hours a day and its Dominion network six hours a day. The value of its equipment has increased from \$310,000 to \$9 millions.

Its new studios in Montreal's former Ford Hotel are the most modern on the continent. It operates 19 key stations, 17 relay stations and feeds its programs regularly to 86 private stations and, on special occasions, to 56 others. Private stations get CBC sustaining shows free and are paid a fee (which some of them think is too low) for carrying network commercial shows. The CBC gets \$2,300,000 from advertising but 80% of its shows are free of commercials. And it broadcasts more than 14,000 hours of home-grown talent each year.

Last year the CBC's over-all expenses

totaled \$8 millions, of which close to \$5½ millions came from license fees. Advertising revenue almost but not quite made up the difference, for the corporation showed an operating deficit of \$243,000 for 1949. An estimated 2,900,000 Canadian homes have radios, but only 2,192,400 set-owners bought licenses. Thus the corporation missed out on some \$1,770,000 in unpaid fees—or seven times its deficit.

Since the days of the Aird Commission the principle of public radio has been under continual fire from private station owners. Two of the most blistering briefs submitted to that com-

mission in 1929 were written by Ernie Bushnell himself, then a private station spokesman. Bushnell, a big blunt sandy-haired man who used to be tenor in a radio quartet, is now on the opposite side of the microphone, but others still fight the good fight.

The chief lobbyist for the private interests is James Allard, a smallish sandy-haired man who used to be a radio announcer and still speaks with the rich mellow tones of a cigarette commercial. Allard is president of the Canadian Association of Broadcasters to which most private stations belong. He owns six radios but never tunes any of them into a publicly owned station.

Briefly, the CAB would like to see a separate regulatory body supplant the present CBC Board of Governors to control all broadcasting in Canada. This, the CAB hopes, would pave the way for the setting up of commercial radio networks and the withdrawal of the CBC from commercial broadcasting.

Mild Davey Dunton, who also owns six radios, feels that this arrangement would badly cripple Canadian-style broadcasting. He suggests that many stations would simply revert to the old position of being northern spouts for U. S. networks, that many private stations which now carry CBC programs would junk them for commercial U. S. shows, leaving gaps in the national network, and that the loss of present commercial revenue would injure CBC programs or else force an increase in the license fee.

These two points of view have been dinned into the ears of Vincent Massey, the solemn-faced chairman of the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences, and it is up to him and his colleagues to decide on their relative merits. Their report will be handed to Parliament probably next month, but it's a good guess that, as far as radio is concerned, the main recommendations will revolve around financing. (The CBC has suggested a \$5 license fee, the CAB a government grant.)

A Simpler, Cheaper Video

The question of television is a far more important consideration and as touchy as a live microphone. It will also be dealt with in the Massey Report. Parliament can either adopt the report, amend it or shelve it, but it will probably accept its recommendations on TV. And in this case the report will be to Canadian video what the Aird report was to Canadian radio. Until the report is made public the CBC can do no more than make sketchy plans for TV programming while the private interests, who still aren't sure where they fit into the picture, can only hold their breath.

It is entirely probable, however, that Canada will end up, in television as in radio, with a saw-off between private and public ownership. Certainly there are enough television channels to go around—or will be eventually.

A channel is to television what a frequency is to radio, except that there aren't so many of them. The present system of very-high-frequency TV broadcasts would make only 12 channels available in Canada, but two or more stations can use the same channel if they're more than 250 miles apart. The Department of Transport, after conferring with the U. S. Federal Communications Commission to avoid over-the-border interference, has tentatively allotted Halifax the use of 3 channels, Montreal 5, Ottawa 3, Toronto 3, Hamilton and Windsor 1 each, Winnipeg 4, Regina 3, Edmonton and Calgary 4 each, Vancouver 3.

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LEFT: Train Case, Aeropack and Fortnight Case in McBride "Regal" Raubside. See these and other smart styles at your McBride dealer's.

McBRINE
AROUND THE WORLD
BAGGAGE

And up television's sleeve is ultra-high frequency, a second band which offers perhaps 50 channels, and which hasn't yet been exploited even in the U. S.

By next September, when the first Canadian-produced programs are scheduled to go on the air, the CBC will have spent its \$4½ million government loan to provide a bare minimum of TV facilities. TV costs are fantastically high compared with radio. A microphone costs \$150 but a TV camera costs \$20,000. Comparable studios cost six times as much and recordings 25 times as much. The new TV buildings in Montreal and Toronto will have only two studios each. (The new Montreal radio building, by comparison, has 28.)

Those Canadians who do see home-grown TV will only see it, for a start, for about two hours a night. And it will cost between \$35 and \$50 millions to bring network TV to all of Canada.

It's anybody's guess yet how these programs will be paid for. A single-hour show along extravagant U. S. lines would cost the combined radio license fees of 1,000 Canadians. Undoubtedly Canadian TV will be simpler and cheaper.

The CBC is also determined that, like radio, TV shall be primarily Canadian. Viewers will certainly see many U. S. telecasts. The CBC makes no secret of the fact that it would like to get the world series and the heavy-weight boxing championships, but the bulk of the offerings will have a Canadian flavor. For instance, Fergus Mutrie, the ex-farmer who directs the Toronto end of the TV setup, is trying to line up some puppet characters who will be original and distinctively Canadian.

But the program pattern will be quite different from radio. Few if any of the familiar radio shows will be transferred directly to TV. (One possible exception would be Wayne and Shuster, who have already appeared on TV programs in New York.) Many of radio's best-known actors and writers may not prove adaptable to the new medium which in other countries has drawn large slices of talent from vaudeville, night club and stage.

At first, viewers will probably see special events (such as the Canadian National Exhibition, perhaps), simple plays using a few sets and not more than six actors, variety programs and short operettas by the CBC Opera Company. It's doubtful if there'll be spot news broadcasts at first. One 15-minute news broadcast on TV costs as much as an hour-long drama show. On the other hand there will be many inexpensive how-to-do-it demonstrations using one or two people and simple props. These are the TV counterpart of radio talks, which have always been a big item in Canadian radio (7,600 a year) though never in the U. S.

Later programs will grow more ambitious. As in radio, the CBC is drawing on European as well as American experience. It's possible, for example, that full-scale dramas may be allowed as much time as necessary to play them properly—two hours and 10 minutes, say—as is done in England. Big drama shows may be on a once-a-month rather than a once-a-week basis, but it's a good bet that they will be repeated.

But all this is in its infancy. The entire TV program staff in Toronto numbers seven. By September it will be close to 90. The same goes for Montreal.

The problem of bringing Canadian TV to all the people is nowhere near solution. Until it is the CBC's "go-slow" policy will continue to anger many people. It has not been without

its benefits, however. Ten million TV sets in the U. S. will soon be obsolete in the face of color television. But new sets are adaptable to either color or black and white—and Canadians have just begun to buy.

It is impossible, of course, to lag behind for ever. No one knows this better than Alphonse Ouimet, the CBC's TV co-ordinator.

"Television," he says, "is like a fast-moving streetcar. You've got to be moving at a pretty good speed yourself if you want to catch it."

Ouimet once went a little too fast: he joined a TV company in Montreal

back in 1931. "The pictures were such that if you stood close enough you could just barely recognize your own mother on the screen," he recalls. Now he figures the speed is about right.

A TV network will come slowly to Canada. The first step will probably be to link Montreal and Toronto, later adding Ottawa, Windsor and Quebec City. Western and Maritime stations will develop independently, using locally produced shows supplemented by films of network programs.

In the meantime the CBC's three radio networks will continue to operate and probably to expand, doling out the

curious brew of corn, culture and Canadianism which like so many other facets of life above the 49th parallel lies somewhere between the British and the American way of doing things. There is no reason to suspect that the ceaseless investigation of radio in Canada will stop after two royal commissions and eight parliamentary committees have said their piece about it.


As long as public radio exists in Canada, people will make complaints, suggestions, attacks and demands upon it.

And why shouldn't they? They're paying for it. ★



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Corn

Continued from page 10

one man—Ferguson—sitting in a 10-by-7 booth in CBC's Jarvis Street studios in Toronto, his only equipment a two-foot-high dummy door used for sound effects, a package of cigarettes, and a wild and refreshing sense of humor.

When Ferguson came to Toronto from Halifax to start his own show he found himself on an uncomfortable half hour following a program of morning devotions and replacing a venerable program of military music which had been stirring people into life with their tea and crumpets for eight years. It wasn't long before things changed.

Among those who took a dim view of Ferguson's horsing around on a government-sponsored station was Douglas G. Ross, then Progressive Conservative MP for Toronto—St. Paul's, who asked the Minister of National Revenue if he was aware of "that program of meaningless ravings and tripe, couched in the poorest possible illiterate English known as 'After-Breakfast Breakdown,' which was an insult to the intelligence of the Canadian people."

This was followed by a blast by the Rev. Stuart Ivison, of the First Baptist Church in Ottawa, who let fly at Ferguson through the Ottawa Journal. He accused the CBC of "sacrilege, blasphemy, evil, public avowal of irreligion and something that Godless Soviet Russia could hardly improve upon"; and cracked through with a bitterly satiric poem entitled "Good Friday On the CBC."

The whole thing started a verbal Donnybrook that could only have happened to the CBC. A letter-writing feud began in the Ottawa papers and Ferguson, who had been exceptionally popular in the Maritimes, received a heartening storm of letters from his Maritimes fans.

As a CBC staff announcer Ferguson is a modestly paid Jack-of-all-trades. He works regular shifts announcing anything from a four-word station break to a frenetic, agency-written commercial on how to get a whiter wash. Most of the time he is the calm impersonal sexless voice in your living room who says things like "The foregoing was transcribed."

But, like most CBC staffers, Ferguson has learned to double in brass. As Rawhide he emerges in the listeners' mind as a knob-knuckled, tobacco-stained, toothless old goat in a battered hat.

He talks like an illiterate though he's a graduate in languages from the University of Western Ontario in London, where he grew up. Two days a week on "After-Breakfast Breakdown" he was forced to play cowboy music, which he can't stand. This fall, however, he decided to dispense with it. People who liked the Rawhide patter couldn't stand the cowboy music and the cowboy fans didn't like the Rawhide skits.

When he first began as a disk jockey Ferguson ran his show from Halifax. Hank Snow, a Maritimer who has become a top cowboy balladeer, appeared on the show and asked Rawhide what he should sing. "Wal, I dunno," Rawhide drawled. "It might be kind o' nice if yuh gave us somethin' like that well-known strain from hernia."

One of Ferguson's standard characters is an insufferable pedant named Marvin Mellowbell who is embarrassing out of touch with the times and who regularly bursts in on Rawhide with hopeless ideas for improving the standards of radio. Reluctantly, but with kindly tolerance, Rawhide makes

way for Marvin's buck-toothed enthusiasm and there follows a wide-open burlesque of some such well-known program as "Citizens' Forum." During this Marvin barks his shins on other Ferguson characters such as Stupid, a glib, loud-mouthed ignoramus who can't stand Rawhide; Grandma, a sweet, bird-voiced woman who is always trying to get him to eat poison chocolates; and such well-known guests as Winston Churchill and Peter Lorre, the latter usually engaged in a sinister clash of wills with his pet spider Harold.

One morning when signing off Ferguson asked his audience to concentrate on making newsmen DeB Holly fluff the news. (Announcers love to see one another get logged for errors by the master control room.) Holly says that being conscious of all those people concentrating on making him say the wrong thing was an experience he won't forget, but he got through without a mistake.

Holly, who has the greatest respect for Ferguson's talent, was for his part satisfied if he could get Ferguson on and off the air on time. Although Ferguson could pass for a brisk young businessman he often moves around in a world of his own and is capable of great confusion about practical things.

"I had to lead him around by the hand," Holly says. "Show him the studio, point to the clock, and say slowly: 'You're on the air at 8.30.'"

Underpaid at 25c a Week?

Usually with about a minute to go Ferguson is still browsing around, head bowed thoughtfully, moving with the long careful strides of someone balancing on a narrow plank, as if he has another couple of days. When he goes on the air after casually talking to a fan on the phone or telling stories to someone in the control room up till the last second, he carries anything interesting in the conversation over onto the program without any change in manner.

He ad-libs practically all his stuff, his closest approach to a script being notes which he scribbles on the backs of envelopes just before the broadcast and usually loses. He is always in search of ideas. He gets his laughs legitimately with a sharp, satirical sense of observation and a feeling for lively burlesque.

Occasionally Ferguson's spontaneity gets a little too spontaneous for the comfort of CBC officials. He once told his audience the CBC was paying him only 25c a week. He is the only announcer who gives station breaks in the voice of one of his characters, using such outlandish English as "This is CBL Toronto, 50,000 devastatin' watts of power carryin' to the entire city limits." He used to end his morning broadcast with, "The time is bustin' on for nine."

Ferguson acts out his parts, shifting around in his chair when he says, "Come right in here, Marvin." He distorts his face, strikes poses, holds his cigarette between his thumb and forefinger when he's being sinister, helps imaginary old ladies out of the studio, drops ashes around when he shoots his mouth off as Stupid. It's all lively stuff to watch.

Born in Durham, England, of Irish parents, he spent most of his life in London, Ont. At high school he mimicked his teachers. He intended to be a teacher but his brother and a university professor argued him into radio. After graduation in 1946 he went to station CFPL in London as an announcer and joined the CBC a few months later. He was soon sent to station CBH in Halifax.

One of his first jobs was to disk

jockey a 15-minute program of the hated cowboy music. So that he wouldn't be utterly disgraced in the eyes of his friends he disguised his voice during the show. He called himself Rawhide and began to speak as if he were talking around a cud of tobacco.

"It was purely a defense measure," he explains.

Ferguson soon began to liven up the program with spontaneous nonsense, some of which got him on the carpet. At that time the Halifax station was getting an American feed from CBS and a regulation signature was, "This is the Columbia Broadcasting System, where 90 million people meet each week." One bleak morning as he looked at these brave words Ferguson looked thoughtfully through the glass at his operator, Claud Wigle, and when he gave his station break he said: "This is CBH, Halifax, and there's just two of us here, Wiggy and me."

The Rawhide program went over with a bang in Halifax, Ferguson began to average 2,000 fan letters a month, and two years later he was sent to Toronto and put on the network.

Churchill In His Repertoire

Many Ferguson fans are women and children, who estimate his age at anywhere from 75 to 100, partly because of his toothless speech and partly because of repeated cracks such as, "Let's see, that was during the Boer War. I'd just started collecting my old-age pension." The women phone him to give him a piece of their minds when they think he's been behaving in a manner unbecoming of an old man, send him chocolates, records, cider, proposals of marriage, and, on one occasion, a knitted athletic support.

Ferguson's dead-pan mixture of fantasy and current events is confusing to new listeners. One time he did such a good impersonation of Winston Churchill that when he dropped back to his Rawhide voice one of his fans called CBC to say that, though she was a devoted follower of Rawhide's, she thought he was going a bit too far when he started butting into the middle of a speech by such a prominent statesman.

Ferguson oddly combines the qualities of the professional showman, to whom every knock is a boost, and the intense and touchy novice who takes things to heart. Most professionals take crank letters in their stride. Ferguson was called on the carpet for telling one woman to "drop dead" on the air.

He lives with his pretty, soft-spoken wife Norma ("Ginger") whom he married in April, 1949, and an infant son, Scott, in an old rooming district in midtown Toronto.

He met his wife during the apple-blossom festival at Kentville, N.S., and she still likes to tell of how, after Ferguson had fixed up a date with her through Syd Kennedy, station manager of CBH in Halifax, she palmed him off as a practical joke on her sister Pat. The girls were Rawhide fans, but it was one thing to listen to the "old goat" and another to go out with him.

Ginger saved the big joke till the last minute, telling Pat over the supper table the night of the date that she was atuck with Rawhide. The joke was on Ginger when sister Pat turned up with a young man who was about as far from what she'd pictured Rawhide to be as you can get.

She wasn't the first person to be fooled by Ol' Rawhide. And it wasn't the first time that the joke turned out well. Several thousand Canadian listeners have had something the same experience. ★



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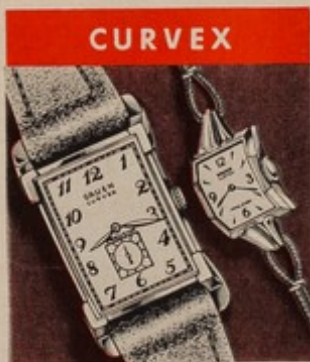
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Some "intellectuals" reject the Catholic belief in Christ.

Jesus, they say, was a mere man — not God. Some of them acknowledge that he was a great teacher and rank him with Buddha, Mohammed, Confucius and Moses. A few even claim that no such Person as Jesus Christ ever lived, and that the entire structure called Christianity is founded upon a myth.

While refusing to believe the Scriptures to be of divine origin, some of these educated people embrace Christianity because they feel that its moral laws are good for society.

"The service of the Christian religion," declared one of these doubters, "and my own faith in essential Christianity, would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever lived." They are, in other words, willing to accept Christ's religion — but not Christ Himself.

It is ridiculous, of course, to suggest that the Catholic religion is the religion of the ignorant. For millions of educated people... and many of the world's most distinguished scholars, philosophers and scientists... have been devout Catholics. But discounting this fact, there is abundant evidence to support the Catholic teaching concerning Jesus.

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teaching of Jesus Christ. We refuse to believe this."

The "intellectuals" are, of course, being anything but intellectual in taking this position. For there is more abundant proof of the genuineness of the Gospels than there is to support other historical records which scholars accept without question. References to and quotations from the Four Gospels date back as far as the first century of the Christian era... and are found in writings contemporary with the Apostles and the first Christians.



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ALWAYS POPS

JOLLY TIME POP CORN

Culture

Continued from page 11

calls for a repeat performance before the final bars were sung.

"Grimes" was the biggest and most expensive experiment on the Wednesday series of advanced and significant programs. It cost the chronically hard-up CBC an estimated \$16,000 and the repeat show ran around \$4,000. The letters that poured in the following day ran the gamut of opinion from the woman in Cranbrooke, B.C., who wrote, "Please, please spare us"; to the man in Highland, Ont., who was so pleased he discussed the opera scene by scene; to British composer Britten himself who pronounced it the best radio performance of his work he had ever heard. Most of the letters were complimentary.

Wednesday Night has matched "Grimes" with such conventional operas as "Don Giovanni" and "La Traviata." Dramatically, there have been such offerings as O'Casey's Irish rebellion play, "Juno and the Paycock," and "The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus," a dish compounded of blood, thunder, sex and symbolism by the Elizabethan Christopher Marlowe.

On the lighter side there have been dramatizations of Stephen Leacock's small-town stories and specially composed musical comedies such as "The Gallant Greenhorn," with book by Harry Boyle himself.

The ex-hobo who directs Wednesday Night is a hulking, red-faced, blondish product of rural Ontario who still sometimes looks as though he had slept in his clothes. Though he can talk with forceful eloquence his conversation is not always fit to print. The words with which he describes the inception of Wednesday Night are printable and show a rare faith in the artistic future of the country.

A Day With Old Sam

"We became aware," he says, "of a growing dissatisfaction on the part of many listeners with stereotyped material. There were good things available, but you had to poke about in the nooks and crannies of our schedules to dig them out. We felt that busy people would not go out of their way to listen to a solitary half-hour of something good. We did hope, though, that they would find the time to sit down before their radios if they could be sure of a whole evening of programs embracing a wide variety of material but all of it of the highest quality. Mind you, we were not trying to copy the British Broadcasting Corporation's "Third Program"—nothing so esoteric as that—but simply something different and good, and all of it in one block."

The average Wednesday Night cost of \$3,000 is for three hours of entertainment. Radio costs being what they are this is cheap programming. "Music for Canadians," a half-hour musical show prominent on the network a year or so back, used to cost its sponsor better than \$3,000 per program. Another half-hour commercial, the "Wayne and Schuster Show," probably works out to at least \$1,700 a show.

A typically ambitious Wednesday Night program was the 2½-hour documentary, "A Day in the Life of Samuel Johnson." It began when Boyle got the idea of recreating an interesting period in history in words and music. He talked it over with writer Lester Sinclair who suggested tying it down to the personality of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Boyle told Sinclair to go to work on the necessary research and writing.

Then he called in Dr. Arnold Walter, of Toronto's Royal Conservatory of Music, to select appropriate period music.

The finished script was turned over to drama producer Esse Ljungh who assigned the 40 different characters to 26 actors, many of whom played several roles. Samuel Hershoren was engaged to conduct an orchestra of 20 musicians with Walter at the harpsichord. Nicholas Goldschmitt, conductor of the CBC's opera company, was in charge of a chorus of 12 voices.

Ljungh estimated 20 hours of rehearsals would be needed and he spent two days devising a schedule so these rehearsals would not conflict with other programs. But he was still forced to rehearse in carefully timed segments. When show time came he put these segments together for the first time.

What the listener heard was a picture of a full day's life in London in the year 1765, starting at the Inner Temple in early morning. Dentists, turnip-sellers and other street merchants wandered about, uttering their traditional cries—the first singing commercials. Then the great doctor appeared on his way to Drury Lane Theatre where his friend, the famous actor David Garrick, was rehearsing a moving drama of the day, "The Tragedy of the Orphan of China." Oliver Goldsmith appeared on the scene and before the day ended the listeners accompanied Dr. Johnson to a concert of 18th century music.

A Big Stick Is Ready

"Wednesday Night" fans wrote in their applause. Other listeners had the usual privilege of tuning in "The Great Gildersleeve" on the CBC's alternative network. Wednesday Night listeners will have opportunities of further time-travelling. They are scheduled to sit in on the age of Elizabeth and on the rise and fall of Napoleon.

Boyle's own tastes are simple. He likes going to the ball game, listening to old-fashioned waltz music and hoisting a few with a congenial spirit. He is outspoken and has no patience with red tape. In his off hours, which means after midnight, he writes radio plays. They deal with such subjects as the troubles which beset a proud and hungry man on strike, or about the evils of racial intolerance. Toronto's New Play Society recently presented Harry's first stage play, "The Inheritance." It was the story of an old farmer's love for the land, his hatred of new ways, and his clash with his son. There were technical faults in the play, but it dealt with real people in believable situations and it packed an emotional wallop.

Around the CBC Boyle is known as a man who gets things done. He does not like having to use a big stick but unfairness arouses him. Take the case of the night club that was glad to have its music broadcast but did not consider the radio technicians fit to mingle with its guests. They were shoved into a corner by the service entrance and told to keep out of sight. When Boyle heard that, he blew up. "By God," he told the proprietor in the milder portion of his remarks, "those men are as good as any of the people who go to your so-and-so place to kill time and if you don't treat them like gentlemen I'll come down there and tear the mikes out with my own hands." The affront was hurriedly rectified.

Boyle comes of third-generation Irish-Canadian stock. He was born 34 years ago, near Goderich, an Ontario town on Lake Huron. His father was a farmer and a storekeeper.

At the age of 10 Boyle submitted a

story in a contest sponsored by an over-all manufacturing company and won the first prize of \$50. The story was about a railroad engineer. It must have sounded authentic because in addition to the money the company sent Boyle 10 suits of overalls—all size 44.

When Boyle was nearly expelled from Wingham High School for writing stories instead of heeding his teachers his father felt that his fears were being justified.

One day Boyle took his hat and razor and, without saying good-by, left home. He worked first as a truck driver then as a house painter and after that he was a bum drifting about the country. He might have ended up in British Columbia or China if it hadn't been for the brakeman who threw him off the train in Northern Ontario. "The next train I jumped was headed back east, so that's the way I went." He finally drifted back to the family store.

By this time he was 19 and things were getting a little better. He began to write rural news items for the Goderich Signal-Star and he sold some short stories to the Family Herald, tapping them out on an antique typewriter in between waiting on customers. He began to write a rural column called "Phil Osifer of Lazy Meadows," and after 15 years it is still running in several Ontario weekly papers. Farm readers like its homely style, its humor and sentiment.

Two Mastodons, Head On

There is an impulsive side to Boyle's nature. One day a girl walked into the store and asked for a bottle of ink. Boyle found out that her name was Marion—by asking her—and the next night he walked out with her. They got married the same summer. There are two children now—Patricia Ann, 10, and Michael, 4.

One day soon after his marriage Boyle was in Wingham. While he was there he thought he might as well tell the manager of the local radio station that he didn't like his news broadcasts. Invited to show what he could do Boyle became the station's news and farm commentator at \$3 a week.

In 1942 the CBC invited him to become its Ontario farm broadcast commentator. He rose to head of the farm broadcasts department and began to make his presence felt at the CBC.

When Ernest Bushnell, CBC director-general of programs, heard Boyle criticizing lack of co-ordination in network operations, he decided to make him put up or shut up. In a snorting encounter which must have resembled a minuet between two mastodons, rough tough Ernie roared, "So you don't like our so-and-so programs, eh? Can you do any better?" Replied Boyle, "You're damn right I can." "Okay," said Bushnell. "I'll give you a chance and you'd damn well better do better."

Boyle therefore became program director for the Trans-Canada Network and began to stir things up. Not everyone approved of his rapid rise. "He won't last," some predicted. "The red tape will get him." Or, "He's an outsider—has no respect for precedent." But Boyle has lasted, though responsibilities have added lines and blotches to his face.

For a dreamer he is plenty tough. He still upsets some of the more sensitive CBC executives with his bluntness. And for those artists and listeners who expect the embodiment of CBC Wednesday Night to wear a goatee and a pince-nez, the sight of the rumpled man with the farmer's face comes as a not unpleasant surprise. ★

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GEORGE WESTON LIMITED...CANADA

4M-O

Maclean's All-Canadian

Continued from page 15

wonderful attendance, with teams in the smaller stadium cities able to get it back at the gate.

This fall the casualty lists read like a Who's Who in Canadian Backfields. Frank Filchock played the first half of the season for Montreal with a broken finger the size of a banana. His team mate Bob Cunningham went out altogether with a bad knee. Royal Copeland struggled through a disappointing season at Calgary with a slightly crushed chest. Here are others: Touch-down Howie Turner (Ottawa), Pete Thodos (Montreal) and Stan Heath (Hamilton), shoulder separations; Del Wardein (Regina), a back injury; Indian Jack Jacobs (Winnipeg) and Lindy Berry (Edmonton), shoulder injuries which prompted their coaches to order them not to run with the ball; Billy Bass (Argos), a broken vertebrae. Well, you get the idea; every Saturday was along the lines of payday at the barracks.

The end of the professional football war in the U. S. (with amalgamation of the National League and All America Association) threw a lot of fairly celebrated line biffers and blockers on the open market and our lineups became bolstered with names from the Cleveland Browns, Buffalo Bills, Chicago Bears and the Los Angeles Dons.

What Happened to Calgary?

Coaches, too, came up from the south to operate with considerable success in the Canadian game. Frank Clair, a personable young man who had done his coaching with service teams, Buffalo University and Purdue, took over the direction of the retreating Argos and quickly put them in forward gear. Carl Voyles, a veteran of college coaching and professional football, likewise converted Hamilton Tiger-Cats from the role of also ran to the front rank in the Big Four. Seven of the country's eight top clubs employed the T-formation (Missouri, split or otherwise), leaving Annis Stukus at Edmonton alone with the single wing.

The most-talked-about development of the year, of course, was the almost complete collapse of Calgary, the Grey Cup winner of 1948 and finalist in another thrilling hoop-de-do in 1949. Les Lear's stylish Stampede fell to the bottom of the prairie loop in a way that had fans across the country wondering what happened to these fabulous fellows from the foothills. Looking back, it seems simple enough. They lost their two kid halfback stars, Pete Thodos and Rod Pantages to Montreal; the great centre Doug Turner retired; some of their older experts aged rather suddenly; the injured Copeland was hardly at home in the Keith Spaith passing system, and—worst of all—Johnny Aguirre, one of the really solid linemen in the West, went out early with a serious injury. All this and the tremendous improvement of Winnipeg and Edmonton would have been enough to unseat the Cowboys even if they had done a better shopping job.

Speaking of the back market and other purchasing items, Winnipeg after several mistakes in underestimating their surroundings in 1949 waited shrewdly this year until they got almost exactly the men they wanted. They turned up with seven pro-football veterans and some easterners to round out a machine that set the old Bombers rooting as in the days of Martin Gainer, Jeff Nicklin and company. Their mid-season drive to the top of the league on the passing and kicking

of Jacobs, the placement hoofing of Aguirre, the terrific tackling of a huge line bolted solidly by John Brown, Buddy Tinsley, Glenn Johnson and Ed Henke and a speedy backfield featuring Tommy Ford and Tom Casey supplied the steadiest and most concerted drive of an otherwise topsyturvy season.

The others all had their moments. Edmonton was an early season sensation on the pitching of Lindy Berry, a slim fast zigzagging passing ace from Texas Christian, and the fielding of his loose-jointed receiver, Slim Bailey.

They Blew Best Chances

Regina Roughriders and Ottawa Rough Riders had much in common besides their club monicker. Both well stocked with reserve strength, they had games in which they outlasted and outpounded the opposition along the ground. Regina's fine offensive backfield of hard plunging Al Bodine and Sammy Pearce and two great all-round performers, Ken Charlton and Del Wardein, piled up impressive ground gaining statistics behind a rock-ribbed Rider line.

Ottawa Rough Riders had a stumbling start and some trouble sorting out their imports and they were hurt by the departure of Quarterback Bob Paffrath to Edmonton. On top of that, John Wagoner, their outstanding middle, and Benny Steck, a fine Canadian inside wing, played most of the way fortified liberally by adhesive tape. Like Regina, they also had a most exciting manner of blowing their best chances.

The most open and razzle-dazzle spurt of the season was supplied by Toronto Argos in sunny September when they swept past Montreal (26-6 and 43-13), Ottawa (36-16) and Hamilton (48-8). Their Army Cadet style of play built around speeders like Crazy Legs Curtis, Doug Smylie, Ted Toogood and Billy Bass and aided by the perfect ball faking of Al Deke-debrun had Varsity Stadium customers a bit bug-eyed. The departure of Bob Heck, a fine end, on a call-up to the U. S. Marines and injury to Buffalo Bill Buckets Hirsch, their tremendous centre, gave pause to this runaway business and led to such confusion at the three-quarter pole that for the first time in memory the Big Four was threatened (or blessed) with a four-way tie for the lead.

Much of this was caused, too, by the mid-season revival of Montreal Alouettes who appeared capable for a time of a folding act which might have equaled that of Calgary. Serious injuries, careless shopping and early indifference of some of the Grey Cup champions, however, suddenly gave way to flaming desire. Filchock's recovery, the development of useful Rod Pantages (a coming Bummer Stirling) into a fine booter, improvement in young linemen and—most of all—a welcome fade-out by the Injury Jinx—started them back on the championship trail.

Hamilton Tiger-Cats, an amalgamation of the two Steel Town clubs, went out after the "old pros" in much the same fashion as Winnipeg. To four huskies from the defunct Buffalo Bills they added Special Delivery Jones, burly plunger, passer and placement kicker from the Cleveland Browns; Stan Heath, another former All-America quarterback, and Bill Gregus, a Wake Forest fullback who was not with the National League only because he was due for a draft call. The Tabbies had some good filler-in material locally but were still so short of reserve power that they often ran into acute mileage trouble when the ball

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carriers and blockers on some of their touchdown drives found themselves too exhausted for tackling chores.

Having no time for soft music, however, let us on with the All-Star choices, as we guessed at them after seeing each team play or learned about them from good football men across the Dominion.

Unfortunately, times being what they are, it is an All Canadian without any native sons included. But cheer up. Hard competition makes good men and such as Westlake, Simon, Wooley, Simpson, Newman, Black, Ambrose, MacDonell, McDonald, and dozens more are on their way up in the cleat marks of the Dunlaps, Morrises, Quandamatteos MacKenzies, Ascotts, Toohys, Copelands, Krols, Bells and our other good ones.

Centre—John Brown of Winnipeg Blue Bombers. A six foot three, wide-shouldered fast-moving colored gent, he became the most popular player in Winnipeg this year after a deadline arrival from Los Angeles Dons. Backs up a line well, either at the centre slot or wide secondary. Good blocker and foxy in a football way. Snaps a long ball when needed on kick formation, excellent downfield tackler. His height and paper-hanger arms help to make him a pass interceptor. Almost every club had a strong upside-downer this year and Hirsch of Argos, a terrific, rushing tackler, might have been the choice had his knee not given way. So John Brown's body will do to anchor our line.

Some Marvels No Mental Giants

Middles? Insides? Or do you call 'em tackles and guards? Most of us would be smart to refer to the football infantry just as linemen. With the eight-man line being used at times, mixed with the 5-4, 6-3 or even 4-4, all the hefties have to be adaptable whether standing at inside wing or tackle territory on the face-off. Our foursome could meet those requirements so we give you the veteran Herb Trawick and the rookie Ray Cicia of Montreal, line coach Ralph Sazio of Hamilton and another huge refugee from Los Angeles Dons, Buddy Tinsley of Winnipeg.

Trawick, going into his fifth Canadian season and thus not classed as an import, started slowly like the other Als and then began to play inspired ball. The gentlemanly Negro with the tremendously wide shoulders (5.10—250 lbs.) is still one of the fastest linemen in the game, a great blocker, desperate charger on opposing kick formations and a remarkable tackler.

Ray Cicia is listed as 5.10 in height and 217 on the beam. That probably gives him his best in high heels although he spends so much time cutting opponents off at the knees with blocks or submarining into the opposite backfield that you get the impression he is partly underground. This Gus Sonnenberg type at 22 is out of Wake Forest and his undismayed play in the early games held Alouettes together.

Ralph Sazio is 28, 6 ft. 1, 230 lbs. He won years of hard experience with Brooklyn Dodgers and his piling up of plunges and quick charge makes him defensively great. His hard blocking had much to do with the ground gaining of the Hamilton line smashers. He was the keyman on one of the best lines in the country.

Buddy Tinsley, one of the largest linemen in the land and still fast afoot, seemed to be a born leader with Winnipeg. When Bomber Coaches Frank Larson and Sol Kampf were trying to break in reserves it was the hard-hitting Texan, weighing 260, who steadied the lads. Like Sazio, he was the anchor of a strong first string.

The outside wings are the most debatable positions on this year's all-star outfit but our selections are those two Buffalo Bills alumni, Vince Mazza of Hamilton and Bill Stanton of Ottawa.

Stanton, who went to the Bills from North Carolina State, is six feet two and weighs 215. He's fast in that deceptive way of rangy, strong men and besides taking a turn at end he played secondary for the Riders and also took a turn at fullback. He went well at all positions. Mazza, who went to Hamilton with a fine reputation as a defensive end, turned out to be a 60-minute man with the Tigers and quite a pass catcher in addition to his advertised accomplishments.

And now for the backfielders. Every club in the country's Big Eight had an expert ball handler at quarterback—mechanical marvels although sometimes mentally static. Indian Jack Jacobs, the Filchock of the West, had, like Frankie, the long hard National League experience (Green Bay) that enabled him to improvise and adapt himself to our game so that he often turned the T-formation into many other perplexing patterns against the defense. Ability to pass on the run gave his receivers a chance to cope with his bullet throws and his kicking was the best in Canada. A tall lean very hard individual, well-to-do in business, the crafty Creek is a football fanatic, plays almost viciously and drives his team bitterly. A great competitor, he can tackle and run and is a genius at defensive calls. All this and Filchock's injuries give him the call at the pivot position.

Fullback Bill Gregus, the Wake Forest galloper, gained acres for Hamilton with his terrific thrusts at the line followed by a good side-stepping and drive that churned out extra yards after he seemed stopped. Al Bodine of Regina and others were not far behind in plunge power but Gregus was the best of the heavies on defense although none of them is as good in this department as such line backer-uppers as Golab and Isbister in their prime.

Off-tackle back—Virgil Wagner, the honest Alouette, wins this post. This popular and dead game 180-pound six-footer with the bursts of sudden speed started as badly as the other Montreals but rallied quickly to his good tackling, alert pass defending best, with his forte still being the thrust through middle and outside.

Speed back—Tom Casey, the colored flash from U. S. college football, took his wonderful open field running from Hamilton, where he played last year, to Winnipeg.

Remarkably durable, he had his share of injuries like everyone else this year but was excellent on pass defense (the most difficult of all backfield trades), a brilliant pass receiver and a good punter and team man. Ken Charlton, Howie Turner, Crazy Legs Curtis (who is one year away from being a real sensation) also were stand-outs but Casey outdistanced them all. Another fleet Negro, Bill Bass, who lasted three quarters of the season on offense and defense for Argos and tried to keep going with a slightly broken back, is our choice for the wide secondary chores. Good from scrimmage on sweeps or bursts, he lacks some of the beef of the typical second defenseman but is probably the best diving tackler, a fine pass interceptor and blocker. He had pro experience with Chicago.

So there it is. Not as well balanced a band as some of the past but powerful from scrimmage and on a 5-3-4 with Bass, Brown and Gregus as the three and Jacobs and Casey flanking the four they would be rough enough and in places perhaps a trifle too boisterous. ★



St. Louis Blues . . . A colour translation especially painted for Northern Electric by N. Max Ralph

*hate to see
de evenin' sun go down*

*Cause my baby, he done lef dis town . .
I'll pack my trunk, make ma get away . .
St. Louis woman wid her diamond rings
Pulls dat man roun' by her apron strings . .
'Twant for powder an' for store bought hair
De man I love would not gone nowhere**

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The ROSICRUCIANS (AMORC)

San Jose California, U.S.A.



Known to be Dangerous

Continued from page 13

He is known to be dangerous."

Joe was already out of his side of the car, headed for the corner a few steps away. Marty joined him, and said, "Hell! Joe, you couldn't have got that good a look."

Ferguson shrugged. "I'm probably wrong."
"What'd he be doing in this part of town?"

"That's what I'd like to know." Joe's voice took on the faintest note of authority. "Keep behind me and to the side. Have your gun and flashlight handy, just in case."

They rounded the corner. The sidewalk was deserted. Nothing to be seen but fog and gleaming pavement and lights that shone without radiance. The warehouses on the long block were dilapidated at best, some of them decaying.

"He's on the block somewhere," said Joe, "unless he went up a driveway and over a wall. There's a deserted warehouse just about where we passed him. I got a hunch we'll find him there."

Marty wasn't too enthusiastic. He said, "Why don't we call in for help, Joe?"

"For a routine shakedown? The guy turns out to be okay—or else we don't find him: Would we look silly!"

They kept their eyes on the doorways along the street. They were all closed tight until they reached the abandoned warehouse Ferguson originally had designated. The door of that one was ajar. "He's got to be in there," stated Ferguson. "Didn't have time to get to the corner, even running. I'm going in. Give me a half minute, then follow."

He pushed open the door just wide enough to admit his slim, wiry body, then vanished into the blackness. The door hinges creaked. Marty noticed that just before Joe went in he'd drawn his gun, the regulation .38 Police Special. He'd pulled back the hammer. His flashlight was in his left hand.

MARTY was alone in the street. No traffic now. Nothing. For no reason he could understand, Marty was afraid. He'd been afraid before: Who hadn't? But he'd always managed to do what he was supposed to do.

He remembered the warning on the back of the mug shot of Gus Ackerman: "Approach this suspect with caution. He is known to be dangerous." That sounded bad. And even if this wasn't Ackerman, even if Joe had been wrong, the man they were hunting was no lily. A citizen who was clean would have continued walking down the street. He wouldn't have ducked into hiding just because he saw a couple of cops in a radio patrol car.

Marty thought he saw a beam of light inside the warehouse. It disappeared almost the instant he saw it. Then, close together, came two shots. The interior of the ancient building gave off weird echoes. He thought he heard Joe calling him. Standing with gun and flashlight in hand, Marty hesitated.

Then his police training compelled him to move, to fight down the unreasoning panic. He drew a deep breath and stepped quickly inside the gloomy warehouse, jumping to his right and flattening himself against the wall. He heard nothing, saw nothing. He was breathing with difficulty and his legs felt like jelly.

He grew rigid as he heard a groan and then the voice of his partner. "Marty . . . ?"

"That you, Joe?"

"Yeh. I'm hit."

Marty tiptoed toward the voice. "Bad?" he asked.

"Dunno. Feel like I might pass out." There was a long silence—or what seemed like a long silence—and then Joe said, with an effort, "My flash caught him, Marty. It's Ackerman, all right. Fe ran up those stairs."

Marty poked his tongue between his lips, trying to moisten them. He said, "I better get you out of here, Joe . . ."

"For what?"

"I'll take you to the car. Radio in for help."
"And let Ackerman get away? Like hell you will." Joe's voice was noticeably weaker. "No exit . . . except that front door. Side door barred. No way down from upstairs except the way . . . he went. We leave here, he gets away. Big stuff, Marty. Go get him."

As simple as that. Go get him! Walk up a flight of steps to an unknown second floor to capture an armed man

DETERRENT

Daughter stayed out much too late.
Mother's tearful; Dad's irate.
But discipline comes hard to them,
Who pledged their truth at 3 a.m.

—Ivan J. Collins.

who was a two-time loser and had just shot a cop. Yeh, sure—if the positions had been reversed, Joe Ferguson would have done it. And if Joe hadn't been hit, Marty would have gone along with him, scared as he was. But this . . . this was different.

Marty's heart was pounding. He started toward the rear of the warehouse, knowing he'd never go through with it. He didn't even dare use his flash. No sense making a sitting duck out of himself. It occurred to him that he wasn't paid \$340 a month to get himself killed. He was more important than a dozen Ackermans.

He didn't even know where the stairs were. But he did know that at the top an armed and desperate man was waiting: a man who cheerfully would shoot a second policeman and then get away with time to spare. He retraced his steps toward the spot where he figured he had left his partner. But he'd lost his bearings. He stood motionless, listening.

No sound from Joe. Maybe the guy was already dead. Certainly he was unconscious.

It occurred to Marty that if either premise were correct, there would be no one to check on him. What was the sense of being a dead hero, of sticking his neck out in a gun battle with a criminal who held all the aces?

He moved toward the sliver of light that came in through the open front door. Maybe if he ran for the car Ackerman wouldn't know he'd gone. Maybe he'd still be holed up when help arrived. At worst—even if Ackerman got away—they might get Joe to the hospital in time to save his life. So he was doing it for Joe, he told himself; knowing that he was lying.

He backed against the wall near the door and edged toward it. Then he leaped into the street, risking the danger of a shot from Gus Ackerman.

He moved fast, racing down the fogbound block toward the corner near which their car was parked. He leaped into the front and grabbed the mike from its hook on the dashboard:

"Car 11 to Communications . . .

Car 11 to Communications . . . Come in. Emergency."

Communications answered. Marty said, "Help needed . . ." He gave their location. "Armed suspect trapped. Officer Ferguson shot. Send ambulance."

From City Hall the call went out. "Officer shot. Help needed. All cars proceed to . . . Code three."

Within a radius of miles police cars and motorcycles picked up the call: radio cars, detective cars. "Officer shot . . . help needed . . ." Within a few seconds Marty could hear the welcome wail of the first siren. Then more and more and more.

THEY poured into the street from both directions. They found Marty Wilson standing in front of the warehouse, gun and flashlight still in hand. He told a sergeant briefly what had happened. A half dozen men raced in, Marty with them. He wasn't alone now, and so most of his panic had vanished. He knew, too, that one reason he went bravely in was because there was nothing else he could do.

While others dashed up the stairway, ready and eager to shoot it out with Gus Ackerman, Marty probed with his flash. He found Joe Ferguson.

Joe was unconscious. There was a pool of blood on the floor near his left side. Somebody said, "Bad shoulder wound, I think . . ." but that didn't mean a thing. Could be a bullet through the lungs.

A lieutenant showed up, and then an inspector. Men came down from upstairs and reported that the bird had flown. The inspector asked Marty how about it, and Marty told the story that he wished were true.

"I went up myself," he said, "right after Ferguson was shot. I think now that this guy was downstairs all the time, that he made his getaway when he heard me going up them stairs."

He was wondering at just what moment Joe Ferguson had lost consciousness. Did Joe know that he had chickened out? Did Joe know he'd never gone upstairs? That made all the difference in the world. If Joe Ferguson knew—if Joe Ferguson talked—the least that could happen to him would be ostracism. Dishonorable discharge, maybe.

But nobody questioned Marty's story. It never occurred to any of the policemen present that he hadn't gone upstairs to get the man who had shot his partner.

The ambulance attendants came in. A slim young interne made a quick examination and gave the unconscious Joe a shot of something. They put him on the stretcher and carried him off to General Hospital. Marty climbed into his car and started back to Central to make his report.

A wail was sent out, minute description of Ackerman was broadcast. All Points Bulletins were teletyped, police forces outside the city were alerted.

When Marty went off duty that night he was feeling rotten. He didn't know what had happened to him, or why. Fear had struck suddenly and without warning; he had known then, and he knew now, that it would be impossible for him to have gone up that stairway alone.

He couldn't sleep. He'd doze occasionally, and start re-living the scene in the warehouse. Then he'd get up and sit by the window and smoke cigarette after cigarette. By ten the following morning he was on his way to the hospital.

He dreaded his first meeting with Joe, was afraid of what he would see in Joe's eyes. Of course, there was the hope that Joe didn't know, that he'd

Continued on page 44

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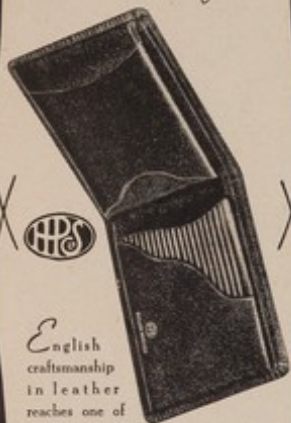
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Continued from page 42

been unconscious when Marty was supposed to have been conducting his search of the second floor.

He breathed a deep sigh of relief when they told him that Joe couldn't have visitors: not that day or for several days. Yes, they thought he'd live, they had operated the previous night and extracted the bullet. But the guy was hurt bad. If he pulled through he'd have the doubtful satisfaction of knowing that he couldn't come closer to death and still survive.

MARTY went out with a new partner that night, a man named Robinson who was more nearly his own age. Robinson was excited over the affair of the previous night. Marty made his retelling as brief as possible; the enormity of his lie seemed worse every time he put it into words.

Marty went to the hospital every day. On the fifth day they let him see Joe. Ferguson was in a room alone. He looked tired out, his brown eyes too large for his thin face. This was the second hardest thing Marty had ever had to do. He was prepared for anything, and a feeling of guilt walked into the room with him.

He said, "Hi, Joe," watching his partner's eyes for any telltale reaction.

Joe tried to smile. He said, "Hiya, kid."

"How you feeling?"

"O. K., I guess."

They looked at each other. Marty couldn't read Joe's eyes or what was behind them. He said awkwardly, "Ackerman got away."

"Yeah, I know."

"I'm sorry."

"Sure, kid; sure."

The nurse came in and signaled that it was time for Marty to leave.

Marty left the hospital knowing less than when he went in. Joe might know everything, or nothing.

Joe Ferguson's convalescence promised to be long and tedious. Marty called on him frequently, making each visit as short as possible, coming away each time more uncertain than ever. And as the days passed, Marty Wilson knew one thing for sure: he knew that he never again wanted to ride radio car with Joe Ferguson. There was too much unfinished business between them now, too much that Marty couldn't talk about, and Joe wouldn't.

Marty put in for a transfer to another division. He didn't care where they sent him, or what they gave him to do when he got there.

He saw Joe only twice, and then briefly. Ferguson was out of the hospital now, then Marty heard he was back on duty. Same old car.

GUS ACKERMAN was still at large. The dragnet they'd put out for him had yielded nothing. He could have made a clean getaway, or he could be holed up somewhere around town. The cops would all be watching for him, but time was playing into Ackerman's hands. Even the best policeman can't keep an edge on all the time.

Marty was feeling better and better, until one day he reported for work and was ordered into the office. The Lieutenant was grinning. He said, "Got a new partner for you, Marty," and Marty turned around to look into the eyes of Joe Ferguson.

Joe was smiling, but only with his lips. He held out his hand and said, "Hiya, Kid," as he always did.

"Heard they transferred you," explained Joe. "So I put in for out here. They said okay, and the Skipper said he'd be glad to shove us in the same car. Just like old times, ain't it?"

They went to roll call, were briefed

on hot cars and special assignments. A half dozen men who had worked with Joe Ferguson in other divisions came up to congratulate him on his recovery, and on again being teamed up with his old partner. Joe took it all in stride, his expression, betraying nothing.

They started patrolling. Beautiful, clear night. Plenty of traffic: lots more than they'd encountered on an average night at Central. Several routine calls: a couple of fights, a prowler that they snagged and brought in, a dead body—suicide, two routine shakedown of cars that didn't look quite right. They were becoming accustomed to their new call number. It wasn't so easy picking out 66 when you'd taught yourself to jump at the call of 11.

Cars passed them in a steady stream. Marty kept watching Joe out of the corner of his eye, hoping the older man would say something about playing automobile poker. That would have told him a lot.

But Joe didn't say anything about playing poker. Joe was casual, he was polite. He was even friendly. He always greeted Marty cheerfully, "Hiya, kid," when they met at roll call, he did his part on each assignment and took it for granted that Marty would do the same. But the old intimacy was gone, the old lightness.

THEY hit rain one night, and fog. It was like the night at the warehouse downtown. Marty avoided the customary griping about the weather, and Joe didn't refer to it.

Another night they picked up a couple of punks in a stolen car. Marty pulled out his field wallet and started thumbing through a bunch of mug shots. The picture of Gus Ackerman was there, and it jumped at both of them. Marty felt himself getting hot, and he looked up to find Joe's eyes steadily on him. Neither said anything. Marty was having a bad time of it. He wanted to get away, wanted a change of Division, a change of partners. Anything. But he didn't dare make the move. Joe had followed him. Why? Because he knew, because he didn't know, or because he wasn't sure?

It was on one of Marty's days off that he found himself downtown in search of a movie he hadn't seen and might enjoy. He was standing in front of an exclusive haberdashery shop marveling at the high prices of hand-painted neckties and fancy sports shirts when a man passed him, walking west.

At first Marty didn't notice him. He gave him only a brief glance out of the corner of his eye, as a policeman learns to do. He himself was inconspicuous. He was wearing casual clothes and two belts. The second was his gun belt which held his holster and service revolver.

Six o'clock. Night was falling. Traffic was heavy. The man Marty had noticed so casually made a crossing just as the light turned from green to red. He registered vaguely, and, chiefly because he had nothing else

to do, Marty followed when the light turned in his favor. The other man was more than a half block ahead.

Something clicked. Marty drew a deep breath and felt a tightening throughout his body. Ackerman! The idea was preposterous, yet—on second thought—Marty knew that it could be. He saw his quarry turn into the lobby of a big, expensive hotel. Then it figured.

You could always play a man like Gus Ackerman for smart. He'd know that every crummy hotel in the city would have been given a thorough going-over long since. What better hiding place, then, than a swank hostelry, provided he lived quietly, soberly and peacefully and kept mostly to his room.

Marty stood just outside the big double doors opening from the street into the lobby. He saw the other man get a key from the desk and start for the elevator. He got a good look at him then. It was Ackerman, all right.

This was the payoff. He could put in a single phone call, and he'd get a truckload of help. Then a new thought hit Marty: This was radio district 66. Joe Ferguson was on duty. The first car to reach the scene would bring Joe and his substitute partner.

That, reflected Marty bitterly, would put him and Joe right back where they had started. Gus Ackerman holed up, armed and dangerous. He wasn't thinking of Joe as much as he was thinking of himself right then. He'd rather face Ackerman's gun than to ride around night after night with the inscrutable Ferguson beside him.

He went to the desk and summoned the clerk. He showed his badge and said he was a police officer. He said, "That guy who just went up in the elevator—the last one to get his key from you: What's his room number?"

The clerk hesitated, but only briefly. Then he said, "That was Mr. Watkins. He's in 1002."

"When did he check in here?"

The clerk consulted the records. Mr. Watkins, it seemed, had been a guest of the hotel since about eight days after the shooting of Joe Ferguson.

"What does he do?" asked Marty.

"Has he got a job?"

"I don't know, really. He's been an excellent guest. Doesn't go out much. Plays his radio a lot, but not loud enough to draw complaints from the other guests. Eats a lot of his meals here. Pays his bills promptly."

"Get much mail?"

"Well, no—come to think of it. I don't think he gets any."

The clerk was becoming more interested. "Anything wrong, Officer?"

"Naah. Just want to have a chat with him. I'll go up. Don't let him know he's about to have a visitor."

MARTY stepped into the elevator and asked for the ninth floor. The hallway was deserted. It was long with dark green carpeting and light green walls. The doors were all alike except for their numbers. There was a window at either end of the hall, and in the middle another corridor jutted off at right angles. 1002, reflected Marty, would be a corner room, most probably with two exposures. He tried to visualize the inside of the room. Bathroom would be on the near side, of course, the bed probably backed up against the wall of the hallway. There'd be a dresser against the opposite wall, and perhaps near the west window there would be a desk and a straight chair. An easy chair would logically be placed between the dresser and the desk.

The lighting in the hall was dim but adequate. Not nearly as bad as that warehouse in the fog, but still had

Continued on page 46

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enough. He again recalled the warning on the mug shot he carried: "Approach this suspect with caution. He is armed, and known to be dangerous." Well, that was something Marty knew from bitter experience. He didn't need to be reminded of it. He paused long enough to consider what his next move should be. He could rap on the door and say he was a bellboy. If Ackerman hadn't sent for a bellboy, he'd be alerted by that ruse. Marty then considered saying it was a telegram, but Gus Ackerman wasn't getting telegrams. And as for simply knocking on the door and saying nothing, that was out.

Marty turned down the angle of the hall, walking away from the corridor on which 1002 was located. He found a maid and showed his badge.

"There's a man in 1002 I want to see. I'm sure he won't let me in. I want you to wait until I get near the door. Then you're to walk up, rattle your key ring, put the passkey in the lock and rap. When he asks who it is, say you're the maid—and this is important—be unlocking the door at the same time. As soon as you've got it unlocked, open it a few inches... then duck."

The maid's eyes were popping. "You're not fixin' to have any bad trouble, are you?"

"Of course not. I'm trying to avoid it."

Convinced against her will, obeying only because she stood in awe of a policeman, the maid walked with him to the turn in the hallway, and down to the end where Ackerman's room was located. Marty motioned for her to slow up a bit while he preceded her. He took up his post near the hall window, and, with his back still to the maid, took out his gun and checked it. He pulled back the hammer and held the weapon down against his leg.

He nodded to the maid. She hadn't missed the byplay with the gun, and was terrified. Marty made an imperative gesture. She rattled her keys, inserted one in the lock and tapped on the door. A hoarse masculine voice came from inside: "Who's that?"

"Th-the-th' maid, sir." Her voice sounded frightened and unnatural.

"I didn't send for no maid!"

She didn't need Marty's gesture of dismissal. She took off down the hall, and kept going.

The hoarse voice came again from inside the room: "What goes on here?"

Too late now for Marty to call for help. Right or wrong, foolish or not, he'd made this play on his own. "It's the police, Ackerman. Toss your gun into the hall and come out after it with your hands up."

There was a long, tense silence. Then Ackerman said, "You want me, Copper—come get me."

Fear crawled over Marty Wilson once again. He'd been a damned fool. Well, he didn't have to keep on being one. He could back all the way down the hall with gun ready in case Ackerman changed his mind, he could ring for the elevator and tell the operator to call police. Then all he'd have to do would be to wait.

But something kept Marty Wilson rooted to his post. It wasn't common sense, it wasn't heroism. It was something which had grown in him since he'd been back on radio patrol with Joe Ferguson, something he'd caught in Joe's eyes, something Joe had said without uttering a word.

