

Ethel Mary Christie

A WONDERFUL LIFE



Ron Easthope

Introduction

This is the story of a remarkable woman. Intelligence, talent, energy, resourcefulness, dedication, fearlessness and compassion are just some of the qualities that she possessed. There were a number of stages in her life - from talented violinist, to medico-social campaigner, health worker in the Far East, adventure traveller during WW1 and a multi-stranded involvement in Russia and Russian affairs.

Her life was long, but never dull. She never sought fame but could not avoid being in the limelight through her various activities and causes.

I came upon Ethel Mary Christie (nee Brown) when looking into the life of Dr William Ledingham Christie, who was New Zealand's first medical graduate and who became Ethel's husband.

I am grateful to many people who provided material on which this account is based. These include Francis Haydon (Jersey), Kerry Christie (Balclutha, NZ), George Andronov (Birmingham), Jane Crittenden and Jess Coble (Australia). Additional material came from the Hocken collection (Dunedin), the South Otago Museum, Leeds University Library Special Collections and the Medical Research Council (UK). Extensive use was made of the Ancestry.com web site for related genealogy research, and newspaper archives including New Zealand's 'Papers Past', the British Newspaper Archive and the Times newspaper archive.

Ron Easthope : last updated 31 July, 2017

Family

Ethel, the eldest daughter of Arthur Brown and his wife Mary Ann Brown (nee Atkins) was born at 3 John Street North, Marylebone on 26th September 1879.¹

A brother, Francis Arthur Brown was born on 9th July 1881 at the same address.² The Browns lived at 12 Pimlico Rd and Arthur was working as a warehouseman. The John St North address was the home of the Atkins family.³

By early 1883 the Browns had moved to Bristol where Arthur had obtained the license to run the Drawbridge Hotel in St Augustine's Parade.⁴



Drawbridge Hotel, St Augustine's Parade, Bristol

Another daughter, Evelyn Liley Brown was born in Bristol on 30th July 1883.⁵

Musical Prodigy

From a young age, Ethel (known to her friends as ‘Effie’) showed exceptional talent at playing the violin. She was initially tutored by Miss Mabel Rootham¹, and then Theo. Carrington of Clifton in Bristol². Later Effie would commute to London to receive instruction from the noted Hungarian-born violinist Tivador Nachez. He predicted that she would become one of the finest violinists of the day.³



George Bernard Shaw, writing as an arts critic under the pseudonym of *Como di Bassetto*, said of Nachez: “He plays some easy affair like Raff’s Cavatina with the air of a man who is making a masterly conquest of untold difficulties ... An encore follows, and he thereupon plays a bravura piece as fast as he can bow it. He has, of course, very little time in aiming at the exact pitch of the notes; but he seems satisfied when he gets within half a semitone of the bull’s eye.”

From the age of 11 yrs, Ethel was performing for appreciative Bristol audiences, and such performances continued through her teenage years.⁴ In 1898 the Bristol Mercury reported⁵: “She masters the most difficult and intricate compositions with ease.”

At age 18 yrs, she was planning to set up as a violin teacher in Bristol.⁶

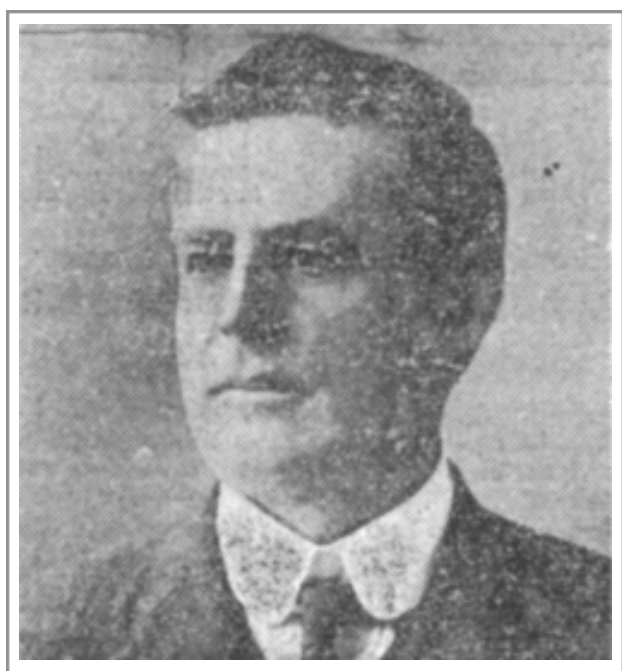
It is noteworthy, perhaps, that her paternal grandfather, Henry James Brown, was a well-known musician and an accomplished organist at Trinity Church, Cambridge⁷, and at Jesus College in Cambridge from 1862 – 1876⁸, having been pupil and “understudy” to the celebrated Dr Walmisley at Trinity College⁹.

A new passion

When she was aged 18 or 19yrs, Ethel had a life-changing experience after which she gave up the violin for a radically different cause.

To quote Ethel directly¹,

“I met my future husband (Dr William Ledingham Christie) when he was attending my brother. Hearing that I was – in the fashion of those days – visiting some poor relations of our servants, and that one of them was ill, he volunteered to visit the old lady with me. The treatment required was the daily dressing of an ulcerated leg and he ended up by saying to the patient “and Miss Brown will come and dress it for you every day”. I spent a wakeful night wondering if I should be able to face that leg, but of course I did and many others beside.”



