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# BRITISH UNION FOR ABOLITION OF VIVISECTION. (THE BRITISH ANTI-VIVISECTION SOCIETY) 32 Charing Cross, London, S.W.

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## INOCULATION AGAINST TYPHOID.

Will the War Office put a stop to Military Tyranny in the Interests of Recruiting ?

### "SCRAPS OF PAPER."

Letter to J. DOBSON, Esq., Sept. 14, 1914.

"Dear Sir—In reply to your letter I am desirous to say that anti-enteric inoculation is not compulsory."

Circular Letter from the PARLIAMENTARY RECRUITING COMMITTEE, November 23, 1914.

"The inoculation for typhoid is purely voluntary—Jesse Henshaw."

Reply by Mr. TENNANT, Under Secretary of State for War, to Mr. H. G. CHANCELLOR, M.P., on November 16, 1914.

"The instructions also issued are intended to protect conscientious objectors."

Reply by Viscount HALDANE to Lord TENTERDEN in the House of Lords on January 7, 1915.

"Inoculation is not compulsory, and it is possible for a man to go to the front without being inoculated."

All efforts are used to persuade men, at the same time preserving the rights of the conscientious objectors."

### Is an Englishman's Word HIS BOND ?

How the Military Authorities break faith with the troops.

A London Brigade Order.

"As the risk of contracting typhoid fever is much increased in the autumn and winter



months, and also from changes from one locality to another, all men of the 6th London Brigade R.F.A. who have not been inoculated against the disease will not be permitted to go on leave until further notice. This is a precautionary measure taken in the interests of the Brigade as well as of the men themselves."

[QUERY. Is England in the throes of a terrible typhoid epidemic? Is it safe for anybody to travel?]

### SHAFT BARRACKS, DOVER.

Extract from Regimental Orders, Tuesday 15/1/15.

1731 (9) Officers commanding Companies will send to Orderly Room by 9 a.m. on the 15th inst., the names of all N.C.O.'s and all enlisted men of their Companies who have not been, and are not willing to be, inoculated against enteric fever.

(b) It is notified for information of all ranks that, in future, inoculation against enteric fever will be classed as an important consideration in the selection of (1) N.C.O.'s for promotion, (2) Men for Company and Regimental employment, (3) Men for leave passes.

1732. Officers commanding Companies are to render to Orderly Room by the 15th and 25th of each month a return showing the number of N.C.O.'s and men on strength of their Companies.

(a) who have been, or are about to be, inoculated, and

(b) have not been and are unwilling to be inoculated.

J. F. APPELVARD, Adjutant.

### FACTS.

Inoculation is presented in its most favourable light by the following methods, proof whereof will be sent to any inquirer :

- (1) By concealing important facts about sanitation.
- (2) By introducing a new title of disease "para-typhoid"—under which to class inoculated men and so take them out of the genuine count, thus altering the attack and death rate. (Para-typhoid is admitted to have exactly the same symptoms as typhoid.)
- (3) By publishing false and conflicting figures and false statements.
- (4) By attributing to the inoculation a reduction in the disease which took place before it was used.
- (5) By stifling all discussion, even in meetings advertised as "Discussions."
- (6) By the officially sanctioned dissemination among the troops of a misleading and inaccurate leaflet by the Research Defence Society, to which a full and complete reply has been published by the British Union (it will be sent gratis to inquirers). And by searching, insulting and imprisoning in a guard room, for over five hours, a man who handed the British Union's leaflets to soldiers in a public street.
- (7) By inaccurate ministerial replies to Parliamentary inquirers, to the effect, e.g., that a man whose death certificate gave "anti-typhoid vaccination" as the primary cause of death died of "pneumonia" (a secondary cause, which arose in the form of septic pneumonia, from the inoculation); and that another man "himself states that he has never been inoculated against enteric fever" and was "not discharged from the Army medically unfit," whereas the man himself denies having said any such thing, and produces his certificate of discharge.

### INGRATITUDE TO TOMMY ATKINS.

Soldiers at home are denied their right of going to the front, for which they joined the Army; are refused passes even to see dying relatives; are put on fatigue duty and "made to do all the dirty work"; are threatened with dismissal, inoculation by force, court-martial, etc., etc., if they refuse inoculation.

Soldiers in France, who went out to the War at the very beginning, are now all wed a short holiday, but not unless they are inoculated. One writes: "If it had not been for this Order I should have been in Dear Old England to-morrow among my friends, but this pleasure is denied me through Red Tape, and I may never get another chance to see them. So I ask you if you will do Tommy a great favour, one that we shall not forget, by giving this publicity in the Press, as we are unable to do so owing to censors. If possible, I would rather my name not be mentioned in the Paper, as it will mean—through Red Tape again—me losing my rank, but if my name must be put in the paper as a guarantee of truth, do so, and I will take my chance in what I consider justice. If it is not necessary my nom-de-plume is,

One at Home."

Even soldiers who have been wounded and threatened and punished. Inoculation (proved to be an utterly useless and dangerous practice) is forced upon intelligent objectors even as the Germans would force their "Kultur" upon unwilling Europe.

Officers! Do not hinder recruiting by these methods.

Read THE ABOLITIONIST (Sample Copy sent free).

It inoculates common-sense into the duller brains.