Joe Ferguson! He suddenly had become more important than Marty would have believed any man—other than himself—could be.

He heard footsteps coming up the fire stairs. The fire door was down the other end of the hall, a long way

off from 1002. He saw it open, and two men in blue uniforms stepped into the hall.

One of the men he knew only by sight. The other was Joe Ferguson.

It didn't require more than a split-second for Marty to figure what had happened. Chances were that when he'd flashed his badge downstairs, the clerk had become suspicious. He'd probably telephoned the station to report that a man in civilian clothes had shown a police badge and gone upstairs after a hotel guest. That would call for investigation, and of course the first pair of cops on the scene would be the men working car 66.

Marty saw Ferguson and his partner draw their guns. Plenty of help now—help he'd have welcomed if one of the men hadn't been Ferguson. He couldn't pass the buck to Joe again.

He raised his gun and tensed himself. He heard Ferguson's voice, "Hold it, Marty!" But he didn't hold it.

Marty gambled. He kicked the door open and jumped into 1002. He turned his gun toward the wall where he figured Ackerman would logically be standing, and squeezed the trigger. Ackerman fired too.

Marty fired again, this time at a definite target. But Ackerman didn't shoot a second time. Marty saw the figure of the other man slumping toward the floor. He'd been standing just where Marty figured he'd be.

Joe Ferguson and his partner burst into the room. They were on Ackerman, pinioning his arms, kicking his gun out of reach, frisking him for a second weapon.

Marty stood motionless. The air of the room was pungent with the sharp odor of cordite. Marty seemed to be out of it, more a spectator than a participant. He felt no definite emotion: no triumph, no fear, no exaltation.

He heard noises in the hall: doors opening and closing, a babble of voices, the sound of the elevator, feet pounding. A half dozen more cops hit the room. He heard Joe's voice, as though from a great distance:

"It's Ackerman, all right. Marty Wilson got him, alone."

He said it matter-of-factly, as though what Marty had done was the most natural thing in the world.

A tall, rangy detective suggested that Marty ride back to the station with him to make out a report. They rode downstairs together. Joe wasn't anywhere around. Later, he got to the station just as Marty was leaving. They nodded to each other, and Marty went home. He stretched out on the bed, not expecting to sleep—and the next thing he knew it was nine o'clock.

He put on his uniform at home, and walked to the station. The boys grinned at him. Joe Ferguson was there, and he said cheerily, "Hiya, kid!"

A half hour later they climbed into their car. Marty took the wheel, and Joe started checking the hot sheet. The radio on the dashboard was busy: usual police chatter. There didn't seem to be anything for 66.

After a long time Joe Ferguson said, "That was a damfool thing you done, Marty."

Marty looked straight ahead. Then he said, quietly, "I had to, Joe."

He drove silently, keeping his eyes glued to traffic. No calls for 66. Just routine stuff.

Joe said, "Next two cars, Marty. Okay?"

"Okay."

A sedan zipped past them. Joe said, "Two pair: eights over sixes."

"Not good enough," answered Marty. Another car passed. "Told you," he said triumphantly: "Three sevens." ★

Those Friendly Bears

Continued from page 23

for a rest and turned around. He had been talking for half a mile to a bear. His pal was nowhere in sight. When the fisherman turned around the bear headed pell-mell for Hudson Bay. Of the two of them, the bear got the biggest fright.

When bears get tame enough and bold enough to raid camps and summer cottages they are the curse of the northwoods. When a bear smells food, and he can smell it half a mile, only fear of man will keep him away from it. When he loses this ancestral fear, as so many bears now have, nothing can protect your grub box. A bearproof cabin hasn't been built: a 300-pound bear will rip the siding off a cottage and make his own doorway.

Electricity Just Tickles Him

A meat-house of one Northern Ontario bush camp near Espanola was torn apart and plundered three times by bears in the fall of 1949. Each time it was rebuilt stronger than before, and each time the bears broke in. Finally it was surrounded by an electric fence. Bears tore the fence down too. Finally permission was obtained to shoot the bears.

A single bear once carried an ice box from a cabin porch at Pancake Bay, near Sault Ste. Marie, opened it with a swipe of a paw and ate: five T-bone steaks, two pounds of butter, two dozen eggs (shells and all), most of a 19-pound ham, six quarts of milk, two tins of fruit juice and a bottle of beer.

Resort owners and cottagers have tried everything except atom bombs to keep bears from joining their summer parties. Cottagers in Algonquin Park have strung up rods of electric fencing. Bear fur is so thick that the hot wires merely tickle him. In Yellowstone Park strangers decided that cayenne pepper ought to turn the trick. They sprinkled it thickly on slices of meat where raiding bears were a nuisance. But the bears gulped the peppered meat, sneezed a bit, gulped

another piece, another sneeze—then they stopped sneezing but kept right on gulping. The pepper was tasty seasoning.

Next they tried frightening the bears with tear-gas shells. A ranger approached within 12 feet of a bothersome bear and gave him a tear-gas blast full in the face. The bear galloped off about 50 feet, stopped and turned around to see what had hit him. He wasn't even blinking. The ranger, meanwhile, was blinded for 10 minutes by the blast of his own gun. It worked no better on other bears.

In Algonquin Park the Ontario Government has forced some larger resorts to install garbage incinerators. Bears that become too bold and make nuisances of themselves are sometimes shot. Superintendent George Phillips is urging cottagers to build concrete cupboards or root cellars outside their cabins to store food where bears cannot damage anything trying to reach it.

"We're trying to keep the bears wild," says Phillips. "It's best for us and for them too, but they're not very co-operative."

One guide up Armstrong way, north of Lake Nipigon, agrees that bears can be too friendly. He had a city angler with him on a fishing trip recently. Both had crawled into sleeping bags inside their tent for the night when the angler remembered he had left his camera outside. He went out to bring it in. While outside he heard a fish jumping in the lake and pushed off in the canoe to make a few casts.

A Bear in the Next Bed

The guide, half asleep, heard pots and pans clattering outside and thought his companion was looking for the camera. Then he was dimly conscious of someone entering the tent and lying down beside him. He was awakened by explosive snoring. He reached across and gave his tent mate a stiff poke in the ribs. His fist buried itself in wiry fur.

There was a startled "woof" and a bear took off for the timber with the tent and a couple of tent poles draped over its shoulders. ★

TIME OUT OF MIND

It's one o'clock in Vladivostok,
Eight-thirty in old Darjeeling;
Yet hereabouts
Are serious doubts —
The clocks have got me reeling.

It's ten-o-four by the jewelry store,
But there's rivalry aplenty.
The Town Tall tower
Proclaims the hour
As seven — since 1920.

My grateful thanks to assorted banks
For their coy approximation,
I'll check once more
On their average score
As soon as I reach the station.

Oh, public clocks, alight with neon,
Aloft on pillar and steeple,
Isn't there something you might agree on
Besides bedeviling people?

—P. J. Blackwell

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Don't Call Me Baby Face

Continued from page 21

were landing. Over the thud of his punches I heard the crowd roaring behind me the way a fight crowd always roars in a moment of climax. Finally I half knocked and half shoved him away with a left and when he stepped back I had a little room to move around.

Corbett had one bad habit. Pop and I had both noticed it the night we watched him win the title from Jackie Fields... When he hit to the body with his left he dropped his right a little. So when Corbett came in again I kept my hands high, showing him my ribs. As he brought the left in, his right came down and a piece of his jaw was suddenly open above the right glove, less than a foot from my left hand.

I was rolling toward him, ready to throw the left or hold it, depending on whether or not I saw a target. I let it go.

It was a good punch, one I'd been working on for nearly 15 years. Its arc started upward but at the last instant I turned my elbow and the first cork-screwed and came in slightly downward. Corbett fell like a hinge on a spring.

His pants hit the floor first. Then his shoulders thumped back and he rolled over on his side.

I backed into a neutral corner for the count. Corbett was on one knee at four, blinking and shaking his head and he shoved himself to his feet at nine. I rushed out of the corner, feinted with a right and hit him another hard left on the jaw. He went down again, near the ropes. He grabbed the lower rope and dragged himself to his feet one strand at a time. He threw one arm over the top strand and turned his back to me.

As I moved past George Blake, the referee, I said: "You'd better stop it, Mr. Blake." Blake shook his head. I spun Corbett away from the ropes with another left and hit him two more lefts on the head. He went down again. This time Blake didn't count.

It was over in two minutes, 37 seconds—the shortest championship fight in the history of the welterweight division.

Two Champs, One Ring

My father had come down from Vancouver to see me fight as a professional for the first time. My mother came to Los Angeles a couple of days after the fight. "You're a fine boxer, James," she said. My mother had never seen a fight and she didn't know a left hook from a ringpost, but to me that was still the last word in critical acclaim. It was just a little more than nine years earlier—less than a month after my 16th birthday—that I'd packed my second shirt and my second and third pairs of socks and told her I was going away to be a fighter.

She couldn't have been more horrified and worried if I'd told her I was going away to rob a bank or cross Niagara Falls in a barrel.

But in spite of her disapproval of boxing and her distrust of every boxer in the world but me, she'd sent me a wire wishing me good luck before every fight. Whether she knew what she was talking about or not, those five words—"You're a fine boxer, James"—and the pride and happiness she took in saying them meant more to me than a million words of clippings.

I laid off for a year and then defended my title against Barney Ross. Ross had won the lightweight championship

a year before and decided to step up into the 147-pound class and try to take over the welterweight championship too. This was an unusual situation in itself—two reigning world champions in the same ring.

Barney and I drew a crowd of 65,000 and a gate of roughly \$200,000 to Madison Square Garden's new Long Island Bowl on May 28, 1934, and my end was \$66,000.

Barney won a split decision in 15 rounds and became the first man in history to hold the lightweight and welterweight championships at the same time. Six months later I took the welter title back from him in much the same way that he had taken it from me—on a split decision after 15 long and wearing but pretty lively rounds.

I was as eager to get it settled once and for all as Barney was and I gladly signed for a third and rubber bout on May 28, 1935—a year to the day after our first fight.

This time the decision was unanimous—for Ross.

I must say I disagreed. I disagreed then and I disagree now. Barney Ross was a good boxer and he was and is a remarkable person. I'm not just trying to say the right thing when I say that if I had to lose my title I'd as soon have lost to Barney Ross as to anybody else. But even if it's the wrong thing to say, I'm saying he didn't beat me in that third fight of ours. I've done all the fighting I want to do and I don't think there's any special Valhalla to which old fighters go when they die. But if there is Valhalla, and they've got boxing gloves there, there's one more fight I'd like to have. Barney Ross will be in the other corner. I hope he'll be right at his best and if I don't win, I'll cheerfully take the first elevator down.

Almost Sorry For Tony

I didn't fight again for a year. I don't know why it is that a guy who is supposedly smart—or anyway supposedly smart enough to make two and two add up to four—will keep trying to make two and two add up to five. By now I knew that long layoffs were bad for me. In my 13 years of professional boxing I fought four times after a layoff of seven months or more. I lost every one of those four fights. Almost as many as I lost during all my other fights put together.

This next one was against Tony Canzoneri. In the intervening year Ross had grown too big to defend the lightweight title and Canzoneri had won it in an elimination tournament. Although we weren't fighting for Tony's title, I felt I had more riding on this fight than in all the Barney Ross fights put together.

A few months earlier I'd gone back to Vancouver and married Lillian Cupitt, my first and only girl, and Lillian was at the ringside in Madison Square Garden to watch me fight for the first and only time. Lillian worried about me almost as much as my mother did and I'd been telling her for 11 years, ever since she was 13 and I was 17, that the only difference between being a boxer and being a taxi driver or an insurance salesman was that the boxer earned his money a lot easier. I didn't believe this myself and don't believe it now, but the night I fought Canzoneri I was hoping to make it look that way to Lillian.

It started out fine. I hit Tony a hard left hook early in the first round. He began to back away and his hands came down and I moved in on top of him and gave him a bad beating around the head. His eyes were swollen and glassy at the end of the round, and he was bleeding heavily from the nose and lips. If I hadn't learned over many

fighters that a boxer who starts feeling sorry for the other guy had better get ready to start feeling sorry for himself, I think I'd have been sorry for Tony as I saw him lurch toward his corner.

He still looked wobbly when he came out for the second. I moved in for the knockout and did a very foolish thing. I tried to do a job with a long punch that a short punch would have done as well.

I drove a sledge-hammer left for Tony's open jaw. Tony stepped inside and hit me the right way—with one of those nice, crisp, short little thunderbolts that only a real puncher knows how to throw.

I can't tell you how this punch felt. It's the only punch that ever hit me so hard I didn't feel it.

It wasn't until the next day that I knew I staggered, went to one knee and got up again. The next thing of which I have personal knowledge is not easy to describe. It was less an event than a sensation. I had a vague feeling of far-off pounding and darkness—not particularly unpleasant but baffling—something like coming half awake in a dark Pullman berth and going to sleep again because it's too much effort to remember where you are. I remember too that I was thinking vaguely of Lillian and reminding myself that we were either going to get married or were already married.

No Mistakes Next Time

This is my total recollection of the last half of the second round and of the five rounds after that. Then Pop was leaning over me in the corner. When he told me I was going into the eighth I asked him how many times I'd been on the floor.

"None," Pop said.
"Can I still win?" I asked him.
"If you take the last three," he said.

I got to Tony again in the eighth and won that round. But he fought back in the ninth and we slugged each other to a standstill in the 10th. He won the decision from here to there. As you may have gathered, I never felt precisely like cheering when I lost a fight, but after I read the newspaper accounts of this one, I figured it was something, at least, to be still breathing.

Lillian wanted me to quit right then and there.

"What?" I said, not entirely kidding either, "and have Canzoneri living in our guest room for the rest of our lives?"

I fought Tony again five months later, on Oct. 5, 1936. I couldn't persuade Lillian to come and see this one. But I fought him as well as I knew how, made no more than the normal number of mistakes, and beat him just as thoroughly as he had beaten me.

In the meantime Lou Ambers had succeeded Tony as lightweight champion. I fought Ambers over-the-weight about a month after I beat Canzoneri. I won a unanimous decision.

I was still a month on the right side of my 29th birthday. There was no real reason why I should quit boxing at exactly that point and suddenly it struck me that this was the best of all reasons for quitting. I'd always promised myself that when I started losing I'd quit.

But I began to think of the times I'd thought, either seriously or idly, of quitting before. Once, away back in Los Angeles, when I'd started to grow too fast and gone sour. Once, after a bad beating from Billy Petrolle. Again after losing the second decision to Ross. Again after that first beating I took from Canzoneri. Each of those times I'd wrestled it out with myself and decided that, no—I had to give

them something better than that to remember me by.

There was no sense quitting when I was winning, and to judge from my past performances I had too much pride or bullheadedness to quit when I was losing. It's on precisely this kind of logic that all horse players die broke and that far too many boxers, good ones included, end up hearing noises that other people don't hear.

Work Hard Or Stay Out

Both Pop and I had salted away enough money in annuities to keep us for the rest of our lives. We talked it over. Pop clinched it. His reasoning was a little different from mine, but it came out at the same place. He told me he thought my last two fights had been among the sharpest I'd ever fought and that if I really wanted to fight at least once every six months I could go on without fear of being hurt for another two or three years.

"But there's only two reasons why a man should fight," Pop said. "One's because he likes it, and you stopped liking it a long time ago. The other's for money, and you know you don't need money."

Pop and I went back to California. Since we were earning our livelihood in the United States we'd both taken out citizenship papers around the time of the Corbett fight. We still live there. Pop in a comfortable bachelor apartment in Hollywood and Lillian and I and our three daughters about 20 minutes' drive away in Glendale.

Pop is still in remarkable health and vigor for a man of 77. I don't work quite as hard as I should, maybe, but I've got an interest in a tile factory and an interest in an insurance agency and they keep me from worrying too much about my golf handicap. I'm still a mild fanatic about diet—lots of live foods—and at 42 I feel good enough to lick a horse. But before it got me into the ring the horse would have to post a guarantee of let's say at least a million dollars.

I'm glad I was a boxer now, in something the same way that Steve Brodie must have been glad he jumped off Brooklyn Bridge. It's a wonderful thing to have behind you. But if I ever have a son and he starts talking about going into the ring, I'm afraid the conditions I'll try to lay down for him will be pretty discouraging.

I'll tell him he'll have to start early, maybe when he's 11 or 12 years old, and that he had better be ready to spend at least the next 10 years learning his trade. Not just picking it up as he goes along, the way kids pick up some trades, but spending most of his time at it, learning and practicing the thousands of things he will have to know, so that when he goes into a fight he will know how to protect himself and how to make the other man respect him.

And no matter how hard he works and how much ability he has to start, I'll have to tell him that the odds against him will still be frightening unless he happens to hook up with somebody like Pop Foster. Somebody who knows as much about fighting as Pop does, as much about teaching it as he does; somebody who has the honesty, the loyalty and, when it's needed, the shrewdness to look after a young fighter in the way that all young fighters need looking after if they're going to get what's coming to them in return for the punishment, the self-denial, and the risks they must accept.

Right there, of course, I'll really be saying that my son ought to look around for some other line of business. There just aren't that many Pop Fosters. ★

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Double Life of Dr. Barry

Continued from page 24

which was probably in Scotland some time between 1790 and 1794. Nobody knows when or why she first decided on her masquerade. What is certain is that she entered the University of Edinburgh in the early 1800's as a male student, graduated in medicine in 1812, entered the British Army as a man the next year with the rank of hospital assistant, and served continuously as a man until the day of her death in London in 1865. And only then, when the nurses told what they had found when they laid out the scrawny body for burial, did the flabbergasted War Office learn the secret of James Barry, M.D., second most senior officer in the Army Medical Department.

If Barry had been a strapping jut-jawed Grenadier of a woman the deception would have been astonishing enough; but she was just the opposite—small, finicking, and so delicately built that even in old age she had the look of a wrinkled child. At the university the undergrads laughed at her because she wore a long frock coat instead of the customary short jacket, and some of the more observant noticed she always carried her elbows inward like a girl rather than outward like a man. Once a student named Jobson stopped her in a courtyard and insisted he was going to teach her to box; but instead of hitting back she simply stood with her arms crossed over her chest, finching away from him.

She Had a Lot of Drag

She avoided the roaring beer parties which were the delight of her fellows, lived quietly in lodgings with her mother, and kept to herself whenever she wasn't following the staff surgeons around the wards, carrying their knives and saws and rolled strips of rag bandages on a wooden tray. To make sure she was left alone she cultivated a boorish manner, took offence at the least slight to her waspish dignity, and several times challenged students to a duel on grounds so preposterous they were never for one moment taken seriously.

Yet nobody, then or later, suspected James Barry of being anything more than a conceited and effeminate little man. And although her manner was repellent throughout the whole of her military career, and although she was usually disrespectful and occasionally insubordinate, nothing ever checked her rapid and steady rise in the service.

That, and the fact that she lived in a style which would have been impossible on her pay alone (she always rented a big house wherever she was stationed and kept a carriage and plenty of servants), made her a complete mystery to her brother officers.

Some tried to explain it by saying Barry was an illegitimate son of the Prince Regent, richly provided for and protected by his royal father. Others maintained he was the love-child of a noble lord and a beautiful Highland lassie with flaming hair and the devil's own temper. Neither of these romantic theories was true.

Years after her death a Colonel Rogers, in a letter published in the British medical journal, *Lancet*, on May 2, 1896, quoted what Sir William Mackinnon, then head of the Army Medical Department, had told him four days earlier: "You are aware, I suppose, that Barry was the daughter of a Scottish baronet, Buchan by name, who married one of the Somerset family. Hence the doctor's great influence at headquarters through Fitzroy-Somerset, Lord Raglan."

It was this influence that got her into the Army in the first place. Lord Raglan, who had no idea his relative was a girl but knew Barry to be painfully modest, had arranged with the president of the Army Medical Board to pass the odd-looking little candidate without any physical examination whatever, provided certificates of fitness from two civilian doctors could be produced. And produced they were, Barry having dazzled a couple of snobbish specialists into declaring her sound and well after merely asking her to stick out her tongue, while she remained fully dressed as a fashionable young man.

With such a sponsor she didn't care how offensively she conducted herself. And she hadn't been long on her first station, the Cape of Good Hope, South Africa, in 1815, before she got into what might have been fatal trouble with an officer named Cloete.

At a dinner party in the 1870's Cloete told the story himself. "When I was aide-de-camp to Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape," he said, "a buxom lady called to see him on business of a private nature and they were closeted for some time. Dr. Barry made some disparaging remark about this. 'Oh, I say, Cloete,' he sneered, 'that's a nice Dutch filly the Governor has got hold of. 'Retract your vile expression, you infernal little cad,' said I, advancing and pulling his long ugly nose. Barry immediately challenged me and we fought with pistols, fortunately without effect."

This was the only time Barry ever provoked an actual duel, possibly because the men she insulted were willing to swallow a lot from anyone so puny, so absurdly short-tempered, and above all so obviously well-connected. Still, she made enemies half around the world as her duty took her from the Cape to Malta, St. Helena, Jamaica, Barbados, and other British outposts. And if it appeared that some more than ordinarily indulgent officer wanted to be her friend anyway she behaved

with such chilling rudeness that no amount of good will could overcome it. She had to. Friendship with a man was too risky. There would always have been a chance he would burst into her quarters without knocking and find her naked. And that would have been the last of James Barry.

Bombshell In a Bedroom

Something like that did happen once, in spite of her precautions, one night in Trinidad where she was principal medical officer of the garrison. Early one evening a young assistant surgeon had asked a subaltern he knew to walk with him into Port-au-Prince. Barry was down with fever at the house of a woman friend there and had left strict orders that none of her juniors was to visit her under any circumstances. Nevertheless the assistant was worried and decided to go anyhow.

When the two youngsters got there the doctor went into Barry's bedroom and the subaltern waited outside on the wide verandah, smoking a cheroot. Suddenly the doctor called him to come to the bedroom where he flung back the bedclothes, and said wonderingly, "See—Barry is a woman!"

Barry woke, looked at the bewildered pair for a moment, then begged them in a low voice to swear they would keep her secret. They did. The young doctor died before her and took it to his grave. And in 1881 when the subaltern, then a colonel, told about it over a glass of wine in the mess, he added stiffly: "I have never till now mentioned the subject."

Although Barry dared not have men friends she felt free to know as many women as she liked; and before she had been in the service a year she had begun to get a reputation as a lady-killer. She never missed a garrison ball, always picked the prettiest girls for her partners, and flirted with them outrageously. It made no difference to her whether they were married or single

Continued on page 54

In the Next Issue

It's a Tough Time To be a Kid

Maclean's sent Sidney Katz across Canada to talk to hundreds of teen-agers. Katz, an experienced journalist and trained social worker, returned with the dramatic story of the youth of the nation. Who are the teen-agers? What do they believe? How serious is juvenile delinquency? Is an adult world letting them down by a failure to understand them? These are some of the questions he answers in the teen-agers' own words in this vital series of three articles beginning in



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especially for silver.



Continued from page 50
and if the wife of a brother officer took her fancy she never tried to hide her admiration.

As a rule the husbands don't seem to have minded, perhaps because Barry didn't strike them as the kind of little man any woman would fall in love with. But when she was stationed in Jamaica the adjutant of the regiment sent her a note saying he would be obliged if Surgeon Major Barry would kindly not make a point of calling on his wife just when he, the adjutant, had to be on duty in the orderly room. And occasionally an anxious father or a match-making mamma would demand to know if Barry's intentions toward a shy young daughter were serious. This would immediately force Barry into an impossible position and she would apologize and start flirting with someone else.

Because Barry could afford to pay her own passage when she traveled home to England on leave or from one station to another she saw to it that she was given a private cabin aboard ship. Once, however, she went from St. Thomas to Barbados in a steamer so crowded she had to share her cabin with a notably whiskered Army captain. How she got out of that difficulty the captain described in a letter written long afterward:

"I was in the top berth, she in the lower—of course without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how in harsh and peevish voice she ordered me out of her cabin, blow high, blow low, while she dressed in the morning. "Now then, youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress," she would say."

There was another reason, quite apart from the obvious one, why Barry wouldn't let herself be seen dressing. She was excessively vain of her appearance and didn't want it known that as she grew older and her red hair began to turn grey she spent half an hour or so every few mornings touching it up with dye. Nor, although she was as flat-chested as many a man, could she allow anyone to watch her wrapping her waist and upper body with layer after layer of bath towels so as to give herself a more dashing and soldierly figure—a

practice which accounted for the extraordinary number of towels she used and for the baffled gossip about it that sprang up wherever she went.

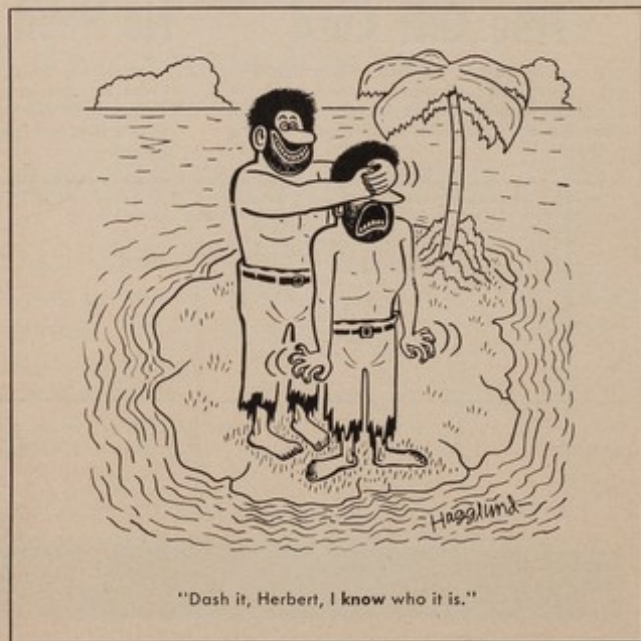
Yet for all her conceit and her ridiculous looks Barry was respected for her skill as a doctor. She was mentioned in dispatches for her courage and ability during an outbreak of malignant fever on the island of Corfu when she was stationed there, and regularly praised by her commanding officers in their reports. She was as good a surgeon as she was a physician, and while at Malta did some of the most difficult and successful operations in the history of the garrison hospital.

By the time she came to Montreal in the fall of 1857 to take charge of the Army Medical Department in Canada she was a tired old woman (she couldn't have been less than 62 and may have been nearly 70), worn out by repeated bouts of fever and her long service. Age had mellowed her temper a little and taken the edge off her furious energy, but she was still a hard worker and, with half a century of experience, a better doctor than ever.

She had always stood up for the men in the ranks against officers who didn't think common soldiers rated much consideration and there was now little she wouldn't do to keep them well and happy. In the 1850's British troops in Canada were fed beef seven days a week all year round, whether they were shivering in a blizzard or sweating in a heat wave. This was quite all right with the lieutenant-general commanding but not with Barry, who wrote to him on April 7, 1858, demanding some pork and mutton to vary the diet. The general didn't bother answering her letter.

But when Barry wrote again and again, each time more acid, the general knew he had a medical officer who couldn't be pushed around, and a new set of orders were issued by which Barry got her way.

Her anger at her superior's fat-headed resistance to change made Barry ill and she had to take to her bed in the pillared house she rented at 23 Durocher Street. And since for once she was sick enough to need a doctor it looked as if her secret would come out at last—unless she could get hold of someone as scrupulously



"Dash it, Herbert, I know who it is."

honorable as the assistant surgeon and his subaltern friend in Trinidad.

She sent for Dr. G. W. Campbell, a civilian who later became dean of McGill University's medical faculty. Campbell, although he attended her several times and was as much her friend as she ever allowed a man to be, never even suspected her real sex. According to Sir William Osler, who was one of Campbell's students at McGill after Barry had died and the truth was known, Dean Campbell sometimes told his classes about this curious oversight, as a joke on himself and by way of warning.

"Gentlemen," he would say, "if I had not stood in some awe of Inspector-General Barry's rank and medical attainments I would have examined him—that is, her—far more thoroughly. Because I did not, and because his—confound it, her—bedroom was always in almost total darkness when I paid my calls, this, ah, crucial point escaped me. Which shows you should never let yourself be too impressed by any colleague to treat him just like any other patient."

Superficial though Campbell's examination seems to have been the remedies he prescribed did the trick and Barry was soon well enough to go back to duty.

By the spring of 1859 she had had enough and she applied through the proper channels to be relieved. On April 7, 1859, she was ordered to hand over to her next in command, and on May 14 she sailed for England.

There she went before a medical board whose president, since Barry was senior to him and obviously ill, merely shook hands, said, "Ha, James, feeling a bit seedy, hey?" and recommended her immediate retirement on half-pay.

For the next six years Barry lived in furnished lodgings at 14 Margaret Street, in a good but not fashionable part of London's West End.

Toward the middle of July, 1865, something went wrong with the filtering plant at the waterworks and a more than usually large number of bacteria got into the drinking water. Two days later poor old Barry took to her bed contorted with pain, and on July 25 she died of diarrhea. When the time came to wash and lay her out for burial they stripped the flannel nightgown from her body and the long masquerade was ended.

When the War Office was notified the first reaction to the news that a female had served it for 53 years as a commissioned officer was that the nurses who alleged this monstrous impossibility must have gone mad. But the director-general of the Army Medical Department ordered an autopsy made at once by three of his most competent doctors. And that settled it.

One secret, however, went to Barry's grave with her. Nobody knows why she decided to spend her life as a man. The mystery was discussed for weeks in every regimental mess in the British Army. Some maintained that Barry had been jilted by a nobleman as a young girl and had foresworn her sex as a kind of revenge on all men. Others claimed she did it out of a hopeless love for a royal prince.

No one, then or since, seems to have thought that perhaps the little creature loved the idea of doctoring and, since she couldn't practice it as a woman in an age when the profession was closed to her sex, she simply and heroically determined to practice it as a man.

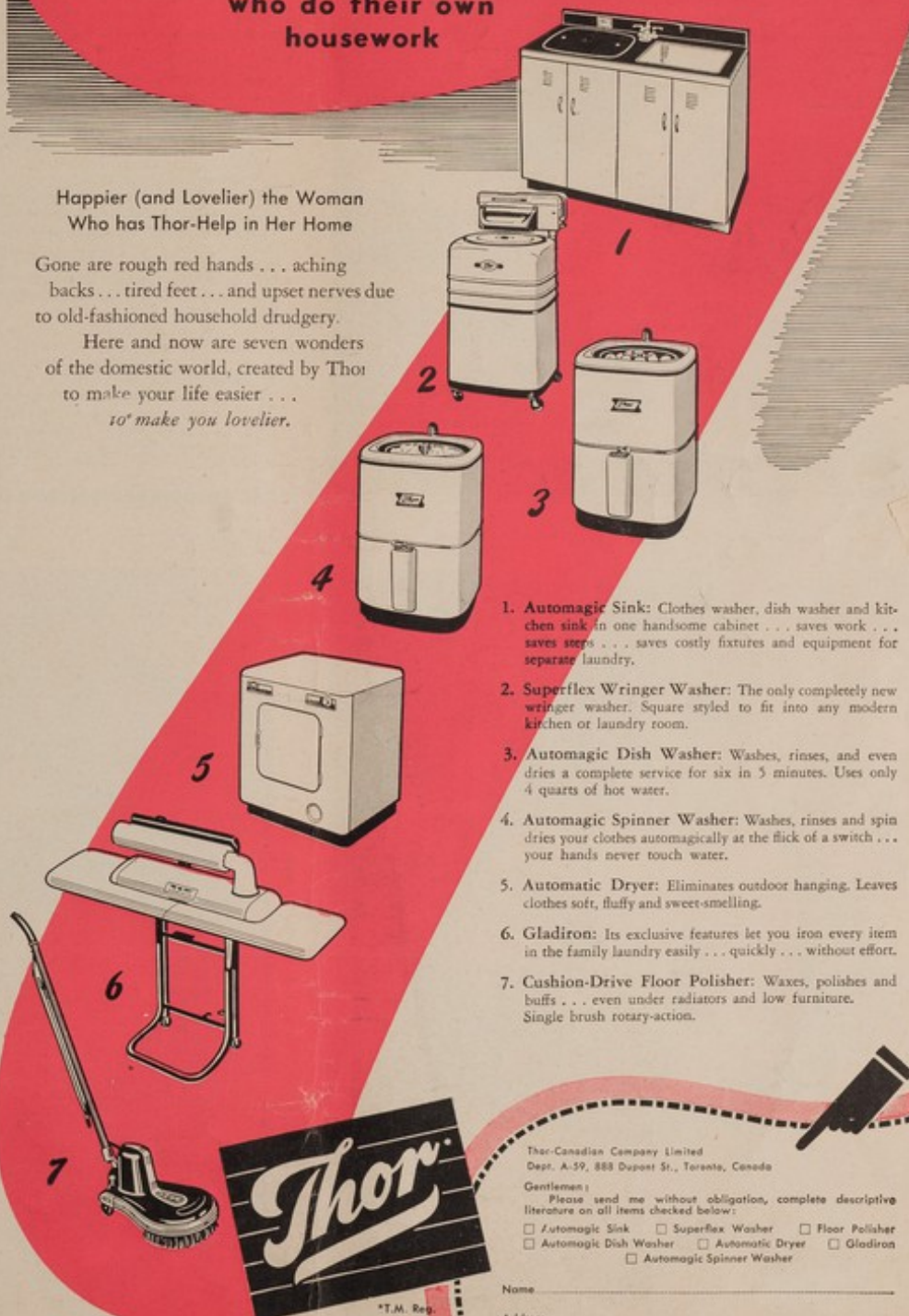
But whatever the reason for this amazing masquerade the fact remains that James Barry, M.D., Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, was almost certainly the first woman to qualify and practice as a doctor in the whole long history of medicine. ★

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THE ASSOCIATED SALMON CANNERS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA



That Christmas Tie

Continued from page 17

Most women tie buyers confide to the salesman that their husbands are wearing ties with no personality, no dash. They wish to remedy this situation and start him on the path to fuller, more glorious technicolor. If there really was any brotherhood of man, right there the tie salesman would pull a rope, a mallet would fall on the housewife and she would be carried unconscious to the shirt department.

A tie salesman with a conscience could do much to alleviate this Christmas suffering. He could ask the color and pattern of the man's suits, his height, weight and age. The first item is the most important.

"Most women buy a tie that looks good on the counter," commented a salesman. "They never consider that it also has to look good around somebody's neck."

Even the man's weight must be considered, relative to his height. Ties vary in width as much as two inches. Narrow ties, which usually are imported from Europe, are more becoming to small men; wide American ties suit lankier types. Stout men look better in ties with vertical patterns; slim fellows can fill out their chests with more horizontal sunbursts.

Ties also vary in length; some are 46 inches long and some are 54 inches long. There is a feeling among tall men that the extra length is a concession to their height. Leave them their delusions. The true reason for long ties is the Windsor knot, a way of knotting a tie that requires two to three times as much material in the knot.

Tie salesmen figure that 60% of their ties are actually purchased by women, but that 85% of the purchases are influenced by women. The number of men returning ties their wives have bought doesn't begin to match the men returning ties they have bought themselves and which their wives deplored.

Most men buy three or four ties a year, generally when they spot one they like in a window. A man never buys a tie to pick up his morale, like a woman buys a hat. He has other ways of picking up his morale.

Men also buy ties when they are out of town, on the theory that they can find something exclusive to stun the boys at the office. Since he generally gets one that is pretty much like what he has been wearing it is hard to see the merit in this system.

There is a case on record, with a sworn affidavit from the wife, of a man who owned eight plain maroon ties going to New York and returning home triumphant with a new plain maroon tie.

New York is considered by tie men a conservative tie town. Toronto is the most flamboyant tie city in Canada, with stiff competition from Calgary. Vancouver is ultra-conservative and Montreal is a bow-tie town. Nothing has been said here of bow ties, although they are enjoying a boom. Unless the man is a bow-tie devotee it's wise to stay well away from these.

Finally there is the vital question of price. The \$2 tie, which before World War II was considered the acme of luxurious living, now is a mass selling item. Men's better ties start at \$3.50 and continue grandly to \$20.

For \$20 you get pure silk, a fairly conspicuous label (Countess Mara ties have a CM initial on the front of the tie) and a measure of exclusiveness—until the following season when manufacturers of \$2 ties will steal the design.

There, at last, is something a woman can understand. ★

Backstage in India

Continued from page 4

The effect of this on the U. S. delegation was unfortunate. The Americans had a good group at Lucknow—most of them able, intelligent, likeable men with a lot of experience in the East. Several at least (I think the majority) disagreed with their own country's policy in Asia and came prepared to agree with its critics.

"When I left the States," one American told me afterwards, "I thought I'd find myself on the Indian side. I intended to make the best explanation I could of our China policy, perhaps make them understand some of the reasons for it, but I couldn't really defend it."

But the Indians got the Americans' backs up, right from the first day. Americans found them unbearably sanctimonious and self-righteous. The result was that the Americans recoiled to the defensive and took what to most Asiatics seemed a completely unrealistic stand. To make matters worse, one of their number strongly favored last-ditch support of Chiang Kai-shek, and he turned out to be the most vocal of the lot.

The net effect was regrettable. Neither side put its case in terms intelligible to the other. I learned more about the real grounds for India's position in half an hour, talking to officials in New Delhi, than I'd learned in 10 days in Lucknow.

The tragedy of it was that there are gross misunderstandings here, on both sides, which seem to be increasing by the minute. Even at best our little conference couldn't have reversed this trend. But what little it might have done, whatever weight it did have, went into the wrong side of the scale.

ONE OF THE striking things about India is the companionable way human beings get on with other animal life.

I don't mean just the sacred cows who wander the city sidewalks (I saw one in Calcutta this morning, waiting for the traffic cop's whistle before she ambled sedately across the street). It's more than just the villagers' custom, too, of stabling their cattle in the bedroom, though most of them still do that. It's all animal life, everywhere. Animals aren't really afraid of people in this country.

Insects the size of hummingbirds zoom in the screenless windows. Pretty little lizards run up and down your hotel room walls in the cool of the morning and evening; where they spend the rest of the day I can't figure out. As I walked down the hotel corridor in New Delhi the other night two gaily colored birds walked across the carpet in front of me; the same morning I interviewed a Health Department officer on Indian vital statistics while a bright blue pigeon flew back and forth over our heads.

In Pandit Nehru's dining room last Monday evening four people sat through three courses with two servants in the room. A little grey bat swooped around the back of our chairs the whole time and nobody even turned to look at it. On my own part this took a good deal of fortitude.

Our outstanding experience with the dumb friends, though, was in Lucknow. With George Ferguson, of the Toronto Star, and other Canadian delegates I was dozing over tea one afternoon when we heard a noise in the bedroom. We looked in just in time to see a sacred monkey making off with George's shaving lotion.

"Probably tired of the local beer," said George. ★

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Death of a Union

Continued from page 19

Trades and Labor Congress. Sullivan, who broke with the party three years ago, was then a member and had been instructed to give me a job.

I worked for a few months on the Montreal docks as a patrolman, equivalent in a shore-side union to a union steward. I worked hard both for the party and for the union. I was appointed a delegate to the 1946 convention of the union in Montreal.

This meeting followed the exact pattern of every C.S.U. meeting I have attended. Since the C.S.U. was founded by the party and has been a party captive throughout its career I believe it's safe to assume the C.S.U. has never held a meeting that followed any other pattern.

Officially, the officers for the next year were elected at a meeting of some 80 C.S.U. delegates and officials. Actually they were appointed at a party caucus held the night before. The only C.S.U. members who attended this preliminary meeting were the 18 or 20 union delegates and officials who were members of the Communist Party. The meeting was run by J. B. Salsberg, a well-known Ontario Communist politician who is a member of the party's Political Bureau and its trade union director.

Salsberg went over the slate of officers in the C.S.U., commenting on the work of each man. Then with the offhand assurance of a baseball manager naming his starting lineup he announced the new slate.

"Sullivan will continue in office as president," he said. "Davis (Harry Davis, now C.S.U. president and the man who 18 months ago dealt the C.S.U. its *coup de grâce*) will be first vice-president. Cyril Lenton will be treasurer. Gerry McManus will be secretary."

All we keymen, of course, were party members. A few members of the C.S.U. executive—men like Theodore Roy and Eddie Reid—who were not party members but who had not opposed the party in the C.S.U., were approved by Salsberg for re-election.

"Party Is Always Right"

The next day, although we were outnumbered nearly four to one by the non-Communist delegates, those who had attended the party caucus got Salsberg's slate through the C.S.U. convention without a casualty. Salsberg naturally didn't attend the meeting for he is not and never has been a member of the C.S.U.

At the next convention—or rather at the party caucus Salsberg called the night before the convention—I was "elected" secretary-treasurer. From then until July of this year I shared with Harry Davis the job of running the C.S.U. to Salsberg's and the party's satisfactions.

In each of the three years from 1946 through 1948 the C.S.U. went on strike. I don't propose to go into the issues or the details. It's not that I wish to hide anything. I simply think the position laid down for the union by the party in each of those strikes was a good position—a fair and reasonable position for a trade union to follow.

Contrary to general belief it was not at the party's instigation that a wave of violence and lawlessness accompanied the 1948 strike on the Great Lakes. Even now—with the advantage of the second guess and freed of the blinding necessity of telling myself over and over again that "the party is always right"—I cannot remember that the party asked me to do anything which a

conscientious trade union leader could not have done.

I see now that the 1948 strike was a tactical mistake. It played straight into the hands of Pat Sullivan, who had quit the party and the C.S.U. to form the rival Canadian Lake Seamen's Union. It strengthened the hand of the large shipowners who had invited the strike by locking out C.S.U. crews. And, although the union still had so much support in the trade union movement that Frank Hall suffered a total defeat in his first attempt to have it read out of the Trades and Labor Congress, even the most easygoing non-Communist labor leaders were beginning to wonder if we weren't getting "strike-happy."

Bruised But Not Beaten

All these points could be argued interminably. The reason I'd rather not argue them here is that I want to make this a statement not of opinion but of fact. The fact is that the party ordered and ran the strike. As secretary-treasurer I reported daily to Joe Salsberg on the progress of the strike and took my orders from him. In the early stages of the strike I moved my headquarters from Montreal to Toronto so that I could be in constant personal contact with Salsberg.

The C.S.U. came out of that 1948 strike badly bruised but by no means beaten. It was the 1949 strike which sealed its doom—completed the dispersal of most of its members to the Seafarers' International Union and brought the C.S.U.'s expulsion from the Trades and Labor Congress.

I want to tell what I know about this strike in some detail for it was the first strike in which even I—still a staunch toe-the-party-liner—had difficulty in persuading myself that the party had the nation's interests at heart.

In the fall of 1948 we began negotiating for a new contract with the shipping companies that control Canada's deep-sea merchant fleet. A three-man conciliation board brought down a report in April, 1949. The report suggested concessions on both sides. I personally considered it as good a settlement as we could reasonably hope to get in the prevailing atmosphere. I was in favor of accepting its basic recommendations on wages and working conditions and trying to bargain further on a question involving union hiring halls.

Davis, the president, was in England when the conciliation board brought down its report. I called a meeting of the executive in Montreal and wired Davis to come back right away. The meeting followed the customary blueprint. Joe Salsberg didn't attend the C.S.U. sessions but he took a room in the hotel in which they were being held. The night before the C.S.U. executive met the Communist executive members reported to Salsberg's room.

To Strike the World!

For once Salsberg wasn't prepared to lay down a final directive. That wasn't altogether surprising. Deep-sea sailing is an international activity. A deep-sea strike by the C.S.U. would have ramifications in many countries outside Canada. The Canadian party wasn't anxious to take a stand without having the views of the party in other parts of the world. It was to get those views that Harry Davis left Canada. Salsberg told us to go ahead with the union meeting as scheduled but not to allow any decision to be made until David returned.

We were in session when Davis arrived. He was jubilant. He had attended two major meetings in Europe

—one a meeting of the executive members of the Communist-controlled World Federation of Trade Unions; the other a special meeting of the dock workers' faction of the British Communist Party. He had been assured that if we struck we would get fighting support in virtually every deep-sea port in Europe.

"We can strike the world!" Davis said exultantly.

I got up. "Wait a minute," I said. "What about Canada? If we strike again I don't think we'll get support from any important section of the Canadian trade union movement." Without the support of Canadian labor I felt any support we might get in foreign ports would be meaningless.

We adjourned and took our disagreement to Joe Salsberg. Salsberg asked Tim Buck to come down from Toronto. The next day the Communist members of the C.S.U. executive dumped the question in the lap of the party's top man.

I was still holding out for peace. Davis was very persuasive. He repeated his assurances of support from the party and from party unions all over the world. He said he found in Britain not merely support for a strike but an urgent demand for a strike. Ever since the Labor Party had come to power in Britain, Davis reminded us, British labor had lacked "militant leadership" — in simpler terms, the British Communist Party had difficulty in promoting strikes on

of the Trades and Labor Congress. I went with him.

On the chief issue of hiring halls we began making progress. We worked out a complicated formula that looked satisfactory. Some features of the formula required government assent. McNamara, an able negotiator who will try to work with anybody if he thinks it's in the public interest, agreed to lay it before his superiors. When he came back his face was grave. "It's too late, boys," he said. "The owners have just signed with the Seafarers' International Union."

We broke up. Davis was beside himself with elation. "I told you there had to be a strike," he said. "The strike is on!"

Davis telephoned the Ottawa Press Gallery and announced the C.S.U. was striking. Then he telephoned C.S.U. representatives at the Canadian ports and ordered them to call all men out. He wired the men he had met at the Paris meeting of the World Federation. He had already appointed his brother, Jack Pope (the family's real name is Popovich), a member of the British C.P., as a walking delegate for the C.S.U. in London. He wired Pope to report the situation to the London dock workers.

What happened from then on is a matter of public record. When the CPR ships Beaverbrae and Agramont arrived in London, Pope called the crews out. True to its promise to Davis the dockers' faction of the British C.P. induced thousands of British dock workers—both Communists and non-Communists—to go on strike as a demonstration against the "black" ships from Canada. Strikes and disorders flared briefly but violently across half the world.

Davis' star soared. He had called the strike without even going through the empty formality of consulting the union executive or asking for a vote from the members. He had not even waited for an official go-ahead from Salsberg and Buck. This could have been an unforgivable offense. In fact it became a triumph when the official journal of the Cominform and Bible of Canadian Communists, Democracy and Lasting Peace, applauded the strike as an example of "international working-class solidarity." But that strike broke the C.S.U.

Today the C.S.U. stands ruined and repudiated in the eyes of everyone except the party. And even the party knows the C.S.U. is dead. But the party does not mourn its corpses.

Labor has made a start in the fight against Communism. But it's only a start. At the level where it really counts, down in the locals, the party is still strong.

During my last few months as a party member one of my assignments was to get signatures for the Stockholm Peace Petition demanding the banning of the atom bomb. One of the locals I worked on is affiliated with the international railway brotherhoods who have spearheaded the fight to kick the Reds out of labor. This local has more than 150 members but not more than eight card-holding Communists. I called in two of the Communist members, gave them copies of the petition and told them the party wanted a 100% response. That's exactly what they got. This, remember, was in a union whose top leaders are implacable anti-Communists.

Within that union Communism was receiving direct and powerful aid from many members who are not Communists but who are still listening to their Communist stewards. That's what I mean when I say that labor's ultimate fight against Communism—the fight in the union locals—is still to be won. ★

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domestic issues. A strike on the waterfronts of Great Britain might arouse the whole British trade union movement. Davis made it clear that the cost to Canadian seamen was irrelevant in the eyes of the British Communist Party.

Buck finally ordered a saw-off. The Canadian National Steamships' Lady Rodney and Lady Nelson were in or bound for Halifax. Buck told us to tie up those two ships, and those two ships only, as a sign to the Government (their owner) that we meant business.

Davis ordered the ships struck and at the same time wrote a letter in the union's name flatly rejecting the conciliation board's report. This was farther than the party had authorized him to go and Buck and Salsberg were plainly worried. They were afraid a strike would hurt the party's position in Canada and they were afraid if there was no strike it would hurt the Canadian party's position abroad. They ordered Davis to go to Ottawa and try to work for a settlement with Arthur McNamara, deputy minister of labor, and Percy Bengough, president

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The Masters at Margate

Continued from page 5

is constantly referred to as a man of destiny, which Aneurin never denies.

He is what one might describe as a professional Socialist and has always dressed to the part. While he knows the difference between a Cliquot 1928 and a Louis Roderer 1932 he has stubbornly refused to wear formal dress at official functions, even those held at Buckingham Palace. Instead he has always turned up in an old homely lounge suit with a soft-collared shirt. In fact, as a man of the people, he is in the great tradition of Dickens' Vincent Crummies, who was so sincere an actor that when he played "Othello" he blacked himself all over.

But at Margate I saw nothing less than a transformation. Bevan had been to his tailor, to say nothing of his hairdresser. Savile Row never turned out anything better than this new blue serge suit. What is more he was wearing a stiff white collar and his white cuffs showed just the proper length for a man about town. Overnight the revolutionary of the boulevards had become the Beau Bevan of the seaside. No wonder that La Belle Summerskill, sitting next to him, seemed rather drab and put out. The plumage of the male bird had put her out of countenance.

Herbert Morrison, with his cockatoo hairdo, surveyed the vast throng of delegates with, I am certain, mixed feelings. He has become the great middle-of-the-roader, the wooer of the middle classes, the apostle of the thesis that Capitalism and Socialism can exist side by side.

Beside Morrison, crouched in his seat as if trying to establish an alibi, was Prime Minister Attlee looking as detached as an Orangeman in a Catholic Cathedral. What an enigma of a man! He has no magnetism, no powers of purple oratory, no glamour and no projectability but he is the absolute unchallenged leader of the governing party. Not even Churchill's authority in the Conservative Party is as unquestioned. Behind him was his charming wife, knitting as if she were in her own drawing room at Downing Street.

While I was noting these things Sam Watson, the chairman of the conference, was delivering the opening speech. Sam is a trade union leader, full of common sense, forthright in character and with a healthy sense of fun. The Communist germ has no chance with such a healthy body. Politically, however, he is given to oversimplification, but we shall let that pass.

Whenever there came a touch of humor the great chorus of delegates filled the air with good British laughter. There is sanity in such laughter, and believe me the Labor Party of this country needs all the sanity it can command. In fact, within a few minutes after the end of Watson's opening speech, we began to see the yawning gulf between the realists on the platform and the political bembusement of many of the constituency delegates.

Their opportunity came when the chairman in charge of procedure had to deal with the innumerable constituency resolutions printed on the agenda. The chairman was cutting them down mercilessly like Herod but individual delegates were allowed to come to the microphones and make three-minute speeches in favor or against.

A Lancashire delegate deplored our supporting the Americans in Korea. "The South Koreans have crossed the 38th parallel," he shouted. "Who is the aggressor now?" In fairness I must record that he only got a hearty jeer.

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A woman from Yorkshire accused the Government of letting down the unity of Europe by favoring the Empire. "The Government is becoming a party of Empire flag wavers," she cried. "It is all wrong and I know the party is with me!" There was a deep embarrassed silence and Morrison gazed pensively at the ceiling.

Then the Schuman Plan raised its bloody head. A panting delegate intended to denounce the Government for even thinking of placing the British steel workers under a supernatural authority, but his spirit ran away with his tongue and he called it "a supernatural authority." Once more the healing balm of laughter cleared the air, and Aneurin Bevan ran his hand over his brilliant head without displacing a hair.

They Could Simplify Einstein

But it was in the printed agenda that one really saw what a divergence exists between the constituency associations and the ministers who have become responsible and moderate through the hard experience of office. It might be said that the local associations do not matter and that the real power lies with the Government and the trade union leaders, but it must be remembered that the local association chooses its parliamentary candidate and he is pledged to support the views of his supporters.

It was in the realm of nationalized industries that the outer rim of the party showed its divergence from the centre. The miner cannot understand why the coal he produces from a State-owned mine should have to pay interest on the bonds given to the former owners by the State. To his mind the industry should have been taken out of the owners' hands, and that would be the end of it.

There were other workers, beside the miners, who are deeply anxious about the burden of compensation. Another thing that worries them is that private industries should be allowed to make and distribute profits. A third matter that disturbs their dreams is that a huge sum has to be paid each year to meet the interest charges on the national debt.

Since compensation and profits and interest charges have to come out of production why not make an end of them or, if that is too drastic, reduce or postpone them? Therefore a Birmingham local Socialist sent a resolution that the interest on the national debt should be suspended until the economic condition of the country justified the resumption.

One can see the process of reasoning, even if one cannot applaud it. A party that has been suckled on slogans could simplify the Einstein theory.

The Earnest Reformers

But who are the owners of Government bonds? They include tens of thousands of little people who patriotically put their savings into war loans. By the law of the years they are now held by innumerable widows for whom it is their only source of income.

One does not need the imagination of a poet to visualize the misery and chaos which would follow the announcement that the guaranteed interest would cease for an indefinite period.

And how can you make these earnest reformers understand that Britain's national credit would collapse overnight and that foreign balances would be instantly withdrawn from London?

In the matter of profits in private industry the Basselaw Local Association wants a low limit, and asks that anything in excess should be distri-

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buted to the consumers. Again we must admit that the idea is neat and suffers from no confusion. It simply means that shareholders would get nothing in bad times and very little more in good times. The companies would have to take their losses and never be allowed to make them up when business improved.

But perhaps the most sinister, though well-intentioned, resolution came from the Llanely Association. Here you see good intentions completely at the mercy of confused thinking. This particular association does not believe in confiscation. It wants the Government to play fair in taking over private industries. But it thinks the Government should postpone the payment of compensation until the condition of the nation's finances permits it.

Blackmail and Robbery

On this basis if the Canadian Government decided to take over the CPR it would announce that as soon as the bill was passed through parliament (a process of something like one year) the State would then acquire the railway at a compensation figure to be determined at an unspecified date following the take-over.

What would happen with such an announcement? The CPR bonds and stocks would collapse on the market and the State would be able to acquire them at a figure bearing no relation to the actual value. In fact what these good people of Llanely want is for His Majesty's Government to use blackmail and robbery as an instrument of government policy. How can you explain to them that if the Government stooped to this the reaction in the Western world would be such that Britain would be forced into a Communist revolution or would be reduced to a standard of living lower than any country in Europe. A nation no more than an individual, can carry on when its credit is gone.

Short Cut to Paradise

So I looked on our masters at Margate and wondered what were the thoughts that passed through the minds of Attlee, Morrison, and even Bevan. Can they pursue a policy of reasonable restraint and basic responsibility if their supporters want the moon and green cheese served on a silver platter?

I left the Winter Garden and walked slowly and pensively to my hotel. What a task for responsible politicians to maintain a government which looks for its strength to decent, honest people whose minds do not grasp even the bare essentials of economic reality. How long can Socialism maintain a sense of responsibility before it is forced into something more violent? I ask that question not as a party politician but as an observer who recognizes that behind all this mental confusion there is no individual greed or lust of power, but a feeling that there must be a short cut to paradise on earth. ★

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I have just read that well-written article by Fred Bodsworth in the Oct. 15 issue of your splendid magazine, "A License to Murder." I think all sensible auto drivers, and all sensible pedestrians, will most heartily endorse all that Bodsworth has written. I can give you my word I DO.—W. Player, Ottawa.

• I would like to protest the misleading and inaccurate way in which this important problem was handled.

If for a six-month period speed limits of 35 mph in the country and 15 mph in urban centres were adopted with NO change in the method of licensing, I wager 40 Canadians would not be killed each week.—C. E. Baldwin, Ottawa.

• I would gather this chap has never heard of drunken driving. He would have it that a driver with his pockets full of credentials and blue ribbons indicating his outstanding driving ability but his belly full of beer is a model driver and a credit to our highways.—Harry Martin, Vancouver, B.C.

Reader Martin, and others who criticized Fred Bodsworth for suggesting anything else but liquor is responsible for highway deaths should read, "Why Our Lanes Can't Nail Drunk Drivers," by Fred Bodsworth, Maclean's March 15, 1950.

Doh-Si-Doh-Ray-Me

In your Oct. 1 issue I read with a great deal of interest the article by McKenzie Porter, discussing the revival of the square dances. I would like to fill in a missing portion.

Victoria may be well known across Canada as a tourist attraction and



famous for its hanging flower baskets but it also has one of the world's finest Western groups. You mentioned the Vancouver groups but did not mention Fred Usher and his Hometowners who went to the Pacific National Exhibition and won themselves the title of British Columbia Square Dance Orchestra Champions. The boys picked themselves up \$1,200 prize money, so I suppose this is some salve to the slight.

One day the CBC may get wind of this group and you in the rest of Canada may get an opportunity to hear them.—J. S. Crawford, Victoria, B.C.

Department Store Courtesy

The one thing that sticks out in the story of the woman engaged in "or-

ganizing" Eaton's (Oct. 1) is the courteous treatment given her by Eaton's. It is speculated what kind of reception would be given a "capitalistic" scout engaged in investigating unions or converting their members.—H. W. Curtis, Vancouver.

A Guide for Junior

I thoroughly enjoyed the article by J. H. Stafford as told to Thomas Walsh ("What It Feels Like To Be a Millionaire," Sept. 15). There is a man



who has lost none of his finer instincts by becoming a millionaire. I insisted on my 13-year-old son reading the article as it exudes the character of the man. Good luck to him.—Mrs. G. Collis, Guelph, Ont.

Courage, He Commends

I read with interest your article in the Oct 1 issue, "Who Should Handle the Family's Money?" May I say that I think you have handled the subject in a masterly way and reached a courageous conclusion.—R. W. Harris, Director of Public Relations, Household Finance Corp., Toronto.

Conscription Now—or Never?

Reading your leading editorial (Oct. 15) on the advisability of conscription in Canada, I have been wondering whether you have read Liddell Hart's new book, "Defence in the West." He seems to be strongly convinced that conscription in England in peacetime is a serious error.—G. Wilson Geddes, London, Ont.

• The editorial closes with the words, "Parliament has no more urgent duty than to decide about conscription now"—But surely you must know the reason why the present Parliament is evading that duty? St. Laurent dare not put a conscription law on the statute books of this Dominion... Quebec and the Roman Catholic church would not tolerate a conscription law for one moment.—W. H. Day, Victoria.

• I lost a brother in the first great war and had a lot of my people in this last great war. I cannot see for the life of me why we should send our young men and women to some foreign country to fight. The time for our country to fight and have conscription is when some country is going to fight us on our own soil.—Manson Hicks, Sundridge, Ont.

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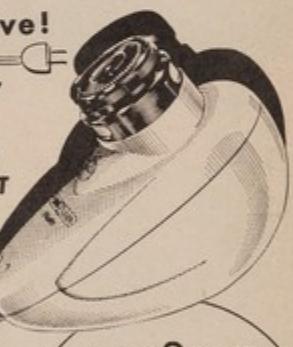
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PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

SASKATOON'S Victoria Public School broke out in such a rash of yo-yos recently that the principal was driven to banishing them entirely. The spinners obediently stopped spinning—all but one dreamy six-year-old who sauntered right past the principal's office yo-yoing like sixty. Of course the principal happened to step out just

which had never had even a visiting dentist before.

At one village a woman brought him a plate which she said didn't fit and after a minute's investigation he exclaimed, "I don't see how it ever could have fitted you!"

"It didn't," she replied unhappily. "These teeth belonged to my husband's first wife."



at the right moment and simultaneously the well-worn string snapped and the red and black spinner rolled to a stop at the great man's feet.

Picking it up he ordered the young fellow to hand over the string, too, and, "See me in my office at 3.30."

The first grader came knocking at the door when classes ended and on again confronting the principal greeted him with a polite, "Hello. Did you get my yo-yo fixed?"

A long black Packard, sleek and haughty as a thoroughbred tomcat, crouched at an Ottawa curb where it drew much excited Slavic jabbering from three brand-new Canadians who paused to study this shining symbol of the North American way of life. Just then a tied-together old heap rattled past, jammed with college characters, one of whom inevitably sang out "Wanna trade?"

The three newcomers stared blankly after the departing jalopy, then one with a better grasp of Canadian than the others suddenly got it and hastily translated. For a moment the three stared at each other incredulously: the young men had supposed that they, three strugglers for a foothold in a new and strange land, were the owners of this streamlined wonder.

And as it sank in they smiled, they grinned, they roared, and they swaggered off down the street with a new patronizing and possessive glance for all they surveyed.

A woman who complained to her Toronto dentist that it seemed to be taking a long time to get her new dentures resting comfortably tells us the dentist silenced her with a tale of his younger days as a journeyman in Northern Ontario. Hauling a dental kit with him he'd stop a week at a time in each settlement, many of

There's a new high-speed lecturer on "Wills and Trusts" at Ontario's law school, Osgoode Hall, in Toronto. The other day he gave the scribbling notetakers an unexpected breather when he interrupted his discourse to ask whether the microphone he was using was working properly. From the back of the room came a dry voice, "It seems to be running a bit fast."

The good old or Mark Twain days of frontier journalism are still snapping their galluses in the B. C. interior. The Whitehorse Star (that's in the Yukon, stranger) reprints the story from the Vanderhoof Chronicle (B.C.), and some appreciative soul in North Battleford (that's in Sask.) sent it to us.

Purpose of the story is to explain that an August snowfall in the Vanderhoof area was really no snow at all but a put-up job. "A high-flying cargo plane carrying a shipment of soap flakes ran into strong cross winds, causing the plane to



bounce around until several cartons were flipped out of the plane," runs the breathless exposé.

"These cartons landed on a cloud heavily laden with moisture and broke open. As a result the mixture of soap flakes and moisture whipped by high altitude winds created a strange phenomenon—the descent over a large area of small fragments of soapsuds, which appeared like snow flakes. The blanket of suds reached a depth of 1 to 1½ inches in spots."

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DR. JAMES BARRY

(1795? - 1865)

Inspector-General of Military Hospitals

A BIBLIOGRAPHY

Compiled by

Margaret Bevan, B.A. (Rand)

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ABBREVIATIONS

| | | |
|------------------|---|---|
| Afr Notes | - | Africana Notes and News, <u>Johannesburg.</u> |
| Ag | - | August |
| Ap | - | April |
| bibl. | - | bibliography |
| Burger byvoegsel | - | Burger, <u>Cape Town.</u> Supplement. |
| comp. | - | compiler/compiled |
| D | - | December |
| Dr.B. | - | Dr. Barry |
| ed. | - | editor/edited |
| illus. | - | illustration(s) |
| J | - | journal |
| Ja | - | January |
| Jul | - | July |
| Jun | - | June |
| M | - | May |
| Mr | - | March |
| N | - | November |
| O | - | October |
| p. | - | page(s) |
| pt. | - | part |
| port(s). | - | portrait(s) |
| q.v. | - | quod vide |
| RCC | - | Theal, G.M. <u>Records of the Cape Colony.</u> |
| S | - | September |
| S.A. | - | South Africa(n) |
| ser. | - | series |
| S Afr Med J | - | South African Medical Journal, <u>Cape Town.</u> |
| S Afr Pharm J | - | South African Pharmaceutical Journal, <u>Johannesburg.</u> |
| Star | - | Star, <u>Johannesburg.</u> |
| Times | - | Times, <u>London.</u> |
| Transvaler | - | Transvaler, <u>Johannesburg.</u> |
| v. | - | volume |
| + | - | continued on later pages of the issue. |

This bibliography was originally compiled in part
fulfilment of the requirements for the Diploma in
Librarianship, University of the Witwatersrand.

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of the University of the Witwatersrand.

P R E F A C E

In August, 1816, a young army officer arrived in Cape Town, and presented his credentials to the Governor of the day, Lord Charles Somerset, prior to taking up his appointment as Assistant Surgeon to the Forces in Cape Town.

Now, one hundred and fifty years later, there is still much speculation as to who this young doctor in fact was. He was known as Dr. James Barry, his medical skill was outstanding, and his outspokenness and quick temper were notorious. That he was no ordinary army surgeon was obvious: who he was, has remained a mystery to this day.

Since the first report appeared in August, 1865, in Saunders's News Letter, that this doctor who had been Inspector-General of Military Hospitals, was in fact a woman, numerous writers have taken up the story, and repeated it in greater or lesser detail, right up to the present day, so that now it seems well-nigh impossible to distinguish fact from fiction.

A certain amount of research has also been done on this subject, but as there has still been no final agreement as to the sex of Dr. Barry, it has been decided to use the masculine pronoun throughout in reference to Dr. Barry.

This bibliography makes no claim to completeness, and the following limitations have been imposed: only such material as is available in the Johannesburg Public Library, and the Witwatersrand University Library, has been included, with the exception of items 12, 39, and 63 - all items included, with the same proviso, have been checked by the compiler; a thorough search has been made in all the indexes listed, for the periods specified in the list of sources consulted; no attempt has been made to search through the newspapers systematically, and only such articles as have come to my notice through other sources have been included; no

manuscript material has been included; no material published after 31st December, 1965, has been included.

The writings relating to Dr. Barry fall into two distinct categories, namely those whose primary concern is with the mystery about Dr. Barry's background and sex, and those in which the emphasis is on the medical work done by Dr. Barry at the Cape. In view of this, the works listed have been divided accordingly: within the first section, arrangement is chronological by date of publication (of the earliest edition available); within the second, arrangement is according to subject, and here the relevant volumes of Theal's Records of the Cape Colony have been indexed in full.

Form of entry follows that used in the Anglo-American Code (simplified, for books), and in the Index to South African Periodicals (for periodical articles). All dates have been quoted in accordance with the form used in that Index. The abbreviations used have been listed separately.

Index entries have been made under authors, distinctive titles, and subjects, where it was felt that the information would be useful, and not immediately available from the overall arrangement. Entries have also been made under the titles of periodicals, if reference is frequently made to them in writings about Dr. Barry.

I should like to acknowledge the assistance of Mr. J. Perry, Librarian of the University of the Witwatersrand, Mrs. B. Lunn, of the Department of Bibliography, Librarianship and Typography of the same University, the staff of the Johannesburg Public Library, and in particular that of Miss A.H. Smith, City Librarian, who has offered invaluable assistance throughout the period I have been working on this bibliography.

Johannesburg.

21st January, 1966.

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- BIOGRAPHY Index, S 1946 - Ag 1965.
- BRITISH Humanities Index, formerly Subject Index to Periodicals, 1916-Jun 1965.
- CATALOGUE - Gubbins Library, University of the Witwatersrand.
- CATALOGUE - Strange Library, Johannesburg Public Library.
- CUMULATED Index Medicus, formerly Current List of Medical Literature, formerly Quarterly Cumulative Index Medicus, formerly Index Medicus, 1903 - 0 1965.
- INDEX Catalogue of the Library of the Surgeon-General's Office, U.S. Army, ser. 1, 2, and 3.
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P A R T I

DR. BARRY: MALE OR FEMALE?

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Quotes in full the report in Saunders's News Letter and Daily Advertiser, Ag 14 1865, with a comment on the inaccuracies in that article.
2. BRADFORD, Edward. The reputed female army surgeon. [In: Medical Times and Gazette pt.2 1865 293 S 9 1865]
Official contradiction of the rumours concerning Dr.B., together with a statement on Dr.B. written by Edward Bradford, then Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, who had known him in Jamaica and Trinidad.
3. COOKWORTHY, J.C. The reputed female army surgeon. [In: Medical Times and Gazette pt.2 1865 350 S 23 1865]
Correspondent recalls the days when he was a student with Dr.B. in Edinburgh.
4. A MYSTERY still. [In: All the year round 17:492-95 M 18 1867]
An article by an anonymous contributor on the life and work of Dr.B. at the Cape and on St. Helena: this has been the basis of many later articles.
Reprinted in: Cape Times Christmas number 18-19 1904.
(All the year round: a weekly journal conducted by Charles Dickens.)
5. KEPPEL, George Thomas, 6th earl of Albemarle. Fifty years of my life ... 2nd ed. enlarged ... London, Macmillan, 1876. 2v. illus., port. 23 cm.
v.2, p.99-101. Lord Albemarle recalls having met and dined with Dr.B. during a visit to the Cape in 1819.
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9. BECK, Sir Johannes Henricus Meiring. Annual presidential address delivered to the Cape Town branch of the British Medical Association. [In: S Afr Med J 2(6):141-48 O 1894]
p.146-47. Includes an outline of Dr.B's life, and his place in the history of medicine at the Cape.
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p.80. Description of duel between Dr.B. and Gen. Cloete.
11. FEMALE member of the army medical staff. [In: Lancet O 1895 - M 1896]
 - (a) BRIGHT, George A. 959 O 12 1895 Query as to whether Dr.B. had in fact lived, or whether he was an imaginary being: initiated a lengthy correspondence.
 - (b) CARPHIN, Janet. 1021 O 19 1895 Recalls the friendship between Dr. Jobson and Dr.B., at the time when both were students in Edinburgh.
 - (c) GORDON, H. Laing. 1021 O 19 1895 Refers to Dr. Meiring Beck's paper printed in S Afr Med J [q.v.].
 - (d) MOORE, C.F. 1021 O 19 1895 Correspondent travelled by steamer with Dr.B. on one occasion.
 - (e) ROGERS, E. 1021 O 19 1895 Recalls an occasion when he travelled with Dr.B. between St. Thomas and Barbadoes: includes a description of Dr.B's appearance.
 - (f) S., A.M. 1021 O 19 1895 Dr.B. at the time when he lived in Piccadilly.
 - (g) CAPTAIN, pseud. 1087 O 26 1895 Dr.B. in Trinidad, 1844, at which date the writer states there were rumours that Dr.B. was an hermaphrodite.

- (h) ROGERS, E. 1086-87 O 26 1895 An account of Dr.B's military career. Includes quotations from letters written by Surgeons-General McKinnon and Longmore.
- (i) CHAMBERLAYNE, W. 1269 N 16 1895 Recalls his impressions of Dr.B. in Jamaica.
- (j) ROGERS, E. 1269 N 16 1895 Records a conversation with the assistant surgeon in Trinidad, who is said to have discovered that Dr.B. was a woman while the latter was unconscious during a severe attack of yellow fever.
- (k) WILSON, R. 1269 N 16 1895 Dr.B. in Jamaica.
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An appeal for the erection of a monument at Dr.B's grave. Includes a conversation with Sir Wm. McKinnon, who stated that Dr.B. was the daughter of a Scottish baronet, Buchan.
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Query and reply concerning the validity of Dr.B's medical qualifications.
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Masson, Mrs. M. Birds of passage, q.v. p.181-82.
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Brief biographical sketch written in High Dutch.
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v.2, p.286. Outline of Dr.B's life with special emphasis on his physical characteristics.
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Reply to earlier correspondence.
19. A., R. Dr. Barry. [In: Notes and queries 9th ser. 8:108-9 Ag 3 1901]
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20. MARVELL, George Edwin. The mystery of the Kapok doctor, being a full, true and particular account of the surprising adventures of James Barry ... [In: Cape Times Christmas number 13-17 1904 illus., port]
"Autobiography" based on a manuscript, claimed by the author to have been handed down to his family. Fictional reconstruction of Dr. B's story, written to entertain rather than to convey accurate information.
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Brief outline of Dr. B's. life and work.
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Outline of Dr. B's. life at the Cape.
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50. H., E.v. Vrou wat haar lewe lank 'n man was ... [In: Fleur 2(12): 48-49 Jul 1948 port.]
Report on the research work being done at that time by Dr. Gutsche, with particular reference to two aspects of Dr.B's. life: her success in maintaining her disguise so successfully, and the reforms in medicine introduced at the Cape as a result of her vision and perseverance.
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p.viii-ix, 297-313. Fictional account of Dr.B's. life, tracing his descent through the Barré family.
53. VAN TONDER, Izak Wilhelm. Van Riebeeck se stad. Kaapstad, Juta, (1950). 255p. illus., port. 22½ cm.
p.197-99. A few incidents in the life of Dr.B; port.
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p.115-30. Detailed account of Dr.B's. life based mainly on previous writings, but quoting from Dr.B's. own reports in the Cape Archives.
55. HOOD, John X. Scientific curiosities of love - sex and marriage ... New York, Waverly books, (1951). 192p. illus. 22 cm.
p.173-74. A woman army doctor.
56. RUTHERFORD, N.J.C. Dr. James Barry. [In: J Royal Army Medical Corps 96:278-81 M 1951]
Account of Dr.B's. life after he left the Cape.
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Brief biographical sketch.
58. STUART, Forbes. South African towns tell tales. Johannesburg, Afrikaanse Pers, 1954. 155p. illus. 18½ cm.
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59. RUTHERFORD, N.J.C. Dr. Barry. [In: Times 7 Jun 12 1954 (Late London Edition)]
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Reprinted in: Star 5 N 17 1956.

61. LOVEJOY, Esther Pohl. Women doctors of the world. New York, Macmillan, 1957. x, 413p. illus., ports. 21½ cm.
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62. RAE, Isobel. The strange story of Dr. James Barry ... London, Longmans, (1958). vii, 124p. ports. 20½ cm.
Fully documented biography.
63. DORMOY, M.J. [A Chevalier d'Eon in the British Medical Service? Sir James Barry, Inspector general of military hospitals (1790-1865)]
[In: Bulletin Mensuel: Societe de medecine militaire Francaise (Paris) 54:223-26 Jul 7 1960]
64. COLLIER, Joy. Portrait of Cape Town. (Cape Town), Longmans, (1961). 108p. illus., ports. 25½ cm.
p.67-68. Brief summary of Dr.B's. work at the Cape; includes details of his physical appearance.
65. OPPERMAN, Charl. Dr. James Barry: 'n fantastiese verhaal. [In: Burger byvoegsel Mr 3 1962 ports.]
Comprehensive biographical sketch, based to some extent on Rae, I. Strange story of Dr. James Barry, q.v.
66. BURMAN, Jose. Personalities of the past: a woman fought the duel. (In: Personality 25 Ag 9 1962)
Short sketch based on the duel fought between Captain Josias Cloete and Dr.B.
67. CALTEX (Africa) ltd. and J. Walter Thompson (firm), Cape Town. South Africa's heritage ... pt. three: their customs, amusements and sports. Cape Town, (Caltex), 1962. 32p. illus. 25 cm.
p.31-32. Article on duelling customs and regulations at the Cape, with reference to the duel fought between Dr.B. and Captain Cloete.
68. JAFF, Fay. They came to South Africa. Cape Town, Timmins, 1963. 131p. illus., ports. 25 cm.
p.28-33. James Barry - doctor; based on Rae. The strange story of Dr. James Barry, q.v.
69. MACK, Zelda. Dr. James Barry: the great impostor. [In: Femina and Woman's life 109-11 F 28 1963 port.]
Biographical outline.
70. MERKWAARDIGE vrou het as man geleef. [In: Transvaler 0 15 1964 port.]
Claims that Dr.B. was at one time married to Thomas (later Sir Thomas) Barrymore.

71. VAN RENSBURG, A.P.J. Klein dokter se groot bedrog. [In: Brandwag 29(14):22-23+ Jun 18 1965 port.]
Popular account of Dr.B's. life, including some incidents not mentioned elsewhere, but with no sources given.
72. KIRBY, Percival Robson. The centenary of the death of James Barry, M.D., Inspector-general of hospitals (1795-1865): a re-examination of the facts relating to his physical condition. [In: Afr Notes 16:223-38 Jun 1965 ports. bibl.]
Prof. Kirby maintains that Dr.B. was not a woman, but an hermaphrodite, and, to prove his point, quotes extensively from the "Barry Papers" in the British War Office, and from material on Dr.B. published in the months immediately following his death.
73. QUAIN, Anthony. Professor spikes the Dr. Barry legend. [In: Star Jun 28 1965]
Review of Prof. Kirby's article.
74. WAYFARER, pseud. The Dr. Barry legend debunked at last. [In: Natal Daily News Jun 29 1965]
Comment on Prof. Kirby's article.
75. BENSUSAN, Arthur David. The medical history of Dr. James Barry. [In: S Afr Med J 39:1074-75 N 20 1965 port.]
Comment on Professor Kirby's article.

P A R T II

DR. BARRY AT THE CAPE - HIS MEDICAL WORK

I. GENERAL ACCOUNTS, RELATING TO THE PERIOD 1816 - 28.

76. AFRICAN court calendar and directory for 1820; comp. by Geo. Ross. Cape Town, Govt. printing office, 1820.
James Barry, Esq., M.D., listed as holding the following posts:
p.5. Physician to His Excellency.
p.16. Vaccinator of the Vaccine Institution.
p.85. General hospital staff, Acting physician to the Forces.
77. AFRICAN court calendar and directory [for 1823 and 1825] ... comp. by A. Richert, Senior. Cape Town, Govt. printing office, 1823 and Colonial printing office, 1825.
James Barry, Esq., M.D., listed as holding the following posts:
p.[5], 1823; p.[5], 1825. Physician to His Excellency's household.
p.16, 1823; p.16, 1825. Member of the Vaccine Committee.
p.16, 1823; p.16, 1825. Colonial Medical Inspector.
p.100, 1823; p.108, 1825. Assistant Surgeon to the Forces.
78. HAY, R.W. R.W. Hay to W. Merry: Downing Street, F 15 1826. [In: RCC 26:29]
Allowances received by Dr.B.
See also: Major-General Bourke to Earl Bathurst: Govt. house, Cape Town, F 3 1827. [In: RCC 30:338-39]
Details of reallocation of money previously paid to Dr.B. as Colonial Medical Inspector and as Vaccinating physician.
79. MIMOSA, pseud. Het „Kapokdoktertjie": schets uit Zuid-Afrika. [In: Ons Tijdschrift 3:283 1898-99]
Collection of anecdotes relating to Dr.B's. idiosyncracies in the sickroom.
80. LAIDLER, Percy Ward. Medical establishments and institutions in the Cape: civil hospitals, prisons and reformers. [In: S Afr Med J 11:635-39 S 25 1937]
Dr.B's. work as a reformer and social worker at the Cape.
81. BURROWS, Edmund Hartford. A history of medicine in South Africa up to the end of the nineteenth century. Cape Town, published under the auspices of the Medical Association of South Africa [by] A.A. Balkema, 1958. 389p. illus., ports., maps. 24½ cm.
p.80-85. Detailed account of reforms introduced by Dr.B.; includes biographical sketch.
p.87. Dr.B's. comment on Dr. Robert Shand, Stellenbosch District Surgeon.

82. ATKINSON, A. Dr. James Barry was not a woman after all. [In: Star 0 2 1958]
Review of Burrows. History of medicine in South Africa. Despite the heading to this review, Burrows lays no stress on the question of Dr.B's. sex.
83. APPLETON, Edward V. Dr. Barry. [In: Times 7 Jun 17 1954 (Late London edition)]
The principal of Edinburgh University on the thesis presented by Dr.B.
84. MILLAR, Anthony Kendal. Plantagenet in South Africa: Lord Charles Somerset. London, Oxford University Press, 1965. ix, 293p. illus., ports. 22½ cm.
p.86-92, 190-93. Dr.B. and Lord Charles at the Cape.
p.255-56. Dr.B's. attendance on the Governor in 1829.
85. GIELFAND, Michael. Somerset tradition: [Bailey, Bickersteth and Barry]. [In: S Afr Med J 39(23):512-14 Jun 26 1965]
Dr.B's. work as Colonial Medical Inspector: on the sale of drugs, on 'Hemel en Aarde', and on prison conditions in Cape Town.
86. BARRY, James. Report on the state of the Somerset hospital, Mr 1824. [In: Burrows. History of medicine, q.v. p. 112]
Resulted in the appointment of a three-man Commission of enquiry.
- II. DOCUMENTS AND ACCOUNTS RELATING TO SPECIFIC INCIDENTS DURING THE SAME PERIOD.
- (a) "Hemel en Aarde", the Colonial Leper Institution.
87. BOTHA, Colin Graham. A brief historical note on "Hemel en Aarde", the first leper institution in South Africa. [In: S Afr J of science 27:576 1930]
Mentions Dr.B. as one of the medical officers in charge of the Institution.
Reprinted in: BOTHA, C.G. (Collected works), q.v., p.194.
88. BARRY, James. Report on 'Hemel en Aarde', 0 1822. [In: Burrows. History of medicine, q.v. p. 105]
Describes the "misery" of the lepers. Dr.B. was appointed Superintendent of the Institution, Jul 1823.

defamatory writing against His Excellency Lord Charles Henry Somerset.
[In: RCC 18:65-120]

Copy of the material produced at the enquiry concerning the posting of the libellous placard linking the names of Lord Charles Somerset and Dr.B. ("Dr.B's. wife"), in or near the Heerengracht, Jul 1 1824.

96. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Report ... upon the case of Mr. Bishop Burnett: Cape Town, 7th December 1825. [In: RCC 24:72-107]
p.105-6. Burnett suspected of having been involved in the publication of a libellous placard against the Governor and Dr.B.
97. DENYSSEN, Daniel. Evidence given before the Commissioners of Enquiry: Cape Town, Jul 29 1825. [In: RCC 24:29-32]
p.30-31. Upon searching through the papers of Williams Edwards, the witness found a copy of a placard against Dr.B., similar to that which had been posted up in Cape Town.
98. EDWARDS, William, Records of the trial of, M 4 - M 29 1824.
(i) Dr.B. among list of witnesses named by the prisoner.
[In: RCC 17:376]
(ii) Dr.B. quoted as a transgressor of the law in that he was charging less than the regulation fee of 1 Rixdollar per visit. [In: RCC 17:382]
(iii) Edwards' apology for having spoken of Dr.B. as "Little Barry".
[In: RCC 17:421]
99. DENYSSEN, Daniel. Report ... on an extract from Mr.B. Burnett's petition to the House of Commons, 0 14 1825. [In: RCC 23:276-81]
p.278. Further evidence relating to the placards against Dr.B.

(d) Colonial Medical Inspector vs. Carl Fredrik Liesching.
100. LIESCHING, Carl Fredrik. Papers relating to his request to be allowed to practice as an apothecary, chemist and druggist.
(i) Memorial of C.F. Liesching to Lord Charles Somerset, Ap 1824.
[In: RCC 17:237]
(ii) Certificate of Dr.F.L. Liesching, attesting to the validity of C.F. Liesching's apprenticeship, Ap 12 1824. [In: RCC 17:241]
(iii) Memorial of C.F. Liesching to Lord Charles Somerset, M 1824.
[In: RCC 17:326]
(iv) Acting Colonial Secretary to the Chief Justice, requesting that he consider Liesching's application, M 28 1824. [In: RCC 17:367]

89. LEITNER, J.M. J.M. Leitner to the Reverend Mr. Halbeck: Leper Institution, Jun 19 1823. [In: RCC 16:69-71]
Query concerning Rules for the general treatment of Lepers, presumably drawn up by Dr.B., for the information of Mr. & Mrs. Leitner. A copy of the Rules is included.
90. HALBECK, H.P. The Reverend Mr. Halbeck to the Colonial Secretary: Genadendal, Jul 1 1823. [In: RCC 16:105-6]
Sent with a copy of the Rules, questioning whether Dr.B. had any authority over Mr. Leitner, superintendent of the Leper Institution.
91. BOURKE, Richard. Major-General Bourke to Earl Bathurst: Government House, Cape Town, M 24 1826. [In: RCC 26:390-91]
Draws the attention of the latter to the fact that no-one had been appointed to succeed Dr.B. as Medical superintendent of "Hemel en Aarde", a position to which he had been appointed in 1823.
92. SCHMIDT, L.R. The leper hospital, Hemel en Aarde. [In: Afr Notes 10(1):33 D 1952]
On the work done by Dr.B. for the institution.
- (b) Prison conditions at the Cape, 1824.
93. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to Lord Charles Somerset: Cape Town, Ap 16 1824. [In: RCC 17:245-46]
Report of the state in which he found Jacob Elliot and Jan Krier in the dungeon of the Town prison.
94. BRINK, P.G.
(i) Acting Colonial Secretary to the Colonial Medical Inspector: Colonial Office, Ap 30 1824.
(ii) Ditto to the Fiscal.
(iii) Ditto to the Burgher Senate.
[In: RCC 17:280-81]
(i) instructs Dr.B. to make regular visits to, and to report on, the conditions in the Prison, and (ii) and (iii) request the co-operation of the people concerned.
- (c) The libellous placard linking the names of Dr. Barry and Lord Charles Somerset.
95. MINUTES taken and continued before W. Bentinck ... concerning certain

- (v) Reply to (iv), suggesting Liesching be examined by a competent professional person or board, Jul 9 1824. [In: RCC 18:121]
- (vi) Acting Colonial Secretary to Dr.B. requesting him to examine Liesching, Ag 3 1824. [In: RCC 18:207]
- (vii) Dr.B. refuses to recommend that Liesching be allowed to practise in view of the fact that he had had no professional education, Ag 10 1824. [In: RCC 18:214]
- (viii) Reply to (iii), notifying Liesching of Dr.B's. ruling in his case, Ag ? 1824. [In: RCC 18:215]
- (ix) Memorial of C.F. Liesching to Lord Charles Somerset, opposing Dr.B's. decision, Ag 14 1824. [In: RCC 18:228-32]
- (x) Acting Colonial Secretary to the Chief Justice, asking for clarification of a certain phrase in the Proclamation of 1823, relevant to Liesching's case, Ag 26 1824. [In: RCC 18:249]
- (xi) Reply to (x), S 17 1824. [In: RCC 18:298-99]
- (xii) Acting Colonial Secretary to Dr.B., directing him to establish a Board to examine Liesching, S 21 1824. [In: RCC 18:315]
- (xiii) Dr.B. refuses to reconsider his earlier judgement, but assembles the Board as required, S 24 1824. [In: RCC 18:320-21]
- (xiv) Acting Colonial Secretary to the Fiscal, request as in (x), N 13 1824. [In: RCC 19:130-32]
- (xv) Reply to (xiv), N 29 1824. [In: RCC 19:182-83]
- (xvi) Richard Plasket, Secretary to Government, to Dr.B. ordering him to examine Liesching, D 14 and D 28 1824. [In: RCC 19:312, 361]
- (xvii) Dr.B. refuses to examine Liesching, but leaves it to Plasket to grant or withhold the required licence, D 31 1824. [In: RCC 19:381]

101. PRICE, Christopher Herbert. The Barry-Liesching story. [In: S Afr Pharm J 25(11):20-22 Jul 1959 bibl.]
Detailed analysis of the events in the case of pharmacist vs. Colonial Medical Inspector.

(e) Colonial Medical Inspector vs. Cape Pharmacists.

102. PROCLAMATION by His Excellency ... Charles Henry Somerset ... Whereas it has appeared to me expedient to revise the Proclamations of the 24th April, and the 18th August, 1807, in consequence of the suppression of the Supreme Medical Committee ... (the Duties of which have devolved on the Colonial Medical Inspector, for the time being) and in consequence of certain alterations which the change of circumstances has rendered necessary ... It is ... hereby ordered, that the following Regulations shall be adopted ... 26th day of September, 1823. [In: African Court Calendar and Directory for 1825. p.81-83;RCC 16:307-11]
Dr.B. was Colonial Medical Inspector at that time.

103. MEMORIAL of the merchants and traders of Cape Town, interested in the sale of drugs and patent medicine. [In: RCC 17:330-32]
Protest against the power vested in the hands of the Colonial Medical Inspector (Dr.B.) to restrict the sale of drugs and patent medicines. A copy of this memorial was sent by the Acting Colonial Secretary to Dr.B., with a covering letter dated M 20 1824.
104. MEMORIAL of Dr. John Laing and others. [In: RCC 17:238-41]
In support of Dr.B., requesting that the petition of the above memorial should not be granted, since some control over the sale of medicines was essential to the welfare of the people of the Cape.
105. BARRY, James. Colonial Medical Inspector to the Acting Colonial Secretary: Colonial Medical Inspector's Office, M 24 1824. [In: RCC 17:357-59]
Reply to the Memorial, refuting the arguments of the Memorialists, and detailing his practice with regard to the inspection of imported medicines.
106. TRUTER, Sir John A. Chief Justice to the Acting Colonial Secretary: Camp Ground, Jun 7 1824. [In: RCC 17:474-76]
Reply to the Memorial and to the report of Dr.B.
107. BRINK, P.G. Reply to the memorial of ... merchants and traders interested in the sale of drugs and patent medicines: Colonial Office, Jul 1 1824. [In: RCC 18:52]
The Governor refused to grant the request of the memorialists, in the light of the second memorial received from the Physicians, Surgeons & Apothecaries.
108. PRICE, Christopher Herbert. Dr. James Barry - enigma. [In: S Afr Pharm J 26(3):26-29 N 1959 port. bibl.]
Discussion of Dr.B's. influence on the 1823 Proclamation concerning Pharmacists; and of his background and early days.
- (f) Colonial Medical Inspector vs. Richard Plasket, and the Commissioners of Enquiry: the resignation of Dr. Barry and the reconstitution of the Supreme Medical Committee.
109. BOTHA, Colin Graham. (Collected works). Cape Town, C. Struik, 1962.
3v. illus., port. 25 cm.
v.2. History of law, medicine and place names in the Cape of Good Hope.
p.192-93. Establishment of the post of Colonial Medical Inspector, held by Dr.B., 1821-25.

110. BIRD, C. Colonial Secretary to Dr.J. Barry, Mr 18 1822. [In: RCC 14:315-16]
Letter notifying Dr.B. of his appointment as Colonial Medical Inspector.
111. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to Lord Charles Somerset: Cape Town, S 16 1825. [In: RCC 23:91-92]
An appeal to the Governor to intervene on his behalf, Dr.B. having been sentenced to Civil Imprisonment after refusing to appear before the Sitting Commissioner of the Court of Justice to answer to statements made by him in his report on the case of Aaron Smith.
112. CORRESPONDENCE between the Commissioners of Enquiry, J.T. Bigge and W.M.G. Colebrooke, and the Secretary to Government, Richard Plasket, concerning the abolition of the post of Colonial Medical Inspector, O 31 - D 8 1825. [In: RCC 23 and 24]
- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 23:345 O 31 | 23:346-47 O 31 |
| 23:358-59 N 1 | 23:359-61 N 1 |
| 23:397-98 N 4 | 23:414-18 N 9 |
| 23:429-30 N 14 | 23:432-35 N 16 |
| 23:459-64 N 20 | 23:466-67 N 21 |
| 23:482-85 N 26 | 23:486-88 N 27 |
| 23:488 N 27 | 23:492-93 N 29 |
| 23:494 N 30 | 23:498-500 D 1 |
| 24:51 D 2 | 24:54-55 D 3 |
| 24:55-56 D 3 | 24:57-58 D 4 |
| 24:58-62 D 4 | 24:63-64 D 5 |
| 24:108-9 D 7 | 24:109-110 D 7 |
| 24:110-12 D 8 | |
113. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to the Secretary to Government: Colonial Medical Inspector's Office, O 10 1825. [In: RCC 23:258]
Dr.B. expresses his "willingness to conform to any arrangements which are deemed necessary for the conduct of the Department of the Colonial Medical Inspector", having been informed of the Governor's intention of reconstituting the Medical Committee.
114. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to Lord Charles Somerset, O 13 1825. [In: RCC 23:274-75]
Letter of resignation of all Civil Situations held by Dr.B., in view of the fact that he refused to accept "any subordinate place" in the Department which the Governor proposed to establish.

115. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Lord Charles Somerset to Dr. James Barry: Government House, Cape Town, O 14 1825. [In: RCC 23:281-82]
Explanation of the Governor's reasons for deciding to re-establish the Medical Committee, and of the reason why Dr.B. would have to accept a subordinate place on such a Committee.
116. BARRY, James. Letter to His Excellency the Governor-in-Council: Cape Town, O 15 1825. [In: RCC 24:323]
Memorial requesting permission to attend a meeting of the Council "for the purpose of submitting such particulars to your notice as may serve to explain away the imputed impropriety of any expressions contained in your Memorialists' correspondence".
117. MINUTES of a meeting of the Governor-in-Council ... O 17 1825. [In: RCC 24:323-24]
Consideration of a Memorial from Dr.B. requesting to be allowed to attend a meeting of the Council: the request was not granted.
118. BRINK, P.G. Acting Clerk of the Council to Dr. James Barry: Council Office, O 17 1825. [In: RCC 23:305-6]
Reply to Dr.B's. request to be allowed to justify his behaviour to the Governor-in-Council.
119. MINUTES of the meeting of the Governor-in-Council ... O 28 1825. [In: RCC 24:326-28]
p.327. The Council endorsed the reasons given by the Governor for his decision to re-establish the Medical Committee.
120. PLASKET, Richard. Secretary to Government to Dr. James Barry, O 29 1825. [In: RCC 23:342]
Intimation of the decision to abolish the office of Colonial Medical Inspector, following a meeting of the Governor-in-Council.
121. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Commissioners of Enquiry to Lieut.-Col. John Bell: Cape Town, N 3 1825. [In: RCC 35:210-11]
Request for information about a conversation held between Dr.B. and Plasket.
122. BELL, John. Lieut.-Col. Bell to His Majesty's Commissioners of Enquiry: Wynberg, N 4 1825. [In: RCC 35:211]
Affirms that Dr.B. had expressed his intention of enquiring of the commissioners whether his refusal to answer certain questions put to him by the fiscal was justified or not.

123. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Lord Charles Somerset to Earl Bathurst: Cape of Good Hope, N 5 1825. [In: RCC 23:398-400]
Summary of the Governor's reasons for his decision to re-establish the Supreme Medical Committee, and Dr.B's. reactions to the offer of a seat on this Committee. Letter was written to accompany a copy of the Government Minute, concerning the abolition of the office of the Colonial Medical Inspector [printed in RCC 23:357-58]
124. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to R.W. Hay: Cape Town, N 10 1826. [In: RCC 28:294-95]
A plea that he be given some measure of redress, and that his reputation be restored, so that he might still be able to hope for promotion in the ranks of the army.
125. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Letter to Dr. James Barry: Graave street, N 11 1825. [In: RCC 35:212]
Request for information about the conversation between Dr.B. and Plasket, in which Plasket was said to have threatened the former with dismissal from his appointments.
126. BARRY, James. Letter to His Majesty's Commissioners of Enquiry: Heeregragt, N 14 1825. [In: RCC 35:212-16]
Dr. B's. account of the circumstances and content of the vexed conversation between Plasket and himself.
127. BARRY, James. Extracts from a letter addressed by Dr. Barry to His Majesty's Commissioners of Enquiry, dated Heeregragt, N 14 1825. [In: RCC 23:435-37]
Reply to a request from the Commissioners for particulars of a conversation which took place between him and Plasket, on the 19th October, 1825.
128. KEKEWICH, G. Letter to J.T. Bigge: Cape Town, N 15 1825. [In: RCC 35:216]
His recollection of the proceedings related to the sentence of imprisonment imposed on Dr.B.
129. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Commissioners of Enquiry to the Governor-in-Council: Cape Town, N 21 1825. [In: RCC 23:465-66]
Request for copies of all documents and correspondence, relating to the abolition of the post of Colonial Medical Inspector, which had been submitted to the Governor-in-Council during the course of the enquiry.

130. MINUTES of the meeting of the Governor-in-Council ... N 21 1825.
[In: RCC 24:333-35]
Letter from the Commissioners of Enquiry [item no.129] submitted by the Governor for consideration by the Council.
131. PLASKET, Richard. Secretary to Government to R. Wilmot Horton: Cape of Good Hope, N 23 1825. [In: RCC 23:470-71]
Letter to accompany the correspondence between Plasket and the Commissioners, which the former is submitting to Earl Bathurst, "under the idea that Dr. Barry may make a remonstrance to His Lordship on his recent removal from the office of Colonial Medical Inspector."
132. CLOETE, A.J. Evidence of Major Cloete given before the Commissioners of Enquiry ... relative to the circumstances attending the arrival of Lord C. Somerset at the Cape on N 30 1821 ... Cape Town, N 29 1825.
[In: RCC 24:173-75]
p.174. Cloete was accompanied by Captain Somerset and Dr.B. when he met the Governor on his return from England.
See also: Millar. Plantagenet in South Africa, q.v., p.135-36, for an account of the meeting.
133. PLASKET, Richard. Letter and memorandum by the Secretary to Government: Colonial office, D 1 1825. [In: RCC 23:498-508]
Summarizes Dr.B's. behaviour in the Liesching dispute, the Aaron Smith case, and his reaction to the Governor's decision to reconstitute the Medical Committee.
134. BARRY, James. Letter to Earl Bathurst: Cape Town, D 6 1825. [In: RCC 24:67-70]
Dr. B's. own account of his work at the Cape, and of the events leading up to his dismissal; and an appeal to Earl Bathurst not to judge him until he had studied the report of the Commissioners of Enquiry.
135. BARRY, James. Letter to the Commissioners of Enquiry, D 6 1825. [In: RCC 24:66-67]
Dr.B. protests at the manner in which he was dismissed.
136. PLASKET, Richard. Letter to R. Wilmot Horton: Cape of Good Hope, D 10 1825. [In: RCC 24:114-15]
Notes the "influence which Dr.B. excercises over" the Commissioners, and that he (Dr.B.) "has been spoiled by Lord Charles originally and by the Commissioners of Enquiry latterly".
137. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Letter to Earl Bathurst: Cape Town, D 17 1825. [In: RCC 24:135-36]
Letter to accompany Dr.B's. memorial, which he had requested the Commissioners to submit to Earl Bathurst.

138. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Letter to Lord Charles Somerset: Cape Town, D 20 1825. [In: RCC 24:136-38]
A request for all correspondence, memorials etc. in the Governor's possession relating to Dr.B.
139. PLASKET, Richard. Letter to R. Wilmot Horton: Cape of Good Hope, D 20 1825. [In: RCC 24:139]
Accompanies notes which passed between Bigge and Plasket, for the information of Lord Bathurst.
140. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Lord Charles Somerset to Earl Bathurst: Cape of Good Hope, D 24 1825. [In: RCC 24:153]
Covering letter sent with copies of the correspondence between the Governor and Governor-in-Council, and the Commissioners of Enquiry, relating to the re-establishment of the Medical Committee.
141. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Letter to the Commissioners of Enquiry: Newlands, D 24 1825. [In: RCC 24:153-55]
Mentions the fact that "in more than one instance" he had had to advise Dr.B. to withdraw his communications to the Government, in view of the manner in which they were written. Reply to the Commissioners' letter of 20th December.
142. BIGGE, John Thomas. J.T. Bigge to R.W. Hay: Cape of Good Hope, F 6 1827. [In: RCC 30:351-52]
Reply to a query from Earl Bathurst, 13th July 1826: relevant correspondence not in RCC.
143. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Commissioners of Enquiry to Sir John Truter: Cape Town, F 22 1826 [also to Walter Bentinck and to John Bell]. [In: RCC 26:58-59]
Covering letter sent with questionnaire relating to the re-establishment of the Medical Committee.
See also: RCC 26:119-22 for the questions, and the replies of each to them.
144. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Lord Charles Somerset to the Commissioners of Enquiry: Newlands, F 26 1826. [In: RCC 26:87]
Covering letter sent with a letter written by Dr.B. to the Governor, 0 13 1825.
145. BRINK, P.G. Certificate of Mr. P.G. Brink, late acting clerk of the Council: Cape Town, F 28 1826. [In: RCC 29:266]
States the reason for the omission of a letter from Dr.B. to the Governor, dated 0 13 1825, from the correspondence submitted to the Commissioners.

146. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Report of the Commissioners of Enquiry upon the case of Dr. Barry: Cape Town, Mr 14 1826. [In: RCC 26:164-85]
147. BIGGE, John Thomas, and Colebrooke, William M.G. Commissioners of Enquiry to Earl Bathurst: Cape of Good Hope, Mr 14 1826. [In: RCC 26:163-64]
Reference to the correspondence which had taken place between the Commissioners, Dr.B. and Sir Richard Plasket.
148. MINUTES of the meeting of the Governor-in-Council ... Mr 28 1826. [In: RCC 29:258-65]
p.263-64. Notes a query from the Commissioners as to the whereabouts of a letter from Dr.B. to the Governor, which had not been submitted to them with the remainder of the correspondence.
149. BATHURST, Henry, 3rd earl Bathurst. Earl Bathurst to Lord Charles Somerset, or the officer administering the government: Downing street, London, Ap 23 1826. [In: RCC 26:288]
Expresses his approval of the Governor's action in re-constituting the Medical Committee.
150. HAY, R.W. R.W. Hay to Dr. James Barry: Downing Street, Jun 22 1826. [In: RCC 27:4-5]
Earl Bathurst found no reason to reverse the Governor's decision to re-establish the Medical Committee, having studied carefully the report of the Commissioners of Enquiry on Dr.B.
151. PLASKET, Sir Richard. Sir Richard Plasket to R.W. Hay: Cape of Good Hope, S 29 1827. [In: RCC 33:467-68]
Plasket's opinion of the work of the Commissioners of Enquiry.
152. BARRY, James. Dr. James Barry to Earl Bathurst: Cape Town, N 1 1826. [In: RCC 28:286-87]
Request that Bathurst should consult Sir Jahleel Brenton, Mr. Jas. Stuart or Mr. Henry Ellis, in order that they might convey to him a clear picture of the circumstances surrounding the resignation of Dr.B.
153. COLEBROOKE, William M.G., and Blair, W. Major Colebrooke and Mr. Blair to R.W. Hay: Mauritius, Jun 10 1828. [In: RCC 35:208-10]
Reply to indirect accusations levelled against Bigge and Colebrooke by Plasket. Letter accompanies copies of further correspondence between the Commissioners and Dr.B., Plasket and Bell, previously withheld by the Commissioners.
- III. INDIVIDUALS WITH WHOM DR. BARRY CAME IN CONTACT DURING HIS STAY AT THE CAPE.
154. BRENTON, Sir Jahleel. Memoir of ... Sir Jahleel Brenton ... ed. by

162. F., D. Old South African homesteads. [In: The State 6(2):123-31 Ag 1911]
p.130. Dr.B. mentioned as a friend of the Dreyer family, owners of the homestead "Alphen", which Dr.B. visited frequently.
163. BARRY, James. [Certificate as to the unfitness of J.T. Bigge to proceed to Mauritius, as commanded by Earl Bathurst]. Cape Town, Jul 31 1826. [In: RCC 27:199-200]
164. METELERKAMP, Sanni. George Rex of Knysna: the authentic story. Cape Town, Timmins, [1955?]. 303p. illus., ports. 21 cm.
p.88-89. Dr. B's. connection with the Rex family.
p.282-83. Claim by Olga Racster concerning Dr. B's. parentage, as related to her by Dr. Arderne Wilson.
165. PIROW, Oswald. James Barry Munnik Hertzog. Cape Town, Howard Timmins, [1957?]. 288p. port. 21½ cm.
p.13. Note on the reason for Dr.B's. name being given to General Hertzog.
166. VAN den Heever, Christiaan Maurits. General J.B.M. Hertzog. Johannesburg, A.P.B. bookstore, 1946. 298p. ports. 25½ cm.
p.13-14. Connection between Dr.B., the Munnik's and General Hertzog.
167. MUNNIK, J.W. Dr. James Barry. [In: Cape Times 8 S 16 1932]
Detailed account of the genealogies of the Munnik and Hertzog families, showing why General Hertzog was given the names James Barry Munnik. Correction of a statement in Racster and Groves. Dr. James Barry, q.v.
168. KIRBY, Percival Robson. Sir Andrew Smith ... his life, letters and works. Cape Town, Balkema, 1965. ix, 358p. illus., ports., map. 25½ cm.
p.4, 5, 10, 299. Mentions Dr.B's. connection with Sir Andrew Smith.

- ... Henry Raikes ... London, Hatchard and son, 1846. viii, 652p.
23 cm.
p.454-55. Dr.B. called to attend to Lady Brenton, June 1817.
155. BIRD, C. Colonial Secretary to Earl Bathurst: Cape of Good Hope,
S 29 1818. [In: RCC 12:45-46]
Mentions Dr.B's. fears for the Governor's life, at the time when
he was afflicted with typhus and dysentery.
156. KUTTEL, M. Some old Duckitt letters. [In: Afr Notes 15:198-205 Mr 1963]
p.203. Quotation from a letter written by George W. Kekewich, Judge
of the court of Vice-Admiralty at the Cape, to William Duckitt, N 4 1818,
in which Dr.B. is referred to as "the little wonderful Barry" who atten-
ded Mrs. Kekewich.
157. MASSON, Mrs. Madeleine (Levi). Birds of passage. Cape Town, Howard
Timmins, (1950). xvi, 190p. illus., ports. 22 cm.
p.99-102. Dr.B's. dealings with Las Cases, during the imprisonment
of the latter.
p.107-8. Dr.B., Lord Charles and George Rex in conversation at the
Rex's home.
p.181-82. Mark Twain's first knowledge of Dr.B., and his report
on the story.
158. LAS CASES, Marin Joseph Emmanuel A.D. de. Mémorial de Sainte-Hélène ...
réimpression de 1823 et 1824, avec de nombreuses corrections et
quelques additions. Paris, Dépôt du Mémorial, 1823-24. Sv. 20½ cm.
v.8, p.218-19, 237-39. Las Cases's impressions of Dr. B. who
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159. SOMERSET, Charles Henry. Letter from Lord Charles Somerset to Earl
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p.369-70. Dr.B's. report on Count de Las Cases.
160. CARNALL, John. Journal. [In: RCC 21:202, 210]
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161. REDGRAVE, John Joseph. Port Elizabeth in bygone days ... Wynberg,
Cape, Rustica press, 1947. xiii, 552p. illus., ports., maps. 22 cm.
p.50-51. Dr.B. as guest of Frederick Korsten at Cradock Place;
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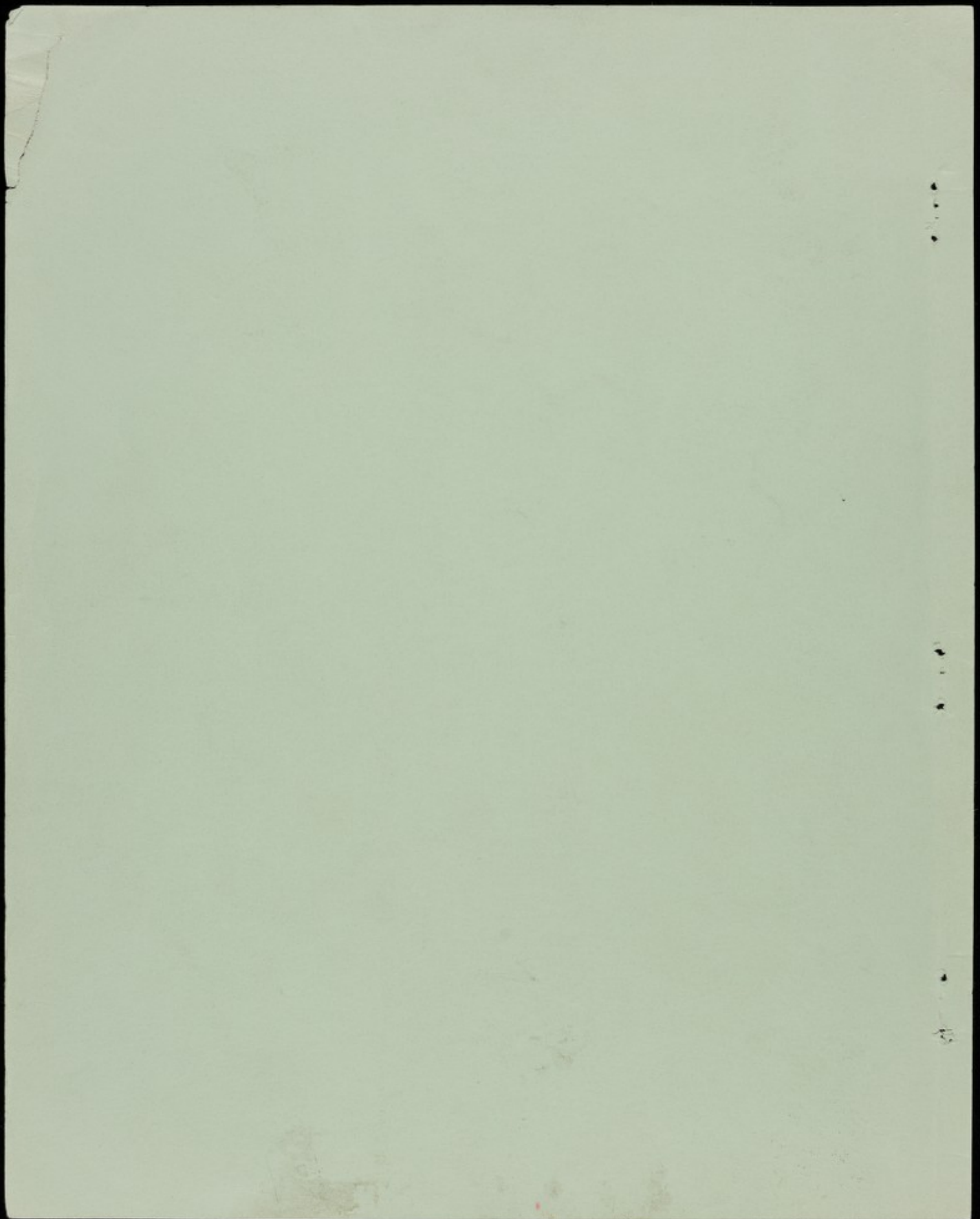
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fought a duel with a woman."

In the July of 1865 the *Times* one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black servant who had lived with her for years, had the slightest suspicion of her sex."

THE WEST INDIES.

In 1857 I travelled with Deputy-inspector-general of Hospitals James Barry on board the inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbados, when I occupied the same cabin—I in the top and she in the lower berth—of course without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how, in harsh and peevish voice, she ordered me out of the cabin—blow high, blow low—while she dressed in the morning. "Now then, youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress," she would say. A goat was on board to provide her with milk, for she was a strict vegetarian; and she was accompanied by a negro servant and a little dog called Psyche. In person Barry was short in stature—about 5 feet 6 inches—slight in build, angular in figure, with a long Ciceronian nose, prominent cheek bones, and a rather lugubrious expression of countenance, pale and forbidding. Her hair was light, of a reddish hue—perhaps dyed—but very thin, and cut close. The face was wrinkled, and showed no sign of whisker or moustache. Two peculiarities attracted attention, and sometimes hints of effeminacy from her associates—namely, the smallness of her feet, which were always encased in the highest-heeled boots, and the manner she carried her arms—with elbows in instead of outward. Besides being a vegetarian she drank no intoxicating liquors. Her speech was bombastic. At the General's table we were all much amused at the outrageous stories she used to tell, making herself out quite a lady-killer. At balls, or parties of any kind, she was certain to tack herself on to the finest and best looking woman in the room. Whatever was the mystery of Dr. Barry's life-long deception it was never solved.

DISCOVERED TO BE A WOMAN.

She died at the ripe age of seventy-one years in Down Street, Piccadilly, London, on the 15th July, 1865, and was then and there found to be of the female sex. And not only that, but, as the writer of an inspired article in *All the Year Round* observed: "Not only was Dr. Barry discovered to be a woman, but it was made evident that in early life she had been a mother!" Her remains rest in Kensal-green cemetery.

A NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICER SPEAKS.