## NOTICE.

The advertisement which appeared in our last week's issue, opposing the principle of the inoculation of soldiers against typhoid, came in very late, and unfortunately its contents were not submitted to the Secretary, who was merely told of the source from which it came—namely, the Anti-Vivisection Society. *Mr. Punch* is himself absolutely in favour of inoculation against typhoid for the troops.

## TO "GENERAL JANVIER."

("In the Spring a young man's fancy . . .")

At it, old warrior! do your worst!

Here's Fevrier coming, moist and blowy,

And any trench you leave for him

Not saturated to the brim

He will accommodate its thirst

As in the days of Noë.

But we, well-armed in every pore

Against the tricks you mean to try on,

Will stick it out through slush and slime,

And bide, as best we may, our time

Till General Mars begins to roar

Just like a British lion.

And ere his exit, like a lamb,

The sloppy mess shall all be tidied,

And (since I can't believe that K.

Has said that things won't move till May)

We shall step out, as SHEM and HAM

Did when the flood subsided.

Spring! Ah, to what a sanguine view

Thoughts of the vernal prime provoke us!

Yet never in my whole career

Can I recall a single year

When I so much looked forward to

The advent of the crocus.

For with the Spring, when youth is free

To execute its inward yearning,

Like to a lark (or other bird)

The soul of Thomas shall be stirred,

And to Berlin I hope to see

The young man's fancy turning. O. S.

## A FORCED MARCH.

Petherby recommended route-marching; said he used to suffer from sensations of repletion after heavy meals, just as I did, but, after a series of Saturday afternoons spent in route-marching through our picturesque hill country (Herne, Brixton, Denmark and so forth), the distressing symptoms completely vanished, and he now felt as right as a trivet.

I hadn't a ghost of a notion what a trivet was, nor yet what degree of rectitude was expected of it; but I nevertheless determined to try the route-march cure. Bismuth and pepsin should henceforth be drugs in the market as far as I was concerned. The only doubt in my mind was whether, technically speaking, I could perform a route-march all by myself. Somehow I thought etiquette demanded the presence of a band, or at any rate a drum and life *obbligato*. But Petherby thought not, and declared it would prove just as effective rendered as a solo. "Besides," he added, "if you want music to invigorate you, you can whistle or hum. Moreover, you can switch the music on or off at will."

I resolved to start the treatment the following Saturday

afternoon, and certainly should have done so but for the weather, which was very moist. If there's one thing I hate more than dyspepsia it's rheumatism. The next Saturday was fine—fine for a Saturday, that is; but a well-meant gift of tickets for a *matinée*, which it would have been churlish of me to refuse, robbed me of my prospective enjoyment. However, Saturday of the week after was also fine. Nothing stood in the way of my pleasurable tramp, and I determined to route-march home from the City.

I spent two hours in ill-concealed impatience—the marker told me he had never seen me put up such a poor game—waiting to see if the weather would change. But as at the expiration of that time it had apparently got stuck I decided to risk it.

Softly humming to myself, "Here we are again," I route-marched out of the hotel into Bishopsgate in fine style, and got on to a bus bound for the Bank (I did this to save time). Arrived at the Bank I took another bus to Blackfriars (I did this to save more time). I thought it would be nice to commence the march from the Embankment). When I reached Blackfriars I remembered that all the big walks started from the political end, so as I did not wish to assume any superiority which I did not strictly possess I took the tram to Westminster. There I alighted and was about to set off over Westminster Bridge when it occurred to me that I hadn't had any tea. To route-march on an empty stomach was, I felt sure, the height of folly. I therefore repaired to a tea-shop in the vicinity, where I encountered young Pilkington. We discussed KITCHENER and crumpets, training and tea, the KAISER and cake, and with a little adroitness I managed to bring in the subject of the medicinal value of route-marching. When I rose to go Pilkington inquired my destination.

"Norbury," I told him.

"That's lucky," he said; "I shall be able to give you a lift in a taxi as far as Kennington."

In vain I expostulated with him, and urged that I was route-marching, not route-cabbing. But he wouldn't listen.

"Anyhow," he concluded, "it's most dangerous to march just after a crumpet tea. Haven't you read your 'Infantry Training'?"

The upshot of the matter was that we taxied to Kennington, where at last I managed to leave him. And then I began to feel tired. True, I hadn't done any marching, but it was none the less true that I felt as tired as if I had. However, I succeeded in struggling on for about fifty yards (to the tune of HANDEL's *Largo*), and then I boarded a tram. It had only proceeded a quarter-of-a-mile or so when the current failed and we all had to get out. I waited half-an-hour for a fresh batch of current to arrive, but none came, and I realised that my best course would be to walk to Brixton Station and procure a cab.

Accordingly, to the melody of "I don't expect to do it again for months and months," I put my best foot foremost. It was a moot point which of my two feet merited this distinction; they both felt deplorably senile. Then it began to rain—no mere niggardly sprinkling, but a lavish week-end cataclysm. I reached the station in the condition known to chemists as a saturated solution, only to find that there was not a cab on the rank. I was therefore compelled to adopt the only means of transport left to me—to route-march home . . .

I ultimately staggered in at my gate at an advanced hour of the evening to the strains of the opening bars of TCHAIKOWSKY'S *Pathetic Symphony*, whistled mentally. I was far beyond making the actual physical effort.

That night I wrote a postcard to Petherby. It ran as follows:—"Have just completed your course of treatment. Am cured."