Sir,—I see in your paper an account of some of the strange doings of the "Female Army Doctor," James Barry. When quite a lad I was attended during a dangerous illness by this "Doctor Barry" and many of the personal peculiarities so well described by you are quite fresh

PILES CURED IN 3 TO 6 NIGHTS—Dr. Agnew's Ointment will cure all cases of Itching Piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For Blind and Bleeding Piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin—E. D. Kinkead & J. M. Crosswell & Co., wholesale agents.

passing from the citadel over the draw-bridge for drill on the esplanade, was met by Dr. James. A wordy duel ensued, the doctor declaring that he would report the colonel to the commander-in-chief, at the same time vigorously flourishing his horsehair whip. This struck the colonel in the face, and the enraged officer instantly snatched it from him, threw it into the moat, and was about to send the doctor after it when some kind friend intervened on his behalf. In the end, however, the doctor had his revenge. He declared the colonel to be mad, and backed by the Lord High Commissioner and the General commanding the troops, he convened a medical board, which declared the colonel to be *non compos mentis*. Shortly afterwards the gallant regiment embarked for the Crimea, and was followed by its late chief, who persistently applied to Lord Raglan to be restored to the command of the corps. His services, however, were declined, much to the satisfaction of the men.

DR. BARRY'S HUMANITY

My relative had a dear comrade, a former schoolfellow, suffering from the last stage of consumption. On a rather earlier visit than usual Dr. Barry found him by the dying soldier's bed, writing a letter to his parents, and now and then feeding the poor fellow with some comforts that had been ordered him. The doctor complimented him on his good and, as he termed it, humane conduct, sent his servant for him in the evening, and presented him with five dollars, and a dozen of blood oranges for the sick patient. He, poor young man, was past all earthly help, and died a few days later. The doctor received most of his fruits per the mail steamer from Naples and Sicily, and frequently ordered my informant to call at his quarters for a few choice oranges for some poor sufferer. On each visit he always had his dollar. So he was indeed in the good graces of Dr. James. Questioning him on one occasion as to the position of his family, &c he proffered his influence and material help to place my informant in the medical profession; but he being carried away by the unreasoning silliness of youth, and the splendid prospect of being shot at, much to the doctor's surprise, if not disgust, declined the gallant and considerate offer; for, without doubt, "she" had hoped and intended to befriend him.—R. F. HURCHISON, a non-commissioned officer, 1st Class Army Reserve.

CHRONIC DIARRHŒA CURED.

Persons troubled with diarrhœa will be interested in the experience of Mr. W. M. Bush, clerk of Hotel Dorrance, Providence, R. I. He says: "For several years I have been almost a constant sufferer from diarrhœa, the frequent attacks completely prostrating me and rendering me unfit for my duties at this hotel. About two years ago a travelling salesman kindly gave me a small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. Much to my surprise and delight its effects were immediate. Whenever I felt symptoms of the disease I would fortify myself against the attack with a few doses of this valuable remedy. The result has been very satisfactory and almost complete relief from the affliction." For sale by all Druggists and Dealers in medicine in Jamaica E. D. Kinkead and John M. Crosswell & Co. Wholesale Agents.

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| New Life Assurances | ... | 1,096,462 |
| Income | ... | 2,306,984 |

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Royal Mail Steam Packet Co.'s Office,
10th June, 1898.

IMPORTANT NOTICE TO SHIPPERS OF FRUIT.

SPECIAL arrangements are being made to provide artificial ventilation to a portion of the 'tween decks of the R. M. S. "Atrato" comprising space for 270 tons measurement or thereabouts of fruit. Experimental Shipments will be received for the voyage to England leaving Jamaica on the 2nd August next.

An offer was received from a Firm in London to have the whole of the available space allotted to them, but was declined, it being desired to afford Shippers in all parts of the West Indies an opportunity of making experimental shipments.

Early application from intending Shippers, with particulars of the space they will require is invited as the space at command will have to be apportioned to meet the requirements of other West India Islands, as well as Jamaica.

J. LOCKWOOD WINGATE,
Superintendent.

unltd 10 6

Kingston General Commissioners,
24, Church Street,
1st July, 1898.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE Kingston General Commissioners invite Tenders for the construction of House Sewers, etc., to 68 premises situated in George's Lane.

The Plans, Specifications and Conditions of Contract may be seen and Forms of Tender and Schedule obtained, on application to the Engineer at his Office, No. 1 Matthew's Lane.

Tenders on the prescribed form are to be sent in before noon on Saturday the 9th instant, marked on the left hand corner of the envelope "Tender for House Sewers in George's Lane," and addressed to the Managing Commissioner, No. 24, Church Street, Kingston.

The Commissioners do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

R. S. HAUGHTON,
Managing Commissioner.

4 ins till 9th

"NEW" IN ENGLAND.

The London "Daily Mail" in a special issue yesterday stated that the first time in England.

Numerous towns on both sides of the Canadian border joined indiscriminately in fraternal celebration.

MARKET REPORTS.

New York, July 6th,

| | |
|--|------|
| Flour, City Mills for the West Indies..... | 5.25 |
| Meal, Kiln dried, per barrel..... | 2.5 |
| Heavy Mess Pork..... | |
| Sugar { Crystals, 1st rate..... | |
| { Fair to good Refining..... | |
| English Molasses, per gal. No. 1..... | |
| Premium on Gold, Nom..... | |
| Exchange N.Y. & London..... | 4. |
| New Season Pork..... | N |

London, July 6th,

| | | |
|--|------------------------------|--------|
| Sugar | Dem'ra Cryls. per cwt 13s 6d | |
| | Muscovado..... | 10s 3d |
| | German Beet 88 f.ob..... | |
| Demerara Rum, per gal..... | 11d | |
| Trinidad Cocoa, per cwt..... | | |
| Consols..... | | |
| Bank of England Rate of Discount..... | | |
| Java Sugar 96 c., Gibraltar or Ceylon..... | | |
| net for orders, floating terms..... | | |
| cwt..... | | |
| Rentes in Paris..... | | |

JAMAICA PRODUCE

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| Jamaica Rum, com. per gal. 1s | |
| " Coffee, ordinary, in bags 1s | |
| Grade per cwt. | |
| " Logwood, roots (usual London floating terms) per ton | |
| " Pimento, common to good per lb. ... | |

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P.M. 12.40, 1.20, 2, 2.40, 3.20, 4, 4.40, 5.20, 6, 6.40, 7.20, 8, 8.40, 9.20.

CONSTANT SPRING TO KINGSTON.

A.M. 6.20, 7, 7.40, 8.20, 9, 9.40, 10.20, 11, 11.40.
P.M. 12.20, 1, 1.40, 2.20, 3, 3.40, 4.20, 5, 5.40, 6.20, 7, 7.40, 8.20, 9, 9.40, 10.20.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

KINGSTON—Trains leave: 7.30 a.m. (for Ewarton and Port Antonio); 3 p.m. (for Greenvale); 4.15 p.m. (for Old Harbour and Ewarton).

Trains arrive:—8.15 a.m. (from Old Harbour and Ewarton); 9.15 a.m. (from Greenvale); 10 a.m. (from Ewarton and Port Antonio); 2 p.m. (from Montego Bay); 5 p.m. (from Kenda. Ewarton, and Port Antonio).

MONTEGO BAY Trains leave: 7.45 a.m. (for Kingston); 4.05 p.m. (for Cambridge).

Trains arrive:—9 a.m. (from Cambridge); 5 p.m. (from Kingston).

PORT ANTONIO—Trains leave: 6.05 a.m. and 1 p.m. (for Kingston).

Trains arrive:—11.30 a.m. and 5.25 (from Kingston).

EWARTON—Trains leave: 6.55 a.m., 8.25 a.m. and 3.40 p.m. (for Kingston)

Trains arrive:—8.55 a.m., 2.49 p.m. and 5.35 p.m. (from Kingston.)

A Female Army Medical Doctor.

INSPECTOR GENERAL BARRY.

During one of his last "Tramps Abroad" Mark Twain says:—"I saw in one of the fine old Dutch mansions a quaint old picture which was a link in a curious romance—a picture of a pale, intellectual young man in a pink coat, with a high, black collar. It was a portrait of Dr. James Barry, a military surgeon, who came out to the Cape fifty years ago with his regiment. He was a wild young fellow, and was guilty of various kinds of misbehaviour. He was several times reported to headquarters in England, and it was in each case expected that orders would come out to deal with him promptly and severely, but for some mysterious reason no orders of any kind ever came back. Once he was called in the night to do what he could for a woman who was believed to be dying. He was prompt and scientific and saved both mother and child. This child was named after him, and still lives in Capetown. He had Dr. Barry's portrait painted and gave it to the gentleman in whose old Dutch house I saw it."

A SCOTCHMAN.

According to Sir Wm. Mackinnon, late Director-general, Army Medical department, Barry was born and brought up in Buchan my name, who married one of the Somerset family. Hence the doctor's great influence at headquarters through Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan. The dates of Dr. Barry's several appointments, (and it is remarkable that the grades of "surgeon," "assistant inspector," and "brevet deputy inspector of hospitals" were passed over in her case) are as follows:—Hospital assistant, July 5th, 1813; assistant surgeon, Dec. 7th, 1826; surgeon-major, Nov. 22, 1827; deputy inspector-general of hospitals, May 28, 1853; inspector-general of hospitals, Dec. 7th, 1858; retired on half-pay, July 19th, 1859.

AT THE CAPE.

One of the earliest of Dr. Barry's stations abroad was Capetown, during the government of her relative Lord Charles Somerset. There she fought a duel with the governor's aide-de-camp. "Some years ago," said Sir William Mackinnon to the writer, "I met Sir Josias Cloete (the A. D. C. in question) at a public dinner, and he told me the circumstances of the duel in these words: 'I am the only peer in the British army who has e-

in my memory. The "squeaky" voice was well impressed on me during an altercation with the sentry (of the 2nd regiment) one afternoon just as she was leaving our quarters. The man insisted in reply to a question, that Barry was Major Daniell (the said major being the barrack-master, and one of tallest and stoutest men in the service). Anyone hearing Barry for the five minutes immediately following would hardly have recognised that this was the same individual who so persistently struggled along (in full dress) on the tall lean horse with an orderly on each side—to field days and useless worries and drills in the burning heat—to the "Esplanade" in order to try and cool, if possible, the ardour of one or two of the commanding officers in filling the hospital with sun-stroke cases. Although it is quite certain that for these "interfering ways" many must be still living many officers and great many of the ex rank and file who remember her with gratitude.—Yours obediently, J. C. P., R. E.

CAPTAIN DADSON SPEAKS.

I read with much interest the account of the female doctor in your paper, as Dr. Barry, when P.M.O. at Fort Pitt hospital, Chatham, to which all invalids from India used to be sent was a great friend of my father, and as a boy I have often shaken hands with him. He was rather short, with red face, close shaven, and always wore the blue frock coat and a high black silk sock of that period. Many years afterwards when I was stationed at the Stony Hill barracks in Jamaica I was asked by Mrs. Magnus, an old coloured lady who lived in the village, whether I ever heard that Dr. Barry was at his death found to be a woman. She then told me that he lived for some time in the colonel's quarters in the barracks (then occupied by me), and was very peculiar in his habits, never allowing a woman to attend on him or even to enter his quarters. He used a small brougham to visit the Up Park camp and for other official duties, and was very fond of wearing a long blue military cloak, even in the hot season. She especially noticed the delicacy of his hands and smallness of his feet. I was able to tell her that the discovery of his sex was made in the absence of his servant, who had left the house, pursuant to instructions given him by Dr. Barry, to send notice of his death to some friends. The landlady sent for her Irish charwoman directing her to go upstairs and lay out the old doctor. Presently the woman returned in a rage saying, "the devil a doctor I can find at all; only a d—d old woman." Then the murder was out, and but for this he would have been buried as Dr. Barry. No doubt his servant was in his confidence. I always understood that although he had served abroad for many years during peace time he had never been under fire.—I am dear Sir, yours faithfully, W. Postlock-Dadson, Captain, late Royal Body-guard.

MR. HUTCHISON SPEAKS.

Permit me to add a little more respecting Dr. Barry. My informant is a near relative of mine, who had the pleasure of serving under her immediate command for a considerable time. It was James Barry arrived in Corfu, Ionian islands, as P. M. O. At the time my informant was a compounder in a military surgery there, and generally followed him and the doctors around the wards when he made his weekly inspections, his duty, of course, being to carry the medical journals and to turn, by the doctor's orders, to any folio recording any particular case, for investigation. As to the time of his inspection visits he was punctuality itself, and he insisted on the medical officers being at the hospital, in uniform, to meet him on his approach. To the sick, however Dr. Barry was the most kind and humane gentleman he ever met; but patients who contracted disease through their own folly—and these were not a few—he would not look at.

COLONEL DENNY.

With the military authorities he was at perpetual war to prevent the troops being drilled in the hottest parts of the day, which led to a rather amusing rupture between Colonel Denny, commanding the 71st Highland Light Infantry, and himself. One day about two p.m. the colonel, at the head of his regiment,

in my memory. The "squeaky" voice was well impressed on me during an altercation with the sentry (of the 2nd regiment) one afternoon just as she was leaving our quarters. The man insisted in reply to a question, that Barry was Major Daniell (the said major being the barrack-master, and one of tallest and stoutest men in the service). Anyone hearing Barry for the five minutes immediately following would hardly have recognised that this was the same individual who so persistently struggled along (in full dress) on the tall lean horse with an orderly on each side—to field days and useless worries and drills in the burning heat—to the "Esplanade" in order to try and cool, if possible, the ardour of one or two of the commanding officers in filling the hospital with sun-stroke cases. Although it is quite certain that for these "interfering ways" many must be still living many officers and great many of the ex rank and file who remember her with gratitude.—Yours obediently, J. C. P., R. E.

ED
LL
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for he was not!

ter, 19 days, 100...
R. S. Gamble.

American Hospital ship State of Texas, Capt. Young, 1 day, Port Antonio, called in this port for ice, Emanuel X. Leon.

SAILED.

- 5—German strmr. of war Geier, Capt. Jacobson, destination unknown.
- 6—3 masted schr. Leonard Parker, Christiansen, Black River.

VESSELS IN PORT.

War Ships.

Urgent, (Guard Ship, Port Royal)
Indefatigable.
Pallas,
Alert.
Maria Theresa.

Steamers.

Cape Corrientes, J. E. Kerr.
Premier.
Leonora, J. L. Wingate.
Elya Archibald Munro.
State of Texas, E. X. Leon.
Cayo Blanco, R. S. Gamble.

Barques.

Nathaniel, Finke & Co.
Guyane, Melhado Bros.
Veteran, A. L. Malabre

Schooners.

Martha Maria.
Prince Frederick.
Eastern Queen, E. A. H. Haggart.



Island Treasury Office,
7th July, 1898.

Seventh Drawing by Lot

— FOR THE —

REDEMPTION OF DEBENTURES,
Issued in this Island under Law 14
of 1886.

NOTICE is hereby given that on the 27th day of July, 1898 at 12 o'clock, a Drawing by Lot will take place at the Treasury Office, by Samuel Paynter Musson, Island Treasurer, in the presence of a Notary Public for the Redemption of Five Hundred Pounds of Debentures, issued under Law 14 of 1886, and the holders of such Debentures in this Island are invited to be present at such drawing.

S. P. MUSSON,

Island Treasurer.

17,078 2 ins 7 and 25 7-7

Kingston General Commissioners,
24 Church Street,
Kingston, 6th July, 1898.

NOTICE.

IT is hereby notified for general information that by virtue of the authority conferred on the Commissioners under Law 25 of 1897, Section 41, the following Street and Lane will be closed against wheeled traffic and horse-kind from Wednesday, 20th July, 1898, until further notice:—

Fleet Street, from Tower Street to Law's Street
George's Lane, South of East Queen St.
By order,
C. C. ANDERSON,
Secretary.
altm till 20th 77

Delgado Bros.
Auctioneers and Commission Agents..

FALMOUTH.

Consignments and Sales
WILL HAVE CAREFUL ATTENTION
Prompt Returns Made

WALES STAKES.

2nd.—The Prince of Wales Stakes ran at Newmarket Thursday resulted as follows: Goletta D'icudonne 2nd, St. Cloud, 3rd.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Election intelligence reports that Hon. Arthur Elliott, Unionist, has been elected M. P. for Durham, vice Matthew Fowler, Liberal, who defeated the former at the election of 1895.

NEW NAVAL PROGRAMME.

The "Daily News" says there will shortly be announced a naval programme involving the starting of a warship on every empty slip, and the purchase of warships now building in England upon foreign orders, also the forwarding of supplies to all coaling stations.

Lord Beresford, however, doubts that anything more will be done than making up of the arrears of the naval plans.

FINANCIAL.

Quarter's revenue is £489,581 larger than that of last year.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.

At the Cambridge and Oxford University Athletic Sports the former won Hammer throwing and the quarter race, the latter winning the other 7 events.

GENERAL BLANCO AND CONSUL GOLLER.

Havana news reports that during stay of the German Warship "Geier" that port General Blanco visited the ship. Subsequently the "Geier" for Santiago via Jamaica. Consul Goller left Havana on board H. M. S. "Talbot".

H. M. S. ALBACORE.

English naval news states that H. M. S. "Albacore" will join the north Atlantic squadron in August.

THE LOTEZ CARGO.

The Governor General of Porto Rico telegraphed Madrid that he is unable to save the cargo of the "Lotez," the property of the Americans being continued.

ANNEXING ISLANDS IN THE PACIFIC.

New York, July 4th.—London newspapers that a telegram from Sydney W. to the "Times" states that H. M. S. "Mohawk" has annexed 18 islands, the Santa Cruz and Duff Groups in the Pacific.

THE WEI HAI WEI CONVENTION.

A Peking despatch announces that the British Minister and Prince Ching signed the Wei Hai Wei convention.

NEW TELEGRAPHS.

Advices from Brussels state that Leopold has commissioned Mr. R. Mohun, United States Consul at Tangier, to build a telegraph to Tangier, Wadela, Nyanza and Stanley falls.

WOLSELEY NOT DYING.

The War Office, London, denies report from Toronto that General Wolseley has refused the Canadian appointment as Governor-General, he was dying from cancer, the report being merely a revival of an old calumny.

CZARINA POISONED.

A despatch from Berlin (see our bulletin June 28) adding that the Emperor gives signs of slow poisoning by arsenic administered in coffee.

CANADA AND THE U. S.

London news reports that at the Inlon Day banquet at the Imperial Hotel, Lord Strathcona in a speech highly applauded the loyalty of Canada expressed the wish for her closer relations with the United States.

Lord Herschell, replying, promised to devote his best powers to the reconciliation between Canada and the United States, the consummation of which would be the life's happiest memory.

THE "ADULA" SEIZED.

Others news reports that the "Marblehead" at Guantanamo seized by the U. S. s.s. "Adula" from Kingston on the 28th. The vessel was on the Admiral's information. Senor Solis boarded with money and despatches for Admiral Cervera.

CHICAGO NEWSPAPER STRIKE.

Advices from Chicago state that the single newspaper had been issued for three days in consequence of the strike among the stereotypers.

South Australia Dismiss M.C.C. for 246

FLIER COMPTON (113) SOARS INTO FORM

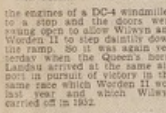
BILL MCGOWRAN'S SPORTS DIARY

Our Jockeys Out to Whip Up the \$\$\$

OUR thrilling modern age can offer no more dramatic moment than when a large aircraft touches down at the end of a Transatlantic trip...

And when that aircraft carries a cargo of thoroughbred worth several thousands of pounds down across the ocean to match their speed and courage...

So it was at Friendship Airport in Maryland last November when 16-year-old Boston game mistress and Baltimore student Judy Devlin, 19, kept up their present form.



Ken Gethin

the owners of a DC-4 windmilled to a stop and the doors were swung open to allow Wiggins and Worden II to step daintily down the ramp...

Now is our chance for the hat-trick either through Willie Smith or Ken Gethin.

THREE WINS APEACE SMITH rides the Queen's three-year-old colt Landau on Wednesday...

SEVEN RUNNERS The Irish horse, Northern team, will be ridden by the late Johnsons who, incidentally, every race...

TO-NIGHT'S DOGS Selections by "F...

ADLAIDE, Friday. DENIS COMPTON has hit a superb century two days after joining the M.C.C. team here to-day.

Yet such were the other hitting disappointments that the side was dismissed by a moderate South Australian attack inside five hours for only 246.

The last six wickets fell for 36 after tea and if the pitch was then showing surprisingly early signs of wear it had no responsibility for the collapse.

It would be better to dwell on the brilliance of Compton. It was a remarkable achievement to score straight to the tray and so on to take full charge of the innings.

Out to Full Toss The ball gave little hint of the batting pitch of the hour for only a few minutes and Edrich was already dismissed.

Like Compton, latter Mattson was full of ideas and his batting was described as "not a bad idea" by the umpire.

Compton was so dominating that he raised the scoring rate above 100 an hour. His only marker could hardly be described as a run when he gave a difficult chance on the square on boundary.

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CRONUS-BY A HEAD CHELSEA RESTING McNICHOL

By VICTOR RAILTON THE Granchester Nursery developed into two races and a quarter of a mile from home Cronus and Avonling drew well clear of their respective groups.

It showed Cronus had just begun to beat the hard-trotted Avonling by a head. Cronus completed a treble for rider Ron Smith.

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Sharps the word for TOFFEE

FIRST WITH THE NEWS RING Central 6000

WORCESTER RACES ABANDONED

There will be no racing at Worcester to-morrow because of floodwater on the course.

FLOODS WRECK ROAD BRIDGE

In worst flooding for many years in Nibleck, Dumfriesshire bridge over River Clackie near Kilmarnock, carrying main road between Carlisle and Glasgow, was washed away.

GRAND PRIX MEN DRIVE STOCK CAR

Johnny Chase, Belgian champion, led the Grand Prix drivers team in a Stock Car match at Harringway tonight.

HANNAH BEATEN BUT HORN LEVELS

The International Lawn Tennis Club of Britain and France played the first two matches in their annual encounter at Queen's Club today.

MOULTON STAKES

1. (1) - DURHAM Maiden Three-Year-Old. 2. (2) - DURHAM Maiden Three-Year-Old.

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SCOREBOARD table with columns for player names and scores.

DOWER PUTS WORLD TITLE CHANCE FIRST BY REG GUTTERIDGE

THE Argentine, which has 52 rugby clubs and has welcomed touring teams from Oxford and Cambridge, England, Ireland and France have never played the game in this country.

THE Argentine, which has 52 rugby clubs and has welcomed touring teams from Oxford and Cambridge, England, Ireland and France have never played the game in this country.

THE LINE UP table listing names and positions of players.

THE ARGENTINE, which has 52 rugby clubs and has welcomed touring teams from Oxford and Cambridge, England, Ireland and France have never played the game in this country.

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'THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL WAS A WOMAN'

MICHAEL GANNON throws new light on the remarkable story of Dr. James Barry, of the Army Medical Department

SURGEON JAMES BARRY, holder of an Edinburgh degree, drew wires of the social climate of a West Indian military station in the first half of the last century and took passage to England.

In an office at Whitehall Yard the outraged Director-General of the Army Medical Department demanded to know what the devil was meant by such a flagrant deviation. "Why, sir," he snapped, "are you here in London?"

Doctor Barry calmly replied, "I came to get my hair cut."

A performance of that nature could only result in the loss of a commission. But, strangely enough, Barry was allowed to soldier on. He became senior Inspector-General of Hospitals, only one rank below the top in the Department.

Barry seemed odd everything possible to heighten his career. He was indifferently polite to senior officers, down-trodden and often down-right insubordinate.

There were, for example, the duel at Cabotown and the challenge to Colonel Shadwell Clerk.

THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIES

No. 82

A Duel

Nearly 80 years after the duel of William Mackinnon and Lieutenant Colonel Rogers, late of the 3rd West India Regiment, the circumstances as he had heard them from Sir Josias Clarke, the other party.

It happened in 1818 or 1819. Clarke was aide to the Governor of Cape Colony, and Barry was assistant-surgeon there. One day the Governor received a female visitor and Barry remarked:

"Oh, I say, Clarke, that's a nice Dutch girl the Governor has had hold of!"

Whereupon the gallant aide in the indignant exclamation: "Retract your vice as-

pression, you infernal little cad!" and pulled Barry's nose.

They fought with pistol next day at Wynberg and Barry limped off with a wound in the thigh that he hardly returned to bed.

Of course the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, sought to have pointed Barry off the station after this incident, but he did not. It was all very curious.

Nobody seems to know why, some years later, Barry challenged Colonel Clarke, a member of General Basil Brooke's staff. The duel did not take place due to the good sense of Brooke, who declared them to be a couple of damn fools and made them shake hands.

Though he continued with acts that, by soldiers, would have amounted to professional suicide the doctor prospered and came to be regarded by contemporaries as something of a mystery.

Nothing was known of his antecedents save that he came from Edinburgh, but it was whispered that his family was connected by marriage with the Somersets. That would account for Lord Charles's tolerance after the duel at the Cape, and for Barry's subsequent protection from the wrath of his superior.

Two years later Dickens printed an article about Barry in his weekly magazine *All The Year Round*. His anonymous contributor, Thomas diguised Barry as "Doctor James, an dave and appointments were mentioned that clearly identified that person with the late Inspector-General.

The article concluded on a startling note:

"After relating the complaint of a woman called to attend 'Dr. James' after death—'What do you mean by calling me in to lay out a general, and the corpse of a woman?'—the author wrote: 'The Registrar-general... the report was that of a post-mortem examination it was found that Dr. James... was not only a woman but had at a very early period been a man.'

One can imagine the alarmist scold with which the Commandant-in-Chief, His Royal Highness the Duke of York, would have acknowledged the news.

What a pretty kettle of fish! The rumblings of the Crimea had not subsided, a Royal Commission was about to inquire into the reason why the Army was so inefficient to young men, the Press and that fellow, Cardwell were bellowing for reform. If it were known that the Inspector-General, which was strenuously



DR. JAMES BARRY, a photograph taken nearly a century ago, and now in the historical museum of the Royal Army Medical Corps, Millbank.

Bombastic

Barry was, there is no doubt, a brilliant medical officer, and there was a weighty side to his queer, nature. General W. Chamberlayne wrote that he kept a strictly private diary, took no wine or liquor, was rather bombastic in speech and regiment in manner—but kind and

defending the old order, had actually allowed a woman to become an Inspector-General. Obviously, the whole thing had to be quietly interred and muffled.

And so, it would appear, the scandal was successfully hushed—until 1897 anyway, when

Dickens printed the story of "Dr. James."

Though the Army was not to be drawn into comment on the subject, enough evidence was produced by officers and others who had known Barry to establish the fact of womanhood to the satisfaction of the editor of the halcyon Dictionary of National Biography.

But the D.N.B. did not accept the statement that Barry had borne a child. Its entry began: "BARRY, James (1786-1855), Inspector-General of the Army Medical Department, a woman who passed through life as a man, said to have been the grandaunt of a Scotch earl."

Its account of the post-mortem report also varied. The D.N.B. has it that it was made out to the Registrar-General but there has never been any doubt about the chief factor in Barry's story. It is indeed a strange tale which has been told as a novel, in historical fiction, and in a score or so of newspaper articles in the present century. It is not that it was known to and accepted by the Royal Army Medical Corps, which has collections of Barry's letters in its historical museum.

with Mrs. Tidy is practically word for word that told by Lord Alceberg in his memoirs.

Colonel Rogers, it would appear, was an admirable reporter. In 1863, only 35 years after Barry's death and 28 after the appearance of the article in Dickens magazine, the editor of the *Letter* was asked whether there was any truth in the information about the medical profession could give a certain answer. He couldn't and remarked: "We have read many allusions... but none in a reliable quarter."

The only proof of Barry's true sex is buried in grave No. 18, 101 at Kensal Green Cemetery. The headstone, which formerly bore the simple statement—James Barry, Inspector-General, Army Medical Department, is now so eroded as to be illegible and has fallen past the ground. Nothing came of Colonel Rogers' proposal in 1866 that the Army and the medical profession should replace it with one of lasting Scotch granite.

Only Barry's story remains in a good state of preservation, and I am surprised that it has never been publicly questioned until now. It is my view that on the evidence available of Barry's womanhood we can return a verdict familiar in the course of Barry's Edinburgh: Not proven.

The Verdict

The Barry entry in the Dictionary of National Biography is highly suspect, for there is no record anywhere of the report it says was made to the Horse Guards, and records there would be if one had been made. The D.N.B. also mentions the *Times* of July 25, 1865 (the day after Barry's death) as a source of subsequent issue. There was no mention of the doctor in that or any subsequent issue.

Now was a report ever called for by the Registrar-General, as the article in "All The Year Round" declared.

Finally, the certificate of

To-morrow: The Rebel Countess.

BEYOND DEFEAT

IT was in Glen Fritton that the old stag, Kalar, fought his last great battle. The brilliance of the evening sky above him might have been symbolic, for it was in the red light of north a sunset, eleven years before, that Kalar, had come to adult status.

But now his head was waving, his coat had faded and his thinning antlers bore but seven points, where once they had summed thirteen. To stand his hours of hunt from young and spruce stag he had for a week maintained fearful vigil over them, without food or rest or sleep, and an unwept weariness had come upon him.

In an effort to shake off the intrusive stag Kalar rounded up his hands and drew them before him towards the foot of the glen. Moving ahead of the herd as always when a shift was made, strode the old head, Kalar.

She had been one of the minds that had fallen to Kalar as victor in that battle of four ago. She had quickly shown that she had a mind of her own, beyond and unpredictable, and her disposition to stray unconcernedly away from the herd had roused Kalar to rage, as with food and corn she drove her heavily laden and again to her place. But however much the momentum of his hunt might Kalar did not



Short Story

stride Kalar lunged on and Marie said to meet him, but not quite ready enough. The old stag's browpines struck his neck with tremendous force and would have penetrated deeply had not Marie veered to the impact and dropped to his knees.

Kalar's head was pulled sharply down as his opponent fell on the ground. In the moment it took him to recover Marie sprang to his feet and with a flash of horns the air was head to head again.

by F. G. TURNBULL

To maintain the thrust as beyond the old stag's power and presently Marie felt his opponent's resistance weaken. Excitement surged through him and he exerted his muscular frame to the utmost. Kalar's legs creaked and his back arched above his head.

At last, for relief from the unbearable strain he swung spartan round. Resistance gone, Marie lurched forward, with Kalar's right horn between his own. There was a quick crack and the part of the old stag's assler dropped to the ground.

Kalar's rival edged rapidly down. Soon he was writhing with fatigue, yet his dandled neck still denied defeat when hope of victory was gone. From the rank of the hinds Kalar raised his head in a triumphant shout. For several yards Marie passed, then he halted and reared his head in a rounding roar of triumph.

Kalar stared after the old stag as he left the arena, and she stopped forward as though something impelled her towards him. But the triumphant Marie turned her back with an angry thrust of his antlers. Kalar was now at his command. She and her kin were the spoils of battle.

Puffy yards away the old stag halted to gaze back. A sound of his horns.

looking towards him. It was at that moment and for the first time that Kalar became acutely conscious of a song that song associated had turned between him and her.

A strange thrill passed through him, and his limbs quivered as though he would launch himself again into battle—for something of value of which he was aware yet could not understand. But weariness again assailed him, and as quickly as it had arisen the unconscious hinds within him sank.

★

He raised his head, shook his broken antlers, and uttered a full-throated roar—his last gesture of defiance. Then he turned back. The ranks of the young operator stags opened to let him pass, and, swaying slightly, he walked away. From the foot of the glen an old hind watched until she could see him no more.

An hour later, with the mist of dawn gathering about him, Kalar still strode on westward towards the deer sanctuary of Oremus. There he had been born, there in a ravine of rock and stream and rowan and juniper was his water retreat. There was the place for a stag young old.

On and on he went, until a slight sound came to his ears from a covert far by. He halted uncertainly, staring into twilight. From the shadows a hind rose, a gun in her hand.

Unreliable

He also related that Sir William Mackinnon, Chief of the Army Medical Department, informed him in 1896 that Barry had been the daughter of a Scotch baronet named Buchan.

Furthermore, he told how a Mrs. Tidy had confided in him the truth of Barry's sex.

Now I am generally certain that Barry could not have been about the steamer with Rogers in 1807. The doctor had left the West Indies 20 years before. In August, 1807, Barry was at Cork; on September 18 he or she arrived at Portsmouth on route to a new appointment at Montreal. It is unlikely that the journey from England to Canada would have taken in a detour of several thousand miles to the Windward Islands.

As to the information Rogers said Sir William Mackinnon gave him, there has never been a baronet named Buchan. And his account of the conversation

NINERS

SOLVE the clues and insert the letters in the appropriate squares. If your solution is correct a nine-letter word will appear.

Letters 3 7 9 1 5 6 give a Portuguese city.

Letters 4 2 6 4 9 give a French river.

(Solution on Page Eight)

For the girl with a Passion for Fashion

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HEAT-IN-THE-MOUTH F

21st July, 1947.

Dear Rutherford,

Thank you for your letter of 20th July, 1947, concerning Dr. James Barry.

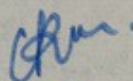
I have had a thorough search for the cuttings you refer to but cannot trace any loose in an envelope except those from the Sunday Express of 14th May, 1944, together with a letter from you to F.S. Irvine, sending the cutting and an enlargement of a picture of Dr. Barry with his native servant and the dog.

I think the cuttings which Lt. Colonel Foster showed you must be the ones framed and hanging in the Mess together with a sketch of Dr. Barry in uniform. One cutting simply says at the end in brackets (An Irish paper) and there is no indication as to where the other cutting comes from. There are no dates.

I have seen Foster and he suggests that a good deal of information would be found in an article by G.E. Marvel in the Christmas Annual of the Cape Times dated December 1904 which Miss Gutshe might be able to get hold of in Cape Town.

I have also seen Colonel Irvine and he knows of no cuttings other than the ones I have referred to. I am so sorry not to be able to supply more information but hope that what I have told you will be of some help.

Yours sincerely,



Colonel S.J.C. Rutherford,
Maliemore,
Trebor Avenue,
Farnham,
Surrey.

MALINMORE,
TREBOR AVENUE,
FARNHAM,
SURREY.

20/7/47.

Dear Sir.

Just before the 39/45 War
I wrote a series of articles for
the Journal in Dr. JAMES BARRY
Inspector General of the A.M.D.
(1795-1865.) to assist me in
preparing the chapters of my old
friend Lt. Col. FOSTER sent me
some cuttings from the press
after BARRY'S death, one from
an Irish paper & one from a North
of England paper, and also some

Sketches in the rough done by BARRY.
I think the collection is still kept
in the College, including a photo. I asked
to it obtained by me from a Miss
MOSSE. I have been written to by a
MISS GUTSHE of South Africa who has
read my Brochure on BARRY in a
Bound edition of the "Journal" she
obtained from the WITWATERSTRAND
University College, JOHANNESBURG.
This lady is writing a Biography of
BARRY and asks if I can give her
information concerning the Press
Cuttings I am mentioned, names
of papers + dates etc. If she

To explain the situation: I lost
Track of the BARRY collection when
F.S. IRVINE was Commandant during
the War at the firm when I gave him
the photo. of BARRY to add to the
list. Incidentally if the guardians
of the BARRY records are grieved
about allowing them out of the
College the names and dates of the
press cuttings would suffice, as
the sketches & photo. don't require
transmission.

Yours Sincerely,

J. J. C. Rutherford.
(Colonel 1st B.A.M.C.)
(R.P.)

Collection of Snippets is still
extant I think the best thing
would be to let me have them
for reference when answering Miss
CUTSHE's enquiries. As far as I
remember it was just a small
envelope of cuttings. I think
that one should do what one can
to assist the lady in her work
as South Africa has always been
interested in BARRY's career
and it is good for the Corps to
keep the interesting story of
BARRY alive. Excuse this
long letter but it falls fine

27. 6. 44

Dear Colonel Rutherford

Thank you so
much for returning photos
& for giving me the
tree print. I am very
glad to have it. I enclose
enjoyment for you
to give to ^{the} College at
Millbank. It is very
interesting to have the

pp. 3. 52
different ages of Dr. Barney.
I think she looks more
like a woman in your
print. Thanking you
very much for letting
me keep it.

Yrs sincerely

Betty Morse

City of
Johannesburg



Stad
Johannesburg

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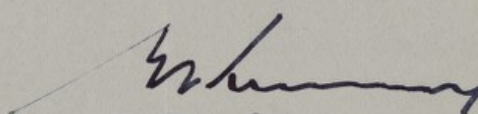
10th September, 1947

Major General E. P. Marsh,
Commandant,
Royal Army Medical College,
Millbank,
LONDON, S.W.1.

Dear Sir,

Thank you for your letter of the 7th August and for your kindness in sending me two photographs of portraits of Dr. James Barry in the possession of the Royal Army Medical College. I greatly appreciate your action in sending these, and note that the copyright of both is reserved.

Yours faithfully,


R. F. Kennedy,
ACTING DIRECTOR

✓ HGO/MT

7th August, 1947.

Dear Sir,

In reply to your letter of 23rd July, 1947, I am enclosing photographic reproductions of the miniature oval photograph you refer to of Dr. James Barry. The one depicting Dr. Barry with the native servant and white dog was reproduced from an enlargement of a photo presented to the R.A.M.C. Headquarter Mess, Millbank, London, S.W.1., by Colonel Rutherford who obtained it from Miss B. Mosse. I understand the original was taken in Jamaica and given to Miss Mosse's Grandfather Surgeon General C.B. Mosse by Barry.

I regret I am unable to give you any information about the miniature as there is no record from where it was obtained.

The copyright of both is reserved; I therefore have no authority to give permission for their publication.

Yours sincerely,

E. J. Mansel

Major General,
Commandant.

Acting Director,
Public Library,
Africana Museum,
City of Johannesburg,
South Africa.

Stad
Johannesburg



City of
Johannesburg

AIR MAIL

AFRICANA MUSEUM

Openbare Biblioteek,
Telefoon 33-7881

Public Library
Telephone 33-7881
23rd July, 1947.

The Librarian,
Royal Army Medical Corps College,
Millbank,
LONDON, S.W.1.

Dear Sir,

I have been informed by Dr. Thelma Gutsche, who is preparing a biography of Dr. James Barry, that Col. L.J.C. Rutherford has stated that a miniature of Dr. James Barry is preserved with other Barry records in the R.A.M.C. College. Col. Rutherford has also stated that he sent to you a photograph of Barry which he obtained from his wife's mother. The photograph is described as showing Barry in a frock coat and white slacks, posing with a small dog and the black servant. Since both these portraits would be of the greatest interest to South Africans, I would be very glad to know if I might purchase good photographic reproductions, and if you would kindly send me full particulars concerning the miniature and its known history.

Yours faithfully,

H. J. Okun

for R. F. Kennedy,
ACTING DIRECTOR.

✓ HGO/MT

TELEPHONE
WHITEHALL 4843
TELEGRAMS
% HELLENIST (PICCY)

THE ATHENÆUM
PALL MALL S.W.1

6⁶/70

Dear Abigail,

Enclosed are two papers you
may wish to have. Do NOT trouble to
acknowledge them.

We look forward to seeing you both
at Gipsy Walk

Yours ever

Robert

Thesis of James Miranda Stuart Barry, a woman who in the guise of a man, graduated M.D. at Edinburgh University in 1812 and later achieved a successful career as an Inspector-General of Hospitals. The quotation from Menander (on the title page of the thesis) is in effect a plea to the examiners not to pay attention to a callow, beardless appearance but to consider only whether the work submitted shows a man's wisdom and judgement.



(11)

JAMES BARRY

Article included in an extract from :-

"La Revue des Armees de Terre et de Mer"

published in Paris probably 1865.

The extract is No 12 of Volume IV of Sir Thomas Longmore's collection and is annotated by Sir Thomas.

In the back of this Volume there are a number of letters on the subject of James Barry, and typed copies of these letters are attached hereto.

A FEMALE MEDICAL COMBATANT
ou
LE MEDECIN MILITAIRE FEMELLE.



"Il est aujourd'hui question dans les cercles militaires d'Angleterre, d'un fait si extraordinaire, que nous le tiendrions pour toujours comme absolument incroyable, si la véracité n'en était soutenue par les autorités officielles. Nos officiers en garnison au Cap, il y a quinze à vingt ans, peuvent se souvenir d'un certain docteur attaché à l'état-major médical de la place et jouissant alors d'une grande réputation d'habileté dans sa profession, et remarquable surtout par sa fermeté, sa décision et l'exécution rapide des plus difficiles opérations. Ce gentleman était entré dans l'armée en 1813, avait servi comme chirurgien dans divers régiments avec lesquels il avait visité les quatre coins du globe. Ses connaissances professionnelles lui avaient valu sa promotion à l'emploi de médecin d'état-major à l'hôpital du Cap. Il était bien fait, de manières agréables, mais il avait un naturel très-querelleur qu'il montrait souvent dans les discussions pour lesquelles il avait un penchant trop prononcé. Il était très-laid de visage, d'assez petite stature, et le timbre de sa voix était horriblement criard. La plus petite allusion à ces imperfections le mettait en grande colère et il fit taire les moqueurs en appelant en duel le plus obstiné d'entre eux et lui envoyant une balle à travers la poitrine. Vers 1840, promu au grade de médecin inspecteur, il fut envoyé à Malte. Là, il se distingua encore par son habileté et ses habitudes querelleuses, et celles-ci même se développèrent à tel point qu'il suffisait de la plus petite divergence d'opinion pour exciter sa colère, et qu'à la fin il fut convenu qu'on ne ferait plus la moindre attention à ses déportements. De Malte il alla à Corfu où pendant nombre d'années il se fit remarquer par les mêmes particularités de caractère. Lorsque notre gouvernement céda les îles Ioniennes à la Grèce et que nos troupes se repatrièrent, le docteur X... préféra prendre sa retraite et passer le reste de ses jours à Corfou. Il y mourut, il y a un mois environ, et après sa mort on découvrit que ce docteur était une femme. Il est très-probable que cette découverte fut faite pendant les opérations préparatoires de l'enterrement, quoique, suivant une opinion très-répandue, il ait eu soin par certaines paroles prononcées à ses derniers moments et par des lettres lues après sa mort, de demander qu'on ne se livrât sur ~~lui~~ lui à aucune sorte d'examen post mortem. — Mais c'est justement cette précaution, cette défense, qui excitèrent la curiosité des gardes-malades qui le soignaient et auxquelles nous devons selon toute apparence, la découverte de ce mystère.

There is today a story in English Military Circles of so extraordinary a fact that we would maintain 'it as quite unbelievable' if the truth was not supported by these authorities. Our officers garrisoned at the Cape 15 to 20 years ago may remember a certain doctor attached to the Medical Staff of the place, who enjoyed there a great reputation for skill in his profession, and remarkable above all for his firmness, decision, and the quick execution of the most difficult operations. This gentleman joined the Army in 1813, and served as Surgeon in many regiments with whom he visited the four quarters of the globe. His professional knowledge was such that he gained promotion to the post of surgeon major at the hospital at the Cape. He was well dressed and had an agreeable manner, though he was of a quarrelsome nature, which he often showed in arguments for which he had a most pronounced predilection. He was ugly of face, small in stature, and had a hard high pitched voice. The least allusion to these imperfections put him into a great rage and he silenced his detractors by challenging to a duel the most obstinate of them and putting a bullet through this man's chest. About 1840, being promoted to Inspector of Hospitals he was sent to Malta. There he distinguished himself again by his skill, and by his quarrelsome habits. The latter developed to such a point that any small contrary opinion excited his anger and eventually no one would dare make the smallest comment on his manner or appearance. From Malta he went to Corfu where for a number of years he was well known for these same peculiarities of character. When the government ceded the Ionian Isles to Greece and the troops were sent home, Doctor X... preferred to retire and pass the rest of his days at Corfu. There he died about a month ago and after 'his death' it was discovered that the Doctor was a woman. It is very probable that this was discovered during the preparations for his burial, although according to a widely held opinion, he demanded promises, in his last moments, and by letters read after his death, that no kind of post mortem examination of his body should be made. But it was exactly these precautions which excited the curiosity of the nurses whose duty it was to look after him, and to whom it is due that the mystery was discovered.



L'histoire s'ébruita et parut aux autorités présenter assez d'importance pour demander des éclaircissements et un rapport détaillé. Les recherches démontrèrent que non-seulement l'assertion était exacte, mais que de plus l'individu avait été mère ! Voici tout ce que nous savons sur cette histoire si extraordinaire. Les motifs déterminants de cette fraude sur le sexe et l'époque à laquelle elle a commencé sont encore enveloppés d'un profond mystère. Mais ce qu'il y a de certain dans cette histoire, c'est que pendant quarante ans, une femme a pu servir comme officier dans l'armée, qu'elle s'est battue en duel une fois, qu'elle a recherché beaucoup d'autres occasions de le faire, qu'elle a acquis une instruction médicale complète, a reçu un diplôme, et enfin est devenue célèbre comme chirurgien opérateur ! Ainsi, le fait en lui-même ne laisse aucun doute ; et cependant je doute fort que Miss Braddon elle-même ose jamais faire de cette personne l'héroïne d'un de ses romans."

Ce qui précède est extrait du *Sunder's News Letter and Daily Advertiser*, du 14 août, et a été depuis lors le sujet intarissable du caquetage des clubs. Aussi n'éprouvons-nous aucune hésitation à faire savoir ce que nous avons entendu dire à cette occasion. L'auteur de l'anecdote a commis bon nombre d'inexactitudes ; mais il est exact sur le point principal : le sexe de la personne défunte. Or, ce simple fait, sans aucun artifice de description, suffit à lui seul pour causer de l'étonnement et exciter la plus légitime curiosité. Le défunt — nous continuons de parler au masculin — était très-connu, et il est vrai que durant sa vie il fut l'objet de beaucoup de soupçons et de nombreuses historiettes. Son physique, l'absence de barbe, le timbre de la voix, tout indiquait un déguisement de sexe, comme aussi la pétulance du caractère, la mobilité de l'esprit, les impulsions irréfléchies, l'armour pour certains faveurs. Ce docteur est mort à Londres, non à Corfou, et il a été enterré à Kensal-green. Les dernières années de son existence ont été adoucies par la présence aimée d'un chat, d'un chien et d'un perroquet, tous animaux si chers aux femmes d'âge, surtout quand elles n'ont pas de mari.

Il paraît que ce fut une femme chargée des préparatifs de l'inhumation qui découvrit le sexe. Sur ce dernier point ses déclarations ont été des plus positives, et il n'est guère vraisemblable qu'elle ait pu se tromper à cet endroit, étant elle-même mère d'une famille nombreuse.

"Vous dites que c'est un général ? pourquoi, puisque c'est une femme comme moi ?" Ainsi s'exclamait à chaque instant cette femme, en dépit de la paronomase qu'elle commettait sans le savoir.

The tale having been printed abroad it appeared to the authorities to be of sufficient importance to demand clarification and a detailed report. The enquiries show not only that the assertion is correct but what is more that the individual had been a mother. This is all that we have got of this extraordinary story. The motives which led to this misrepresentation of sex and the time at which it began are both shrouded in deep mystery. But what is certain in this story, is that for forty years, a woman was able to serve as an army officer, that she once fought a duel, and sought on many occasions to fight another, that she acquired complete medical training, received a diploma, and eventually became a celebrated practising Surgeon. So the fact itself is left without any doubt whatever; but I strongly doubt that even Miss Braddon could dare to make this person the heroine of one of her romances.

The above is extracted from *Sunders News Letter and Daily Advertiser* of 14 August, and has been since then an incessant subject of chatter in clubs. Thus we are without any hesitation only making known what we have heard on this occasion. The author of the anecdote has committed a fair number of errors; but it is correct on the principal point; the sex of the deceased person. For, this simple fact, without any embellishment, is sufficient in itself alone to cause astonishment and to excite the most understandable curiosity. The deceased — we continue to speak in the masculine — was well known, and it is true that during his life he was the subject of many whispers and numerous tales. His physique, the absence of a beard, the quality of his voice, all indicated a disguise of sex, as also did the petulance of his character, the fluidity of his temperament, the thoughtless impulses, the desire for favours. This doctor died in London, not at Corfu, and was buried at Kensal Green. The last years of his existence were made more pleasant by the beloved presence of a cat, a dog, and a parrot, all animals so dear to females of a certain age, particularly when they have not been married. It appears that it was a woman charged with the preparations for interment who discovered the sex (of the deceased). On this last point the statements made have been most positive, and it is hardly likely that she would have been deceived in this matter, being herself the mother of a numerous family. "You say that this is a General, why she is a woman like me" Thus exclaimed this woman in spite of the which she committed without knowing.

It is with/...

C'est avec/...



C'est avec la même assurance et la même fermeté que la garde-malade affirmait avoir constaté des signes non douteux de maternité. Les diverses assertions de cette femme furent appuyées et corroborées par le témoignage de plusieurs autres personnes.

Le défunt s'était battu en duel, nous le croyons ; mais quant à voir tué son adversaire d'un coup de pistolet à travers les poumons, c'est une autre affaire. Quant à la possession des belles qualités qu'on lui prête, telles que son sang-froid, son habileté dans les opérations, son caractère ferme et décidé, tout cela pourrait être mis en question ; mais il n'en pourrait être ainsi de son habitude de se plaindre, de sa grande irascibilité, de son humeur querelleuse. En 1813, à son entrée dans l'armée, les titres professionnels exigés n'étaient que de peu de valeur. Mais, quoi qu'il en soit, nous possédons maintenant tous les éléments pour la confection d'un roman de premier ordre. Quelle intéressante autobiographie aurait pu faire le docteur ! Est-ce une folie de jeunesse qui fit connaître, mais trop tard à cette ex-fille, ce qu'est la perfidie des hommes ? Et si elle s'enrôla dans l'armée, ne serait-ce pas qu'elle aurait espéré par là se guérir de sa mélancolie en rejoignant celui qui l'avait trahie et le tuant ?

Medical Times, 26 aout.

M. Edward Bradford, inspecteur général adjoint des hôpitaux, a écrit la lettre suivante au Medical Times, dans l'intention de contre-dire et de mettre à néant l'histoire qui précède du médecin militaire réputé female. Malgré de nombreuses répétitions, cette lettre renferme quelques détails intéressants et nouveaux, et nous la donnons ici tout entière, nous réservant toutefois quelque petite appréciation.

"L'ex-docteur J. Barry, suivant certains journaux, naquit vers le commencement du présent siècle. Sa naissance fut le résultat d'un accouchement prématuré pendant lequel mourut sa mère. Son père, aussi, mourut quelque temps après. Lorsque, dans la suite, il faisait allusion à ces événements, ce n'était jamais que dans des termes vagues. Il fut adopté et élevé par une famille de haut rang, qui, pour des raisons encore inconnues, lui manifesta un si constant intérêt, que même à l'occasion des nombreux dérèglements de sa vie militaire, elle le soutint ouvertement et le protégea toujours. J'ai su que le célèbre John Bell avait participé à son éducation et avait prêté son concours pour le faire recevoir docteur à Edimbourg, d'une manière toute précoce.

It is with the same assurance and firmness that the nurse stated having seen undoubted signs of maternity. The many assertions of this woman were supported and corroborated by the testimony of many others.

The deceased had fought a duel; we believe that; but as to having killed his adversary with a pistol shot in the chest, that is another matter. As to the possession of the good qualities which are attributed to him such as his 'sang froid', his skill in operations, his strong and decisive character, all this could be put into question, but there is no doubt of his habitual complaining, of his considerable irascibility, and his quarrelsome nature. In 1813 when he entered the army, the professional qualifications required were not of a high order. But however that may be, we possess now all the elements for a first class novel. What an interesting autobiography this Doctor could have written. Was it youthful folly, the result being made known too late for the ex lover, the perfidy of man ? And if she joined the Army may it not have been that she hoped there to conquer her sadness by meeting the man who had betrayed her and by killing him ?

Medical Times 26 August.

Mr Edward Bradford, Inspector General of Hospitals has written the following letter to the Medical Times, with the intention of contradicting and playing down the preceding story of the Military Surgeon who is alleged to have been a woman.

"The late Doctor J. Barry, according to certain newspapers, was born at the beginning of the present century. His birth was a premature one and in giving birth his mother died. His father also died shortly afterwards. Although he afterwards made allusion to these events it was only in the vaguest of terms. He was adopted and brought up by a family of high rank, who, for reasons still unknown, maintained a constant interest in him, even through the occasions of his numerous failures to keep to Military conventions and regulations. The family supported him openly and protected him always. I know that the celebrated John Bell helped in his education and gave him assistance in his studies to enable him to qualify as a doctor at ~~so~~ very young an age.



"En 1813, le jeune docteur était envoyé à Plymouth en qualité de chirurgien-assistant. Le médecin en chef de cette station, - il est encore de ce monde et un officier des plus dignes et des plus vénérables, - à la vue et réception de son subordonné, fut frappé de son apparence enfantine et crut devoir en référer à ce sujet aux autorités qui lui répondirent : "qu'elles ne désiraient aucunement agiter cette question." Ce fut peu de temps après cela qu'il alla au Cap de Bonne-Esperance où il fut éduqué avec les enfants de lord C. Somerset, alors gouverneur. En prenant de l'âge il devint chirurgien, acquit une certaine célébrité et fut, dit-on, beaucoup recherché. Il savait bien le latin et le français mais il avait coutume de se moquer de ses connaissances en médecine, et se vantait même parfois de n'avoir jamais fait un seul jour de service à l'hôpital. Je le recontraï pour la première fois, en 1832, à la Jamaïque. Son extérieur et ses manières étaient très - singuliers. Sa taille atteignait à peine cinq pieds. Il était complètement dépourvu de tous les caractères extérieurs de la virilité. Sa voix était celle d'une vieille femme. Il recherchait toutes les occasions de se faire remarquer et portait la plus longue épée, les plus longs éperons qu'il pût trouver. Il était souvent occupé à cajoler des animaux de toute sorte, chiens, singes, perroquets. Sa nourriture, à cette époque, se composait exclusivement de lait et de fruits : mais, par la suite, Il usa d'aliments plus solides et plus nutritifs. Il se délectait au milieu des scandales et des commérages, et il raconta qu'au Cap il avait été plusieurs fois sur le terrain et que, dans une rencontre, il avait tué son adversaire. Appelé parfois, soudainement, à faire un service qui ne lui convenait pas, il se mettait vite au lit, pleurait comme un enfant, jusqu'à ce que tout danger fût passé, puis alors se retournait contre ses persécuteurs, suivant sa propre expression, et se posait devant les autorités de la station, en victime malheureuse de ses chefs immédiats. Lorsqu'il tombait malade, il n'oubliait pas de faire promettre à son médecin, qu'en cas de mort, il empêcherait de tout son pouvoir, qu'aucun examen de son corps ne fût fait. En voyageant il prenait les plus grandes précautions pour ne jamais être observé. De la Jamaïque il alla à Sainte-Hélène, et là il déchaîna un tel orage, que le major général Middlemore le renvoya en Angleterre. Quelque temps après, il retourna aux Antilles et stationna à Antigua où il faillit mourir, puis à la Barbade, puis à la Trinité, où, derechef, il tomba malade. Dans cette dernière île, j'eus le malheur de lui causer une grave offense en disant, dans un rapport officiel, qu'il avait probablement cinquante ans d'âge.

In 1813 the young doctor was posted to Plymouth as assistant surgeon ? (a hospital assistant). The Senior Medical Officer of this station - he is still of this world and is a most distinguished officer - at his initial interview was struck by the very youthful appearance of the new assistant, and considered it his duty to refer this to the authorities, who replied "It is not in anyway desired that there should be discussion of this matter" It was a little after this that he went to the Cape of Good Hope where he was educated with the children of Lord Charles Somerset, then Governor. On coming of age he became a Surgeon and acquired some renown and, so it is said, was much sought after. He was well versed in Latin and French but he was wont to laugh about his knowledge of medicine and boasted at times that he had never given a single day of service in hospital. I met him for the first time in 1832 in Jamaica. His appearance and manner were most singular. He was scarcely five feet tall. He was completely devoid of all the outward signs of manly virility. His voice was that of an old woman. He tried in every way to make himself conspicuous and wore the longest sword the longest *Swords* that it was possible to find. He was often to be found in the company of all sorts of animals, dogs, monkeys, parrots. His diet at this time was composed exclusively of milk and fruit, but afterwards he made use of solid nutritious *food*. He was delighted to be at the centre of scandals and *gossiping*, and he used to say that at the Cape he had had many duels "and that in one encounter he had killed his rival. Called upon to do something which he did not like, he would go quickly to bed, and cry like a child until the crisis was past, then he would turn against his tormentors, as he called them, and would pose before the authorities of the station as the unhappy victim of his immediate superiors. When he fell ill he would never forget to make his doctor promise that if he died, the doctor would make quite sure that no examination of his body was made. When travelling he took every precaution to ensure that he would never be observed. From Jamaica he went to St Helena and there he developed such a temper that Major General Middlemore sent him back to England. Sometime afterwards he returned to the Antilles and was stationed at Antigua, where he almost died, and then to Barbadas, and La Trinite, where after a time he fell sick. In this last mentioned island I had the unhappiness to cause him a grave offence in saying, in an official report, that he was probably 50 years of age.

Il avait/...

He had/...



Il avait bien alors trente-trois ans de service dans l'armée ; mais il n'en traita pas moins mon rapport. "de lâche tentative pour empêcher son avenir." Toutefois, il me pardonna dans la suite. Son désir tout particulier de l'autorité et du commandement se fit sentir là comme, du reste, pendant tout le cours de sa vie. Il était doué d'une grande finesse d'esprit et d'une excellente mémoire. Aussi longtemps qu'il était traité avec déférence, il conservait toute sa bonne humeur et laissait presque rire à ses dépens ; mais aussitôt qu'il se sentait touché dans son importance, sa colère n'avait plus de limites, et personnes et choses, tout lui devenait un sujet de défiance. Plein de confiance dans son immense et propre importance, il narguait toute autorité. A une époque plus éloignée on le retrouve à Malte, à Corfou, et, pendant la guerre de Crimée, on le voit apparaître à Balaklava, toujours avec sa même longue épée, avec ses mêmes longs éperons.

"Appelé au grade d'inspecteur général des hôpitaux, il partit pour le Canada, où il séjourna plusieurs années. Il quitta définitivement le service en 1859 et mourut à Londres, en juillet dernier.

"Son caractère irritable et impatient le mit toute sa vie en continuelle opposition avec l'autorité. Il était néanmoins très-susceptible de sentiments généreux et très-reconnaissant envers ceux qui avaient des bontés pour lui.

"Les histoires qui ont circulé depuis sa mort sont trop absurdes pour être réfutées sérieusement. Il ne peut y voir parmi les personnes qui l'ont connu, aucun doute au sujet de sa constitution physique, laquelle était réellement celle d'un mâle chez qui le développement des organes sexuels s'est arrêté au sixième mois de la vie foetale. Il est très-regrettable qu'une personne habile n'ait pas saisi l'occasion du décès pour examiner minutieusement dans quelles conditions physiques se trouvait le décédé.

"Ce qui est réellement merveilleux dans cette histoire, c'est qu'un être d'une si faible constitution, sans fortune personnelle, avec caractère si irritable et même méchant, en dépit de nombreuses et graves maladies contractées dans des climats tropicaux, constamment en lutte avec l'autorité, ait atteint le plus haut grade du service médical, et ait vécu 65 ans."

Une lettre du docteur Cookworthy (M.T., 23 septembre) fait voir l'erreur commise quant à l'âge. J.B. fut reçu docteur en 1812, à l'âge de 20 ans ; il avait, par conséquent, 73 ans quand il mourut. En supposant qu'il n'ait vécu que 65 ans, comme le dit M. Bradford, il aurait fallu qu'il fût reçu docteur à 12 ans, et immatriculé à 9 ans !

He had then thirty three years of military service, but he was most bitter about my report, - "a dastardly attempt to prejudice his future". However he afterwards forgave me. He was endowed with a lively mind and an excellent memory. As long as he was treated with deference he kept his good humour and remained smiling and happy; but as soon as he felt touched on the matter of his own importance his anger was unbounded, everyone and everything were subject to his defiance. Full of confidence in his immense self importance he flouted all authority. For a considerable time he was in Malta, and in Corfu, and, during the War in the Crimea, he was to be seen at Balaklava, always with the same long sword and long spurs.

Appointed to the rank of Inspector General of Hospitals he left for Canada where he remained for many years. He finally retired from the service in 1859 and died in London in July last.

His irritable and impatient nature put him in opposition with authority all his life. He was nevertheless susceptible to generous sentiments and was well disposed towards those who showed him good will.

The stories which have circulated since his death are too absurd to require serious refutation. There could not have been any doubt among the people who knew him on the subject of his physical constitution, which was really that he was a male in whom the development of the organs of sex had been arrested from the sixth month of pregnancy. It is sad that no qualified persons took the opportunity of his death to examine closely the physical condition of the deceased.

What is so remarkable in this story is that a human being of such frail physique without personal fortune, with a character irritable and even wicked, in spite of a number of serious diseases contracted in tropical countries, and constantly in conflict with the authorities, had attained the highest ranks of the medical service and had lived until 65 years of age.

A letter of Doctor Cookworthy (Medical Times 23 Sept.) showed the error that has been made regarding his age. James Barry qualified as a Doctor in 1812, at 20 years of age. He was in consequence 73 years of age when he died. In supposing that he lived only until the age of 65, as Mr Bradford has said, it would mean that he qualified at the age of 12 years, and matriculated at 9 years of age.



M. l'inspecteur Bradford a peut-être quelque raison pour tâcher de dérouter la curiosité publique qui s'attache sur son ex-collègue ; mais nous doutons que par sa lettre, il soit parvenu à l'affaiblir en rien. Il affirme bien que chez J.B., il y a eu arrêt de développement des organes génitaux, dès le sixième mois de la vie intra-utérine ; mais c'est là une simple assertion dénuée de preuves, puisqu'il dit, au contraire, que son camarade savait se dérober avec le plus grand soin à tous es regards indiscrets. Il n'en sait donc pas plus long, il n'en a jamais vu plus gros que toute autre personne, sur le sujet en litige. Les ensevelisseuses, elles, au contraire, en mères de famille très-expertes - experte crede Roberto, - ont vu, regardé, examiné, touché ; elles n'ont aperçu rien de masculin qui se soit arrêté à un degré quelconque de développement. M. Bradford a vécu et servi près de son collègue, et cependant il ne saurait rapporter le moindre fait, le plus petit acte de vie privée qui puisse être pour ce dernier un signe, au moins probable, sinon irrécusable de virilité. Donc, malgré la lettre de M. Bradford, le champ reste ouvert à la curiosité publique et à toutes les hypothèses. Et pour donner la nôtre aussi, nous dirons ; Pourquoi n'aurait-on pas eu affaire à l'un de ces êtres semblables au fabuleux fils d'Hermès et d'Aphrodite, participant des deux sexes, sans en posséder aucun ? En tout cas, il faut l'avouer, ce petit et méchant docteur a toujours été, au physique comme au moral, un monstrueux personnage ! ---

RENE ARNOLD.

Inspector Bradford has perhaps some reason to wish to stop public curiosity regarding his ex-colleague; but we doubt whether he will, by his letter, achieve any reduction of this curiosity. He strongly affirms that in James Barry there had been arrested development of the genital organs from the sixth month of intra-uterine life. But this is a simple assertion, devoid of proof, since he says that his friend always undressed with the greatest discretion. He had not therefore seen anything by which he could have settled the question in dispute. The "enshrouters" themselves were on the contrary mothers of families - "experto crede Roberto", who had seen, examined and touched; they had noticed nothing masculine and which showed any degree of arrested development. Mr Bradford had lived and served near his colleague, and he has not been able to report the smallest fact or the smallest private act which would have shown anything unexceptionable in his virility. So in spite of Mr Bradford's letter the matter remains open to public curiosity and to all sorts of theories. And to give ours we say : Why should it not have been a case of one of those beings resembling the fabled son of Hermes and Aphrodite who was of both sexes without being possessed of either one ? In any case it must be avowed that this small and naughty doctor had always been, in body as in mind a monstrous person.

GALINGORE.

RAMC 238/3

TREBOR AVENUE,

FARNHAM,

SURREY.

30/6/44

Dear Irvine

You may have noticed ~~lately~~
an interest lately in the Press on the
subject of our Dr James Barry; Inspector
General A.M.D. An article appeared in
the Sunday Express by George Edinger on
Barry and I got in touch with him.

He referred me to letters appearing ~~in~~
in the papers on his article. The last
was from Miss B Mosse saying she had a
photograph of Barry, I got into contact
with her and suggested she might give
the photo. to the College to add to the
Barry miniature, and the sketch, and various
Press cuttings (Foster showed them to me
before I wrote my article in the Journal)
Miss Mosse sent me the inclosed picture,
an enlargement of the original, taken in

Jamaica and given to her grandfather, Surg.
Genrl. C.B.Mosse by Barry. Observe the Negro
servant who was with Barry when she died in
London. Also the dog said to be trained to
prevent strangers entering her bedroom or
cabin at inconvenient moments. It shows Barry
in her senior days but one can trace the
facial resemblance to the young Officer
of the minature . I inclose the photo.

the press cuttings, and Miss Mosses Letter.

I sent her a copy of the minature. Her
father was also in the A.M.S. Perhaps you
would send her an acknowledgement of her
contribution to the Barry records?

Yours sincerely

P. J. C. R. R. R. R. R.

P.S. Lyle Cummins was interested in
Barry, he might like to see the photo.

Masqueraded as Man

GLASGOW HERALD
DEC 49.

THE JOURNAL OF DR JAMES BARRY. By
Olga Racster and Jessica Grove. (15s
net: Bodley Head.)

DR JAMES BARRY was a woman who successfully masqueraded as a man, her secret remaining undetected until her death in 1865, after a distinguished career as an Army doctor. In this capacity she travelled widely and received from her unsuspecting associates the respect and admiration due to a courageous and efficient male.

This much we know, and little more, for people burdened with such a heavy and obtrusive secret do not readily commit themselves to writing. Undeterred, however, by the paucity of facts concerning this remarkable person, the authors have taken it upon themselves to supply the doctor with a journal or diary as she might have written it.

At Edinburgh University

This begins in the year 1812, where Barry is studying medicine at Edinburgh University. Pages of the diary are devoted to recording anecdotes, many of which lack relevance. The following is a good example:—

"A well-known doctor here in Princes Street, who is making £12,000 a year, told an elderly patient that any change from his accustomed habits of eating and drinking is dangerous. He recommended three or four glasses of wine daily, and plenty of meat. S. said it was a 'filthy idea' considering the old man's digestive organs don't act. 'It is tantamount,' said S., 'to administering poison.'"

Not only is it extremely unlikely that any Edinburgh doctor was earning £12,000 a year in 1812, but also the commonplace quality of S.'s remarks are not calculated to grip the attention of the average reader.

"The Young Bachelor"

From Edinburgh, Barry, now a fully qualified doctor, proceeds to Cape Town. Here the authors are on home ground, and their special South African history lends verisimilitude to this part of the diary. It is during her stay in South Africa that the diary deals at considerable length with the difficulties in which its supposed writer is placed by the attentions of ladies who fancied her to be an eligible young bachelor. The story moves on to a final emotional crisis which it would be unfair to disclose, and, well staged though this is, most readers will be left looking for a more plausible explanation of Barry's adoption of such a strange disguise.

To achieve success a book of this kind should cause the reader to forget for the time being that it is fantasy. "The Journal of Dr James Barry" unfortunately fails to fulfil this condition, for we are too frequently reminded that it is twentieth-century fiction not nineteenth-century fact.

It is regrettable that the authors saddled themselves with a flimsy factual basis. Had they confined themselves to fiction they might have produced a racy and interesting novel, for at times their book shows evidence of real imagination and skilful characterisation.

The Glasgow Herald

The sun rises to-day at 8.48 a.m.
and sets at 3.42 p.m. The moon
rises to-day at 12.02 p.m. and
sets at 11.57 p.m.



CHRISTMAS MESSAGE

THE KING's Christmas broadcast last year was delivered under the shadow of illness which had led to the cancellation of the royal visit to Australia and New Zealand and to a serious curtailment of his own activities. One of the happiest features of the broadcast he made yesterday was his reference to the extent of his recovery, for the completeness of which the operation he underwent last March may be held largely responsible. While it had become plain even before the illness began that some limit must be set to the activities imposed upon the royal family by the contemporary social structure, and while there is now more than ever good reason why such sensible limitations should be observed, the KING is, as he said himself, once more "able to undertake many public duties." This fortunate outcome has aroused the most widespread satisfaction both in Britain and among the uniquely varied peoples of the Commonwealth.

The contrast between these two Christmas broadcasts extends even to their places of origin. In 1948, the royal family were compelled on the orders of the KING's doctors to spend Christmas in London. Yesterday His Majesty spoke from Sandringham, surrounded by his family—including "both the oldest member and the youngest member" of it. Christmas is essentially a family festival, and the warmth of feeling in the words with which he referred to this aspect of the season must have been echoed in the minds of countless listeners at their own firesides throughout the world. From the sense of family in the home to that of brotherhood in the British Commonwealth as a whole is an easy transition, and in renewing the ties that bind the Empire together this tradition of the royal Christmas broadcast initiated by the father of the present King unquestionably played a part of importance.

Brotherhood, however, is an ideal to be aimed at only if it avoids the sense of exclusiveness. Just as British domestic family feeling can in a sense be extended to embrace the Commonwealth, so the greatest hope for the world at large consists in toleration and friendship on national and international

SUNDAY EXPRESS

May 14, 1944.

The woman general

THIRTY years ago I was secretary to the late Sydney Mendelssohn when he published his "Bibliography of South Africa." In this he gives a full account of Dr. Barry, the general who was found after death to be a woman, and states that Barry not only married, but also had a daughter. (Mrs.) E. L. Flatt.
Brooke-avenue, Harrow.

* * *

I WAS at one time in the A.M.D., War Office. I know of a case of a deputy inspector-general of hospitals at Malta, who as the result of one of his tantrums was suspected by a brother medico of being a woman.

He was "boarded" on mental grounds and had to strip before the medical board, who found that "he" was a woman.

London, S.W. A.



Story that has nothing to do with the war

General who was found after death to be a woman

ON July 19, 1865, Inspector - General James Barry, formerly officer in command of the British Army Medical Service, died in lodgings at 14, Margaret-street in London.

A confidential valet, a Negro, found the body of the 71-year-old soldier dead in bed when he took in the morning tea.

That was all the public knew, and the lack of detail about someone so eminent, someone whose memory has survived into our own day in the two Christian names of James Barry Hertzog, former Prime Minister of South Africa, whose grandfather the general brought into the world, sent a stir of wonder all through Britain.

Never suspected

Then it was discovered that the general was a woman: that for several years that woman had commanded the Army Medical Service and that no one ever suspected her womanhood.

None of the patients she tended knew it, not one of the officers and assistants who took her orders for more than half a century, not the landlady at Margaret - street, where she lodged, not even the Negro servant.

Ever since the day, 54 years before, when a 17-year-old girl cut her red hair, put on boy's

clothes and inscribed herself as "James Barry" among the medical students at Edinburgh University she had kept her secret.

She carried it through the last stages of the Peninsular War. She kept it at Malta, where she was principal doctor to the garrison. And, after the Battle of Waterloo, she took it with her to Capetown, where for many months James Barry was medical adviser to the Governor and the garrison, and to most of the colony too.

He was puzzled

Assistant surgeon at 20, gazetted surgeon-major on November 22, 1827, when only 33, James Barry was far too capable a surgeon to be suspected. Only once in her career, in 1819, did it happen that Lord Albemarle, who met her at dinner with Lord Charles Somerset, then Governor of Cape Colony, thought there was something puzzling about the competent Scottish surgeon.

He was impressed with this "most skilful of physicians" who was also "the most wayward of men, a beardless lad with an unmistakably Scottish type of appearance, reddish hair and high cheekbones." He noted, too, that the doctor's conversation was "greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess table in those days."

But what struck him above all else was "a certain air of effe-

minacy which he was always striving to overcome."

It was in an endeavour to show manhood that James Barry became offhanded to the verge of arrogance. Reprimanded for absence from parade by his Excellency himself, the young doctor told the Governor that he "might take care of his own health and be hanged."

On three occasions Barry fought duels with brother officers at the Cape. The third time, the opponent, one Captain Cloete, was so seriously wounded that the doctor was sent home for court-martial.

But good doctors were scarce in Cape Colony in the eighteenth-twenties. Lord Charles Somerset probably used his influence for his health's sake. Anyway, James Barry was completely exonerated and restored to the same post at the Cape.

In the Crimea

After that things went smoothly. The merits of the "most skilful of physicians" received their recognition, and James Barry was among the heads of the medical department throughout the Crimean campaign. She was retired on half-pay in 1858, and for the next seven years, until her death disclosed her secret, she was mercifully left alone.

Full facts were never published. Only bit by bit did the story leak out, the story of a 17-year-old Scots girl, an earl's

granddaughter, it is said—but no one has found which earl it was—who loved a junior doctor suddenly ordered out to Wellington's army in Spain.

There were no women nurses in those days. To join the Army and find her lover, "James Barry" must pass herself off as a man and go as a medical assistant to the Army after taking her degree. And this, unquestioned, she accomplished.

Loved her craft

But her quest did not succeed. Perhaps she never found that young doctor on any battlefield or in any Spanish hospital. Perhaps he was killed in one or other of those grim campaigns which forced Napoleon's armies from the coast of Portugal across the Eastern Pyrenees.

"But when she lost her old love, James Barry had found a new one, the love of her craft. To it she devoted so much energy and skill that she captured every prize the medical department had to offer.

There were questions, of course, after the general died. There was a whole file of papers on the subject, and when Sir William Morrocks, Director of Hygiene at the War Office in 1919, was asked if he had ever seen the file, he was quite certain that he had.

But he was equally certain that it was a long time ago, and that it must have been lost since then. Well, it has not been found, and now it is not likely to be.

So the full story of James Barry lies buried with the old general who was laid to rest full of years and honour in the cemetery at Kensal Green.

PLUG
GRE

James Barry

ing to reports from inside France, says Reuter. This was only one of 36 acts of sabotage in the past two months in the Clermont-Ferrand area.

German troop trains have been derailed, production of 10,000 tons of steel prevented by the blowing up of a power station, and more than 300,000 gallons of petrol, destined for Germany, disappeared from stores in Vichy.

the participation of all the United Nations, especially so important a nation as Russia which has made very great sacrifices."—B.U.P.

Mr. Curtin

Mr. Curtin, the Prime Minister of Australia, will give the Postscript tonight after the nine o'clock news, in the Home Service.

with other Governments to establish and maintain orderly production from world oil reserves.

Berlin 'explains' maps in Sweden

Germany's reply to the Swedish protest about the German military maps of Sweden found at Helsingborg and Haparanda has been delivered in Stockholm.

Stockholm sources say that the reply asserts that the maps were part of a routine transfer of military documents, as is usual between a country and its armed forces in other theatres.

Unpreparedness:

He blames us all

Lieut.-General A. E. Nye, Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff, speaking at Coventry yesterday, said: "Unpreparedness was the result of a definite policy carried out by successive Governments of various political parties, and responsibility for our unpreparedness rests upon the shoulders of us all."

General Nye said that those who knew the full extent of our unpreparedness were well aware that it would take at least two years from the outbreak of war to train and equip an army proportionate to our needs.

Night attack on shipping

Beaughters of Coastal Command attacked enemy shipping off the Norwegian coast on Friday night. A medium-sized merchant vessel was damaged. One of our aircraft is missing.

The Premiers relax

The Dominion Prime Ministers, who have held nine meetings since they arrived in Britain six days ago, had their first "day off" yesterday.

The champion riding confidently, had three more successes on Pinch of Heaven (3.30), Criss-Cross (4.0) and Angus (4.30).

BANNED AREAS; IDENTITY CARD MUST BE SHOWN

The War Office yesterday issued a reminder that anybody over 16 entering the banned areas must produce his identity card immediately on demand.

Three months' imprisonment and a fine of £100 is the penalty, and the identity card must be signed.

Mr. Peter Fraser welcomes a hero

Major-General Howard Kippenberger, commander of the New Zealand Division, and idol of his men, who led them into battle at Cassino, is in England. Mr. Peter Fraser, New Zealand Prime Minister, who met him on arrival, announced in March that the general had been severely wounded, losing both feet. He is here for treatment in a military hospital.

18 YEARS—NOT A DAY'S LEAVE

Eighteen years ago, Sergeant Harry Copley went abroad with his regiment. He served in Gibraltar, Singapore, Hongkong, China and India. Now he is on the Imphal front, centre of the Burma fighting.

Yet during the whole of that time he has never had leave or one day's sickness.

To all offers to be sent home he has replied: "I want to continue serving with the battalion."

THE QUADS 'SALUTE THE SOLDIER'



THE St. Neots Quads took part in the opening parade—watched by thousands yesterday—of Salute the Soldier Week at Sandy, Bedfordshire. They represented four of the Allied nations—Michael, China; Paul, the United States; Ann, Britain, and Ernest, Russia. Gordon Miles, an elder brother, was there, too, as a sailor.

Sunday Dispatch

Copy

284 Great Cheetham St.
Manchester

10

Jany 22 1882

Dear Sir

I was much pleased to receive your card of enquiry to-day and I have sent you a paper with the latest notice of my novel * -

It was extensively advertised at the time of publication but it failed to produce interest

I have little doubt but that a cheap edition would sell well; As this is not however, the opinion of Mr Maxwell, my work is doomed to die -

The faults are those inseparable from a first novel, but the mere fact that Dr Barry's career is touched on ought to ensure readers -

I have strenuously endeavoured to write nothing that could offend possible living relatives of that queer personage and I am happy to possess a letter from Col Montmorency (Cony; Galway Reg Dist) in which he says "you have said nothing to offend the susceptibilities of her family"

Col de Montmorency and Gen Lowry are two of four gentlemen who discovered Dr Barry's sex and who are still alive -

Dr Barry served in the West Indies with me and I had particular opportunities of observing her habits and manner - Possibly, you remember the Doctor better still - If so I should be glad to hear from you again -

Faithfully yours

E. Rogers

'Miss Braddon' alluded to by the French Writer, is the Wife of my Publisher, so, she has, in fact, dared

* "The Sphynx" in 3 Vols. T.L.

Copy

Pencilled Note.

There are many errors both in the account given in the Revue des Medecins des Armees (See Article 12 note) and in the novel the "Sphynx" The true sexual condition of Dr Barry was never scientifically determined; probably he was the subject of some malformation. I followed Dr Barry at Trinidad, and was acquainted with the family at whose house he was when he was ill. It was not discovered there that he was a female. But when he was lying ill, Dr B. extorted a promise from the lady of the house that if he died his body should be rolled in the sheets in which he was lying and that he should be buried without further disturbance. He recovered, and nothing further occurred as regarded the question of sex.

Messrs Sir C. McGrigor & Co were Dr Barry's Agents, and they knew all about his affairs. He died in a lodging in London, and at the time of his death he was in money difficulties owing to his extravagant habits. Sir C. McGrigor lost money in the settlement of his accounts. There was no professional examination after death, but the woman who was sent for to lay the body out, exclaimed that she had come to lay out the body of a man but found it was the body of a woman.

T. Longmore

Copy of Copy

Galway

16/2/82

My Dear Major

I was not actually in the room when Dr James Barry's sex was discovered in 1841 ; the matter was confidentially told me immediately after the discovery by one of the party present, so I would not wish that either his name, nor mine, to be brought before the public in the matter.

X X X X

Believe me

yrs faithfully

T. de Montmorency

X The remd of the letter had no reference to the subject of Dr Barry

Copy

284 Gt Cheetham St
Manchester

Feb 25th 1882

Dear Doctor Longmore

I have been so busy officially preparing for the change of payments of Pensioners I have had no time lately to enclose you the reply of Col Montmorency as to the information he previously gave me about Dr Barry's sex.

The fact remains that the asst Surgeon of the station (Trinidad) discovered what Col de Montmorency reported to me - namely that on throwing back the sheets from off the unconscious 'Doctor' it was seen that she was a woman - and upon recovery of her senses she made those present swear that her secret would not be disclosed until after her death - Gen Lowry, who is a member of the U.S. Club, was, I presume, Col Montmorency's informant - as he was one of those stated to be present. If you ever get the opportunity or if you know a personal friend of Gen Lowry who would put the direct question this interesting doubtful point would be set at rest.

Yours faithfully

E. Rogers.

DR JAMES BARRY, CONTROVERSIAL SOUTH AFRICAN MEDICAL FIGURE: A RECENT EVALUATION OF HIS LIFE AND SEX*

PROF. PERCIVAL R. KIRBY,† *Grahamstown, CP*

It was a little over 35 years ago that I first became interested in Dr James Barry, and my interest was, I must confess, directly connected with a curious story which came to me while I was collecting material for a paper on Dr Andrew Smith, whose manuscript diary of his great expedition to the north in 1834-1836 I had succeeded in running to earth in the South African Museum in Cape Town.

Having found that Dr Smith in 1825 had persuaded the then Governor of the Cape to transfer him from Grahams-town, where he was stationed at the time, to Cape Town, in order to establish the first officially sponsored museum there, I prepared a paper on the subject which I read to the members of the South African Museums' Association at their Congress in Bulawayo in 1939.

In outlining the career of Dr Andrew Smith, I had naturally searched the military records of the time of his arrival in South Africa, which I found was 1821, in order to see to whom he would have to report; and I found that the military medical officer who appeared to be in charge at the time was one James Barry, M.D. This sent me at once to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, in which I found the fantastic story that the James Barry in question was said to have been a woman masquerading as a man.

If, indeed, it was to Barry to whom Smith had to report on his arrival, mutual recognition must have taken place, since both had been medical students at the University of Edinburgh, though Barry was, academically speaking, senior to Smith. But having discovered this, I put the matter aside until my friend and ex-student, the late Mrs Helen McKay, returned from a visit to Great Britain which she had undertaken in 1935 in order to obtain information about the great traveller, William John Burchell, and at the same time to find out for me what she could about Dr Andrew Smith.

By a mixture of persistence and good luck, Mrs McKay discovered that Andrew Smith's younger nephew, Mr Andrew Smith Michie, an ex-banker of distinction in London, was still alive at the age of 93 years. She interviewed him, and he gave her some extremely valuable material for my use, including Andrew Smith's personal album containing many documents relating to his career. But he added a verbal postscript which I admit that I found hard to swallow, to the effect that: 'Dr James Barry, when a young woman, fell in love with Andrew Smith. She followed him to Edinburgh, and, when her attentions were not encouraged, she donned male attire, studied medicine and became a famous army surgeon.'

On reading this extraordinary and, to me, extravagant story, I at once set about checking the facts known about the career of James Barry, who was actually 2 years older than Andrew Smith. I soon found out that the dates did not fit, for it became clear that Barry arrived at the Cape

long before Smith; Barry landed there in 1816 (though by what ship it is not known), whereas Smith arrived 5 years later, in 1821.

But my intensive search revealed another amazing fact, namely that a third young military medico, who had been a fellow-student of James Barry and Andrew Smith at Edinburgh, had also come to the Cape in 1817, and had remained there until 1820, leaving shortly before Andrew Smith's arrival in South Africa. This was none other than the famous Dr Robert Knox, who in 1828 became involved in the activities of Burke and Hare, the notorious 'body-snatchers' of Edinburgh, which resulted in his downfall. He, too, must have been recognized by Barry; but since he served as a regimental surgeon in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony, they doubtless saw very little of each other.

It was not long before I recognized that Barry's activities, whatever his sex might have been, were of little importance to my main subject of research, which was Andrew Smith. I therefore filed what little information about Barry I had gathered, and to it added more facts from time to time, realizing more and more as I did so that, as Edmund Burrows¹ has so admirably put it in his *A History of Medicine in South Africa*: 'The circumstances of his life have been dramatized to such a degree and so much speculation woven around the meagre facts that do exist, that an objective approach to it has become well-nigh impossible.'

Burrows's suggestion is quite true, and it is amply proved by the countless articles and many books that have been published on the subject, almost all being based upon the assumption that Barry was a woman in disguise. Several of the most flagrant, I regret to say, were written by medical men.

In 1966 Miss Margaret Bevan, of the Johannesburg Public Library, prepared a bibliography of Dr James Barry, which lists and describes 168 items dealing with the doctor and his activities in South Africa. The first 75 of these deal with the question of Barry's sex, and the remainder chiefly with his life and work at the Cape. But these items do not include references to the numerous and often voluminous reports sent by Barry to his superior officers from the various parts of the world in which he was stationed from time to time. For those one has to search the Archives in South Africa as well as those in London; and if one does this one is confronted with a vast mass of material which it would take years to deal with adequately.

In connection with the records kept by the Army Medical Department in London, I found, when I first visited the offices of the RAMC in order to try to trace the career of Dr Andrew Smith, that all they could produce was a very brief entry in a foolscap log-book; and when I asked about Barry, only a similar short entry was forthcoming. No-one mentioned that there was in existence a special file containing a number of valuable documents in which not only did Barry himself outline his career in the service,

*The 2nd Orenstein Lecture, delivered at the Museum of the History of Medicine, Johannesburg, March 1969.

†Professor Kirby died recently and this article is published posthumously as a tribute to a regular contributor.—Editor.

and serum potassium levels and the electrocardiogram should be closely watched.^{4,21,22} The eyes should be protected from strong light.

Peritoneal dialysis may be used in conjunction with bicarbonate infusion for rapid correction of acidosis, especially in advanced cases. Furthermore, this also provides a means of eliminating methyl alcohol and its toxic metabolites. For this purpose peritoneal dialysis appears to be as efficient as haemodialysis.²⁴ Gastric lavage may remove significant quantities of the slowly absorbed methyl alcohol. Constant lavage has also been advocated as methyl alcohol is actively secreted into the stomach after absorption. Caution should be exercised in intubation, as perforation of an acute gastric erosion may occur.^{14,23} Ethyl alcohol in quantities sufficient to maintain a serum concentration of 100 mg/100 ml may be infused in an attempt to delay the metabolism of methyl alcohol.^{4,9,10,23} The benefit of this method of treatment has been contested on the basis that it causes further depression and it is probably only of value in the early stages of poisoning or if alkali therapy must be postponed for any reason. The terminal stages of respiratory failure or cardiovascular collapse should be treated in the usual way, but the chances of successful resuscitation are remote.

CONCLUSION

The diagnosis of methyl alcohol poisoning must be considered in all cases of acute mental disturbance, with or without papilloedema, cardiovascular collapse or central respiratory depression, in which none of the usual causes is demonstrable. Important diagnostic points include a history of consumption of illicit or unorthodox concoctions; the ophthalmoscopic findings of retinal or papillary oedema in the absence of space-occupying lesions; malignant hypertension or other causes of increased intracranial pressure; and severe metabolic acidosis in the absence of the common causes such as uraemia or diabetic ketosis. Finally, in a condition whose consequences may be so rapidly catastrophic stress must be placed on prevention. There is a great need for a continuing and intensive campaign to inform our non-White population of the hazards of illicit or adulterated drinks. Equally important is the provision of convenient and congenial drinking facilities which will compete with and eventually displace the 'shebeen queens' and other illicit vendors.

BOEKBESPREKINGS : BOOK REVIEWS

KLASSIFIKASIE VAN GEWASSE

Histological Typing of Soft Tissue Tumours. International Histological Classification of Tumours No. 3. By F. M. Enzinger. Pp. 119. Illustrated. £15.0.0. Geneva: WHO, 1969. Obtainable through Van Schaik's Bookstore, Pretoria.

Hierdie boek wat uitgegee word deur die W.G.O. dek 'n besondere wye veld, nl. gewasse van bindweefsel, vetweefsel, spier, bloed- en limfvate, sinoviale weefsel, mesoteliale weefsel, perifere senuwees, simpatisie ganglia en paraganglioniese strukture. Die teks van 44 bladsye word illustreer met 150 uitstekende kleurfoto's en 152 kleurskryfies.

Die klassifikasie van gewasse wat gebruik word is breed genoeg om onsekerhede uit die weg te ruim en tog nou genoeg om heeltemal prakties uitvoerbaar te wees. Die boek is vir spesialiste deur spesialiste geskryf en ek voel dat dit 'n 'moet' is vir elke chirurgiese patoloog.

W.J.P.

Some local authorities such as the Johannesburg Municipality have already gone a long way in this direction, but much further effort is still necessary.

SUMMARY

Three fatal cases of methyl alcohol poisoning in Bantu subjects are reported. The pathophysiology, clinical features and therapy are reviewed. Attention is drawn to the fact that patients presenting in the terminal phase of intoxication may exhibit non-specific features so that the diagnosis is easily missed.

We wish to thank Drs H. Bukofzer and V. D. Kemp, District Surgeons at the Johannesburg Medico-legal Laboratory, for the necropsy findings; Dr H. van Wyk, Medical Superintendent of Johannesburg Hospital, for permission to publish; and Mr M. Freiman, analyst at the State Health Laboratories, for the toxicological investigations.

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VIROLOGY

Textbook of Medical Virology. By A. Cohen, M.A., D.M. (Oxon), M.C. Path. Pp. xii + 550. Illustrated. £30.0.0. Oxford: Blackwell Scientific Publications, 1969.

At a time when the phenomenal advances in the field of virology are being reported mainly in specialized journals and monographs, the appearance of a general textbook of medical virology is a welcome event. This reasonably short treatise is eminently readable but remarkably comprehensive. It includes consideration of the rickettsias and TRIC agents which most virologists would no longer call viruses, but for the purpose of this book their inclusion is excusable. The use of a binomial system of nomenclature has the advantage of convenience rather than of permanence.

This book may be strongly recommended to students and teachers of medicine.

A.K.

but the facts relating to his death had been set down in black and white by the doctor who signed his death certificate!

This particular Barry file was first made available to Miss Isobel Rae, a Scotswoman living in Nairn, who brought out in London in 1958 her book entitled: *The Strange Story of Dr James Barry, Army Surgeon, Inspector-General of Hospitals, Discovered on Death to be a Woman.*²

In my opinion Miss Rae was wrong in stating as a fact in the title of her book the suggestion that gained currency only after the death of the little doctor; but the temptation to do so must have been very great, for it certainly made an excellent 'selling-point' for her book. So I am not surprised that she succumbed to it.

But if that was wrong, Miss Rae's practice throughout her book of referring to Barry as 'she' was, I feel, infinitely worse, as I hope to show. Apart from these criticisms, I have nothing but praise for Miss Rae's book, for she went to great trouble to uncover every possible fact relating to Barry's career; and if we cannot always agree with her conclusions, we can at least appreciate her thoroughness in searching for and revealing the main facts about the doctor's life.

The Barry file, which made Miss Rae's work possible, apparently lay in the War Office until it was transferred in recent years to the Public Record Office. It consists of some 50 sheets which include various reports, official documents and letters. They were labelled the 'War Office Personal Files No. 14651/1, Dr James Barry, Inspector-General, A.M.S.'—i.e. Army Medical Service.

Now it is important to remember that, as the years go by, the collection of such files and other documents increases so rapidly that it is regarded as necessary from time to time to destroy any that do not appear to merit preservation. The Barry file contains incontrovertible evidence that it had a narrow escape in 1903, for the very first document in it is a slip of paper dated 16 August 1903, which states that 'Col. Babbie thinks that these papers should not be destroyed', and the very next document, dated 25 September 1909, a memo marked 'Important' and headed 'Inspector-General A.M.S. Dr. J. Barry, Papers, etc', also bears the statement 'Indexed, 26/11/36'.

So it was due to the far-sightedness of one of the medical officers of the Army Medical Department that the Barry file survived; though it is also clear that, having examined it, he had come to the conclusion that the old stories were true, and that Barry had been a woman.

Two very interesting documents in the file are the draft of a 'memorial' submitted fairly late in life by Barry himself, appealing for permission to remain in the service of the Army Medical Department for a few more years, instead of having to retire on half-pay, as had been decided upon by the authorities, and the final form of that same 'memorial'. The draft, I may say, is in Barry's own handwriting.

Since it came from the man himself, and was undoubtedly the document which gave Miss Isobel Rae the clues to Barry's career, I think it is worth quoting it, as from it one obtains a fair idea not only of his literary style, but also of what he himself regarded as important features in his professional career in the army. I shall, of

course, quote the revised version of the memorandum, which was entitled: 'Memorandum of the Services of Dr James Barry, Inspector-General of Hospitals'.

BARRY'S MEMORANDUM

'I entered the Army as a Medical Officer under the age of 14 years and served first at the Cape of Good Hope about 13 years attached to the personal staff of the late General Lord Charles Somerset on whose resignation I was promoted to the rank of Staff Surgeon and sent to Mauritius. I served there about 18 months and was recalled in consequence of the serious illness of Lord Charles Somerset upon whose death I proceeded to Jamaica and served under Sir Willoughby Cotton during the Rebellion and the burning of the Plantations by the Negroes. I was in medical charge of the Troops employed on that service, the Inspector-General remaining at Head Quarters.

'Thence I was ordered to St. Helena as Principal Medical Officer and subsequently to the Windward and Leeward Islands and did duty at Antigua and Trinidad, and for several months was in Medical charge of the Troops in the Command during the absence of the Inspector-General and when relieved was thanked in General Orders by General Sir J. Whithigham.

'Having returned to this country on sick leave after a serious attack of yellow fever contracted at Trinidad I was on my recovery sent to Malta as Principal Medical Officer and served under General Sir Patrick Stewart and General Ellice to both of whom I gave satisfaction as recorded in the Public Document and at the Medical Board and I also had the thanks of the Duke of Wellington for my services during the period that Island was visited by the cholera.

'I was shortly after promoted to the rank of Deputy Inspector General in the Ionian Islands. During the period of my service there war was declared against Russia and at my suggestions to Lord Raglan and Inspector-General Sir J. Hall 500 of the sick and wounded from the Crimea were sent and placed under my charge at Corfu, upwards of 400 of them returned fit for active service having been restored to health in an unusually short period and I myself proceeded on leave to the Crimea where I remained about three months with the 4th Division before Sebastopol and made myself useful as opportunities offered which can be certified by Sir John Hall and the Colonel and officers of the 48th Regiment.

'The 97th Regiment having been ordered from Malta to the Pireus I received a letter from the Officer Commanding that Corps (now Major-General Lockyer) to the effect that his Regiment was unprovided with medical comforts or medicines, that he had no means of procuring them and consequently felt considerable anxiety and distress, the cholera having broken out and 92 men having been already taken ill.

'In two hours after the receipt of Colonel Lockyer's letter I had embarked a supply of comforts and medicines for the use of the Regiment and Hospital and continued to forward further supplies once a week there being no other possible means by which such supplies could have been procured.

'For my conduct on that occasion I was thanked by the Director-General and the Officers Commanding 97th 3rd Buffs and 91st Regiments who consecutively received similar aid. I also had the approbation of Admiral Lord Lyons conveyed to me through Captain Butler Commanding the "Modeste" for my "zeal and services", having discovered the cause of the malignant fever on board that vessel and for my successful treatment of the sick and the purification of the Ship.

'I received also at Corfu through the British Government a Diamond Ring from the Archduke Maximilian for services to one of His Imperial Highness's Crew.

'My period of service in the Ionian Islands having expired I was promoted to the rank of Inspector-General of Hospitals in Canada where I remained nearly two years and returned to Europe in consequence of a serious attack of illness "Bronchitis" then prevailing in Canada. Lieut.-General Sir W. Eyre of the Forces in that Colony was obliged to return about the same time under similar circumstances and his case I deeply regret to say terminated fatally.

'Immediately on my arrival in London scarcely recovered and in addition labouring under the effects of Sea Sickness

during a rough and tempestuous voyage I was ordered before a Medical Board. Of the proceedings of this Board which consisted of three *Junior Officers* perfect strangers to me and to my peculiar habits, I know nothing, but the result was my being placed upon Half Pay without having completed my period of service in the Rank I had attained which I deemed hard considering my faithful and active service extending over a period of more than 40 years.

I may add that during this lengthened period of my service I obtained leave of absence on private affairs on only one occasion and then only when I perceived my prospects in the service were seriously compromised for want of a personal appeal at Head Quarters.

On each change of Station I was put to an immense personal outlay the climates of each being of such different temperatures.

Each move entailed a sacrifice of property then in my possession and an outlay to procure that required for the service in prospect.

I am now prepared to serve Her Majesty in any quarter of the Globe to which I may be sent and am loath to close a career which impartially may be deemed to have been a useful and faithful one without some special mark of Her Majesty's gracious favor.

James Barry, M.D.,
Inspector-General.'

On the face of it this memorandum appears to be a fair and objective outline of Barry's military record. But it omits all mention of the serious difficulties into which he got himself through his autocratic and at times even rebellious behaviour. These included a number of severe reprimands, a reduction in rank on one occasion, and at least one court-martial, all of which must have been well known at the War Office. These I shall deal with later.

For details of Barry's career, however, I must refer to Miss Rae's book, with the warning though that I cannot agree with her manner of dealing with the documents relating to the doctor's death, for which I gave my reasons in the paper which I published in *Africana Notes and News* in June 1965 and which was entitled 'The centenary of the death of James Barry, M.D., Inspector-General of Hospitals (1795 - 1865): a re-examination of the facts relating to his physical condition'.

One may ask: Who was this Dr James Barry? Who were his parents, and where was he born? Miss Isobel Rae, wisely discarding all the wild surmises that have been given currency from time to time, such as that he was a natural son of David Stuart Erskine, the Earl of Buchan or even of the Prince Regent, discovered that he was a nephew of James Barry, R.A., the Irish painter, who himself was a son of John Barry, a builder living in the town of Cork, in Ireland, who later became a shipmaster of sorts.

With this information at my disposal I set about tracing the will of the artist, and there found that he had had a sister, known to Miss Rae, and a brother, unknown to her. The sister was Mary Anne Barry, who later became Mrs Jeremiah Bulkeley, and the brother was named Redmond. The will, however, makes no mention of the artist's having had a son. For a number of reasons, however, I incline to believe that the future military medico was the illegitimate offspring of the painter, though he might possibly have been a child of the artist's brother, Redmond. I may say that the doctor invariably referred to Mrs Bulkeley as his aunt.

In an endeavour to ascertain his parentage, I arranged for the Genealogical Society of London to search all

possible records, but they had no success even with institutions that in the late 18th century looked after illegitimate children in their infancy, and likewise in the later census returns. With regard to the latter, Barry, if I am right in my diagnosis of his physical condition, could not as a medical man have filled in the usual type of census form, for reasons that will become apparent. It is clear enough, however, that Dr James Barry was born in London.

The artist, James Barry, R.A., was a remarkable man. Early in his life in Ireland he attracted the attention and obtained the lifelong friendship and patronage of the great Irish politician, Edmund Burke, whose powerful influence first in Ireland and then in England established the painter's reputation in the world of art. In society, however, his reputation was, I regret to say, rather shady, and his temper readily aroused. But in spite of these, and in spite of the fact that he was amazingly careless of his dress, he made and retained the close friendship of many influential men, and, I may add, attracted several lovely women!

Two of his male friends became his patrons, these being General Francesco Miranda (ca 1754 - 1816), the Venezuelan revolutionary, and David Stuart Erskine (1742 - 1829), the eleventh Earl of Buchan in Scotland.

There is no question but that it was the artist, James Barry, R.A., who put the young James Barry in touch with his two powerful patrons, to whom he himself owed a great deal. I would go even further and suggest that it was the artist, who was a brilliant, if unpredictable, man and a fascinating conversationalist, who first guided the studies of the younger James.

General Miranda, who lived in Grafton Street in London, had a magnificent library, of which young James Barry made ample use; and the Earl of Buchan had an equally imposing one at his residence in Dryburgh, a town a little to the south of Edinburgh, in which the future army surgeon, during his student days in the Athens of the North, spent 5 valuable months.

But wherever young James Barry acquired his basic education, it is certain that he assimilated the literary background of a cultured young man, including, of course, a thorough knowledge of Latin, without which no-one at that time could obtain a degree at a Scottish university; and the thesis for the degree of M.D. had to be written and defended in that language. I believe, too, that even certain lectures were delivered in Latin!

At the end of 1809 James Barry, junior—if I may call him that—travelled to Edinburgh in charge of his aunt, Mrs Bulkeley. They stayed at 6 Lothian Street, in furnished lodgings kept by a Mrs Haggerston. The youth enrolled at the university as a 'literary and medical student'.

Mrs Bulkeley remained with her nephew until the summer of 1810, when she returned to London; and James Barry, who by this time had become acquainted with the Earl of Buchan, was, at the Earl's request, taken as a boarder by Dr Robert Anderson, a distinguished Scottish scholar. It was about this time that Barry was invited by the Earl to visit him at Dryburgh, where the young man made full use of his host's superb library.

The Earl asked Dr Anderson 'to look into the Latinity of his [Barry's] thesis', which the lad was about to write;

for Buchan realized that Barry was very young to be undertaking university studies, though he was of the opinion that he *would* be able to take a degree in medicine and surgery. It should be remembered that at that time there was nothing in the regulations to prevent a young boy from attending university classes in Edinburgh. These came later.

Barry's university curriculum, as later set down by himself for the information of the Army Medical Department, was very comprehensive, and is worth noting.

'I commenced the Study of my Profession at the University of Edinburgh as Literary and Medical Student in the year 1810. The following are the classes I attended:

| | |
|---|---------------------------------|
| Dr Gregory: Practice of Physic | 12 months 1811 - 12. |
| Dr Duncan: Theory of Medicine | 2 courses of Clinical Lectures. |
| | 3 courses in 1811 - 12. |
| Dr Hope: Chemistry | 18 courses in 1810 - 11 - 12. |
| Mr Rutherford: Botany | 12 courses in 1810. |
| Dr Munro: Anatomy | 3 courses of Morbid Anatomy. |
| | 2 courses of Morbid Anatomy. |
| Dr Thompson: Military Surgery | 1 course in 1811. |
| Dr Hamilton: Midwifery | 3 courses in 1810 - 11 - 12. |
| Mr Fyfe: Dissection | 3 courses in 1810 - 11 - 12. |
| Mr Russell: Clinical Surgical Lectures | in 1811 - 12. |
| Barclay and Murray's Private Lectures, | 1810 - 11 - 12. |
| Mr Duncan's Lectures: Medical Jurisprudence. | |
| Literary Classes: Greek, Natural and Moral Philosophy, etc. | |
| Private Pupil to Mr Fyfe . . . | |

'I likewise attended the undermentioned Hospitals as a regular Pupil: Guy's and St Thomas in London for 6 months.

'Royal Infirmary, Dispensary and Lying-in Hospital, Edinburgh, for 12 months in the year 1811 - 12 as perpetual pupil.

'I received a Diploma dated in 1812 as Doctor of Medicine from the University of Edinburgh.'

Mr Fyfe was the demonstrator in Anatomy, who supervised all student dissections.

Barry presented his M.D. thesis (at the age of 17) at the examination of 1812, its title being *De merocoele, vel hernia crurali*, that is, 'On hernia of the groin', which he had begun in the winter of 1811. The *viva voce* part of his examination was, as I have said, conducted in Latin.

Having graduated, Barry returned to London for further surgical studies under Sir Astley Cooper at Guy's Hospital, becoming on 17 October 1812 a 'pupil-dresser to Mr Whitfield', who was at that time 'Apothecary' and unofficial medical school secretary of St Thomas's Hospital, which was so closely associated with Guy's that they were practically one and the same.

Barry's position as 'pupil-dresser' was a privileged one, as the pupil-dressers either occupied front seats in the lecture room, or else actually assisted the eminent surgeon who was conducting an operation. In addition, the dressers were responsible for all the dressings in the wards, and also had to deal with casualty cases.

In June 1813, Barry entered for, and passed, the Army Medical Board examination, and as a result was gazetted as a Hospital Assistant on 5 July. Most recruits for the Army Medical Department had rather sketchy qualifications, and were usually appointed as mere Hospital Mates. But Barry bypassed that rank, as also did several others who had acquired similar qualifications, though not perhaps as impressive as his.

Most medical examinations of recruits to the Army involved the physical examination of the candidate's person,

and various speculations have been put forward as to how Barry could have evaded this. But I think that the answer is quite simple. Barry was very highly qualified, and a personal assurance from him that his health was sound would, in all likelihood, have been accepted by the officer detailed to examine him. I myself have asked various medical men who have been in the Army if they would insist upon a personal physical examination in the case of a colleague, and the answer has generally been: 'certainly not'.

But although the rank of a Hospital Assistant was a very low one, he was nevertheless a commissioned officer; whereas a Hospital Mate, a man of few medical qualifications, was a mere Warrant Officer.

By becoming a Hospital Assistant, young Barry never became a regular regimental surgeon, and so it was to the Hospital of the Plymouth garrison that he was first attached. At first the medical officer in charge was unwilling to receive the very juvenile-looking M.D., but as the lad had been recommended by the Earl of Buchan he was obliged to accept him.

Barry remained at Plymouth for the best part of 2 years, and was then, on 7 December 1815, gazetted Assistant to the Forces. And in August 1816 he was ordered to the Cape as Assistant-Surgeon to the garrison at Cape Town.

I have diligently searched the shipping records in the Cape Archives, but have been unable to discover with certainty when Barry actually arrived at the Cape. There was on an Indiaman named the *Borodino*, which reached Simon's Bay on 30 June 1817, a Dr James Barry, Hospital Assistant, and also a Dr Robert Knox, of the same rank; and at first I imagined that I had got at the truth, especially since the Dr Knox in question was certainly the man who in 1827 got into trouble in Edinburgh; but the discovery of a letter from our James Barry, written by him to the Governor of the Cape 9 days before the *Borodino* anchored in Simon's Bay, proved that our hero did not sail in that vessel.*

SOME HIGHLIGHTS IN BARRY'S CAREER

James Barry's achievements in medicine, surgery, and even pharmacy, were of no mean value, being as they were frequently unconventional and sometimes even daring. I can only outline some of the more striking of these, since a full discussion of them would take up a great deal of time. In doing this I shall begin with his work at the Cape in the month of January 1817, not very long after his arrival in South Africa.

He was called in to treat the son of the Count de las Casas, the Frenchman who had gone into exile with Napoleon at St Helena, and who, in January 1817, was living in the Castle at Cape Town. Barry, who undoubtedly discovered that his patient had been shut up indoors for a long time while writing down his father's memoirs from his dictation, naturally prescribed the simple remedy of a course of sea-bathing, realizing that all the lad really needed was plenty of fresh air and exercise.

And when, in this same month of January 1817, Barry

*There was another James Barry at the Cape, and the Cape Archives have a photograph bearing such a name in the Elliot collection which does not in the least resemble Dr James Barry.—Editor.

accompanied Lord Charles Somerset and his two daughters as the Governor's medical officer on his tour to the Eastern districts of the Cape Colony, his services were such that in December of that year he was appointed, by Sir Charles, Physician to the Governor's Household, with a good salary and a residence in the grounds of Government House. In addition, he was appointed Second Member of the Vaccine Institution, with even greater emoluments. He, of course, retained his military rank and continued to perform his military duties. And from this time onwards Barry was frequently called in as a consultant by his fellow mediceos at the Cape, and became very popular by reason of his undoubted ability.

In the autumn of 1818 the Governor became seriously ill, and Barry, being sent for, diagnosed his complaint as 'typhus with dysentery'. Although at first Lord Charles's life was despaired of, Barry succeeded in effecting a complete cure.

In the winter of 1819 Barry was ordered to go to Mauritius, where a serious outbreak of cholera had occurred, and the little doctor remained on the island, helping the local medical men, until the epidemic ended in February 1820, when he returned to the Cape.

But Barry's probity in all medical matters soon brought him into conflict with the local apothecaries and others who, without any medical qualification, were in the habit of purveying drugs of all kinds to all and sundry; since Barry had found that some of the drugs were of bad quality and others positively dangerous, he determined to do what he could to stop the practice. As virtual head of the Colonial Medical Department Barry had every right to act as he did, but the 'shopkeepers', as he regarded them, were furious with the doctor for so interfering with what they regarded as their rights, and an unholy row ensued, the details of which have been described by Burrows.³

Among other duties that were imposed upon Barry was the inspection of various government institutions, such as the leper institution, which rejoiced in the name of 'Hemel en Aarde', the Somerset Hospital and the town jail, and to report upon them. In his reports Barry let himself go without fear or favour, drawing attention to the serious defects which were, in his opinion, completely unforgivable. He even went so far as to say that the Somerset Hospital was as dirty as the patients, and that the leper institution was no better.

And as far as the leper institution was concerned, Barry drew up a set of rules for its conduct so strict that the supervisor of the institution complained to the Governor and threatened to resign. As a matter of fact all that Barry did was to insist upon scrupulous cleanliness and suitable diet for the patients, and that, above all, they must be considered not as convicts but as unfortunates.

And when, in April 1824, Barry inspected the Cape Town jail, he found there an unhappy prisoner lying on the bare ground with a fractured thigh. This man had been given neither medicine nor a proper diet, nor even bedding, being merely supplied once in every 24 hours with a bucket of water and the common prison daily allowance!

Having discovered this, Barry immediately asked if there were any more prisoners in like condition, and was then taken to another cell, in which there was a second man

with a fractured leg and with a heavy chain round his other one. Barry at once reported this shocking state of affairs directly to the Governor, who took instant action, ordering both these prisoners to be taken to hospital at once. Dr Barry's action, needless to say, did not endear him to either the fiscal or the jailers, who lost no opportunity of denigrating him.

It may have been a mere coincidence, or it may have been because of Barry's recent actions, that an amazing event took place on 1 June 1824. This was the appearance, on the Hout Street bridge over the Heerengracht (the canal which gave Adderley Street its original name), of a scurrilous placard alleging that there was an immoral relationship between Barry and the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset.

I do not propose to go into the details of the court case that followed. They will be found, in English, in Theal's *Records of the Cape Colony*. But Theal's account did not satisfy me, since he in every instance omitted the operative verb, substituting for it a row of asterisks wherever it occurred. So I searched the Cape Archives for the original report of the case, and found, as I had expected, that it was in Dutch, and that the clerk who wrote it did not know how to spell the fatal word!

All this was bad enough, but worse was to follow. In August 1825, Barry examined a man who had been a prisoner in the town jail, but who, because of his peculiar condition, had been transferred to the lunatic asylum of the Somerset Hospital. After thoroughly interrogating the persons concerned, Barry did not scruple to arraign the prison doctor and the jailers themselves. The latter, he alleged, had savagely flogged their prisoners. Barry's attack was construed by the fiscal as one on himself, since it was he who was really responsible for the jail, and he had Barry summoned before the Court of Justice. The doctor contemptuously refused to answer any questions, and he was therefore sentenced to civil imprisonment.

He appealed to the Governor, who set aside the sentence, but who at the same time deprecated Barry's summary action and especially his violent language. In addition, he abolished Barry's appointment as Colonial Medical Inspector, and reinstated the old Supreme Medical Committee, which had originally operated from 1807 until Barry was put in sole charge. By way of a solatium the Governor offered Barry a seat upon the Committee; but his reply was to resign from all his civil appointments, which meant giving up the lucrative salaries attached to them.

Lord Charles Somerset returned to England for good on 5 March 1826, leaving Barry without the support of a powerful protector. This, however, did not deter him from employing his surgical and medical talents to great effect during the succeeding years.

On 25 July 1826, Barry achieved real distinction, as well as incurring the enmity of a number of his contemporaries, both clerical and lay, by successfully performing the first caesarean section ever undertaken at the Cape, in which he preserved the lives of both mother and child. It was by reason of this operation on the wife of a citizen named Munnik that our great politician, James Barry Munnik Hertzog, received his first two christian names.

But I am not sure that this feat was not eclipsed by Barry's development and practical use of a drug of which



Fig. 1. Water-colour painting of Dr James Barry executed at the Cape at some time before 1828, in which year he left South Africa for good.

he had learnt either directly or by reading an official report. This drug, prepared from the root of a plant which grew at the Cape, he experimented with during a period of nearly 8 years, and with it he claimed to have successfully cured both syphilis and gonorrhoea. He submitted an official report on the drug and its use to his superior officer at the Cape on 17 February 1827; but though in it he explained fully how the plant ought to be gathered and when, and all the details of its preparation and administration, he did not hesitate to give the credit of what would appear to be the first use of it at the Cape to one of his predecessors, a medical colleague of lower rank than his own, Mr Spencer, a surgeon of the 21st Light Dragoons. Spencer, he tells us, sent a large quantity of the dried root of the plant which yielded the drug to England, where it apparently did not work. Spencer had used it successfully in the venereal ward of his Regiment.

The question here arises: Did Barry ever meet Spencer himself? The answer is that if he did it must have been just before the 21st Light Dragoons left the Cape for India in June 1817. Alternatively Barry may have read Spencer's reports, which at this time must have been filed at the Cape, and been struck by the apparent value of a drug which did not figure in any pharmacopoeia with which he was acquainted. So he immediately set about acquiring

specimens of the plant and, with the aid of the local pharmacist, Polemann, preparing it in 3 forms for medicinal use.

Barry's report on this plant and its uses was, according to routine, sent to the Principal Medical Officer at the Cape, and by him to the Director-General of the Army Medical Department in London, who at the time was Sir James McGrigor. McGrigor was in the habit of having all reports filed, bound and indexed, and it is by a miracle that the volume containing this report of Barry's has survived.

McGrigor, the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, was a great believer in system. He had all reports sent to him from every British army medical station throughout the world, and these, after examination by either himself or one of his staff, were classified and bound into volumes. Until before World War II there were actually 348 of these volumes in existence. But on investigation I discovered that just before the War they had been transferred to Netley Hospital, near Southampton, and that during the War that hospital had been occupied by American Forces. I at once got in touch with Netley, and was informed that the precious volumes had been sent to Millbank. There I naturally went, and after some difficulty ascertained that they had been stored in the roof, since there was no other suitable place for them. However, I succeeded in routing them out, and found, to my dismay, that only a mere handful of those so carefully preserved by Sir James McGrigor were there, in one of which were two minor reports by Dr Andrew Smith, and this startling one of Barry's.

At the present moment I do not wish to say more about this extraordinary document, but it should not be long before I have it ready for publication, when I foresee that it may cause some surprise to the medical profession and to pharmacists.

I ought, perhaps, to have mentioned that on being informed that he was no longer to be Colonial Medical Inspector, Barry wrote several letters direct to Lord Bathurst in England, pleading for reinstatement, a most irregular thing to do. But Bathurst refused to yield, and Barry had to accept the statesman's ruling.

But he still retained his military rank and, indeed, in November 1827 was promoted to the rank of Staff Surgeon to the Forces, his ability as a medical practitioner being regarded as 'of the highest order'. This promotion led to his being appointed staff surgeon to the garrison of the island of Mauritius. Before he left Cape Town he was entertained at a stag party by many of the leading citizens of Cape Town, and no-one appears to have been worried about his vegetarian habits or by the fact that he was a teetotaler; and, of course, he was regarded as a man.

At Mauritius Barry once again revealed his dictatorial attitude, and this annoyed his medical colleagues to such an extent that there 'was some notice of removal of Dr Barry'; however, the difficulties seem to have been smoothed over. In 1829 Barry suddenly took 'French leave', and sailed to England without having sought or secured permission. No real reason for Barry's sudden decision to return home at that time has ever been discovered. But since it happened that Lord Charles Somerset was lying dangerously ill then, it is quite likely that

Barry, having heard of this, determined to go at once to the aid of his friend, whose clinical history he knew well. Whether this was the reason or not, the fact remains that Barry, on his arrival in England, at once went to his friend's assistance, and stayed with him till Lord Charles died in February 1831.

Once again Barry's flouting of the regulations was overlooked, and in April 1831 he sailed for Jamaica as staff surgeon to the garrison there. Incidentally it is noteworthy that Barry was not court-martialled for his flagrant breach of discipline; but this omission may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that at that time the Military Secretary to the Horse Guards (that was, the War Office) was Lord Fitzroy Somerset, brother to the late Lord Charles.



Fig. 2. Photograph of Dr James Barry taken in Jamaica after his official retirement from the army.

Jamaica was in those days regarded as a very unhealthy place, and from Barry's point of view it certainly lived up to its reputation, for he had to deal with many cases of fever. He remained on the island until the beginning of 1835, when he again returned to England, this time having been given permission to do so.

After about a year in England he once more received

promotion, being sent to St Helena as Principal Medical Officer, having been selected as the most suitable candidate for the position by the Director-General himself. Sir James McGrigor also sent Barry a *Book of Instructions for Regimental and Detachment Hospitals* for his guidance, as well as 'General Instructions for Medical Officers, Heads of Staff and Others in Charge of Departments'.

On his arrival at St Helena Barry found that an epidemic of dysentery had broken out, and, ascribing this to 'the total want of fresh provisions', he soon put matters right by changing the diet of the soldiers. He also took action with regard to the practice in the civil department of female patients being looked after by male attendants, with the consequent irregularities that naturally occurred. He therefore engaged 'a respectable woman of colour as matron'.

But in his attempt to segregate the female patients he met with considerable official opposition. He was also particularly disturbed by the prevalence of venereal disease on the island, and, since his repeated reports were not acted upon, he adopted the extreme measure of writing direct to the Secretary of State at the War Office, complaining particularly that he could not get the Assistant Commissary General at St Helena to furnish the Civil Hospital with appropriate foodstuffs.

This, of course, was another flagrant breach of discipline, for which, on this occasion, no adequate excuse could be found. So Barry was summoned before a Court-Martial, which, however, acquitted him. Further, his recommendations regarding the women in the Civil Hospital were fully endorsed.

But Barry was never a man to let well alone, and his further actions continually brought him into conflict with his military colleagues, with the result that in April 1838 he was ordered home under arrest by General Middlemore, Governor of the island. The Director-General, Sir James McGrigor, being well aware of Barry's sterling qualities, and whose instructions Barry seems to have carried out to the letter, appears to have overlooked his alleged offences, though he had to take some action in the matter. This took the form of reducing Barry's rank to that of a mere Staff Surgeon again, and in posting him to the West Indies, that is, to the Windward and Leeward Islands.

This station was a particularly unhealthy one, remittent fever and even yellow fever being prevalent on some of the islands. There were other serious ailments too, including chronic dysentery and, what was particularly disturbing, delirium tremens. Barry did what he could to combat all this, and was eventually appointed Principal Medical Officer to the island of Trinidad, where he remained until towards the end of 1845, when, having contracted yellow fever and having eventually recovered from it, he was granted a year's sick leave. Afterwards, at the end of 1846, he was posted to Malta, again as Principal Medical Officer, where he spent 4½ years.

At Malta Barry dealt with an epidemic of cholera, for which the Duke of Wellington thanked him; and after yet another year's leave in England, he was promoted to Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, and in 1851 was ordered to Corfu, the well-known Mediterranean island. It was while there that Barry was portrayed, or rather caricatured, by an artist who unfortunately did not sign

his sketch, but who must have been none other than the celebrated Edward Lear, in whose style it is, and who was certainly in Corfu at the time.

When the Crimean War broke out in 1854, Barry was still in Corfu, but he at once offered his services for duty in the East. There was, however, no vacancy for a medical officer of his rank, and so he remained at Corfu. There is no doubt that Barry, while at Corfu, did his job most efficiently, for he had at the beginning of 1855 to hospitalize 462 sick and wounded men who had been transported to the island from the Crimea, of whom by April of that year 213 were passed by him as again fit for duty.

Unfortunately no transport was available to return these men to the seat of war, and they had perforce to remain in Corfu, to Barry's great annoyance and greater embarrassment. This caused him to quarrel with Lord Methuen, to whose regiment the sick men had belonged, and he apparently threatened to report the matter to Lord Raglan, formerly, as Lord Fitzroy Somerset, Barry's friend and patron, but now Commander-in-Chief of the forces at the Crimea.

General Macintosh, who was Officer Commanding in the Ionian Islands, seems to have taken Barry's threat to write to Lord Raglan seriously, and accordingly himself wrote to Raglan explaining what had occurred. Raglan, however, replied that Barry had not written to him, and so one more court-martial was avoided.

Barry's work on the islands earned him the thanks of the Director-General of the Army Medical Department, who was now Dr Andrew Smith, and also of the navy, the latter for his diagnosis and treatment of a malignant fever which had broken out on one of its ships.

And when he was again due for leave, Barry elected to take a busman's holiday and to go, presumably unofficially, to the Crimea. He actually went sometime in 1855, and spent at least 3 months there. It was during that time that he met Florence Nightingale, who regarded him as the most brutal man she had ever met.

Barry left the island of Corfu in 1857, and was then posted to Canada with the local rank of Inspector-General of Hospitals. He had to winter in Montreal, a shocking change of temperature from his previous postings.

Almost at once Barry came up against the officials who were responsible for catering to the troops, freely criticizing not only the general diet of the men, but the facilities (or lack of them) for preparing their food. He also found fault with the sanitary arrangements, and was horrified to find that no special quarters were provided for the married men, who with their wives had to share the common dormitory of the private unmarried soldiers. His reports on these matters show how deeply he felt that reform was long overdue.

In 1859 Barry went down with a severe attack of influenza, having during all his stay in Canada suffered more or less from bronchitis. He was accordingly ordered back to England to be examined by a medical board to see whether or not he was still fit for military duty. I have already given Barry's own account of that examination, and need not repeat it; but it was the verdict of this Board that deeply embittered Barry, who was by reason of it put upon half-pay and thus dismissed from the medical service of the army.

So much for Dr James Barry's far from undistinguished career as a military medical officer. Now for a word or two about his actual physical condition.

BARRY'S SEX

It is clear that throughout Barry's long and varied career in many different places he was never taken for other than a man. True, on several occasions he was suspected by individuals of not being a perfect male, the first of these being probably in 1824, at the time of the posting of the scurrilous placard in Cape Town to which I have already referred. On that occasion, however, the notorious Bishop Burnett (Bishop was his christian name, not his ecclesiastical rank) alluded to a remark that had been made about the Governor and 'Dr Barry's little wife'. Apropos of this, Burnett wrote: 'What is meant by Doctor Barry's wife is best known to the conspirators, as he is, has been, and if rumour speaks truth, ever will remain single!'

And although many of Barry's contemporaries were at times puzzled by his apparently feminine characteristics, there is no evidence that one can rely upon to suggest that anyone at the Cape ever regarded him as anything but a man. And even his English batman at St Helena was of the same opinion, as also was Florence Nightingale.

The first suggestion that Barry had been a female was made by a London charwoman, Sophia Bishop, when in 1865 she was called in to lay out the doctor's body after his death. It was certainly she who allowed the suggestion to become more or less public property, and it accordingly went the rounds of the London clubs and eventually found its way into several newspapers.

To give a clear idea of what actually occurred on the occasions of the doctor's last illness, I shall quote from the contemporary official documentary evidence that has survived, and in doing so I shall quote from what I wrote about the matter in 1965.³

At the time of his death Barry was living in a lodging-house, No. 14 Margaret Street, Cavendish Square, in that part of it which runs westwards from Regent Street, and is therefore in the Marylebone district. During his last illness Barry was attended by Staff Surgeon Major D. R. McKinnon, who had for some months previously treated him for bronchitis. He it was who drew up and signed the death certificate, the original of which has been preserved among the Barry papers. It was clear and unequivocal, and was dated 25 July 1865.

'25 Duke St.,
Westminster,
July 25th, 65.

'Sir,
I have the honor to report that the Officer, named in the margin, died at 4 o'clock A.M. this morning. I have the honor to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble
servt.
D. R. McKinnon, M.B.,
S. Surgeon Major.'

Inspector General
Dr James Barry.

Address
14 Margaret Street,
Cavendish Square,
Disease "Diarrhoea".

Sir J. B. Gibson, K.C.B.,
Director General.

It should be noted that no age was given on the certificate, and that no mention of sex was made. Barry's death was registered in the District of All Souls in the

County of Middlesex by the Registrar, Mr Henry Durham, on the day following his decease, namely 26 July 1865. Included in it was an X, being 'the mark of Sophia Bishop, present at the death 14 Margaret Street, Marylebone'. Barry's age was entered as 'about 70 years', and the sex was stated to have been 'male'.

A little over a fortnight later, on 14 August, there appeared in a Dublin Journal, *Saunders's News Letter*, an article in which the suggestion that Barry had been a woman was made publicly for the first time. This article contained a number of mis-statements, some of which were quite serious. It is, however, too long to quote in full, particularly since it outlines Barry's military career, not always correctly. I included it *in extenso* in my 1965 paper on Barry in *Africana Notes and News*.³

The article in *Saunders's News Letter* was reproduced, with several passages omitted, in *The Manchester Guardian* of 21 August 1865, and from the *Guardian* it was copied by the *Whitehaven News* of 24 August. The editor of the latter paper must have known that, towards the end of 1864, Dr Barry had been the guest of William Lowther, second Earl of Lonsdale, at Whitehaven Castle. But it seems to be significant that although the rumours about Barry were rife in London's clubland, no London newspaper printed a word about the matter.

The rumours, however, reached the ear of the Registrar-General at Somerset House, and he was prompted to write to Dr McKinnon, the medical officer who had signed the death certificate, as follows:

*General Register Office,
Somerset House,
23rd August, 1865.

'Sir,

It has been stated to me that Inspector-General Dr. James Barry, who died at 14 Margaret St. on 25th July, 1865, was after his death found to be a Female.

As you furnished the Certificate as to the cause of his death, I take the liberty of asking you whether what I have heard is true, and whether you yourself ascertained that he was a woman and apparently had been a mother?

Perhaps you may decline answering these questions; but I ask them not for publication but for my own information.

To
Staff Surgeon Major
D. R. McKinnon.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your faithful Servant,
George Graham,
Registrar-General.

It is obvious that the Registrar-General merely wished to obtain authentic information in order to verify the sex of the late Dr Barry, which had naturally been entered as male in the official record.

Dr McKinnon replied to this letter next day, and his communication is of paramount importance as it is the only official document which gives the key to the whole problem. Miss Isobel Rae quoted 3 extracts from it, which were not printed consecutively, and in addition she omitted several very vital points. I reproduced it in full in my paper in 1965:

*Recruiting Department,
25 Duke Street,
Westminster,
24th August, 1865.

'Sir,

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 23rd August respecting the death of Inspector-General Dr. James Barry.

'I had been intimately acquainted with that gentleman for a good many years, both in the West Indies and in England, and I never had any suspicion that Dr. Barry was a female.

'I attended him during his last illness, and for some months previously for bronchitis, and the affection causing his death was diarrhoea produced apparently by errors in diet.

'One one occasion after Dr. Barry's death, I was sent for to the office of Sir Charles McGregor, and there the woman, who performed the last offices for Dr. Barry was waiting to speak to me.

'She wished to obtain some prerequisites of her employment which the Lady who kept the lodging house in which Dr. Barry died had refused to give her.

'Amongst other things she said Dr. Barry was a female and that I was a pretty doctor not to know this and that she would not like to be attended by me. I informed her that it was none of my business whether Dr. Barry was a male or a female, and that I thought that he might be neither, viz. an imperfectly developed man.

'She then said that she had examined the body, and that it was a perfect female and farther that there were marks of her having had a child when very young. I then enquired how have you formed that conclusion. The woman, pointing to the lower part of her stomach, said, "from marks here [i.e. *striae gravidarum*]. I am a married woman, and the mother of nine children and I ought to know."

'The woman seemed to think that she had become acquainted with a great secret and wished to be paid for keeping it. I informed her that all Dr. Barry's relatives were dead, and that it was no secret of mine, and that my own impression was that Dr. Barry was a Hermaphrodite.

'But whether Dr. Barry was male, female, or hermaphrodite I do not know, nor had I any purpose in making the discovery as I could positively swear to the identity of the body as being that of a person whom I had been acquainted with as Inspector-General of Hospitals for a period of eight or nine years.

G. Graham, Esq.,
Registrar-General.

I have the honor to be
Sir,
Yours faithfully,
D. R. McKinnon.'

This explanation satisfied the Registrar-General, who allowed the description of Barry as 'male' to remain in the records, and the matter, so far as he was concerned, was closed. The rumours, however, continued to spread, though the War Office and the Army Medical Department remained silent, as did the London press.

Not so some of the medical journals. In the *Medical Times and Gazette* of 26 August there appeared an article brazenly entitled 'A Female Medical Combatant', in which the account that had appeared in *Saunders's News Letter* was reprinted *in extenso*, with comments; though the words 'A certain Dr Barry' were replaced by 'A certain Doctor'. The *Gazette* added that the article had 'been the subject of not a little "club tattle"', and ended with the statement that 'we have here all the elements of a first-rate novel'.

It has always been affirmed that no official denial of the allegation that Barry was a woman was ever made, and it is true that no official statement was issued by the War Office. This is hardly surprising, since the matter must have been regarded as quite unimportant, and could well be left to the Army Medical Department, should it consider it necessary to act.

That this was so is, I think, proved by the fact that in the very next issue of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, that of 9 September 1865, a long and most important letter appeared, written by Dr Edward Bradford, Deputy-Inspector-General of Hospitals, then stationed at the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and, as will be seen, eminently qualified to speak for the Army Medical Department, which is what he appears to have done.

Miss Rae, in her in most respects admirable biography of Barry, omits the preliminary paragraph with which Bradford prefaced his letter, and, what was still more serious, also his personal opinion as to the probable sex of Dr Barry. In his letter to the editor of the *Medical Times and Gazette* he began thus:

'Sir,

'The annexed notice has reference to the history of an individual recently deceased, and to whom allusion is made in your number of August 26 under the head of 'A Female Medical Combatant'. There are, no doubt, some who are better acquainted with his early history than I am, but I think it is due not only to the Department in which he was so long permitted to exercise control, but still more in the interests of truth, that the rumours which have been circulated (and, no doubt, believed) concerning him should be contradicted. You are therefore authorised, if you see fit, to publish the enclosed.

I am, etc.,

Edward Bradford, Deputy-Inspector of Hospitals,
Royal Military College, Sandhurst, September 2.'

Bradford's 'annexed notice', which filled a whole column of the *Medical Times and Gazette*, consisted mainly of an account of the career of 'The late Dr J.B.' and began by saying that 'He was understood to have been born prematurely, and his mother died in her confinement. His father also died at the same time. He would at times make allusion to these matters, but only in vague terms. He was adopted and reared by persons of high rank, and, for some reason unexplained, the . . . family appeared to maintain an enduring interest in him, to such an extent that, in his manifold military irregularities, the influence of that family was known to support and protect him.'

Here we find Dr Bradford merely repeating, and not very accurately, scraps of the gossip that had got about regarding Barry's undoubted peculiarities; but it is nevertheless interesting to note his allusion to the Somerset family, though he omits the actual name of it, contenting himself with the customary row of asterisks.

The outline of Barry's career then follows, in the course of which Bradford states: 'I first met him in 1832, in Jamaica. His appearance and manners were then most singular. His stature scarcely reached five feet. He was quite destitute of all the characters of manhood. His voice was that of an aged woman.'

Then comes the most important paragraph of all, of which only the first sentence was quoted by Miss Isobel Rae in her biography of Barry.

'The stories which have been circulated about him since his death are too absurd to be gravely refuted. There can be no doubt among those who knew him that his real physical condition was that of a male in whom sexual development had been arrested about the sixth month of foetal life. It is greatly to be regretted that the opportunity of his death was allowed to pass without exact observation of his real condition by a skilled person.'

Here we have the opinion of a second qualified medical man, who not only refused to accept the allegation made by the uneducated charwoman, but also contradicted the unsupported statements in which it was said that a post-mortem examination had been made and reported upon. Dr Bradford was right in regarding Barry as a male in whom sexual development had been arrested, but wrong in the time in which the arrest could have occurred. Sexual development in the foetus is complete by the third month of intra-uterine life, so that any arrest must have taken

place before the third month. Dr Bradford's overestimate, however, in no way invalidates his opinion that Barry was a male, though an abnormal one. After all, he expressed that opinion 100 years ago. And since both Dr McKinnon and Dr Bradford expressed the opinion that Barry was an undeveloped male, the former actually suggesting that he was a hermaphrodite, we must now consider this aspect of the question.

Research in this direction has resulted in a systematic classification of the various types that have been studied, and from these we can, I think, select two, either of which might fit James Barry's case. For although Dr Barry was essentially male in character, he undoubtedly possessed external characteristics that were sufficiently feminine in appearance to deceive the average person who happened to see him either partially or fully unclothed.

The first of the hermaphroditic types that fulfil these conditions is Klinefelter's syndrome, originally described by Harry F. Klinefelter jnr, M.D., and two of his colleagues, in 1942.⁹ This particular syndrome applies only to patients reared as men, and it is not generally recognized before puberty. As a rule such patients, although they may possess definitely female breasts, have male genitalia, which, however, may be smaller than normal. But 'an occasional patient will show evidence of eunuchoidism, with absence of beard, high-pitched voice, small phallus and small prostate'.

But the second type is, in my opinion, much more likely to have been that to which Dr James Barry belonged. This is a type of male hermaphrodite who possesses feminine breast development and external genitalia, with testicular feminization syndrome, with absence of hair. This type would appear exactly to fit Barry's case, and up to 1958 84 instances have been reported. These naturally displayed considerable variation. In my opinion my suggestion that Dr James Barry was an abnormal individual of this nature adequately explains the various statements, all made or written after his death, that he was, in fact, a woman. I submit that this is the only logical conclusion that can be drawn from the facts as we know them.

The matter of Barry's parentage, and the question of whether he was legitimate or illegitimate, are relatively unimportant. What is really important is that he was reared, as far as we know, as a boy. If this was so, and I have no doubt that it was, it indicates that, at birth, he was so regarded.

Today it is known that it is sometimes possible for even an obstetrician to be uncertain of the sex of an infant when it is born, and consequently it may be reared as a boy or girl according to his diagnosis of its sex. In the case of a hermaphrodite, the external genitalia may be sufficiently ambiguous to cause uncertainty as to the sex, and because of this it may be reared as either a male or a female.

I therefore consider that Dr James Barry was definitely a male, though one who was unfortunately feminine in external appearance. The necessity for perpetual concealment of these characteristics must have made his life a continual burden to him, and caused him to be frequently irritable and intolerant. The remarkable thing is that in spite of these frustrating handicaps he not only became a distinguished medical man but succeeded in rising to one

of the highest ranks and responsible positions in the Medical Department of the British Army.

The photograph of the water-colour portrait of Barry is in the possession of Dr Neil L. Murray of Pretoria. All that is known of the history of this picture will be found in my article 'More Barryana' in *Africana Notes and News* of March 1969.⁴

When I delivered this lecture I exhibited the photograph of Dr Barry and his Negro servant, stating that it must have been taken in Jamaica between June 1831 and early in 1835, during which time he was officially stationed there. But I quite overlooked the fact that public photography did not come into use until 1839. It therefore appears that Barry returned on a visit to the West Indies

in the year 1860, after he had retired from the army, and that the photograph was taken then. It has been reproduced several times, but invariably without the Negro servant. For a complete explanation of this curious picture and its strange associations see my note on 'More Barryana' in *Africana Notes and News* of June 1969.⁵

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Aansoek word ingewag van tweetalige geregistreerde mediese praktisyns, wat lede van die Mediese Vereniging van Suid-Afrika moet wees, vir die betrekking van voltydse Assistent-sekretaris in die diens van die Vereniging, met hoofkwartiere in Pretoria.

Aansoek moet volle besonderhede insake ervaring bevat en moet aandui wanneer dit vir die applikant moontlik sal wees om diens te aanvaar indien hy aangestel sou word.

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A. H. Tonkin
Sekretaris

Pretoria
8 April 1970

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

APPOINTMENT OF ASSISTANT SECRETARY

Applications are invited from bilingual registered medical practitioners, who must be members of the Medical Association of South Africa, for the post of full-time Assistant Secretary in the service of the Medical Association, with headquarters in Pretoria.

Applications should contain full details of experience and indicate when it will be possible for the applicant to assume duty if appointed.

The salary scale is R8 760 × 240 - 9 960 per annum.

Applications must be submitted to the Secretary, Medical Association of South Africa, P.O. Box 1521, Pretoria, and must reach him not later than 30 June 1970.

A. H. Tonkin
Secretary

Pretoria
8 April 1970

BULLETIN

WET OP MEDIESE SKEMAS: GELDETARIEF TEN OPSIGTE VAN MEDIESE DIENSTE SOOS OP 14 JANUARIE 1970 GEPUBLISEER

Kennisgewing is ontvang dat 'n Vergoedingskommissie ingevolge artikel 30(2) van die Wet op Mediese Skemas aangestel is om onduidelikhede, anomalieë, weglatings en probleme wat ondervind word met die toepassing van bogenoemde geldetarief, reg te stel. Die Kommissie se werksaamhede neem op 27 April 1970 'n aanvang.

Die Kommissie is, ten opsigte van die tarief vir dienste wat deur geneeshere gelewer word, soos volg saamgestel: Sy Edele Regter R. P. B. Erasmus, dr. E. W. Turton en mnr. W. S. Pretorius.

C. E. M. Viljoen
Medesekretaris

MEDICAL SCHEMES ACT: TARIFF OF FEES FOR MEDICAL SERVICES, AS PUBLISHED ON 14 JANUARY 1970

Notice has been received that a Remuneration Commission has been appointed in terms of Article 30(2) of the Medical Schemes Act in order to clarify certain items in the above-mentioned tariff, to correct anomalies and to add items omitted, and to iron out difficulties experienced in the application of the tariff. The Commission will commence its activities on 27 April 1970.

The Commission concerned with the tariff of fees for medical services consists of the following: The Hon. Mr Justice R. P. B. Erasmus, Dr E. W. Turton and Mr W. S. Pretorius.

C. E. M. Viljoen
Associate Secretary

FROM THE MEMOIRS OF WILLIAM CATTELL
1829 - 1919

(8)

(Unpublished)

"The Colonial Secretary, Erskine, is immensely interested in the story of Dr. Barry, late P.M.O. at Malta whose recent death revealed him to be a woman, whom he had known at Capetown, here, as staff surgeon he attended Lord Charles Somerset, and enjoyed the reputation of being a skilful physician; here he fought a duel. Beardless, with high cheek-bones and marked physiognomy, of quarrelsome disposition, he seemed constantly to be striving to overcome an effeminacy of manner, which, however, never betrayed him. For frequent breaches of discipline, he, more than once, was sent home under escort; but the offence was condoned at Headquarters for, at the time, he was credited with being the offspring of a Scottish peer. Entering as Hospital Assistant in 1795* Barry became Inspector General in December 1858 and served at Malta and Montreal. He is declared to have been Joan Fitzroy, child of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV, who, for shame, decided to disguise her sex as James Barry, and took his degree at Edinburgh. He made love to a handsome Dutch girl of whom another officer (Mannering) was enamoured, and won her affection. They taunted Mannering who flung a tumbler of wine in his face. The duel followed in which Barry allowed himself to be slightly wounded. The next day he told Mannering he had never really loved the girl, the latter ultimately married. On another occasion he was actually accosted by an officer with whom he was riding, 'By the Powers you look more like a woman than a man'. For which Barry struck him a savage cut across the face with his whip, and his appeal for redress resulted in his transference to Tristan d'Achnha; powerful influence was ever at Barry's back. When at Montreal he medically passed my brother on transfer to the Commissariat. Here he sported a large silk bow on the breast of his uniform frock coat, wore dandified boots of patent leather, and long fingered white gloves. He always appeared in a long curly chestnut wig. Only at his death in July 1865 was he discovered to be a woman, though for so many years unsuspected by his own servant".

* Note: The date mentioned by Cattell is inaccurate. Barry was, in fact, born in 1795 and entered the Army in 1813.

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Dr Cumming to Dr Hall from Scutari

16 October 1855.

My dear Hall,

I hardly expected to find religious intolerance running so high as you represent it, and one can hardly resist exclaiming, with the man in the play, "a curse on all your houses". Oh ! that one could get peace to disperse all the parasites.

I may as well warn you that you are to have a visit from the renowned Dr Barry. He called on me yesterday and as I never met him before his appearance and conversation rather surprised me. He appears to me in his dotage and is an intolerable bore, so I would recommend you to be prepared for him as he seems to have the intention of quartering himself on you. He has with him his horse and servant. He will expect you to listen to every quarrel he has had since coming into the service. You probably know that they are not a few.

These Hospitals promise soon to collapse altogether and Linton will have but little to do. If you want Medl. Officers a few more are now at your disposal. Abydos is to be converted into a Barracks for the Convalescents from Rankioy (sic) and Jameson and his Staff are to come here.

I think I shall be able to get away next week, and as a preparatory step shall remove to the other side in a few days. I am at present suffering a little from Bl. comp. and feel quite used up.

I shall not fail to write on my arrival in London, and if I can do anything for you, there is time to let me know. 83 invalids go by the St. Britain on Thursday.

Faithfully yours,
A. Cumming.

Endorsed:- 16 Oct. 1855 - Scutari

Dr Cumming informing me of Dr Barry's
intended visit to the Crimea. J.H.

Dr. JAMES BARRY: INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BY COLONEL N. J. C. HUTCHERSON, D.S.O.

My interest in the history of James Barry was first stirred in 1932 when I was at the Cape of Good Hope, as it should still be called. Lanching one day in Wynberg at the old Dutch homestead of Alphen, the ancestral home of the Cloete family, the conversation turned on past personalities and events connected with the history of Alphen. My hostess asked me if I knew the story of Dr. James Barry, the surgeon who served in the Army Medical Department for forty-six years, attained the rank of Senior Inspector-General, and at death was discovered to have been a woman! It appeared that Barry was a friend of the Cloete family and frequently visited Alphen. Be that as it may, it apparently did not prevent the fiery little officer from fighting a duel with a Captain Cloete who at the time was an A.D.C. to Lord Charles Somerset, the Governor of the Cape. I was then shown the actual place where the duel was fought. Following up this strange story, I found in the Dictionary of National Biography an account of this astonishing personality. The facts are tersely set down in these words:-

" BARRY. JAMES (1795-1865). Inspector-General of the Army Medical Department, a woman who passed through life as a man, is said to have been the grand-daughter of a Scotch Earl. Entered the Army as a Hospital Assistant, attired as a man, 5th July, 1813, and maintained the assumption of manhood all her life."

Then follow the dates of her promotions in the Service up to the rank of Inspector-General on December 7, 1858, and retirement on half-pay in 1859.

" Served at the Cape as Staff Surgeon to the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset." She is then described as "The most skillful of physicians and the most wayward of men, in appearance a beardless lad, Scotch type of countenance, reddish hair and high cheek-bones. There was an effeminacy in his manner which he strove to overcome. His conversation was greatly superior to that usually heard at the mess table. Fought a duel at the Cape. Was of a quarrelsome temper. Guilty of breaches of discipline. Sent home under arrest on more than one occasion. Offences always condoned at Headquarters. Died in London at 14, Margaret Street, on 25th July, 1865. Official report sent to Horse Guards that Doctor James Barry, late Senior Inspector-General, was a woman. It is said that neither landlady nor black servant who had waited upon her for years had any suspicion of her sex. Her motive said to be love for an army surgeon."

So much for the dry details of this astonishing story. Now, to confirm the above, listen to extracts taken from an Irish paper preserved in the Headquarter Mess of the Royal Army Medical Corps. It is headed:-

"A STRANGE STORY

"An incident is just now being discussed in military circles so extraordinary that were not its truth capable of being vouched for by official authority the narration would be deemed absolutely incredible.

"Our officers quartered at the Cape between fifteen and twenty years ago remember a certain Doctor Barry attached to the Medical Staff and enjoying a reputation for considerable skill in his profession, especially for firmness, decision and rapidity in difficult operations. This gentleman had entered the army in 1813, had passed of course through the grades as Assistant Surgeon and Surgeon in various regiments and had served in various quarters of the globe. His professional acquirements had procured for him his promotion to the Staff at the Cape. He was clever and agreeable save for the drawbacks of a most quarrelsome temper, and inordinate addiction to arguments which perpetually brought the former peculiarity into play. He was excessively plain, of feeble proportions, and laboured under the imperfection of a ludicrous speaking voice.

Any natural 'chaffing' with regard to them, however, especially roused his ire and was at length discontinued on his calling out a persevering offender and shooting him through the lungs. (Note. - This account may be some garbled story arising from the Cloete duel at the Cape.)

"On promotion to Medical Inspector he was equally distinguished by his skill and his pugnacious propensities, the latter becoming so inconveniently developed that at last no notice was allowed to be taken of his fits of temper."

This somewhat long-winded extract goes on to paint poor Barry as an irritable, peevish little person, constantly fighting with all and sundry, but at the same time admitting his high professional attainments. It finishes with a statement that Barry left a letter, or made a verbal statement before death, that he wished no post-mortem to be made upon his body. This request would seem to be unlikely from the point of view that Barry wished to keep his secret even after death, as he would be well aware that the ordinary preparations for burial would undoubtedly disclose the true sex.

The article finishes as follows:-

"It stands an indubitable fact that a woman was for forty years an officer in the British Service, had fought one duel and had sought many more, had pursued a legitimate medical education, had received a regular diploma, and had acquired almost a celebrity for skill as a surgical operator. There is no doubt whatever about the fact, but I doubt whether Miss Braddon herself would have ventured to have made use of it in fiction! "

Among the records preserved is another of quite a different type and confirming in a strange way the essential fact that Barry had highly aristocratic connexions. Whether based on blood relationships or no it is difficult to say. The second paper quoted from is one from the North of England, and is typical of the political feelings expressed in the Press of the day.

"LORD X'S STRANGE VISITOR.

"The death was lately announced of a certain Doctor Barry who, fifteen or twenty years ago, was quartered at the Cape and had since 1813 risen to a high standing as an Army surgeon. It now appears that the Doctor was a woman! Doctor Barry only the other day inhabited - Castle as a guest of the Earl of X., and paraded our streets and piers, or took a morning drive with Miss Y. of D. Many of our Town readers will have a distinct recollection of the person referred to. It will be remembered that upon her last visit she was attended by a black servant of singular acuteness. The complexion of 'Sambo' contrasted in a remarkable degree with the pale, sallow look of his mistress, and still more remarkable was the contrast between the lady and servant in point of stature as well as in minor respects. Their appearance in public naturally excited considerable attention. The attenuated form of the 'lady' was generally understood to be due to a vegetarian diet, and many were the jokes that were passed at the 'Doctor's' expense during her ladyship's sojourn at the Castle, when, according to custom, preparations were made for the celebration of what is known as the feast of the 'Political Passover' on the eve of a Trustee Election - when a few choice spirits meet together for the two-fold purpose of giving the old castle an airing and impressing the uninvited."

It is possible to reconstruct fairly accurately the life of this mysterious woman who undoubtedly served in the Army Medical Service with considerable distinction over a long period of years and was able to keep her secret until her death.

To one who has experience of Army life in the same stations where Barry has left a lasting memory it is possible to do so. At all events I propose to make the attempt.

My father, as an officer in the West India Regiment, served in British Guiana not long after Barry's period there, and in my childhood days I frequently heard him speak of strange happenings and peoples in that singularly unhealthy climate. As a medical man I can visualize and understand the conditions of medical education of Barry's time, and the extraordinary circumstances under which she was able to carry through her studies and qualify as a doctor, though of course at that time women were not admitted to the medical schools; and, having qualified, how did she obtain admittance to the Medical Service and overcome the delicate questions of the normal physical inspection necessary to pass the medical tests on admission! As is the case to-day, the candidates had to present themselves in a complete state of Nature before the examiners and be put through a searching test. Here are two difficult situations Barry had to meet; and how did she succeed in hoodwinking the College of Surgeons first and then the Medical Board that passed her as FIT FOR ACTIVE SERVICE as a hospital assistant in the British Army? And having gained admission, how on earth did a woman continue to conceal her sex during forty-six years of the rough and tumble of Army life in barracks, camps and troopships?

Firstly, I imagine Barry escaped the rough conditions of medical training of the day by being what was called "apprenticed" to some medical practitioner in Edinburgh who guided her footsteps through the years of study and enabled her to escape the life of the ordinary student who lived in very close contact with his fellow students in lodgings. Even in my own student days it was still the custom for certain students to reside with a doctor who lodged and fed them and from whose house they attended lectures and "walked the hospitals." After hours of study they could be as private as they wished. It was purely a financial arrangement, and as Barry from an early age was obviously well supplied with money, she could have arranged the details herself and taken up residence with her mentor without disclosing her true sex.

One cannot possibly picture one of Barry's sex carrying it off in the constant company of young men like Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Ben Allen of that roistering, drinking age. In 1810 young women were supposed to be tender, shrinking flowers, liable to wither at a harsh word or a rough environment, who would be incapable of living with pipe-smoking, dram-drinking rowdies as the unfortunate medical student is depicted by Dickens.

So we must presume that Barry continued somehow to get through the years of study living a life excluded from the casual existence of her fellow students. But during that time there was obviously a romance of some sort as does not that solemn tone the Dictionary of National Biography say "her motive said to be love for an Army surgeon"? Here is material to build up a love story between the shrinking, plain, red-haired girl in her manly disguise and some brave, handsome young fellow-student who "went for an Army surgeon" and possibly died on the field of battle unknowing that the gawky youth who forced his attentions on him was all the time a maiden in love. Or mayhap her lover had gone to foreign parts and Barry joined the Army in the hope that she could follow and serve in the same station as her beloved one. If this were so, the subject of this attack of calf-love got over it rapidly, as from her earliest days in uniform Barry paid marked attention to any prepossessing young woman she met and showed no desire whatever to form friendships with men. Indeed, she showed all her life that she was prepared at the slightest excuse to quarrel with men to the point of shooting them dead. Was this revenge for a slighted love in her young days, and was she an example of the inveterate man-hater somewhat rare in history?

It is openly stated (in the extracts from the papers I have quoted), though I hesitate to repeat the scandal, that medical proof existed in the body of the dead Inspector-General that at some time in her life she had given birth to a child. If there were truth in this statement, it opens up the possibility of a tragic episode in Barry's life sufficient to sour her nature and indeed turn her into an enemy of the male sex. For this very reason she may have determined to meet men as his equal in a profession and use all her brains and

arts /...

arts to best him and make him suffer for what his sex had imposed on her. So there was a reason for the picture we paint in later years of an embittered, hard little personage, using her authority to browbeat and bully presumptuous young gallants who dared to oppose her orders.

Having made up her mind to join the Army, the next step was to circumvent the strict medical examination in some way. All her life rumour had it that she was highly connected, and in the Dictionary of National Biography she is "said to be the grand-daughter of a Scotch Earl."

We must assume that Barry had influence in high places and was able to bring powerful forces to bear when the occasion arose. Here was the opportunity. She knew that the Medical Board sat at Fort Pitt, Chatham, the Headquarters of the Army Medical Service. Some scheme must be evolved to meet the situation and Barry proceeded to take action. All candidates for the Medical Services would appear at a stated time for examination at Chatham. Before doing so she put in motion the strings which, if judiciously pulled, would get her accepted without undergoing exposure in both senses.

In 1813 medical men in private practice were not accustomed to their patients being prepared by nurses, as is the Harley Street custom of to-day. In fact, patients objected strongly to disrobing and exposing bare skin to cold draughts of air. Ladies would prudishly unbutton an inch or two of bosom and gentlemen an inch or two of waistcoat to allow the doctor to introduce the cold end of the periscope-like stick stethoscope to the chest and ask them to say "Ninety-nine please"; or words to that effect. There might be a pulling up of skirts and pulling down of stockings, even a letting down of trousers in serious cases, but the point I wish to make is that the least exposure possible was made.

So a young gentleman in modish clothes presenting himself before that distinguished physician Sir John Dosing, and armed with a letter of introduction signed by a person of quality and position, would be treated with some deference and consideration. Sir John would simply be asked to give his opinion in writing that the bearer of the letter, Mr. Barry, was in such health and condition as to be fit for service in the Army as a Hospital Assistant. Sir John would ask questions, examine the eyesight, get Mr. Barry to go through certain bendings and twistings and turnings, to show he was supple of limb and active in his movements, and after the final ritual of the introduction of the wooden stethoscope between the buttons of Barry's smart waistcoat Sir John is prepared to state that the candidate is in full health and strength. Physicians of Sir John's eminence are not accustomed to mere routine examinations and signing of certificates, and he unbends his dignity merely because of the name at the bottom of that letter Mr. Barry has presented.

So down Harley Street trips the candidate and stops at the door of Sir James Cutting, the distinguished surgeon. The same procedure is gone through on the strength of the certificate lately written by Sir John Dosing, which Mr. Barry merely wants strengthened by the hand of Sir James on a second and final certificate. Surgeons were impatient gentlemen not inclined to waste time over writing certificates when hundred-guinea operations were waiting for them, but as Dosing had signed, Cutting had no objection to endorsing such an opinion in a few brief words and Barry, emerging, trips off to the Horse Guards, where he hands in his application for admission to the Service accompanied by the certificates of the two great men to say he is a fit and proper person to hold the rank of Hospital Assistant. At the same time a letter has gone to a "high-up" person in the Horse Guards intimating from a not unknown person in society that a Mr. Barry, a person of some quality, was presenting himself at Fort Pitt, Chatham, on such and such a day for medical examination.

Situated between Chatham and Rochester on rising ground it fronted the main road from a considerable height, and behind it spread away open country known as the Fort Pitt Fields. Is not the site immortalized in "Pickwick Papers" when Mr. Winkle is challenged to fight a duel with "Dr. Slammer of the Ninety-seventh Regiment, Chatham Barracks," and invited to "turn into the field which borders the trench, take the footpath to the left when you arrive at an angle of the fortification and keep straight on," so as to present himself at the appointed place at the hour of sunset; there to be shot at by Dr. Slammer.

So young Mr. Barry arrives at Rochester by coach, a young doctor aged 18 (if we accept her age as "about seventy" as given in the Register of Deaths when she died in London). This seems an early age to be a qualified doctor, and as she joined as a Hospital Assistant one may presume that at any rate she was at the time sufficiently educated to take that position. I believe it was fairly common in that time for young men to pass the necessary examinations before they arrived at the age when the degree could be conferred upon them, and they could practise their profession under the guidance of a qualified man until they could apply for their own documents. Also, much later than 1813, the unqualified student acted as Assistant to practising gentlemen of medicine and were paid as such, thus enabling young men of small means to pay their way until they could sit for their final examinations.

Be that as it may, here at Rochester, and probably at the "Bull Hotel," was young Barry, anxious for a career as a military doctor, well knowing that her sex would debar her from her intended life and yet determined, as she must have been, to conceal her sex and in no way allow it to prevent her from rising to the highest ranks.

In a lofty, panelled room in the Fort sits the Medical Board. The three surgeons are wearing blue military frock-coats, double-breasted and brass-buttoned, high stiff collars to the frocks fastening with metal clips, cross belts over the chest of black leather interspersed with strips of gold braid, and having at the back a pouch of the same material for holding a small case of surgical instruments, black and gold waist-belts, and sword slings. Swords were not worn at Medical Boards.

In the room is a soldier's six-foot iron-legged table, covered with a brown Army blanket. The senior member sits at the middle of the table in a Windsor chair: a solid half-armed chair shaped to receive the posterior, but uncushioned. At each side sit the other two officers in stiff-backed Army chairs, plain, serviceable and uncomfortable. No human being could lounge in such chairs. At one side of the room is a tall instrument for measuring the height of candidates and near at hand is a bulky chair-weighting machine with a pyramid of black iron weights in various dimensions for counter-balancing the person to be weighed. At the far end of the room is a round white card covered with black dots on which a sort of shutter can be lifted or lowered to display a number as the examiner wills. Each black dot represents at a certain distance on the floor a target "bull's-eye" of a specified size. On the table are solid metal inkstands and heavy trays containing pens. The gold-braided, peaked caps of the three members are also on the table; small, hard, shallow caps with a steeply sloping small shiny black peak. Opposite each gentleman are three tall, ball-shaped wooden stethoscopes. The Surgeon-General is President of the Board. A sergeant of the Army Hospital Corps enters the room. He is dressed in a dark blue uniform and wears a shako. Saluting, he announces that "Mr. Barry is waiting to appear before the Board as a candidate for admission to the Service as a Hospital Assistant," awaiting the time when in two years he would be awarded the degree in medicine and surgery he had obtained and be eligible for the rank of Assistant Surgeon.

Before the President lie various forms and documents, and prominently displayed a large official letter, heavily sealed.

"Ask the young gentlemen to wait a few moments, Serjeant. I will ring when I want him."

"Very good, Sir," replied the Serjeant as, saluting again, he leaves the room.

"Now, Gentlemen," continued the President, "I have here a letter from the Director-General himself who has also written me a demi-official letter on the matter of this young man who is to come before us. What it comes to is that the young man is highly connected and that the authorities at the War Office have requested the D-G. to simplify the usual routine medical examination and make it more or less a formal study of the documents in this letter I am to open and place before the Board."

So speaking, the President opened the letter and displayed to his members several medical certificates signed by names well known in the highest medical circles of London and the haut monde of the town. The certificates state that "Mr. Barry" had such a weight, height, had excellent eyesight, well-formed limbs, good teeth, was active and healthy in his habits and, in short, pre-eminently fitted to be an Assistant Surgeon.

The President puts down the papers and makes a little speech. Presidents must be able to make speeches and sway the Board, or what is the use of being an Inspector-General?

"I am aware, Gentlemen, that there is a certain irregularity in this proceeding, but being, as I am sure we are, anxious to meet the wishes of the Director-General, we can I think assume from these certificates, signed by such eminent names, that this Mr. Barry is in every respect well fitted for the position he desires to hold."

In the meanwhile, Mr. Barry was sitting in a small waiting room and conversing with the serjeant.

"What does this medical examination mean, Serjeant? What is one supposed to do?"

"Well, Sir, you strip naked, even to your socks mind, and the medical officers put you through tests to see if your joints are supple, your feet and ankles springy, such as hopping on one foot down the room and hopping back on the other, bending down to touch your toes, swinging your legs to see your hips is all right, and so on. When they have examined you to see you haven't no rupture, you know, cough and that, they sound your lungs and heart, examine your ears, test your eyesight. . . ."

"Thank you, Serjeant," interrupted Mr. Barry in his thin, high-pitched voice. "I don't think I shall bother them with all that. I have changed my mind. I do not want to be examined."

So said the elegant Mr. Barry in his blue surtout, grey pantaloons, strapped over very small shining Wellington boots with high heels, and a general elegance of carriage and demeanour. It was said in after years that Barry wore stiffly boned stays to give her form a manly shape and a firmness of outline and to conceal any softness of feminine curves, a fashion acquired without artificial restraint by her successors in the years to come; the production of that type of figure known as "straight up and down like a drink of water."

The serjeant was overcome at such lightness of demeanour in a prospective candidate for the Medical Services, and was about to use persuasion to induce the young gentleman to go through with the examination when the door opened and a Surgeon-Major appeared in person. The serjeant sprang to attention, but young Barry merely turned in his chair and gazed blandly at the elderly gentleman with the bristling eyebrows.

Advancing into the room the officer paused before the young man and, speaking in a harsh parade voice, said:-

"Am I addressing Mr. James Barry?"

"You are, Sir," replied Barry, with a nonchalant air.

"And is it your custom, Sir, to remain seated when a senior officer enters the room?"

"Invariably," answered this strange young person, who appeared to be not at all awed or impressed by seniority, "particularly as I am not yet aware that any officer can claim seniority in my case, being myself as yet a plain civilian."

The Surgeon-Major surveyed him with a disapproving eye.

"As far as I am concerned, Sir, you will continue to remain a plain civilian, but I am ordered by the Surgeon-General to ask for your attendance before the Board. Follow me," and turning on his heel, the offended officer strode from the room.

With an indolent grace Barry rose and strolled down the corridor. The Surgeon-Major threw open the door of the Board Room and entered, followed by Barry, announcing curtly to the President:-

"Mr. Barry, Sir."

All three gentlemen now seated at the table surveyed the young man who had quietly seated himself in the chair placed so as to face the Board.

The Inspector-General opened the proceedings.

"I understand, Mr. Barry, that you desire to enter the Service as soon as possible?"

"Such is my desire," replied Barry, "provided I am not put to whatever routine examinations and inconveniences which may be conceived necessary for ordinary candidates, but I have been informed by the Director-General that I am to be excused this routine. I hope such is the case, as I have to leave at once for London to join some friends proceeding to Scotland to stay with Lord Rathmullan."

Now this speech from a raw-boned, red-haired, beardless boy, speaking with a strong Scots accent and presenting himself as a candidate for the lowly, if honorable, position of a Hospital Assistant, fairly dumbfounded the Board. But at the same time it supported the hints and references in the Director-General's letter to "high family connexions, much influence in high places, etc.", and quite obviously impressed the Chairman.

The President was bland and diplomatic. The office of Director-General was in the gift of those who sat in high places and would it not be wise to acquire the reputation of "a good fellow ready to oblige"; not a hidebound official, sticking to strict regulations and red tape. A reasonable fellow who could shut an eye to the Book when higher authority indicated the way.

Turning to the members he spoke of the medical certificates that had been forwarded from the War Office and suggested that the Army Form passing Barry as "Fit for Service" should then and there be completed.

Barry swung an elegant boot and ignored the proceedings.

Barry was admitted to the rank of Hospital Assistant forthwith, and presumably hurried away to the "Bull Hotel" at Rochester and took the first coach to town.

Barry next appeared as an Assistant Surgeon at the Cape of Good Hope in the year 1815. The two years 1813 to 1815 may have been spent on half-pay, as there appears to be no record of any Home Service appointment, and it is probable that it suited her purpose to take up some medical work in London where she could live as she liked and not be forced into too intimate contact with young men of her own rank in the Service. It is possible her activities were directed to midwifery, as during her years at the Cape she soon established a reputation for great proficiency in that branch of her profession. On appointment to the Cape Garrison, Barry must have made her way there by ordinary packet boat to escape the communal life incidental to the existence of a junior medical officer in a troopship, where she would undoubtedly be made to share the crowded quarters of the subalterns, something comparable to the life of a midshipman of the present day in a ship of war, a flat or passage-way where the young gentlemen sling their hammocks at night; keep their uniform in sea-chests; take their baths in a bathroom plainly furnished with wooden duck-boards and flat tin tubs slung to the deck when not in use, eat in the gun-room, and generally exist in closer contact than boys at a Public School.

Obviously /...

Obviously such conditions were impossible for Barry, so she "wangled" a passage as a private gentleman going to the Cape in a passenger ship. She must have visited St. Helena, not yet the abode of the great Bonaparte in his enforced retirement from the world, but even then an important port of call for all shipping and in the hands of the East India Company. I wonder did she drive up from Jamestown and see the unpretentious house called "Longwood," where later an Emperor and his entourage would endeavour to maintain a stately existence in spite of Sir Hudson Lowe's insistence that "he only know of a General Buonaparte being on the Island, and was unaware of any Emperor being a resident of his domain."

At the Cape the Military Headquarters were at the Castle built by the Dutch during their hundreds of years of occupation, and the Military Hospital was situated at Woodstock on the shores of Table Bay.

On a certain day in December, 1815, three young surgeons were sitting in the mess room of the officers' quarters at the hospital. Outside, the south-eastern was blowing, filling the air with sand and grit, and howling dismally round the inhospitable-looking long block of yellow painted houses facing a turbulent white-capped Table Bay.

Assistant Surgeon Moriarity was sitting in a long cane chair. He was wearing an undress uniform of blue frock-coat with white linen trousers. He was at his ease with coat unbuttoned and was smoking a cigar. His two companions were dressed as he was and all three were freely damning and blasting the weather and the fact that they had to pay their evening visit to their respective wards at 6 p.m. instead of being free to get into plain clothes and ride away to the cool wooded suburbs of Newlands or Wynberg, away from the hot and exposed Woodstock.

"Who is for orderly officer tomorrow?"

Moriarity asked the question, well knowing he was the officer designated for a twenty-four hours' permanent spell of hospital duty.

One of his brother officers simply pointed at Moriarity to save the trouble of speaking.

"And if I am, one of you two will be glad to exchange with me?"

"What! No answer. And you know well tomorrow is the Race Day at Kenilworth. Sure, you wouldn't have me stuck here, and me with a horse running in the second race?"

A profound silence was his only answer.

"Well, of all the . . ."

Moriarity stopped suddenly and slapped his hand on the arm of his chair.

"I have it," he continued. "The new man, Barry, comes in on the Packet to-day. He ought to be here any time now. I'll stick him for 'Orderly Dog' tomorrow and I can get away."

Hardly had he spoken when a two-horsed open carriage rattled up to the door and a black servant, descending from the box seat, opened the door to allow the occupant to emerge. The three officers rushed to the window and stared in great surprise at the equipage. It was one of the Government House carriages. Stepping out of the vehicle came a young man in the full dress of the Medical Service, but not exactly to pattern. There was a certain licence and variety in the costume that astonished the lookers-on. The arriving officer wore a cocked hat, a short blue tunic with a high stiff red collar, heavily splayed with gold lace, riding breeches descending into high black riding boots with very high heels, and he was wearing heavy cavalry spurs.

The gorgeous figure motioned to the servant, who, bowing respectfully, preceded him to the door and rapped smartly.

The three young men raised their eyebrows and gazed helplessly at each other. Who could this be? It wasn't the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset, but surely it must be one of his staff sent to call or deliver a message or invitation to the mess.

A moment later a mess servant threw open the door and announced: "Assistant Surgeon Barry."

Into the room clanked a small, thin young man, his face long, with a pointed chin, wall-shaped nose, small pursed-up mouth, large dark eyes, pale and freckled skin, crowned with a crop of red hair displayed as the gentleman removed his cocked hat, and speaking in a high-pitched voice announced himself with a forward bow.

"Assistant Surgeon Barry, come to report his arrival from England by to-day's Packet."

Moriarity was the first of them to recover his composure. Advancing with outstretched hand he said: "And welcome to the station, Barry. Sit down and make yourself at home. Can I order you something to take the dryness of this infernal dust out of your throat?"

"I thank you, No," replied this stiff little person. "I am pressed for time. I am due to dine with Lord Henry Somerset. As you see, he sent his carriage to meet me. I merely wish to report myself to the Senior Medical Officer before I proceed to take up my duties as Staff Surgeon at Government House."

"Staff Surgeon!" said the astonished Moriarity. "Why, there's no such appointment. The Governor sends for one of us if he wants medical attention for himself or his staff."

"Such may have been the case," Barry coldly replied, "but from now on I am accredited to the Governor's household as his private Medical Adviser."

"And do you mean to say," shouted Moriarity, "that you will not live here at Woodstock and do duty at the hospital?"

"Certainly not," was the reply. "My house has been selected for me, and I am going into occupation this evening, I believe," he went on calmly. "The Governor's A.D.C. has seen to all the necessary arrangements, horses, servants, and so on."

Moriarity threw himself into a chair and, producing a huge bandana handkerchief, mopped his steaming face.

"Well," he muttered, "if this doesn't beat all. And I hoping for a relief tomorrow. May I ask," he said, "will your services be available for such commonplace duties as orderly officer at the hospital?"

"I think not," replied Barry, smiling on the hot and angry officer. "I imagine my duties at Government House will take up all my time, but perhaps, Gentlemen, you will direct me to the office of the Senior Medical Officer, where I can make my official report."

Moriarity rose from his chair.

"Come with me. I shall have great pleasure in introducing you to Surgeon-Major McFab, the Senior Medical Officer."

Striding down the passage with Barry tip-tapping along beside him in his high-heeled boots, Moriarity stopped at a door on which the letters S.M.O. were painted in black letters, knocked, and entered.

Surgeon-Major McNab was a tall, lanky figure of a man seated at his office desk. Looking up under his eyebrows he silently gazed upon the figure of this somewhat flamboyantly attired officer.

"And who," he said, "might you be?"

Barry drew his small figure to its full five feet three, and saluted.

"Assistant Surgeon Barry, Sir, At your service. Arrived from England to-day and directed from the War Office to be attached as Staff Surgeon to the Household of His Excellency the Governor, Lord Charles Somerset."

"Indeed," said McNab slowly. "And where are the orders for this appointment? I have received no such instructions beyond the fact that an Assistant Surgeon was to arrive from England for duty with the garrison."

Barry stepped forward and produced from an inside pocket of his tunic a long official sealed envelope, which he handed to the Surgeon-Major. McNab opened the document, and carefully perused the contents. It took considerable time. Moriarity was anxiously waiting for McNab to burst out into profanity and teach this jackanapes his position. But nothing happened.

McNab folded up the letter, replaced it in its envelope, and handed it back to Barry.

"This appears to be in order," he said. "You are accredited to the Governor's household as Staff Surgeon to attend on all his staff and such persons in Government employ as are entitled to medical attendance. But I shall expect you to be under my orders for such other medical duties as I shall require you to carry out. Is that fully understood, Mr. Barry? And, by the way, who instructed you to wear that uniform? It seems to me to be more that of an A.D.C. than that of an Assistant Surgeon."

"I was informed at the War Office," replied Barry, "that I was to wear such uniform as would be suitable for a Governor's Staff, and not that of an ordinary Assistant Surgeon doing duty at a military hospital."

"And who, may I ask," said McNab, "gave you these instructions?"

"Well, Sir," replied Barry, "now you ask me it was the Adjutant-General with whom I happened to be lunching the day before I sailed."

"Ind-e-e-d . . .," murmured McNab. "Indeed a high authority to discuss the uniform of a junior medical officer."

"Oh, just a family interest," replied the unaccountable young man. "He happens to be related to me through my mother's family."

"Aye, indeed?" said McNab. "Vairry interresting. Will ye dine with me the night?"

"I regret exceedingly, Sir, that I am ordered to dine to-night with Lord Charles Somerset."

"Weel, weel. Another day perhaps. Ye had better be on your way then, Barry."

Moriarity accompanied Barry to his carriage and speechlessly returned to the mess room. His two friends were waiting eagerly to hear how the dour Surgeon-Major had treated Barry.

"What happened, Moriarity?" they cried in one voice.

"The divil a thing happened," said the overcoome Irishman. "Barry is the son of a Scotch Duke, or the heir to an Earldom, or God knows what. All I know is, never a day's work do we get out of Mr. Royal Barry once he settles down in the Government House set."

So Dr. James Barry settled into his charming little house at the top of the gardens, close to Government House, and rapidly became a well-known figure in Cape society. Faint memories in the spoken word recall the picture of a small, dandified figure, always in high collared tunic and high black riding boots with exaggeratedly high heels, passing through the town riding a Basuto pony covered to the hocks by a fine net and led by a black servant, Barry sitting easily in the saddle holding a green-lined umbrella over his head. Whether his progress was always at a walking pace, one wonders. Certainly the outfit was not conducive to rapid horse exercise, but it may be the Basuto pony was a natural "trippler," that quick, tireless cross between a trot and a canter that the Basuto can hold by the hour, while the rider sits as easily as in an arm-chair. No doubt Barry covered ground at this pace as his servant ran before him like the running footmen of England. The Staff Surgeon would be in the position of a private medical attendant to the Government House "entourage" and to all recognized and salaried Government officials of Cape Town, and in addition would be charged with certain social activities connected with Government House entertainments.

What contact, if any, she had with the military medical authorities is difficult to compute. It being essential she should at all times avoid too intimate contact with her fellow men, I assume she used to the utmost the official position to cut herself off from any possibility of being ordered off to camp when the military carried out their customary trainings and "sham fights."

The way to do this was to make herself persona grata at Government House and obtain the ear of Sir Charles Somerset. Thus established, she could afford to ignore Surgeon-Major Mollab and disobey any attempts the Senior Medical Officer might make to keep her under his orders. This affair would have to be put straight as soon as possible, and the occasion soon arose. The wife of an official was in an interesting condition, so interesting that anything might happen at any moment. The good lady had sent for the Staff Surgeon to advise on coming events, and was greatly surprised when what she called "a beardless lad, with red hair, high cheek-bones - unmistakable Scotch type," arrived as her medical attendant. Soon, however, the dear lady became greatly interested in the skill, knowledge, and remarkable experience shown by this Scotch lad in all the numberless complaints connected with that interesting period. It was quite uncanny how her "dear physician" understood all she suffered and was so sympathetic and kind! Also, the physician's conversation was so sparkling, witty, and showed such close acquaintance with the Scotch and English aristocracy that it very soon became known in the social circles that Dr. Barry was related to the bluest blood of the old country, and from a delightful reticence in his manner when questioned more closely as to his family's connections with the Dukes and Earls he mentioned so naturally and easily in his conversation, it soon became whispered about that Barry was in fact the offspring of such a very important person at home that the name could not even be mentioned. Even later than 1815, it was not uncommon in our Colonies, as we called them, to find mysterious young men who evidently moved in high circles in England, as far as we could judge by their own accounts, but who never returned to the homeland, or received any visitors from their scenes of former glory, and about whom stories of "bar sinister," and "illegitimate," and "highly placed people" and "sent to the Colonies to be out of the way," quickly spread and soon became an established matter of history.

So to Barry's attractive personality and skill at his profession was attached that mysterious glamour of undisclosed parentage.

Now just at this time Surgeon-Major Mollab forwarded a letter to Surgeon Barry notifying him that on a certain date in the near future he would be detailed as Medical Officer to the 83rd Regiment of Foot, proceeding up country to make a demonstration in the vicinity of Grahamstown, where a certain Kaffir tribe was giving trouble, and that "during his absence the duties of Staff Surgeon would be carried out by a Surgeon Moriarity."

The crisis had come.

Barry, /...

Barry, that same morning, visited his lady patient and broke the news to her that he would not be present when that event they were preparing for came to its climax.

"What! Doctor Barry! Leave me to the care of one of the surgeons from the barracks? A man accustomed to the ailments of rough soldiers to come to my house. Who is it to be? Oh, Heavens! That wild Irishman from the bogs of Donegal. Truly an amusing character, but not my choice as a confidential medical attendant."

It was impossible - a scandal. Barry must not go. The Government must be told at once. Her husband would be sent to Government House the instant he returned from the Courts (he was a magistrate) and he would petition Lord Charles to cancel the absurd order. "Dr. Barry to be sent off into the wilds to purge and stomach-pump drunken soldiers. . . . Let that coarse Moriarity be despatched. . . ." And so on for some considerable time.

The train was laid and the match applied. An anxious husband interviewed Lord Charles. Having no wife - he was at that time a widower - the Governor was peculiarly vulnerable to feminine influence, and several charming ladies of the Government House circle approached him with petitions concerning the retention of Dr. Barry. Even the A.D.C., Captain Cloete, the son of a prominent old Dutch family, was loth to hear of any change of Staff Surgeon; so upsetting in every way. . . . Barry was very capable and easy in social matters, if one didn't upset his quick temper, a man of some social standing outside his Army position, and so forth. . . .

Also, Lord Charles was offended because the Senior Medical Officer had not approached him before sending an order to one of his, the Governor's, Staff. Barry might be an Assistant Surgeon of the Army Medical Service, but he was practically seconded as Staff Surgeon. This Senior Medical Officer fellow must be put in his place.

Barry was sent for and told by Lord Charles he was to remain at his duties and consider the order as cancelled. Then the Governor despatched a short note to the Officer Commanding the Garrison, pointing out that military officers on the Government House Staff were not under the order of the military authorities, etc., and that Lord Charles Somerset would be obliged if in future orders were not issued to such officers without his covering authority, etc., and, in fact, rapped the knuckles of the officer commanding the troops so sharply that he turned upon the Senior Medical Officer and wanted to know "What the devil he meant by giving orders without informing me," and so on. The result of course being that the Senior Medical Officer was so effectively crushed that never again did he dare to interfere with the Staff Surgeon.

(To be continued.)

Dr. JAMES BARRY: INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BY COLONEL N.J.C. RUTHERFORD, D.S.O.

(Continued from page 120).

So James Barry settled into a secure post where he was entirely his own master as to his private life and free from direct observation. In the pose of a bachelor officer he would not be expected to entertain at his house, but would be freely received by all the hospitable Colonial families of the Peninsula as well as the immediate Government House circle. The young Staff Surgeon also established a reputation as a skilled physician, especially in midwifery and women's diseases. Here, obviously, came in the special training when on half-pay in London and the natural aptitude of a woman to become skilled in the diseases peculiar to her own sex.

So wide became the reputation of young Barry that soon the civilian families at the Cape were calling him in in place of the local doctors, and Barry was soon established as a private practitioner as well as Staff Surgeon; there being no official reason why the doctors of the garrison should not occupy their spare time in private practice, though, as a rule, Army doctors refrained from doing so because they considered it was not fair to the local doctors to "out in" and take their patients, and also because most medical men who joined the Army did so to escape the hard life of the ordinary practitioner, and preferred an easier existence with perhaps less money, but leisure for games and sports and opportunities to travel about and see the world.

However that may be, it is probable that Barry did not earn the affection of the local doctors, and was attacked as a meddling, purse-snatching fellow, pushing his way into the life of the Colony when he was living there as a Government servant and not a resident.

But Barry's position at Government House protected him from anything more than some grumbling and spiteful gossip. From all accounts, Barry had excellent social manners, talked well, could be light and gay in conversation with the fair sex, and was not averse to paying marked attention to some of the pretty girls for whom the Cape has always been famous; and even getting into trouble for his flirtatious ways.

Also in her dress she was somewhat flamboyant, and in these days would be described as a good publicity agent. When riding out to pay professional visits to patients her progress and appearance were somewhat startling. Always in uniform with a high gold-laced collar, belted and spurred, glittering in the bright Cape sunlight, one can see her riding sedately down to the town or making a longer journey to Wynberg to call upon her friends the Cloetes at Alphen. Riding up the long avenue to the dignified White House with the pillared stoop, handing over her horse to a native servant, and entering the tall cool rooms with polished floors and the stately old Dutch furniture. Dining with the family and listening to the mellow tones of the old slave bell calling in the workers from the fields. Strolling out into the hushed evening silence of the calm Cape evenings, her tongue loosened by portac and van der hum, as almost the fact of her true sex was sunk now in her virile life and the easy acceptance by all of Assistant Surgeon Barry, the clever physician, the Staff Officer, the favourite of the Governor, admired and complimented. Why, quite a dashing blade! Though small and weakly looking, her feet tiny in her polished boots, the thin hands and tapering fingers of the skilled accoucheur, the face pale as always, even under African skies, but the clear pale skin of the red-haired, the large dark eyes and the small mouth, the easy flow of small talk, of London, the opera, the names of highly placed ones tripping off her tongue, no wonder some charming Miss Van Breda, or Du Flessis, or Van Ryn, or an English Miss of the Government House circle, fell in love with the dashing Dr. Barry. It all culminated in a quick quarrel, hot words, and a meeting at Alphen between Barry and Captain Cloete, the A.D.C. to the Governor. The trouble was concerning

a lady that Cloete admired and whom he discovered in Barry's company under somewhat embarrassing circumstances. Barry had a way of suddenly becoming intimate in her manner to any young woman she had taken a fancy for, and in fact became as feminine as young women of her period could be in their sudden passions for some girl friend. This attitude was likely to be misunderstood by the ladies themselves and by the young men involved. Barry was so firmly established now in her male character that she did not hesitate for a moment to take up the challenge thrown at her head by Cloete. The meeting was a hurried one, and the small party of young gentlemen strolled away from the house towards the wide steep facing the vineyards spreading up the slopes of Table Mountain. A fellow officer of Barry's, also a surgeon, acted as his second. Cloete had an officer of the Garrison to act for him. Preliminaries arranged and pistols chosen, the duel took place on the ground pointed out to me by a member of the Cloete family in 1932. Cloete escaped, but Barry was hit through the thigh, a flesh wound, nothing serious, but painful. Barry wore a long cloak, and as soon as shots had been exchanged and honour satisfied, had immediately resumed the voluminous garment. Her second, a Surgeon Foss, saw Barry stagger at the discharge of the pistols and rushed forward to see what had happened; had Barry been wounded? Recovering her cloak Barry wrapped herself in the long folds and denied having received any injury. All she demanded was a rapid return to her own house in the Gardens. Foss soon had her Cape cart and pair of smart horses produced, and having made her peace with young Cloete, Barry set off on the eight miles drive home. Pale as always, she was doubly pale now. Foss again demanded:-

"Are you wounded?"

"No, no, nothing, get me home soon, that is all I ask."

A nip or two of good Cape brandy kept Barry going until her house was reached and she could climb down from the Cape cart, which she did stiffly.

"Come now, Barry, I must have this cloak off and examine you. I'm sure Cloete winged you somewhere."

"No, I tell you again," snapped Barry, "I am all right, and get me to my room and then leave me."

Helping her up the steps to the steep the cloak fell away and Foss saw Barry's breeches were dark with blood in the front of the right thigh.

"You are wounded, Barry - I must dress the wound. Get into your bedroom. Ishmael (Barry's Malay servant boy) and I will undress you and soon get you right."

Barry set her teeth and painfully limped to the door of her bedroom. As she entered she called over her shoulder:-

"I don't want you or Ishmael. Now for God's sake go and leave me in peace."

Astounded at this strange treatment Foss refused to go without some assurance that Barry was not bleeding to death behind the closed door. Sounds of movement convinced him the victim was still alive, and after a time Barry spoke to him. Thanking him for helping her home, she assured Foss the only damage was a superficial wound in the flesh of the thigh, that it was now dressed and comfortable, and would be healed in a few days.

"I ask you particularly," continued Barry in a weak voice, "not to mention the fact that I have received a slight wound to anyone, and not to mention the duel to anyone. Cloete also wishes the whole matter hushed up and will himself keep silence."

With /....

With some reluctance Foss promised and left the house. From that day Barry kept out of Foss's way and avoided any intercourse, obviously evading attempts at friendship or inquiries about the wound.

In a few days Barry had reappeared at her duties and was going about as usual. If Foss happened to be of the same company Barry made a point of ignoring him, and even failed to recognize him when they met. Incensed at this strange behaviour Foss adopted the same attitude and avoided Barry.

More and more Barry kept to the Government House set and her private practice among the civilian population, to whom she was now very well known and admired for the social and professional position she had reached. Having the ear of Lord Charles Somerset, Barry was able to add some Colonial administrative medical appointments to her military duties, and undoubtedly must have been in a much better financial position than her confreres in the Medical Service, and in addition there was always the background of money and position at home, vague and uncertain though the evidence may have been to consolidate the fact.

Barry's sympathetic manner, especially towards those of her own sex, got her into difficulties on many occasions. The extraordinary understanding spirit of the dashing young military doctor made many of the Cape beauties sigh for more than a touch of the long slender fingers on a fluttering pulse or the proximity of the head of wavy red hair to a fair white bosom as the cold ring of the long wooden stethoscope rested on the tender skin and Dr. Barry murmured "Say ninety-nine" almost as if he was confessing his love. The still starlit evenings under the old oak trees at Alphen as the guests of the hospitable Cloete family sat on the broad stoep after supper were conducive to women and love. The trouble between young Cloete and Barry was but a trifling one in those days, and having exchanged shots in honourable fashion they were again on friendly terms. Frequently at these popular Sunday evening suppers other members of the Garrison would be present, and it was always notable that Staff Surgeon Barry stood stiffly on rank and position if at any time some young ensign or lieutenant presumed to be too familiar or off-hand with her, and never hesitated to assume a strictly regimental air should a reproof be necessary. This attitude in addition to the invariably stiff rigidity of uniform she adopted, made her none too popular with the younger officers, but Barry cared little for that. So long as she remained persona grata at Government House her position was unassailable. But even so at times her quick temper and inability to accept orders which incensed her in any way must have frequently led to trouble from which even the Governor could not save her. The Senior Medical Officer, Surgeon-Major McNab, had to write out that important document, the Officers' Annual Confidential Report, in which the opinion of the local Commander is recorded for the use of the War Office. Nobody could prevent McNab from saying what he thought of Assistant Surgeon Barry who, technically speaking, was serving under his orders. It was the custom of the Service that should the Commanding Officer say anything of an adverse or derogatory nature the report must be communicated personally to the officer concerned. An excellent way of placing the senior officer in the position of reading aloud in privacy to the junior officer the unpleasant points in his character and professional capacity commented upon with a view to blocking his future in the Service. So one day Surgeon Barry was bidden to attend at the same gloomy office at Woodstock where he had reported on his arrival at the Cape. It was also necessary that the officer being reported upon should be medically examined and signed "Fit for active service" by a medical officer. Strictly speaking, to do the examination fully, the officer would necessarily be stripped and examined as when he applied for a commission. But the yearly examination had become stale by repetition, and most officers found that the doctor rattled through a bunch of healthy young officers pretty quickly when they presented themselves for their annual inspection. So Barry would not have much trouble in avoiding a searching physical examination each year, especially as she herself was a doctor. It would have been simple to throw the form down before some medical officer acquaintance and say: "Fill up the medical certificate for me. I'm as fit as possible," and the thing was done. But the matter of having to appear before the Senior Medical Officer meant something more serious,

and/...

and in some trepidation Barry knocked and entered McNab's office. Established now as a social success and a successful staff surgeon, the last thing Barry expected was any adverse criticism on her work and duties. But she had not considered how her successes might have inspired jealousy in the minds of others not so well placed as herself, and also a feeling that it was time "To take that fellow Barry down a peg or two." Consequently she was inflamed and indignant when the dry McNab curtly read to her extracts from the Confidential Report which stated that "Assistant Surgeon Barry is somewhat unfortunate in his manner, lacking in tact and impatient of control. Otherwise this officer has carried out his duties in a satisfactory manner."

Now here we have a report calculated to damn the outlook of any young man, the cold disapproval of the character combined with the lukewarm, almost grudging appreciation in the wording "Satisfactory".

McNab was palpably uneasy under the hostile glare in Barry's dark eyes as the slim figure stood to attention on the other side of the table. Finishing his peroration McNab passed the report across the table.

"Initial and date this report, please."

But Barry did not move.

"Before doing so, Sir, I demand a period of leave of absence to England to put my case before the War Office."

Astounded at this defiant attitude, McNab threw himself back in his chair.

"Leave of absence to England? Because of my remarks in your Confidential? What nonsense, Mr. Barry. An officer must serve at least seven years in this station before he becomes eligible for leave, and then only if his services can be spared. You have not yet served sufficient years and I should certainly not recommend your application for leave. Initial this report and let us hear no more about leave."

But Barry was adamant.

"Should you not forward my application for leave I shall leave the Cape by the next available packet-boat and proceed to England at my own expense."

This open defiance brought McNab out of his chair. Standing bristling behind the table he shouted, "If you do, Sir, you will be posted as a deserter and court martialled on arrival in England."

"That, Sir, remains to be seen. I may remind you that I have certain influences in London which will cancel any adverse reports from even the Senior Medical Officer at the Cape."

Saluting smartly the Staff Surgeon stamped away on his high heels with tinkling spurs. Straight to the Governor goes Barry and demands audience.

Lord Charles had a soft spot for his wayward but entertaining and skilful physician.

"Well, Barry, what's the trouble this time? No more duelling, I hope? I heard all about your little escapade at Alphen, and if Cloete had not begged me to ignore the whole matter, you would have been on your way home under arrest."

"I am going home by the first packet and came here to acquaint you of the fact."

"Going home? How do you mean? On leave? Or have you been replaced and ordered home by the War Office? At any rate, I should have been informed of this; you must have my permission before such a change can be made. Under whose instructions are you leaving the Cape?"

"I am leaving the Cape, Lord Charles, because I have decided that it is time I had a new station, and also because I could no longer serve in the same place as that ignorant, common fellow McNab who calls himself the Senior Medical Officer."

"Now /...

"Now, look here, Barry," said Lord Charles, "You have had a row with McNab and you are doing this mad act in a passion. Why, good Heavens, this act will ruin your career, you will be discharged from the Army as soon as you set foot in England. Pray consider the whole affair before you act precipitatedly. What has been the trouble with Surgeon-Major McNab?"

"The fellow had the impudence to give me, Barry, a bad Confidential Report in which he called me 'tactless and insubordinate'."

"Well, upon my life, I think McNab was not far out. You are bad tempered, you are insubordinate, and you are in fact a damned difficult fellow to deal with."

To hear Lord Charles agree with McNab was more than Barry could stand. He whirled out of Government House in a flaming temper. Extraordinary as it may appear, Barry simply defied all authority and embarked himself for the long voyage via St. Helena for England.

What happened at the War Office is not known, but instead of being court martialled Barry was offered an appointment in Jamaica. Never did she want to serve in England, and soon the late Staff Surgeon at the Cape became the Regimental Medical Officer of the 3rd West India Regiment based in Jamaica and serving at British Guiana and Sierra Leone on the West Coast of Africa. As Surgeon to the Regiment Barry would become one of themselves, wear the uniform, and follow the 3rd West to the changes of station. The West Coast capital, Freetown, and Georgetown in Guiana, were neither of them health resorts. Both were renowned at that time for yellow fever and ague. The cause of these endemic diseases was unknown, both being said to be caused by swampy ground and the low mists that rise from the waterlogged lowlands. True enough, as the mosquitoes came from these swampy lands, and proximity meant fever.

How long Barry served with the 3rd West India Regt. is not recorded, but she certainly appears in Georgetown as a "Dr. FitzJames" in a book called "A Modern Sphinx," written by Major E. Rogers, Staff Officer of Pensioners, and published in 1881. It is easy to recognize the description and mannerism of the Barry of the Cape, but now she is older, and getting senior in rank. But what happened between her abrupt departure from the Cape and her appearance at Georgetown? It is quite possible Barry may have returned to the Cape, but it is more likely she was transferred to St. Helena as part of the Cape garrison.

(To be continued.)

Dr. JAMES BARRY: INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF THE ARMY
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.

BY COLONEL N. J. C. RUTHERFORD, D.S.O.

(Continued from page 178).

In 1903 the writer, stationed at the Cape, was placed under orders for service at St. Helena, which was part of the Cape Command. But in Barry's time St. Helena was flourishing as the stopping place for our immense Eastern Trade Route traffic round the Cape, and of great military and naval importance.

Barry would have been a Surgeon-Major on the medical staff of the Island.

In 1903, if I had gone to St. Helena I, as a captain in the R.A.M.C., would have been the only medical officer, the garrison consisting of a company of garrison gunners, some engineers and ordnance personnel, and when I last saw the Island in 1932 the total military population was said to be some twenty gunners looking after the barracks. But until the Suez Canal came into action in 1870 the great Indian and Eastern sea traffic used St. Helena as a port of call. So one can imagine Barry as one of a fairly large garrison. How she lived at St. Helena and how long she remained, does not seem to be known. Perhaps she just did a short turn of duty from the Cape on her way home on route for Georgetown in British Guiana, where the active little figure of Barry again appears.

The troops were stationed in Eve Leary Barracks, and Barry was the principal medical officer of the station, known to all as the P.M.O. Age had made great changes in the debonair red-headed little surgeon. Service in malarial stations had taken their toll, and Barry was now a yellow-complexioned cadaverous little person, thin-faced and snappy mannered. The importance of his position made him pompous and overbearing towards his inferiors. Among the medical officers serving under him Barry was known as a hard man to please and one who would brook no slackness in duty or deportment.

Do we see here the feminine capacity to rule and command being exercised in secret pleasure by Barry over these mere men who found themselves unwittingly under the command of a middle-aged lady?

Another change in Barry also points the way of her declining years and the passing interest in personal appearance. From being almost a dandy in dress and appearance, we are shocked to find him described as "old and peevish, dressed in nankeen blouse and trousers, hanging loosely on his emaciated small frame."

An officer arriving at the barracks meets the P.M.O. and notes how he spoke "in a sharp, crabbed tone that repulsed cordiality," and how he took the first opportunity to get away, "keeping his sharp gray eyes fixed on his small feet as he walked quickly as if to get away from the society of a fresh acquaintance."

The P.M.O. is discussed in the Mess and the Colonel of the 3rd West India Regiment describes him as "an oddity, but don't mind his peevish ways. A right good fellow at heart and an excellent physician." Further talk elicited the statement that Barry had plenty of interest, could choose his own stations, and always selected one far from home and, if possible, a lively, social place where women were plenty and life afforded opportunities for flirtatious moments.

Why a woman should engage herself in "flirting" with members of her own sex is difficult to follow, but no doubt Barry extracted a good deal of amusement in watching the jealous husbands and lovers becoming infuriated at the antics of the shrivelled little doctor. It does not seem to have precipitated another duel as far as we know, so may-hap the older Barry only elicited the laughter of younger men at the amorous excursions of the middle-aged.

The ladies of the garrison had great respect and liking for the P.M.O., firstly because he was proficient in his profession and insisted that his subordinates should be so also; never would he put up with slackness or delay in attending to the sick soldiers or their families, and was betide any medical officer who got himself into trouble. Barry would break him on the spot, pack him off to England with a scathing confidential report, enough to damn all future prospects in the medical service.

The P.M.O. did not confine his martinet manners to his own medical subordinates. But if the need arose, he never missed asserting his superior rank should any of his combatant brother officers give him cause for complaint.

Part of his duty was to inspect stations up country garrisoned by the West India soldiers and such inspections were generally carried out by a combined naval and military expedition, the Royal Navy providing a small gunboat to carry the inspecting military officers.

At one such inspection, the other officers arrived at the docks late and found Barry on board and extremely caustic on their dilatory methods.

"You call this military punctuality, I suppose? I had a very strong notion of going off myself and ordering the captain to proceed. The hour of embarkation appeared in orders as 5.55 p.m., and it is now actually 6.10 p.m. I shall certainly report you gentlemen to the Colonel. He could scarcely have intended that I should have to await the convenience of junior officers!"

But the said young officers have the temerity to argue that as they are going to assist at a Court Martial the importance of their duties exceeds that of holding a mere medical inspection and that the P.M.O. would not have dared to set off without them. This impertinence drives Barry into a sulkily silence which he utilizes in ostentatiously reading certain heavily crested home letters just arrived by the mail boat. No sooner has the boat reached the gunboat than Barry, enforcing his seniority, is the first to step on the deck. He at once demands an interview with the Captain, and is escorted to the Captain's cabin. The naval officer does not know what to make of this odd little man. Firstly, Dr. Barry inquires anxiously if his private goat has arrived on board?

"Why, yes," replied the Captain. "I can confirm the arrival of the goat, and a d--d nuisance it will be on board. Why in Heaven's name do you want a goat on your travels? I see also you bring your dog with you."

"Certainly," replies Barry, in a haughty and querulous tone. "I never move without my dog to keep me company, and my goat to supply me with milk. I trust you are well supplied with vegetables, as I am a strict vegetarian?"

"Well, doctor, we will do our best, though I imagine the vegetarian diet will be a bit strange to the ship's cook. But we will manage, never fear. At any rate I can promise the liquor will be all right!"

"I have no use for abominable alcohol, sir. A wholesome vegetarian diet is good enough for myself, my dog, and my goat, but what I do want is the use of a separate cabin. To be placed in the same cabin with another would be abhorrent to one of my delicate sensibilities."

"Oh, come, doctor. What can you expect in a gunboat? We shall all have to double up so as to fix you fellows in. Surely you wouldn't object to a bed-fellow?"

"Object, sir! I object most strongly. My seniority in rank demands privacy, and if I do not get it I shall order you to place me ashore at once; the matter will at once be reported to the Governor."

Barry /....

Barry had played his old game of getting into intimate relations with the Governor, gaining the complete confidence of the Governor's wife by the certainty and skill of his medical and surgical knowledge, and establishing himself as a person of undoubtedly aristocratic family with powerful backing at home. As usual he gained his point, and was allotted the Captain's day cabin, in reality the Captain's office, where he carried out his daily correspondence and routine duties.

The little dog Barry carried about was trained to resent the entrance to Barry's bedroom on shore of any stranger and would be just as truculent in a ship's cabin.

As soon as dinner was over, Barry left the wardroom and retired to his cabin. The remaining officers sat over their port, and the naval officers expressed curiosity to hear something about this, to them, queer little man.

"What manner of animalcule is your doctor?" asked the Captain. "We have heard strange rumours up and down the coast of the doctor. I can't call him a man; he has neither the voice nor thews of one, and as for his height, he would be nothing without his heels. Did anyone ever see higher ones and such a rigout generally, his big gingham umbrella included? Does anyone know his history?"

The military officer present replied: "All I know about him is what our surgeon says. He served under the fellow in the Mediterranean fifteen or sixteen years ago. Barry has all the makings of a tyrant and bullies his subordinates. One surgeon wanted particularly to come on this trip but the P.M.O. wouldn't hear of it, and instead ordered him to prepare a tiresome Annual Sanitary Report, and to have it all ready for his return."

Another military officer, evidently having no love for Barry, described him as "a conceited old fop, who, like most little creatures, desires to make up for his small dimensions by self importance." "However," he continued, "no one disputes his abilities as a surgeon and physician. He has performed some capital operations since his arrival and is constantly called into consultation by the Colonial surgeons in cases of malaria. Then again, the Governor always sends for the P.M.O. in any emergency in his family."

But now an officer who had definite knowledge of Barry's former life said: "I am the only man in a position to trace Barry's antecedents as far as they are known. One of my uncles on my mother's side left all his property to Barry's sister. That sister died. Some years after, a cousin of mine on the medical staff met Barry at the Cape, but Barry never discussed family affairs with him. The story goes that Barry asked my cousin to attend him at a duel twenty-five years ago at the Cape, when a bumptious young aide-de-camp had insulted him. Shots were exchanged, and Barry stumbled and fell, but he denied having been touched. The combatants shook hands and parted. Barry then confessed he had been hit and was bleeding. He would not allow my cousin to see the wound or dress it and made him promise to be secret over the matter. He staggered off to his room and locked himself in. In a few days he was up and about again, but from that moment he avoided my cousin in every way, and snubbed him on duty.

"Barry was promoted Surgeon on the Staff over my cousin's head, though the former had done not a day's Regimental duty. My cousin declared it was done by back-stairs influence at Whitehall.

"My cousin described Barry as repellant in manner and bombastic in speech, but that he played his cards well with the Government circle and ignored the Garrison set. The money he had inherited from my uncle gave him unlimited credit in the Colony and powerful letters of introduction placed him at the top of the tree in society. One day Barry went too far in his rudeness to my cousin, who promptly called him out. Barry refused the challenge, neither would he apologise. This fact coming to official notice, a Court of Inquiry sent him to England under arrest. Everyone thought his career in the Army was finished, but instead, he was transferred to a better station and now, as you see, he is at the top of his branch of the Army out here, and will go higher, they say."

The matter was closely discussed at table; the naval captain was of opinion the P.M.O. was no coward and refused to fight with a relation of the man who had left him his money.

But after all this he continued, "Who is he? Who was his father? Has he no relations?"

The same military officer replied: "I don't know. The man is reticent enough to provoke our curiosity without satisfying it, and clever enough to tangle the web without giving a clue. He boasts of his aristocratic connexions, of being the last of a noble line, and he assures us that the blood of princes flows in his veins. He prates of his lineage, that the Countess of X lives for his society, insinuates a Maid of Honour at Court resigned because Her Majesty refused to make him a K.C.B. He is amusingly eccentric - pomposity personified - but a gentleman every inch. His attention to the men's wives and families is worthy of all praise. Blear-eyed dissolute creatures as many of them are, he lectures them on health matters, particularly the eyes. He carries a pinch of tea in his waistcoat pocket and shows them how to soak a rag in a decoction of tea. He will say, "You must lie down, my dears, just like this (and he lies flat), and place a bit of tea-soaked rag over each eye, thus; and you must remain in this position for half an hour every night for fourteen days."

"There on the floor lies the P.M.O., giving the grinning women explicit directions. And his fondness for puling infants is extraordinary; he handles them as expertly as a monthly nurse. But then he delights in whipping off a man's arm or leg. He is a mystery."

The sitting broke up on this note, and all the officers retired for the night. Alone amongst them only the captain of the ship and the P.M.O. had their private cabins. And at the foot of Barry's cot lay the truculent little terrier, ready to spring up in defence should anyone dare to enter the cabin.

On arrival at the station to be inspected the P.M.O. stamped on deck in full regalia; a large plumed cocked hat shrouded his shrunken features, a tunic that seemed to bury his small frame out of sight; a big sword rattled in a brass scabbard; brass spurs affixed to his two-inch heels, and to crown all he holds in his hand a huge umbrella!

The appearance on deck of this strange figure caused laughter and merriment, though the officers attempted to stifle their mirth. The incensed P.M.O. advanced upon them.

"I do not understand this merriment, gentlemen," he said haughtily. "I should have thought I had endured enough discomfort on board this ship without being insulted at daylight. Have done, gentlemen!" His voice rose to a scream. "Have done, I say, or I place you all under arrest."

On shore at New Amsterdam waited the local medical officer to receive the dreaded P.M.O.

Immediately on landing the barracks and hospital were inspected. During his tour of the former, Barry was meticulous in every detail. On visiting the barrack rooms he demanded to be shown exactly how the men were clothed, the system of washing, repairing and issue of shirts and socks, the condition of blankets and arrangements for their washing and disinfection, the sanitary arrangements, the cleaning of barrack-room floors, how the food was conveyed from the cook-houses, and every possible item that might affect the comfort and health of the troops. Needless to say, this strict inspection delighted the soldiers who saw their company officers and the Quartermaster strictly questioned and criticized by this peppery little man in the funny uniform. Hurried messages were despatched for the Commanding Officer who had not considered the inspection of a mere medical officer important enough to demand his presence.

On /....

On arrival he was at first astonished and amused at the quaint personality of this little man, but he soon recognized he had to deal with, to him, an unknown type. The P.M.O. showed an intimate knowledge of how barracks should be organized, and an uncanny familiarity with every regulation dealing with what the soldier ought to be supplied with down to the last one-thirty-sixth of an ounce of pepper in the daily ration. The fierce old Quartermaster had been reduced to a trembling condition of nerves by the stream of questions and demands fired at him, and the Captain had been reduced to membles of, "I am afraid I don't know, sir," when questions of the interior economy of the regiment got beyond their knowledge. The Commanding Officer was coldly received, and at once informed that the condition of the regiment left much to be desired and it would be the duty of the P.M.O. so to report when he returned to Headquarters.

So in a flurry of outraged feelings on both sides the P.M.O. clattered off in his spurs to rend the poor medical officer at the hospital. The Colonel was heard to exclaim: "Why, the fellow was more like the housekeeper of a country house berating idle servants than a d--d doctor coming into my barracks."

At the hospital he was a quite different P.M.O. His professional interest was now on top and once he had realized that all was clean and well organized he dived deeply into each case and showed his intimate knowledge and experience of tropical diseases. In the end, the inspection became a lecture to the medical officer and left the latter with the greatest respect and admiration for his chief.

On the voyage back to Georgetown the P.M.O. was a different person. He was genial, amusing, and kept the whole company in thrall with his witty and chatty stories of his experiences in different parts of the world. At times he launched out into descriptions of his visits to an uncle, the late Lord Malinsore, at his estate in Scotland, and the great people he met at the house. Mostly, he dwelt on the eccentric habits of his distinguished relation, and freely admitted that, as a family, all the members of it were inclined to be somewhat eccentric and he himself was no exception. All the while cheerfully eating his vegetable dinner and sipping his goat's milk.

He left the ship as much an enigma as when he embarked and for long after the naval officers talked about the quaint little doctor and his odd, shrill voice and dainty feminine ways.

Back in Georgetown Barry resumed his intimacy with the Governor, Sir Henry Dopping, and was a constant guest at Government House. The ladies of the colony were as puzzled at Barry as had been the ladies at the Cape. He had a whimsical way of treating them that raised their intense curiosity and he displayed an uncanny knowledge of the feminine ailments of body and mind. In an age when the male laughed and ridiculed the swooning and weeping habits of the fair sex, Barry seemed to be able to understand exactly how the dear ladies felt and was so full of sympathetic understanding that several of them were inclined to think themselves in love with this tender-hearted physician. So much so that when the doctor warned them off by suddenly turning cold and irresponsible, love turned to hate, and some would describe him as "that poor, whimsical, insignificant creature," and talk of him as "the pet of certain influential circles sought for his so-called social attainments."

But all "tittle-tattle" was hushed when the Europeans were attacked by a violent fever, resembling malaria, but probably yellow fever, imported into America from the West Coast of Africa. The West Indian regiments did service in Sierra Leone, and in all probability carried the infection with them. Many of the garrison were stricken, and all people walked in fear of "Yellow Jack," as it was called, on account of the victims turning yellow with jaundice.

The P.M.O. worked himself to the bone and was indefatigable in visiting and treating all classes of patients. The ladies of the garrison were almost impatient because Barry would give as much attention to a black nigger or his "mammy" as he would to the Governor's lady. The little man was reduced to skin and bone but he never gave in, and became intensely irritated when kind female friends desired him to go to bed and let them nurse him back to strength!

Soon /....

Soon after the epidemic came to an end the P.M.O. commenced to show that recklessness that generally ended in a change of scene for him. He spoke openly of Georgetown having become "odious to him." He acidly disparaged the ladies and described them as being "curdy and wanting in any rose and honeysuckle freshness." At last he spoke openly at Mess of his intention to leave Georgetown and return to England.

"But how can you do that?" he was asked. "Do you mean to exchange with another officer at home?"

"Not at all," he replied. "It will not be the first time I have presumed to burst the bonds of regulations. The last time I did so I turned up at the office of the Director-General of the Army Medical Service and reported my arrival in England. The Director-General was quite annoyed and asked me in an angry tone, 'What the devil brings you here, sir?' I replied, 'To get my hair cut,' saucily enough I must confess, but he riled me with his arrogant airs. As soon as he gathered who he was dealing with he passed it off as a joke, saying with reference to my somewhat lengthy locks, 'So it would seem, sir. And your audacity is of equal prodigious growth.'"

True to his word the P.M.O. calmly booked his passage, said farewell to the Governor and the Officer Commanding the Garrison, and sailed for England. How he got away with a proceeding that was tantamount to open deliberate desertion, history does not relate. He should have forfeited his commission, but apparently he did not do so.

Here ends any available record of James Barry. What happened later until the time he was placed on half-pay on July 19, 1859, nobody of that time has mentioned.

The Dictionary of National Biography states that James Barry died in London at 14, Margaret Street, on July 25, 1865. The official report sent to the Horse Guards said that Barry was a woman. She died in lodgings, and neither the landlady nor her black servant who had waited upon her for years had any suspicion that she was not a man, an officer of the Army on half-pay.

Can we picture the scene of that lonely figure, a woman of 70 years of age, passing away attended by the faithful black servant she had brought from the Cape, and the perhaps scanty ministrations, if any, of the landlady or some "Mrs. Gamp" of the period, a creature who would not be likely to explore the anatomy of the patient by any undue washing operations; the sort of nurse who put the gin bottle on the mantelpiece and placed her lips to it when "she was so disposed."

I can imagine a Dickens picture of the dark old panelled room with the shrunken figure on the bed behind the drawn curtains. The blousy nurse crouching over the fire nodding asleep from an excess of liquid refreshment. The black servant wandering about the dim passage where he had been driven by the nurse who "could not abide a black savage in the same room." Down in the basement the landlady attending to her own affairs and the meals of the other lodgers. The rattle of cabs and carts over the cobbles in the street. The failing brain of the dying Inspector-General passing rapidly in review flashes of memory of the sunlit, tree-bordered streets of Cape Town, the sweep of the gardens of Government House under the slopes of Table Mountain, the glittering official dinner parties where he was an honoured guest of his friend Lord Charles Somerset. The wide, stone-flagged stoep of Alphen where he faced Captain Cloete, pistol in hand, and the sting of the bullet in his thigh that at all costs he must conceal from prying eyes and fingers lest the secret of his then young life be exposed. St. Helena, and the "Man of Destiny" sitting outside Longwood House in a straw hat and nankeen trousers. Georgetown, and the sweltering heat and tropical forests. What did not pass through that fading brain? Peoples and places we know not of, figures of his youth, his mother! his father! Belted earl for a grandfather, or humble Scotch folk for ancestors? Who knows what the secret of that strange life was. Soon Mrs. Gamp will nod herself awake, and stumble over to the bed to see why the patient is so quiet. Even her professional attainments can recognize death, and she places the sheet over the still face and calls in the black servant

announce that "The poor, dear gentleman has passed away that quiet she hardly noticed his going." The grief of the black man combined with his fear of death and reluctance to approach the shape on the bed. The landlady notified and none too pleased at the news. "Upsetting a decent woman's house and making the lodgers uncomfortable. Why can't these old people be took away to hospitals to die." Mrs. Gamp left to her gruesome task of "preparing the body," and then the discovery of the true sex of the dead. The chatter and excitement. Mrs. Gamp springs into prominence as "the attentive nurse who made the strange discovery." The Horse Guards notified, and a Guards surgeon coming to view the body and to formally report that the late officer was a woman. Consternation at the Horse Guards and a hasty decision that, in Army parlance, "The matter was now closed, and no further correspondence on the subject would be opened."

If it was a fact that Barry had audaciously bluffed the Army and the world for the period of 1813 to 1865, the years of her service, masquerading as a man and deceiving all, the only thing was to close down this rather upsetting incident and just carry on as if it had not happened.

In the Headquarters Mess of the Royal Army Medical College at Millbank, there exists a miniature of James Barry, showing an odd-looking head appearing out of a very high-collared uniform. The hair is clustered over the forehead in curls and brushed back in a wavy fashion. Eyes large and dark. Long, thin nose. Small, pursed-up mouth, and small chin sunk into the folds of the collar. The torso shown is so slender and child-like as to hardly bear the weight of the head. There also exists a pen and ink sketch of Barry wearing a uniform such as I described in the inspecting visit to New Amsterdam, the immense cocked hat being prominent.

It is indeed strange that such an interesting personality should have left so little mark in history, and we are forced to imagine that some important reason did exist for the hushing up of the true facts of this surprising performance. Even to-day it would be a Press scoop to discover that a senior Army officer was found at death to have been a woman. How much more so in 1865, when such an exploit would have been almost beyond the possible.

Copies of correspondence in THE LANCET Oct/Nov 1895

on Dr. James Barry.

and other documents on Barry.

R.A.M.C.
MUNIMENT
ROOM

Annual Presidential Address
delivered to the Cape Town Branch of the British Medical Association
by J.H. Meiring Beck M.D., F.R.S.E.

..... I may at once say that I propose to lay before you tonight a page or two out of the history of medicine and medical practice at the Cape, and I do this with a twofold object. Firstly I wish, if possible, to draw your attention to matters in connection with the practice of medicine here in Cape Town which I think worthy of record. Secondly, in so doing, I desire to keep green in your memories the names and doings of a past race of men whose works, nobly conceived and nobly accomplished, are, I fear, not so well appreciated as they deserve to be.

It will probably be an interesting bit of news to you when I tell you that as early back as 1827, and even earlier, a Medical Society flourished here in Cape Town. It will be further a surprise to many of you to learn that records of the doings of this society exist for a continuous period of 20 years up to the year 1847. From these records, it is apparent that our predecessors of those days were men imbued strongly with humane and philanthropic instincts, keenly alive to scientific research, keenly determined to uphold the dignity of their profession and as keenly resolved to cultivate that esprit and self-respect among themselves which must exist if people outside the profession are to hold us in respect. I have in my possession a remarkable book containing the minutes of the proceedings of this society and I propose to cull from it this evening such extracts as may help to bring out the high character and earnestness of the men we have today the honour of following. The earliest record I have is June 4th 1827. At a meeting held on that date, it was resolved that "all members absent after the chair was taken to be fined for non-attendance, that various periodicals and journals be procured for the use of the society and that all country practitioners be considered as ordinary members when in Cape Town". This feature of fining members for non-attendance was apparently a general one and at the meeting, instead of notifying the names of those present, the alternative was adopted of mentioning those absent. Thus on July 2nd, there is a record of a meeting presided over by Dr. Leisching; the fact of Messrs. Bailey and Abercrombie being absent is duly notified and I have no doubt they were duly fined. The proceedings at the various meetings are well worth study as indicating both a remarkably clear desire to remain abreast of medical progress and also to enforce the ethical side of professional life. Much done in those days might reasonably serve as object lessons to us. Early in the proceedings we find a resolution by Mr. Roberts accepted "That a hammer be procured as the official ensign of the President" and from an early hint in the proceedings, it is evident that papers were not only read but also published for I find a note on August 6th 1827 of a committee consisting of Drs. Heurtly, Leisching junior and Mr. Oosterzee, appointed for the purpose of arranging and preparing them for press. I have never seen or heard of the existence of any of these publications but it would be interesting to know if anywhere amongst the libraries of our confreres, these records exist. If so, it is obvious that the proper place for them would be the Library of the Association. The proceedings were apparently bilingual for at a meeting on November 12th 1827, I find that Drs. Heurtly and Roberts were appointed to revise the English and Drs. Oosterzee and Horstoch the Dutch papers; and moreover, upon the motion of Dr. Mader, it was resolved that each member procure a translation of his own essay. At the meeting following, December 3rd, two members acquainted with the English and Dutch languages, were appointed for the purpose of correcting the proof-sheets of the Society's work and seeing them through the Press.

Every here and there, curious glimpses of the current of thought at the time are revealed. For instance, at a meeting on April 1st 1828, it was resolved on the motion of Dr. Leisching jun., that no member of the society, when a consultation is requested by any patient, propose a military practitioner as it has generally been observed that the compliment has not been returned. From this it would appear that the military medical officers of the time took part in civil practice and that to some extent this caused a little friction occasionally.

Again on July 1st, I find a note of a resolution that "the publication entitled the Lancet, owing to its offensive scurrility and personality, be discontinued to be subscribed for". The nature of the scurrility is unfortunately not specified so that we are in the dark as to the wisdom of this proceeding.

As showing the anxiety existing at the time for enforcing proper understanding amongst the members, (1) copy the following resolution which I think you will all agree we may well take a hint from even at this time and which is a strong indication of the influence attempted to be exercised in the direction of good fellowship amongst the members. This is the resolution come to nem. con., the date is April 1829:-

"That as concord amongst its members is essential to the establishment and utility of any society, a code of regulations be drawn up for the guidance of the brethren forming the society in their professional conduct towards each other and the publick;

(2) That if any member of this society offend or give apparent cause for offence against another member, the latter shall go and candidly tell him his feelings between themselves alone. If a satisfactory explanation ensue, it is well, it is a subject for joy and mutual congratulation. If not, let the offended take with him one or two other members. If their efforts shall effect a reconciliation, it will be well, it will be a matter of united gratification. But if not, let the affair be brought before the society as early as may be and the party refusing to abide by its decision be expelled."

With such a resolution arrived at and apparently acted upon, it is not difficult to see that the greatest good feeling and camaraderie prevailed amongst the members and we therefore need not be surprised at a resolution arrived at some time after, a resolution which for all time ought to stand as a monument to the men who formulated it. This is the resolution in question:-

"We, the undersigned medical practitioners of Cape Town, take into consideration the precarious nature of medical practice in this place, aware at the same time of the advantages of a Widows' Fund and lamenting that our limited numbers prevent the practicability of a scheme to form a suitable provision for our families in the event of death, do mutually agree and do hereby pledge ourselves upon honour, that in the event of the death of any one of the subscribers, each and every survivor will pay or order to be paid to the widow and minor children of the deceased subscriber, for 12 months, all such sums of money as may be derived from our medical attendance on the regular families formerly attended by the deceased. Cape Town - 11th August 1832."

This was signed by the following practitioners and I give their names to you because men who could subscribe to such a document are men who are in every way worthy of a lasting place in the memories of those who follow them: J.M. Hertzog M.D.; L. Pappe; Dr. Liesching sen.; Samuel Bailey; L. Liesching; John Laing; James Abercrombie; J.W. Fairbridge; Chas. Fleck; Alex. Brown; J.R. Zeederberg; and a name that looks like P.P. Chiapinni.

In October of the same year, it was resolved that this agreement be attached to the record of the society and that every new member be invited to sign the same.

A record of this kind, gentlemen, needs no comment and if the transactions of this, the father of medical societies at the Cape, showed nothing else than this, it would for all time be sufficient to make the names of the gentlemen subscribing to it honoured amongst us.

I doubt whether any society anywhere has anything more touching, more pathetic, more large-hearted to show in its records than this attempt of a few colleagues of ours to hold out the hand of sympathy and help to those requiring it.

As /.....

As far as can be gathered, this resolution embodied only what had been already a practice, for two years before, in 1830, I find a letter from the widow of a deceased member in which she writes as follows to the society - "I trust you will pardon my intruding on your notice for a few minutes while I express the grateful feelings of my heart for the respectful testimony of the esteem which paid to the remains of my dear departed husband and for your generous conduct since his decease... May you receive in your last moments the same soothing attention... Accept these sincere wishes with the united thanks and blessings of the widow and fatherless and believe me, gentlemen, etc. etc."

In this way, I find scattered through the proceedings of the society many instances of attempts to raise the tone of medical life, to establish good feeling and to stimulate that spirit of mutual regard and mutual co-operation which to a large extent we should do well today to reflect upon and which must always merit for the medical men of those days honour and respect in the memories of those following them. It would be pleasant to dwell on this phase of their work and perhaps it would not be unprofitable to draw for us here some morals that might be taken to heart. There are however other phases of activity which in a record of this sort, must find a place and time does not allow me to tarry.

In November 2nd 1830, I find a note to the effect that the society was engaged principally in fixing a new tariff of fees and the secretary was requested to transmit a copy of the same to the Supreme Medical Committee previous to its being laid before Government; and at the meeting following, I find the following sketch for a preamble to the proposed tariff agreed to: "His Excellency the Governor having been pleased to abolish the late tariff of medical fees, the following has been drawn up and agreed to by the Medical Practitioners of Cape Town etc. and will be adopted throughout the Colony from January 1831." Then follows the tariff in detail and as there are many points of interest, I take it over as it stands :

| | £ | s | d | to | £ | s | d |
|---|---|---|----|----|---|----|------------|
| For advice at home | 0 | - | 1 | - | 6 | | |
| | £ | s | d | to | £ | s | d |
| For advice at home | 0 | - | 1 | - | 6 | to | 0 - 5 - 0 |
| A visit in town | 0 | - | 2 | - | 0 | to | 0 - 5 - 0 |
| Ditto in the neighbourhood | 0 | - | 3 | - | 0 | to | 0 - 7 - 0 |
| Beyond half a mile from the Town | | | | | | | |
| House and within four miles | 0 | - | 6 | - | 0 | to | 0 - 15 - 0 |
| Beyond four miles from town (exclusive of horse hire) per hour | 0 | - | 12 | - | 0 | to | 1 - 0 - 0 |
| A night visit | 0 | - | 7 | - | 6 | to | 1 - 0 - 0 |
| A first consultation, whether by letter or visit | 0 | - | 10 | - | 0 | to | 1 - 0 - 0 |
| Subsequent consultation | 0 | - | 2 | - | 6 | to | 0 - 10 - 0 |
| For every hour that a practitioner is detained after the first, either from the urgency of the case or desire of friends or patient | 0 | - | 7 | - | 6 | to | 0 - 15 - 0 |
| Attendance in court, per diem | 2 | - | 0 | - | 0 | to | 5 - 0 - 0 |
| For a medical certificate | 0 | - | 5 | - | 0 | to | 1 - 0 - 0 |
| For introducing bougie, probang, catheter, extracting teeth, cupping bleeding and minor operations | 0 | - | 3 | - | 0 | to | 0 - 15 - 0 |
| For the operations of harelip, hydrocele, excision of tumours, tapping, amputation of toes and fingers | 0 | - | 15 | - | 0 | to | 2 - 2 - 0 |
| For reducing fractures and dislocations | 1 | - | 10 | - | 0 | to | 4 - 0 - 0 |
| For capital operations viz hernia, amputation, aneurism, trepanning, lithotomy, extirpation of mamma, cataract, etc. | 3 | - | 0 | - | 0 | to | 15 - 0 - 0 |
| For necessary assistance at capital operations, severe fractures and dislocations | 1 | - | 0 | - | 0 | to | 3 - 0 - 0 |
| For an ordinary accouchement | 2 | - | 0 | - | 0 | to | 5 - 0 - 0 |
| For a protracted or difficult labour | 3 | - | 0 | - | 0 | to | 10 - 0 - 0 |

The fee for consultation or other professional attendance when the practitioner is not the person regularly employed by the family to be paid at the time of the visit.

The fees for midwifery to be the same when in attendance along with a midwife.

In all cases of capital operations and midwifery, the fee also to be paid at the time and to be independent of future visits.

The day to be calculated from 7 a.m. to 9 p.m.

This document is not only interesting but throws a good deal of light upon the condition of practice at the time. Taking it altogether, it may be fairly conceded that our confreres of those days had a fairly good time of it. Living was then cheap and money dear so that their fees may be taken to compare extremely well with what prevails now. It is further interesting to note that, though drawn up 64 years ago and signed then and for a few years later, three of the subscribers are still alive and amongst us viz Dr. O. Fehrsen, Dr. J.P. Roux and the Hon. Dr. White, the latter of whom, in addition to enjoying large and deserved medical reputation, had the honour of being selected by Sir John Molteno in the first Responsible Ministry he formed as his Treasurer-General.

I feel sure that the members present will think it not out of place if I express the hope that they may for many years continue to be amongst us to enjoy the fruits of lives spent so well and honourably in the service of their fellows. We wish them an old age of peace and happiness, a happiness which perhaps may be a trifle enhanced by the thought that we tonight are remembering and respecting their doings and the doings of their contemporaries of years ago.

It is gratifying to note every here and there that the attempts of the members to hold high their standards received appreciation and recognition. Numerous instances are recorded of advice sought by the Government of the day and in October 1831, a letter from the Colonial Secretary was submitted announcing the abolition of the Medical Committee and conveying a desire from His Excellency the Governor that the society should undertake the scrutiny of diplomas of those seeking registration in the colony. It was agreed to do so and after this, we find the society frequently engaged in doing Government work. Not only do we find it advising the Government but we now (1832) find it gradually becoming a court of arbitration in medical matters. We even find it conducting the qualifying examinations for chemists and appealed to by chemists when their rights were infringed. Thus amongst others, I find a note of complaint in 1834 from Mr. Grisbook, a chemist at Swellendam, the grievance being that the District Surgeon was dispensing medicine. The upshot of this complaint unfortunately is not recorded but in the light of recent events here in connection with the Medical and Pharmacy Act of 1891, it would be interesting to know.

In 1834 we find the society the active advisers of Government in health matters, the practice apparently having been then to appoint nominees from the society in conjunction with an equal number of military medical officers as a Board of Advice, and this goes on until the end of 1834 when we find a note of the re-establishment of the Medical Committee and the final divorce of the society from acting as Government advisers. And apparently this was not altogether an evil for we find almost immediately after - March 1835 - a motion accepted to the effect that "as one grand object for which this Society was formed, viz the discussion of medical subjects, has for some time past been almost entirely neglected, it be henceforward imperative on the part of the member whose turn it is to receive the society to bring forward a medical or surgical case or some paper on a medical or surgical subject". And this resolution leads us also to the consideration of a pleasant feature of the workings. It was apparently the custom to meet at the houses in turn of the respective members, the receiving member not only making things easy for the work of the society but after labour providing refreshment. Some of the suppers in this way provided have to this day a classical reputation and they must have gone not a little way towards promoting what I have already shown to have been a strong feature of the Society - good fellowship amongst the members.

It would be quite contrary to what one could reasonably expect if no indication existed of an occasional ruffling of the water. I however find throughout the whole of the 20 years' record of this society one instance only of any apparently serious breach of harmony.

It appears that on June 20th 1836, a letter was read from Dr. Zeederberg containing certain charges against Dr. Bailey. Two or three extraordinary meetings were held, the final issue being the resignation of Dr. Bailey as a member. Upon this it appears that Dr. Bailey wrote some letters to the public newspapers commenting upon the position taken by the Society and charging it with being "a vehicle for the attainment of party objects". A resolution was immediately come to that the society has learned with indignation the opinion of Dr. Bailey and the members unhesitatingly repudiate his insinuations. They further declare that whatever they have done has originated from no other motive than to settle a difference between two of their members. It was further resolved that Dr. Bailey's resignation be accepted and that a reply to Dr. Bailey's accusations should be sent to the public newspapers drawing attention to the fact that the society was formed not only for the discussion of medical subjects but also for the purpose of establishing and promoting harmony among the members of the medical profession. Further, that the meetings of the society, being partly of an intellectual, partly of a social nature, it might be inferred reasonably that when a difference did exist between two or more members, the objects which it contemplates could not be carried into effect until such differences were arranged. We see therefore, here again, that in this, the only disturbance I find chronicled in the 20 years' record, that the society unswervingly and jealously kept before itself the necessity for mutual understanding and mutual agreement and that, even at the expense of losing a member in other respects valuable, it asserted its voice in the maintenance of harmony and discipline. All honour, I say again, to men who act in this way.

On two occasions only do I find meetings not held on account of a quorum not being present. : in June 1830 and November 1838; and one break only in the meeting chronicled as occurring between February and June 1839. This was due (and the fact is exceedingly interesting) to the introduction of measles into the colony, which, spreading excessively, kept the members too much engaged. On resuming on June 7th 1839, I find the following note regarding the epidemic. The introduction appears to have been effected from the Mauritius. The first case observed in Cape Town occurred on the last day of January 1839. Since 1807, there had been no occurrences. In a few days a general epidemic prevailed and this continued from January to April. Provision was made for the attendance upon the poor by the Government of the day (the medical men having tendered their services for the purpose) by dividing the town into 15 wards and establishing a temporary measles hospital for the reception of such as could not be properly attended to at home or were living in crowded or ill-ventilated apartments. By the reports of the different medical superintendents during the months of February, March and April, 12,000 cases had come under observation and it was conjectured that in all 15,000 cases occurred. The mortality was 3 per cent of those attacked and in most instances, bowel complications were the immediate cause of death. The epidemic gradually spread over the whole colony. To us today it is scarcely credible that measles should have assumed such proportions and played such havoc: but there can be no doubt that the earlier visitations in this colony were visitations to be remembered and dreaded. Even now in remote districts the memory of the fatalities of measles is sufficiently awe-inspiring to rouse the greatest fear when the disease appears and I have personally many recollections of the dread with which to this day the disease is regarded by many. It is somewhat curious to note that exactly a year after this epidemic of measles, Cape Town was thrown again into panic by the introduction of small-pox through the medium of a slaver captured by Her Majesty's ship "Modeste". Fortunately the spread, though considerable, was not very great and with the exception of a large mortality - 10 per cent of those attacked amongst the negro population - there was nothing serious. Vaccination and re-vaccination appear to have been vigorously pushed and to have been the main factors in limiting the spread.

I have dwelt somewhat gentlemen, on the general features of the workings of this to us most interesting society because I believe them to be of value and because through them we have a clearer means of getting at the inner lives and personal characteristics of the men of those days. A word or two however, is still due upon the more purely medical and scientific work done by them. For it must not be supposed that men who at the beginning of this century could band themselves together in this way were men who disregarded the serious sides of their professional life. Out of the records of the medical work done there is much for us to admire, much for us to learn.

Generally the work at the meetings took two directions : firstly, every month the meetings were opened by a report being placed upon the table of the prevailing diseases of the month. At the same time, accurate notes were made of the meteorological conditions. Scarcely a single meeting is minuted without the maximum, minimum and average barometer and thermometer readings for the month being carefully noted. These returns were collected apparently and a statistical record made, the object being to discover the conditions regulating the incidence and behaviour of disease. I cannot but help thinking, gentlemen, that we should do well to take a leaf out of the book of our predecessors and that we might do worse than follow an example in every way so admirable, practical and useful. Remember that I am speaking of days when microbes were unknown, when cellular pathology was still amongst the philosophies of the future, when the conditions affecting disease development as we know them were not thought of. For so systematic attempt to be made by men labouring under difficulty to connect external causes and their mode of operation with the results calls for great admiration and praise. That the knowledge so gained must have been of great use, no one will deny; and I would suggest, to mark our sense of appreciation of this custom, that we initiate with our next session a similar arrangement. It is quite certain that only good can flow from it.

The diseases of the month and circumstances accompanying them disposed of, the paper of the evening was read. The papers embraced a vast variety of subjects, practical and otherwise, but always they show indications of a wish to profit by each other's experience and a wish to remain abreast of the time. A noteworthy custom, as indicating this desire to remain informed of what was going on, was the not infrequent reading of papers from the European (English, French, German or Dutch) journals of the day. In this way any record sufficiently striking to be of any use and not seen by all the members became, through the medium of one or other member, common property and was discussed.

Of the original papers communicated, I can give you only a small indication. I have, however, extracted the titles of some of them as this offers the readiest means of showing you the kind and extent of work dealt with. It is remarkable that throughout almost the whole 20 years' record scarcely a single meeting took place without some paper or other being read or discussed.

The following is a list of some papers I find mention of. I give them without comment, their titles suggesting at once their range and the kind of thought prevailing. I give naturally only an extract out of a considerable collection:

- (1) Rupture of bladder.
- (2) Operation for spina bifida - successful.
- (3) Abscess of liver opened (1829).
- (4) Prefatory remarks on forensic medicine.
- (5) An account of the Leper Institution of Hemel en Aarde with some remarks on the present defective arrangements.
- (6) Epilepsy successfully treated by nitrate of silver.
- (7) Hydrocephalus much relieved by free bleeding.
- (8) Traumatic tetanus successfully treated by division of the post-tibial nerve.

- (9) Diffused femoral aneurism successfully treated by ligature of the external iliac artery (1833).
- (10) A report of a chemical analysis of Cape opium.
- (11) Puerperal eclampsia, successfully terminating after free depletion.
- (12) Puerperal eclampsia fatal, notwithstanding free depletion.
- (13) Chorea in a child of 4 years successfully treated by large doses of carb. iron ʒvi given daily till ʒ8 ounces had been administered without any evil constitutional effects.
- (14) Gangrenous sloughing ulcer cured by opium, gradually increasing up to m125 daily of laudanum.
- (15) Case of a plethoric woman seven times confined of stillborn children, the eighth time depleted 23 times during last five months of pregnancy, a living child born, which also showing signs of plethora, was bled at birth to extent of ʒss with good result.
- (16) Pneumonia successfully treated by tartar emetic and bleeding.
- (17) On the occurrence of an epidemic (very fatal) of diphtheria; forty fatal cases amongst Malay children (1837).
- (18) On a case of fever in a child 12 years' old, complicated by haemorrhage of bowels.
- (19) On a case of twins from a black woman. The one child white, the other black with curly hair and other characters of a negro. Connection was traced with both a black and a white man about the time of conception and the question raised by the paper was the possibility or otherwise of a double impregnation. The possibility of this seemed to be allowed and authorities were quoted in support.
- (20) Suppuration of liver successfully operated upon.
- (21) On a case of constipation in a girl 17 years of age in which the bowels were relieved twice only in six months.
- (22) On general dropsy dependent upon granular kidney - a disease well described by Bright.
- (23) On the importance of a classical education to the medical student.
- (24) On a case of puerperal fever successfully treated by almost incredible doses of stimulants. In 36 hours, 2 bottles champagne, 1½ bottles Madeira, 2 bottles of ale, and four glasses of French Brandy were administered.

These papers, taken out of many equally suggestive and interesting, must suffice at present. But whilst on the subject of scientific work done, I should not omit the remarkable botanical researches of Dr. Harvey who in 1836 was Treasurer-General of this Colony and who is the author of a classical work existing to this day as the authority on the subject dealt with. Harvey's "Flora Capensis" is, I suppose, known wherever botany is known and will for all time remain a monument of enthusiasm and zeal in the cause of a department of science which we might do well to cultivate somewhat more assiduously than we do. In this connection should be mentioned also Dr. Pappe's smaller work on medical botany which is now so rare that I was quite unable some time ago to procure a copy but which is also a remarkable instance of the scientific instinct and zeal of its author. Further it will perhaps be interesting to know that what we now

know /.....

know as the old Somerset Hospital was founded as a private hospital by an old member of this society, Dr. Laing, and only afterwards acquired by Government for public purposes. As indicating the completeness with which things were done in those days, I may mention that when Dr. Bickersteth - a contemporary surgeon with a remarkable reputation lasting to this day - died, he left a sufficiently complete stock of instruments for Government to take them over for the New Somerset Hospital. With these remarks I must finish what I wish to say respecting this society.

For it to have flourished when it did is remarkable; for it to have flourished for so long (over 20 years) is even more remarkable; for it to have throughout its existence so unswervingly devoted itself to the objects I have tried to sketch, constitutes for us today an object lesson which we should do well to take to heart. The work done by it must always merit for its members a lasting place amongst those who have left their footprints in the sands of time. I feel it a very great privilege to have been able to introduce you to these old-time colleagues of ours and I can wish nothing better for us than that we may follow worthily in their footsteps. They were good, fine, noble, high-souled old fellows, devoted to their work, earnest in their purpose and, above all, they were gentlemen. I regretfully now part from them in order to be enabled to pass on to other phases of medical life in the old days which I think should find a place.

More than 70 years ago, a young fellow with a smart air landed at the Cape bringing letters of introduction to the Governor of the Colony, Lord Charles Somerset, from a Scottish nobleman. This fair-faced slender youth held the humble rank of an assistant-surgeon in the army. He was a physician by Edinburgh diploma. Although he had never held regimental rank, he passed, contrary to all precedent, rapidly to a full surgeoncy on the staff. From some source or another, he must have had a large allowance as his habits were excessively expensive and extravagant, but he never spoke of any relations or friends. His letters of introduction placed him at once into the best society in the colony and he soon became installed not only as honorary physician to His Excellency and family but obtained so great a medical reputation that he was consulted constantly in private practice. One instance exists to this day in Cape Town in the person of a well-known citizen, of his skill. This gentleman was at his birth saved by this young physician who was called in from the Castle as a last resource and the parents gave him the name of the doctor to whom he owed his life. The name of our medical friend was Dr. James Barry. He was not long at the garrison when he distinguished himself by killing - so the record goes - a brother officer in a duel. The sixth Earl of Albemarle who met Dr. Barry at the Cape in 1819, describes him in his entertaining book "Fifty Years of My Life". He mentions a duel fought at the Cape by Barry and says that he was of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of most flagrant breaches of discipline and more than once was sent home under arrest but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at headquarters. There was undoubtedly great influence behind him but whence or why no one ever knew. On one occasion, so capricious was he and quick-tempered, that he turned away in dudgeon from Lord Charles Somerset and left him to prescribe for himself on account of something said by his lordship displeasing him. A youngster who fought duels about the merest trifles and who could turn on his heel from the Governor himself, may well be called quarrelsome. The youthful doctor whose influence at headquarters was strong enough to procure pardon for his frequent and flagrant breaches of discipline may well have been whispered about at the military messes as a social curiosity and an enigma. After leaving the Cape where he stayed for many years, he became P.M.O. at St Helena and at the time of his death, which occurred in 1865, in rooms that he had occupied for some time in Margaret Street, Regent Street, London, he was standing in Hart's Army List at the head of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals. On the day following his death in the July of 1865, it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the late Dr. James Barry, Inspector-General of Hospitals, was found after death to be a woman. A post-mortem examination was held when it was found not only that this was the case but that at an early period, she must have been a mother. No will was left. The day after death, a nobleman's valet came for a favourite dog that belonged to Dr. Barry, settled all his accounts and since then, no one has appeared claiming any relationship with the eccentric being who was even more

mysterious in death than in life. Whence this woman came, whom from youth to old age went through life in a man's habit, guise and occupation, no one knows, no one ever will know. Who the powerful and exalted personages were who befriended and protected her and who made it possible for her to adopt and persist in her masculine vocation also will never be known. As a wildly sensational incident in Cape medical history it must always stand out by itself and it affords me pleasure not only to be able to tell you something about her but also to be able to show you a photograph taken from a portrait of hers which exists somewhere here at the Cape. In point of interest, her career almost equals that of the romantic "Spanish Military Nun" whose adventures have been so charmingly described by de Quincey and who in her day turned the heads of everybody in Spain with excitement when her sex was discovered. Only in the case of the latter, there was less mystery, her origin and history being at the time well known.

Of Dr. James Barry, as I have said, nothing was ever known and nothing was ever discovered, and the extraordinary occurrence remains to this day a deep mystery.

(The address concludes with an appeal to the assemblage to heed the worthy record of the past. There is no reference, in subsequent issues of the Journal, to Dr. Barry specifically or Dr. Beck's address generally).

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,- there is a tradition to which I have an occasional reference in English books that there was, one or two generations ago, in the British Army, a medical officer who attained high rank as such, and who was found to be, post mortem, of the female sex. The name ascribed to this person in the references which have fallen under my eye is sometimes James Barry, sometimes — Macleod. Will you please inform me whether this story rests upon any credible foundation or is the mere figment of an idle brain?

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE A. BRIGHT, M.D., U.S. NAVY

U.S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D.C. Sept 30th 1895.

We can recall the following instances of concealment of sex in the Services — first, that of Mary Anne Talbot, the female sailor, and she did not belong to the medical department. She was, indeed, a very disreputable, though courageous adventuress, and fought as a soldier under the Duke of York in Flanders, and as a sailor under Earl Howe of June 1st memory. She was an inmate at different times of Haslar hospital and two or three metropolitan hospitals without revealing her sex. Then there was Christiana Davis, (born 1667, died 1739), who fought in the Marlborough wars. She was wounded and in hospital several times without her sex being discovered. Mary Read and Ann Bonney fought as pirates about 170 years ago, and though their exploits may be mythical their real existence is undoubted. Probably some of our readers can inform us and our correspondent with certainty about James Barry. We have read many allusions to her, but none in any reliable quarter. — ED. L.

"A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF."

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, In the last issue of the Langet inquiry was made by a medical gentleman in the United States as to the facts of the services in the Army Medical Department, of "James Barry," who, on her sudden death in Craven-Street Strand, was discovered at the inquest to be a woman.

In 1857 I travelled with this remarkable character on board the inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbadoes, when I occupied the same cabin, I in the top and she in the lower berth of course, without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how, in harsh and peevish voice, she ordered me out of the cabin blow high, blow low, while she dressed in the morning. "Now then youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress," she would say. A goat was on board to provide her with milk; she was a strict vegetarian, and she was accompanied by a negro servant and a little dog called "Psyche." The doctor was going at the time to visit her old friend and enemy, General Sir Josiah Cleote (commanding troops), with whom, when aide-de-camp to the Governor of the Cape, she had fought a duel and was wounded in the leg. The late Colonel Shadwell Clerke, who was at that period, on the General's Staff, told me before his death last year that he too, was challenged for some fancied insult, but that General Cleote pooh-poohed the idea and made them shake hands.

In person "James Barry" was short in stature, angular in figure, with a long Ciceronian nose, prominent cheek-bones, and a rather lugubrious expression of countenance. I possess a photograph of her, and there is another, kept under lock and key, in the medical officers' mess at the Royal Victoria Hospital here. Neither is a good likeness. Details of her life were given shortly after her death in the May number of All the Year Round, entitled "A Mystery Still," and from these particulars, as well as from such information as I subsequently gleaned, I formulated the heroine of my novel (in three volumes), "A Modern Sphinx," published in 1881, a reproduction of which in single volume, re-named and edited by Miss Braddon, "Madeline's Mystery, may still, I fancy, be obtained. "A Modern Sphinx" is out of print; but as I retain a few copies I shall have pleasure in placing a copy at your disposal for transmission, if you like, to your American correspondent. Few men knew more about Barry's career than the

recently deceased Surgeon-General Sir T. Longmore, C.B. with whom I often corresponded on the subject, and who placed a copy of my novel in the Museum Library of the Victoria Hospital. But many other persons are, I believe, still to the fore who could furnish interesting reminiscences of this eccentric individual - notably, General Lowry, CB. General W. Chamberlayne, General de Montmorenci, Colonel R. Wilson, and Surgeon-Major-Generals Tippetts and G. Langford Hine; all of them served from time to time with her at various foreign stations. I may add that she always seemed to have immense influence at headquarters and could almost choose her own station. Imperious in manner and officially dictatorial, in social circles she was admired and respected; she was moreover, sympathetic and skilful in her profession, yet what a life of repressed emotions must hers have been? a woman, too, who it was said gave birth to a child in her early days.

I am, Sirs, your faithfully,

E. Rogers, Lieutenant-Colonel,
(late Staff Officer of Pensioners and formerly Captain
3rd West India Regiment).

Netley, Oct. 15th 1895.

To the Editors of the LANCET.

Sirs, At page 959 of THE LANCET you say: "Probably some of our readers can inform us and our correspondent with certainty about James Barry." I write to say that the medical officer so called travelled in a steamer of which I was the medical officer many years ago. In common with all on board, I was much struck with the peculiarities of that officer; and, I think, a notice of those has since appeared in one of the journals. The diet and fondness for pets, the peculiar figure and appearance, all justified the ideas, that were entertained about her at the time; and these ideas, it is said, were confirmed after her decease. It has been stated that this officer fought two duels; so it is evident that want of courage was not one of her weaknesses.

I am, Sirs, your obedient servant,

C.F. Moore, M.D. F.R.C.S.Irel.

Upper Merrion-street, Dublin, Oct. 14th 1895.

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, I see that you ask from your readers any particulars which may be known to them about Dr. James Barry. I heard of him (or her) from my old friend Dr. Jobson, who, after spending many years as an army surgeon, finished his career as a physician in Kent. Dr. Jobson died about fifteen years ago, an old man aged about eighty-five years, so it must have been rather early in the century when he was at college in Edinburgh. One of his fellow students was remarkable by the persistency with which he avoided his fellow students, and was also laughed at because, in contradistinction to the shooting-coats which all the other students wore, he invariably appeared in a long surtout. However, although Barry kept the other students at a distance, he soon became friendly with Dr. Jobson and invited him to his lodgings, where he introduced him to his mother, with whom he lived. Both Dr. Jobson and Dr. Barry resolved to go into the army, and were together at a depot where Dr. Jobson was astonished to find that Dr. Barry was afraid to go home by himself through a rather rough part of the town, but asked Dr. Jobson to go with him. Dr. Jobson, who, although a little man, was devoted to athletics, was much disappointed that he could not teach Dr. Barry to box. He would never strike out, but kept his arms over his chest to protect it from blows. Dr. Jobson and Dr. Barry were appointed to different regiments, and they never met again, although Dr. Jobson heard of him occasionally as performing all the duties of an army surgeon, and also of his performing serious operations in the hospital at Malta. When she died and it was discovered that she was a woman and had been a mother, Dr. Jobson was as much astonished as anybody; for, although he remembered the above-mentioned womanly traits, they had never caused him to have the slightest suspicion of her sex. What romance or tragedy led Dr. Barry to act as she did will not, I fancy, be ever known.

at least, Dr. Jobson could never get any light upon it. As I myself am an old woman over sixty years of age I dare say there are not many people left who know anything about Dr. Barry, and I have thought these scanty particulars might interest your readers.

I am, Sirs, yours obediently.
India-street, Edinburgh, Oct 14th, 1895. JANET CARPHIN

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, There is no doubt of the existence of "James Barry" or of her sex. She lived some forty years ago in a street leading off Piccadilly, Down-street, I think. I lived in the same neighbourhood at that time, and knew her perfectly well by sight, and it was a matter of common repute that she belonged to a different sex than the one indicated by her clothes. Dr Barry, as she was always called, was about 5ft. 6ins. in height, slight in build, with a smooth, pale face. I saw her last in the year 1851 or 1852, and while in India later I remember reading of her death and of the discovery of the sex. She was a great friend of Lady Charles Somerset, who used to live near by in Puccadilly at that time. This information is not very definite, but it will help to assure Dr. Bright that "James Barry" is no figment, and that the story of her sex is undoubted.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully.
Oct. 16th, 1895. A.M.S.

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, Referring to Dr. Bright's queries under the above heading in THE LANCET of Oct. 12th, I beg to refer him to Dr. Meiring Beck of Rondebosch, Cape Town. Dr. Beck discovered reliable information concerning "Dr. James Barry" and read a most interesting paper on the subject to the Cape Town Branch of the British Medical Association, which was published in the South African Medical Journal about six months ago. It appears that "Dr. James Barry" served a useful career in the Army Medical Staff in Cape Colony, the West Indies, and, I think, also St. Helena. Her sex was not known until after her death,

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,
H. Laing Gordon M.D. Edin.
Vincent-square, S.W. Oct 14th, 1895.

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"A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF."

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, As the correspondence on Dr. James Barry's strange history makes little or no mention of her military career, may I be allowed to supplement my letter in the Lancet of last week with a few particulars?

Reference to Hart's Army List for the year 1865 will show that "James Barry" stands at the head of the list of Inspectors-General of Hospitals. In July of that year the Times one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the Doctor was a woman. She was buried at Kensal Green, and over her grave was erected a tablet with the simple inscription: "James Barry. Born ? Died 1865. These facts, the proceedings of the inquest, and the registry of her death should be still available as verification of the Doctor's sex. The dates of her several commissions in the army will be found as follows; but it is very remarkable that the grades of Surgeon, "assistant Inspector," and "Brevet Deputy Inspector" of Hospitals were passed over in her case:- Hospital Assistant, July 5th 1813; Assistant Surgeon, Dec. 7th 1815; Surgeon-Major, Nov. 22nd 1827; Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, May 16th 1851; Inspector General of Hospitals, Dec. 7th 1858;

retired on half-pay July 19th, 1859; Died, July 1865. In "Fifty Years of My Life" by the late Earl of Albemarle, at page 96 vol. ii. will be found some interesting comments of Dr. Barry's services and death. He says "A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest; but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at headquarters. It is a singular fact that neither the landlady of her lodging nor the black servant who had lived with her for years had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, daughter of Colonel Tidy (Military Secretary, Jamaica, 1856 and at the Horse Guards, 1865), from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the Doctor to have been the legitimate grand-daughter of a Scotch earl whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise, and that the soi-disant James Barry adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon who had not been many years dead." In a letter to me from Surgeon-General McKinnon he states that he found Dr. Barry to be "a pleasant and agreeable man. He neither cursed nor swore, but behaved himself like a gentleman. I have heard many reports about him, and the most of them were false, the people making them being obviously interested parties. I never heard of his ever being an operator of any kind, nor do I think he ever had any opportunity of showing his skill in that line." On the other hand, Surgeon-General Longmore, writing to me from Netley in 1882, says: I acted as P.M.O. at Trinidad for nearly a year shortly after Dr. Barry vacated the post. I also saw her in the Crimea, when staying with Lord Raglan, on a visit. "And in an appreciative comment on my treatment of the case in the character of Dr. Fitzjames in my novel, "A Modern Sphinx," he adds: "Some years ago a French writer in a history of 'Le Medecin Militaire' remarked: 'Le fait en lui-meme ne laisse aucun doute; et cependant je doute fort que Miss Braddon elle-meme oserait jamais faire cette personne l'heroine d'un de ces romans.' You have accomplished what the writer evidently thought no one dare do."

I could tell several amusing stories of Dr. Barry's "mistaken identity," as for instance, that of an adjutant of a regiment in Jamaica requesting the Doctor to discontinue visiting his wife just at the hour he had to be on parade or in the orderly room. But most of these anecdotes I have interwoven into my novel "A Modern Sphinx," or its reproduction "Madeline's Mystery," either of which volumes may no doubt be found in some of the numerous libraries of the country.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully

E. ROGERS, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Savage Club, Oct. 21st, 1895.

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, I have great pleasure in sending you my recollections of "James Barry" the lady surgeon referred to in your columns.

It was in the year 1844, I think, that I was sent from Barbadoes to Trinidad to sit on a general court-martial, which was exciting great interest in the islands at that time. On the assembling of the court an individual appeared as spectator who at once attracted my attention. He was in the full dress of an army surgeon, but had all the appearance of being a woman. On making inquiries I was told that the individual was Dr. Barry, the principal medical officer of the district. The impression and general belief were that he was a hermaphrodite and as such he escaped much comment or observation in places where everyone was used to him. But I was under the belief that there had never existed a true human hermaphrodite; so that I was convinced James Barry was a woman about sixty years of age, and being much interested in him I cultivated his acquaintance and we became very friendly. He frequently asked me to visit him, and I endeavoured to draw out his antecedents, but found him very reticent. The only thing that I discovered was that Lord Fitzroy Somerset (afterwards Lord Raglan) was a friend of his, from which I inferred that it was to him Barry owed his high position. He was a vegetarian and drank only water.

Some years ago I read of his death, and that his sex had been discovered, as well as traces of his having borne a child.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

CAPTAIN

Oct. 17th, 1895

We have received the above letter from an intimate acquaintance of the late Dr. James Barry through Mr. Henry Taylor, F.R.C.S. of Quarry-street Guildford, who, remembering that he had heard a gentleman speak of having made this curious person's friendship, kindly wrote in our behalf for particulars. Mr Taylor also refers those of our readers who are interested in the case of James Barry to "a capital story of a Spanish nun, in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, who enlisted in the army and served with much credit in the West Indies and Spanish Main, written by M. de Heredia, the French poet, and purporting to be a true story." Several correspondents also refer us to the account of James Barry given in Taylor's "Principles and Practice of Medical Jurisprudence." edited by Dr. Thomas Stevenson, fourth edition, vol.ii. p. 290. This chapter contains allusions to the Chevalier D'Eon and several other of the more notorious impersonators of sex.

LANCET (1895) ii. 1269.

"A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF."

To the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs, In my former letters to you on this interesting subject I refrained from telling a story which puts the question of "James Barry's" sex beyond all doubt, being under the impression, as I was, that the narrator would himself communicate it to the Lancet. He has not, it appears, chosen to do so; but as he has laid no restraint on me I shall now place his account before your readers.

I met the colonel commanding a northern sub-district at mess shortly after the publication of "A Modern Sphinx" in 1884, and taking me aside he gave me the following startling information, and which so far as I can remember them, I will tell in his own words:- "I was quartered as a subaltern in Trinidad while Dr. Barry was serving there in the capacity of principal medical officer. One day a friend of mine, an assistant surgeon, asked me to walk with him into Port-au-Prince. 'The P.M.O.,' said he, 'is down with fever at the house of a lady friend, but has given strict injunctions to us not to visit him. Nevertheless, I feel bound to call and see how he is. Will you come with me?' On arrival my friend entered Barry's bedroom, while I remained on the verandah. In a few minutes he called me excitedly into the room, exclaiming, as he flung back the bedclothes, 'See, Barry is a woman!' At that moment the P.M.O. awoke to consciousness and gazed at us bewilderingly. But she quickly recovered presence of mind and asked us in low tones to swear solemnly not to disclose her secret so long as she lived. As a matter of fact," added the colonel, "I have never till now mentioned the subject."

I have been given to understand that the photograph mentioned in one of my former letters as being kept under lock and key in the medical officers' mess at Netley has been sent to you. You will observe the unmistakable female characteristics of Barry's features. But what struck most people who knew her as still more remarkable was the manner in which she carried her arms - with elbows in instead of outward. In conclusion, I may add that in view of the great interest revived by this correspondence I shall without delay bring out a cheap edition of my novel, "A Modern Sphinx."

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,
E. ROGERS, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Savage Club, Oct. 29th, 1895.

P.S. The assistant surgeon referred to died quite recently. I enclose extracts of letters from General W. Chamberlayne and Colonel R. Wilson (formerly of the 3rd West India Regiment), which will, I feel sure, be an interesting supplement to the correspondence.

General Chamberlayne writes:- "The lady doctor you alluded to, I suppose, is Dr. Barry. I knew him, or her, in Jamaica. I think the account published in All the Year Round was pretty nearly correct, as far as I remember the general history. I do not think he, or she, wore a ring. The hair was light, I think dyed, but very thin and cut close. Spectacles were not worn, but high-heeled boots were. One peculiarity was a strictly vegetable diet, no meat, or even wine or other liquor; and a dislike of medical men. A queer fondness for animals keeping several cats and dogs very happily; rather bombastic in speech and repellent in manner, but kind and anxious to do good to those who were never likely to

become intrusive or familiar, or troublesome to her. I must retain the feminine gender, for I believe that is only too true. When I think of the anxiety, care, and trouble she must have experienced to keep up the assumed character, possibly first undertaken for the love of some man, and then subsequently retained perhaps for the sake of his character as well as her own, it seems surprising how she could have possessed so many good points, for I saw a great deal of her in Jamaica. I believe her manner and speech were assumed to repel inquisitive associates. It must have been a life of great misery to have been obliged to be continually acting a part so repellent to her better feelings."

Colonel Wilson writes:- "You know almost all about Miss Barry, or nearly so. I recollect that she, like most women, loved attending weddings, christenings, &c. . Also, when I was fort-adjutant in Jamaica, I used frequently to meet her at dinner at General Ashmore's and we were all much amused at the outrageous stories she used to tell, making herself out quite a lady-killer. Also at balls or parties of any kind, she was certain to tack herself on to the finest and best looking woman in the room. You may remember she dyed her hair red, but had not a hair on her face, and never had. You can make all you like out of what I have now told you."

I have had letters on the subject from other correspondents, but I fear to trespass further on your space. E.R.

LANCET (1896) i. 1264.

"A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF."

to the Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,- Referring to the correspondence on this subject which was carried on in the Lancet for so many weeks in October and November last, may I be allowed to supplement it by further disclosures? Before entering on the general question I beg to state that I have recently discovered Dr. Barry's grave in Kensal Green, and found it in a shamefully dilapidated condition considering the eminence and remarkable history of the deceased. In fact, I feel bound to appeal to the Army Medical Department in particular, and to the medical profession in general, to rescue from oblivion this last memorial of so estimable, however eccentric, a member of its guild a class of men second to none in nobility of purpose, practical sympathy, and largeness of ideas. The courteous custodian of the cemetery had never even heard of Dr. Barry, much less her antecedents, and only knew the exact locality of her resting place by reference to the annual register of 1865, kept at the gate house, wherein are recorded the following particulars:- "Dr. James Barry; number of grave 19,301; square 67; row 6." We proceeded to the spot and found the rough sandstone slab lying on the grass, smashed at its base when it fell or was blown down years ago, utterly ignored and forgotten! The inscription on the tablet is decipherable with some difficulty, as follows:-

DR. JAMES BARRY
INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF ARMY HOSPITALS
Died 15 July, 1865. Aged 71 years.

Truly has this distinguished medical officer of the female sex been allowed to die and sleep in "this neglected spot," forgotten by relations, overlooked by friends, undistinguished by the community. It is hard, nay, disgraceful! But it is not too late to mend matters by the erection of a suitable Scotch granite monument, subscribed for by the medical men of the Empire, whereon should be recorded in brief the history of Dr. James Barry's unique career and her services to humanity.

To-day I had an interview with the Director-General A.M.D. and I have seen the official record of Dr. Barry's services, in which she is stated to have been "mentioned in despatches" "strongly recommended for promotion," "published in General Orders for assiduity and skill during an epidemic in the West Indies," &c. Sir Wm Mackinnon seemed greatly pleased with the revived interest evinced by the medical profession in Dr. Barry's extraordinary career, and added, "You are aware, I suppose, that Barry was the daughter of a Scotch baronet, Buchan by name, who married one of the Somerset family, and hence the Doctor's great influence at head-quarters through Fitzroy-Somerset, Lord Raglan. She visited his lordship in the Crimea, but was not out there on active service. This may

account for her never receiving a distinction. You know she was a strict vegetarian and only drank Cape wine. She served at the Cape during the government of Lord Charles Somerset, and fought a duel with his aide-de-camp. Some years ago I met Sir Josias Cleote (the aide-de-camp in question) at a public dinner, and he told me the circumstances of the duel in these very words: "I am the only officer in the British army who has ever fought a duel with a woman. When I was aide-de-camp to Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape a buxom lady called to see him on business of a private nature, and of course they were closeted for some time. Dr. Barry made some disparaging remark about this. "Oh, I say Cleote" he sneered, "that's a nice Dutch filly the governor has got hold of." "Retract your vile expression, you infernal little cad," said I advancing and pulling his long ugly nose. Barry immediately challenged me and we fought with pistols, fortunately without effect." It will here be remembered what I stated in my first letter to the Lancet on this subject, that I met Dr. Barry in 1858, and voyaged in the same cabin with her to Barbadoes, whither she was going on a visit to her old enemy and present friend, General Sir Josias Cleote, commanding troops on that island. Sir Wm. Mackinnon proceeded to tell me that Dr. Barry was brought up in Malta, and always seemed to prefer tropical or semi-tropical stations; she served in the Mediterranean and West Indies most of her time. "She had a lovely grey Arab in Corfu," he went on, "which, I remember, she gave to one of the Somersets. After there was no mistaking her build as a woman - broad hips, small feet, for instance - and perhaps you are aware that she left strict injunctions for her corpse to be sewn up in a blanket before being placed in a coffin." Sir William had my novel, "A Modern Sphinx," on his table, and no doubt when he reads it some of the letters from The Lancet quoted in the introduction may awaken on his part other and still more interesting reminiscences of this famous female.

I am, Sirs, yours truly,
E. ROGERS, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Savage Club April 29th, 1896.

P.S. - You are aware that my novel, "A Modern Sphinx," (Dr. James Barry or Fitzjames), originally published in 1881 at 31s. 6d. has been republished in one volume, with seven illustrations, at 7s. 6d. There are only 100 copies now extant and then the book will be out of print, application for which should be addressed to me, either at the depot, 20 Buckingham-street, Strand, or here.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

In my former letters to you on this interesting subject I refrained from telling a story which puts the question of "James Barry's" sex beyond all doubt, being under the impression as I was, that the narrator would himself communicate it to THE LANCET. He has not, it appears, chosen to do so; but as he laid no restraint on me I shall now place his account before your readers.

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A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

As the correspondence on Dr. James Barry's strange history makes little or no mention of her military career, may I be allowed to supplement my letter in the LANCET of last week with a few particulars.

Reference to Hart's Army List for the year 1865 will show that "James Barry" stands at the head of the list of Inspector-General of Hospitals. In July of that year the Times one day announced the death of Dr. Barry, and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the Doctor was a woman. She was buried at Kensal Green, and over her grave was erected a tablet with the simple inscription: "James Barry. Born? Died 1865". These facts, the proceedings of the inquest, and the registry of her death should be still available as verification of the Doctor's sex. The dates of her several commissions in the army will be found as follows; but it is very remarkable that the grades of "Surgeon", "Assistant Inspector", and "Brevet Deputy Inspector" of hospitals were passed over in her case:- Hospital Assistant, July 5th 1813; Assistant Surgeon, Dec. 7th 1815; Surgeon-Major, Nov. 22nd 1827; Deputy Inspector of Hospitals, May 16th, 1851; Inspector General of Hospitals, Dec. 7th, 1858; retired on half-pay, July 19th, 1859; Died, July 1865. In "Fifty years of my Life", by the late Earl of Albemarle, at page 96, vol. ii, will be found some interesting comments on Dr. Barry's service and death. He says: "mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century!" While at the Cape he fought a duel and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant breaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest; but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at headquarters. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging nor the black servant who had lived with her for years had the slightest suspicion of her sex. The late Mrs. Ward, daughter of Colonel Tidy (Military Secretary, Jamaica, 1856, and at the Horse Guards, 1865), from whom I had these particulars, told me further that she believed the Doctor to have been the legitimate granddaughter of a Scotch earl whose name I do not now give, as I am unable to substantiate the correctness of my friend's surmise, and that the soi-disant James Barry adopted the medical profession from attachment to an army surgeon who has not been many years dead". In a letter to me from Surgeon-General McKinnon he states that he found Dr. Barry to be "a pleasant and agreeable man. He neither cursed nor swore, but behaved himself like a gentleman. I have heard many reports about him, and the most of them were false, the people making them being obviously interested parties. I never heard of his ever being an operator of any kind, nor do I think he ever had any opportunity of showing his skill in that line" On the other hand, Surgeon-General Longmore, writing to me from Netley in 1882, says: "I acted as P.M.O. at Trinidad for nearly a year shortly after Dr. Barry vacated the post. I also saw her in the Crimea, when staying with Lord Raglan on a visit" And in an appreciative comment on my treatment of the case in the character of Dr. Fitzjames in my novel "A Modern Sphinx" he adds: "Some years ago a French writer in a history of "Le Medecin Militaire" remarked: "Le fait en lui-meme ne laisse aucun doute; et cependant je doute fort que Miss Braddon elle-meme oserait jamais faire de cette personne Theroine d'un de ces romans" You have accomplished what the writer evidently thought no one dare do".

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I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

E. Rogers, Lieutenant-Colonel.

Savage Club, October 21st 1895.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

There is no doubt of the existence of "James Barry", or of her sex. She lived some forty years ago in a street leading off Piccadilly - Down-street I think. I lived in the same neighbourhood at that time and knew her perfectly well by sight, and it was a matter of common repute that she belonged to a different sex than the one indicated by her clothes. Dr. Barry as she was always called, was about 5 ft.6 in. in height, slight in build, with a smooth pale face, I saw her last in the year 1851 or 1852, and while in India later I remember reading of her death and of the discovery of the sex. She was a great friend of Lady Charles Somerset, who used to live near by in Piccadilly at that time. This information is not very definite, but it will help to assure Dr. Bright that "James Barry" is no figment, and that the story of her sex is undoubted.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

A. M. S.

October 16th, 1895.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

Referring to Dr. Bright's queries under the above heading in THE LANCET of October 12th, I beg to refer him to Dr. Meiring Beck of Rondebosch, Cape Town. Dr. Beck discovered reliable information concerning "Dr. James Barry" and read a most interesting paper on the subject to the Cape Town Branch of the British Medical Association, which was published in the South African Medical Journal about six months ago. It appears that "Dr. James Barry" served a useful career in the Army Medical Staff in Cape Colony, the West Indies, and, I think, also St. Helena. Her sex was not known until after her death.

I am, Sirs, yours faithfully,

H. Laing Gordon, M.D. Edin.

Vincent-square, S.W. October 14th 1895.

THE LANCET October 19th 1895.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

At page 959 of THE LANCET you say: "Probably some of our readers can inform us and our correspondent with certainty about James Barry". I write to say that the medical officer so called travelled in a steamer of which I was the medical officer many years ago. In common with all on board, I was much struck with the peculiarities of that officer; and, I think, a notice of those has since appeared in one of the journals. The diet and the fondness for pets, the peculiar figure and appearance, all justified the ideas that were entertained about her at the time; and these ideas, it is said, were confirmed after her decease. It has been stated that this officer fought two duels; so it is evident that want of courage was not one of her weaknesses.

I am, Sirs, your obedient servant,

C.F. Moore, M.D., F.R.C.S. Irel.

Upper Merrion-street, Dublin. October 14th 1895.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

I see that you ask from your readers any particulars which may be known to them about Dr. James Barry. I heard of him (or her) from my old friend Dr. Jobson, who, after spending many years as an army surgeon, finished his career as a physician in Kent. Dr. Jobson died about fifteen years ago, an old man aged about eighty-five years, so it must have been rather early in the century when he was at college in Edinburgh. One of his fellow students was remarkable by the persistency with which he avoided his fellow students, and was also laughed at because, in contradiction to the shooting-coats which all the other students wore, he invariably appeared in a long surtout. However, although Barry kept the other students at a distance, he soon became friendly with Dr. Jobson and invited him to his lodgings, where he introduced him to his mother, with whom he lived. Both Dr. Jobson and Dr. Barry resolved to go into the army, and were together at a Depot where Dr. Jobson was astonished to find that Dr. Barry was afraid to go home by himself through a rather rough part of the town, but asked Dr. Jobson to go with him. Dr. Jobson, who, although a little man, was devoted to athletics, was much disappointed that he could not teach Dr. Barry to box. He never would strike out, but kept his arms over his chest, to protect it from blows. Dr. Jobson and Dr. Barry were appointed to different regiments, and they never met again, although Dr. Jobson heard of him occasionally as performing all the duties of an army surgeon, and also of his performing serious operations in the hospital of Malta. When she died and it was discovered that she was a woman and had been a mother, Dr. Jobson was as much astonished as anybody; for, although he remembered the above mentioned womanly traits, they had never caused him to have the slightest suspicion of her sex. What romance or tragedy led Dr. Barry to act as she did will not, I fancy, be ever known - at least, Dr. Jobson could never get any light upon it. As I myself am an old woman over sixty years of age I dare say there are not many people left who know anything about Dr. Barry, and I have thought these scanty particulars might interest your readers.

I am, Sirs, yours obediently,

Janet Carphin.

India-street, Edinburgh. October 14th 1895.

THE LANCET October 12th 1895.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To the Editors of the LANCET.

Sirs,

There is a tradition to which I have seen an occasional reference in English books that there was, one or two generations ago, in the British Army, a medical officer who attained high rank as such, and who was found to be, post mortem, of the female sex. The name ascribed to this person in the references which have fallen under my eye is sometimes James Barry, sometimes - MacLeod. Will you please inform me whether this story rests upon any credible foundation or is the mere figment of an idle brain?

Your obedient Servant,

George A. Bright, M.D., U.S. Navy.

U.S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D.C. Sept. 30th. 1895.

* * We can recall the following instances of concealment of sex in the Services - first that of Mary Anne Talbot, the female sailor and she did not belong to the medical department. She was, indeed, a very disreputable though courageous adventuress, and fought as a soldier under the Duke of York in Flanders, and as a sailor under Earl Howe of Hune 1st memory. She was an inmate at different times of Haslar Hospital and two or three metropolitan hospitals without revealing her sex. Then there was Christiana Davis (born 1667, died 1739) who fought in the Marlborough wars. She was wounded and in hospital several times without her sex being discovered. Mary Read and Ann Bonner fought as pirates about 170 years ago, and though their exploits may be mythical their real existence is undoubted. Probably some of our readers can inform us and our correspondent with certainty about James Barry. We have read many allusions to her, but none in any reliable quarter. - Ed. L.

THE LANCET, October 19th, 1895.

A FEMALE MEMBER OF THE ARMY MEDICAL STAFF.

To The Editors of THE LANCET.

Sirs,

In the last issue of THE LANCET, inquiry was made by a medical gentleman in the United States as to the facts of the service in the Army Medical Department of "James Barry", who, on her sudden death in Craven Street, Strand, was discovered at the inquest to be a woman.

In 1857 I travelled with this remarkable character on board the inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbadoes, when I occupied the same cabin, I on the top and she in the lower berth - of course, without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how, in harsh and peevish voice, she ordered me out of the cabin - blow high blow low - while she dressed in the morning. "Now then youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress" she would say. A goat was on board to provide her with milk; she was a strict vegetarian, and she was accompanied by a negro servant and a little dog called "Psyche". The doctor was going at the time to visit her old friend and enemy, General Sir Josiah Cleote (Commanding Troops) with whom, when aide-de-camp to the Governor of the Cape, she had fought a duel and was wounded in the leg. The late Colonel Shadwell Clerke, who was at that period on the Generals staff, told me before his death last year that he, too, was challenged for some fancied insult, but that General Cleote pooh-poohed the idea and made them shake hands.

In person "James Barry" was short in stature, angular in figure, with a long Ciceronian nose, prominent cheek bones and a rather lugubrious expression of countenance. I possess a photograph of her, and there is another, kept under lock and key, in the medical officers' mess at the Royal Victoria Hospital here. Neither is a good likeness. Details of her life were given shortly after her death in the May number of All The Year Round, entitled "A Mystery Still" and from these particulars, as well as from such information as I subsequently gleaned, I formulated the heroine of my novel (in three Volumes), "A Modern Sphinx" published in 1881, a reproduction of which in single volume, re-named and edited by Miss Braddon, "Madeline's Mystery" may still, I fancy, be obtained. "A Modern Sphinx" is out of print, but as I retain a few copies I shall have pleasure in placing a copy at your disposal for transmission, if you like, to your American correspondent. Few men new more about Barry's career than the recently deceased Surgeon-General Sir T. Longmore, C.B., with whom I often corresponded on the subject, and who placed a copy of my novel in the Museum Library of the Victoria Hospital. But many other persons are, I believe, still to the fore, who could furnish interesting reminiscences of this eccentric individual - notably General Lowry, C.B., General W. Chamberlayne, General de Montmorenci, Colonel R. Wilson, and Surgeon-Major-Generals Tippetts and G. Langford Hine: all of them served from time to time with her at various foreign stations. I may add that she always seemed to have immense influence at headquarters and could almost choose her own station. Imperious in manner and officially dictatorial, in social circles she was admired and respected; she was, moreover, sympathetic and skilful in her profession - yet what a life of repressed emotions must hers have been? - a woman, too, who it was said gave birth to a child in her early days.

I am Sir, yours faithfully,

E. Rogers, Lieutenant-Colonel,

(late Staff Officer of Pensioners and formerly Captain
3rd West India Regiment);

Netley, October 15th 1895.



R.A.M.C. HISTORICAL MUSEUM,
QUEEN ELIZABETH BARRACKS,
CROOKHAM, HANTS.

B Jan

Dear Dans,

Here is an extract from the
memoirs of an old lady which
Col. Aborn gave me to read.

It may be worth copying to
put with the "Banyana" in the
Muniment Room or Library.

I shall not be ^{up} this week till
Saturday when I have to go to a
dinner but I realise this is a
"dies non" for the College & so

Probably shall not come to town until
the afternoon

Yrs sincerely

R. E. Barnsley

Extract from :

MEMOIRS OF SARAH ESTHER HORNIMAN
1844 to (approx)1880

(Col. T.M. Abern)

There was a Dr. B -, an Army Doctor, whose appearance and voice used to strike my childish wonder. He was very short and spare, a smooth not very prepossessing face, scanty curly locks and a high thin voice which might have been termed squeaky, but he was considered very clever and a skilful surgeon and much respected. He seemed to seek the society of nice young girls and I have heard my eldest sister joked about his intentions to her. I was reading a newspaper not many years ago and my attention was drawn to a paragraph headed "wonderful discovery". It gave Dr B's name, or perhaps the name assumed, and said it was found that it was a woman but had personated a man to pursue the calling he had chosen after a love disappointment.

A FEMALE ARMY DOCTOR.

Disguise maintained for over fifty years.

During one of his last "Tramps Abroad" Mark Twain says:- "I saw in one of the fine old Dutch mansions at Capetown a quaint old picture which was a link in a curious romance - a picture of a pale, intellectual young man in a pink coat, with a high black collar. It was a portrait of Dr. James Barry, a military surgeon, who came out to the Cape fifty years ago with his regiment. He was a wild young fellow, and was guilty of various kinds of misbehaviour. He was several times reported to headquarters in England, and it was in each case expected that orders would come out to deal with him promptly and severely, but for some mysterious reason no orders of any kind ever came back. Once he was called on in the night to do what he could for a woman who was believed to be dying. He was prompt and scientific, and saved both mother and child. This child was named after him, and still lives in Capetown. He had Dr. Barry's portrait painted and gave it to the gentleman in whose ~~house~~ old Dutch house I saw it.

According to Sir Wm. Mackinnon, late Director-general, Army Medical Department, Barry was born and brought up in Malta, her father being a Scotch baronet, Buchan by name, who married one of the Somerset family. Hence the doctor's great influence at headquarters through Fitzroy Somerset, Lord Raglan. The dates of Dr. Barry's several appointments (and it is remarkable that the grades of "surgeon", "assistant inspector", and "brevet deputy inspector of hospitals" were passed over in her case) are as follows:- Hospital assistant, July 5th, 1813; assistant surgeon, Dec. 7, 1826; surgeon-major, Nov. 22, 1827; deputy inspector-general of hospitals, May 16, 1851; inspector-general of hospitals, Dec. 7, 1858; retired on half-pay, July 19, 1859.

One of the earliest of Dr. Barry's stations abroad was Capetown, during the government of her relative Lord Charles Somerset. There she fought a duel with the governor's aide-de-camp. "Some years ago", said Sir William Mackinnon to the writer, "I met Sir Josias Cloete (the A.D.C. in question) at a public dinner, and he told me the circumstances of the duel in these words: "I am the only officer in the British Army who has ever fought a duel with a woman. When I was A.D.C. to Lord Charles Somerset at the Cape, a buxom lady called to see him on business of a private nature, and of course they were closeted for some time. Dr. Barry made some disparaging remark about this. "Retract your vile insinuations, you infernal little cad", said I, advancing and pulling his long, ugly nose. Barry immediately challenged me, and we fought with pistols fortunately without effect".

Dr. Barry always seemed to prefer tropical or semi-tropical stations. She served in the Mediterranean and West Indies most of her time. Sir William Mackinnon produced for inspection the official record of Dr. Barry's services, in which she is stated to have been "mentioned in despatches", "strongly recommended for promotion", published in General orders for assiduity and skill during an epidemic in the West Indies, &c. According to the date of her first commission she might have served at Waterloo; it is certain that she was in the Crimea. "I saw Dr. Barry in the Crimea", wrote the Surgeon-general Sir Thomas Longmore, "when she was staying with Lord Raglan on a visit",

The Earl of Albemarle wrote:- there was (in 1818) at the Cape a person whose eccentricities attracted universal attention- Dr. James Barry, staff-surgeon to the garrison and the Governor's medical adviser. I had heard so much of this capricious, yet privileged, gentleman that I had a great curiosity to see him. I shortly afterwards sat next to him at dinner at one of the regimental messes. In this learned pundit I beheld a beardless lad, apparently of my own age, with an unmistakeably Scotch type of countenance- reddish hair, and high cheek bones. There was a certain effeminacy in his manner which he seemed to be always striving to overcome. His style of conversation was greatly superior to that one usually heard at a mess table in these days of non-competitive examination. A mystery attached to Barry's whole professional career, which extended over more than half a century. While at the Cape he fought a duel, and was considered to be of a most quarrelsome disposition. He was frequently guilty of flagrant reaches of discipline, and on more than one occasion was sent home under arrest, but somehow or other his offences were always condoned at headquarters. In Hart's Army list for the year 1865 the name of James Barry, M.D., stands at the head of the list of Inspectors-general of Hospitals. In the July of that same year the TIMES one day announced the death of Dr. Barry and the next day it was officially reported to the Horse Guards that the doctor was a woman. It is singular that neither the landlady of her lodging, nor the black servant who had lived with her for years, had the slightest suspicion of her sex".

In 1857 I travelled with Deputy-inspector-general of hospitals, James Barry, board the inter-colonial steamer plying between St. Thomas and Barbados,

when I occupied the same cabin- I in the top and she in the lower berth - of course without any suspicion of her sex on my part. I well remember how, in harsh and peevish voice, she ordered me out of the cabin - blow high, blow low - while she dressed in the morning. "Now then, youngster, clear out of my cabin while I dress", she would say. A goat was on board to provide her with milk, for she was a strict vegetarian; and she was accompanied by a negro servant and a little dog called Psyche. In person Barry was short in stature - about 5 feet 6 inches - slight in build, angular in figure, with a long Ciceronian nose, prominent cheek bones, and a rather lugubrious expression of countenance, pale and forbidding. Her hair was light, of a reddish hue - perhaps dyed - but very thin, and cut close. The face was wrinkled and showed no sign of whisker or moustache. Two peculiarities attracted attention, and sometimes hints of effeminacy from her associates - namely, the smallness of her feet, which were always encased in the highest heeled boots, and the manner she carried her arms - with elbows IN instead of OUTWARD. Besides being a vegetarian she drank no intoxicating liquors. Her speech was bombastic. At the General's table we were all much amused at the outrageous stories she used to tell, making herself out quite a lady-killer. At balls, or parties of any kind, she was certain to tack herself on to the finest and best-looking woman in the room. Whatever was the mystery of Dr. BARRY's life-long deception it was never solved. She died at the ripe age of seventy-one years in Down-street, Piccadilly, London, on the 15th July, 1865, and was then and there found to be of the female sex. And not only that, but, as the writer of an inspired article in ALL THE YEAR ROUND observed: "Not only was Dr. Barry discovered to be a woman, but it was made evident that in early life she had been a mother!" Her remains rest in Kensal-green cemetery.

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WOMANS ARMY CAREER.

Secret of sex only revealed by death.

Some new and interesting light is thrown on the story of a woman - who passed so successfully as a man that she entered the Army as a medical officer - by an article in the Christmas number of the Cape Times just to hand.-

The case of this woman, who was known in the service as James Barry, M.D. is mentioned in "Fifty Years of Public Service", a book recently published by Major Arthur Griffiths. The writer in the Cape Times sets forth Dr. Barry's autobiography, the manuscript of which recently came into his possession.

The story opens with a sudden visit on Christmas Eve to the house of Dr. Barry's mother by a mysterious stranger, who exhibited a signet ring and carried off the doctor, then a child, saying: "It is the Prince's will",. Finding later that her father was George IV. then Prince Regent, Dr. Barry called on him at Carlton House, and after an angry scene informed him that the shame of her birth had decided her to disguise her sex. Henceforth she would be no longer Joan FitzRoy but James Barry. For the rest of her life a powerful clandestine influence was exerted on behalf of the pseudo-man, who rose to the position of Inspector-General of Military Hospitals.

Joan took her medical degree at Edinburgh her true sex never being suspected, and received a post in Cape Colony. Here a remarkable series of adventures began.

She made love to a handsome Dutch girl of whom another officer, Lieutenant Mannering, was deeply enamoured. Dr. Barry actually courted and won her. Afterwards the disguised woman taunted Mannering, who flung a tumbler of wine in her face. A duel followed, in which Joan allowed herself to be slightly wounded.

The next day she told Mannering that she had never loved the object of his affections, and the fickle Cape girl eventually married the Lieutenant.

On another occasion an officer with whom Joan was riding suddenly said to her, "By the powers, you look more like a woman than a man!" For this he received a savage cut across the face with a whip, and his demands to the Governor for redress were met by his transference to Tristan d'Acunha. The secret of the doctors sex was discovered only after her death -

Daily Mail

Dr. Barry was at one time stationed in Trinidad. He also lived for a time at Barbados where, owing to his looks and manners, his acquaintances suspected that he was a woman.