Although there was undoubted mutual attraction at a personal level, it was

the values that Dr Christie held and the work that he was doing that made such an impression on Ethel. Dr Christie, who was New Zealand’s first medical graduate and subsequently acquired MD (NZ) and FRCS (England), had spent a year as house surgeon at the Bristol Hospital for Sick Children before going into practice in Bristol.^{2,3,4}

To quote Ethel again⁵:

“Whilst at the hospital he had been deeply impressed with the need for health visitors to teach mothers how to carry out the instructions given to them in the outpatient department, and still more impressed by the high mortality in the first year of life. Also by the acute suffering of those infants involved in that high mortality, which sometimes is



lost sight of. He had the idea of teaching ladies of some leisure so that they might do voluntary work among poor mothers, and so came into being the Nursery Aid Society.

The succeeding years were devoted largely to these aims & it may be said that it needed a New Zealander with his uncompromising disregard for convention to attain them.

He opened a clinic in the Bedminster area of Bristol & in the first year over 1200 babies were treated & visited and their mothers instructed. It soon became evident that work of this kind and extent could not depend on ladies with leisure, it interfered too much with their own family life for it to be a permanent service. Some of them caught scarlet fever, measles & the like on their rounds and there was also vermin to be reckoned with. Gradually a change was made & suitable women were given district training in monthly nursing and midwifery. In return for their training & in the course of it they visited and taught simple and practical methods of maintaining infant well-being.

The home of the clinic was a large house, a former mayoral residence, with many rooms, which he later called "Bristol Cottage Hospital" - and to which many very sick babies were admitted. The amount of work that he could get through in a day would be a shock to some people, but of course his staff of nurses were a considerable help. He was an excellent teacher and inspired others with his own enthusiasm. He was easily the best known man in the city and became almost legendary, not by any seeking of his own but by a natural consequence of his collisions with "vested interests" in the attainment of such aims as clean milk, decent houses, regular work, efficient hospitals & higher education.

He was no means the only person striving after these good things but he threw tremendous energy into it. It being generally known that he was living amongst and working for the "under-dogs" his opinion, born of experience, was received with respect. His active opponents were few but noisy & by their virulence brought more publicity to the defects that he complained of. He was urged to stand for election to the Board of Guardians for the Poor, & later to the Bristol City Council. On both occasions he was elected by an overwhelming majority.

He was a member of the Hospitals Committee of the Board of Guardians, and of the Education, Health, Diseases of Animals, Small Holdings and Allotments, Local Pensions, and Housing of the Working Classes committees of the City Council from 1908 – 1911.....

..... The difficulty was to persuade people – even the kind hearted – to go and look for themselves at the conditions that produced these ill-clad, often bare-foot undernourished children. He therefore reversed the process & led the children to the people in the prosperous areas.

On one occasion, after due notice, he led 2000 of them through the main thoroughfares up to Clifton Down where a space had been enclosed for them to have tea. Several outings for the children to the seaside were organised and paid for by subscriptions in answer to an appeal from him in the local newspapers.”

Ethel became closely involved with all that Dr Christie did.

“In the end I became a “whole-timer”, spending days and nights in the slums. I became a certified midwife and was authorised later by the Central Board to train others..... I worked constantly with him in all branches of his professional activities.”

Ethel and Ledingham married on 8th November 1900 at St Mary Radcliffe Church, Bristol⁶.

The Far East - 1

By 1911 it was becoming evident that the Bristol City Health Department was prepared to offer services for children and Dr Christie was able to gradually detach himself from what had been a long, physically and financially demanding workload.

He received a proposal to take up the position of Medical Officer to the Borneo Company in British North Borneo (Sarawak)¹.

Ethel and Ledingham set sail in late 1911², arriving in Sarawak via the Malay States and Singapore in January 1912³.

The climate was, of course, in marked contrast to that of Britain. In a letter Ledingham wrote to a Bristol friend he said⁴: “My wife grieves over her violin, which the climate causes to fall to pieces.” The implication of these remarks is that although Ethel had given up public violin performances, she wished to have her violin at hand for personal use.

While Ledingham was busy providing medical services, Ethel set to work in the laboratory at the base hospital in Sejjak where she began to learn the basics of bacteriology⁵.

“Apart from teaching the Chinese and Dejak dressers I spent many hours daily in the little laboratory doing the routine examinations of clinical material. The laboratory was the scene of great daily activity. Each patient, whatever his complaint, was put through not one test but several.

Life continued to repeat itself day by day but by no means uneventfully - until August 1914, when a boat arriving in Kuching from North Borneo brought the news of the outbreak of war.”⁵

Return to England during WW1

In due course the mails arrived with news of a shortage of medical officers, but a subsequent letter from the War Office denied this shortage.

After three years in Sarawak, Ledingham was due for leave but he gave the company six months notice of his resignation. They decided to travel home via Singapore, China, Russia and Scandinavia.

Ethel describes that journey¹:

“The journey took twice the normal time on account of troop movements, and one therefore had more opportunity than usual to make some observations of the country and people. Fleeting glimpses though they were, they gave me something with which to compare Soviet Russia in later years. Certain things stand out in my memory, the Austrian prisoners, who were in great numbers, walking about with spades at railway stations in Siberia, not under any guard, and apparently quite contented. They were wearing their own Austrian uniform, and I was told they received pay. Our train was crowded, not too clean, meals were served with great unpunctuality, and the dining car was the scene of endless confusion. I remember a Russian lady who on being told that there were no gherkins, rose from the table, forced her way into the kitchen and came back triumphantly with the one impaled on her fork. Food, judging by the quantities offered for sale to the chef on the train at every stopping place, seemed to be plentiful and cheap; he refused to buy a turkey on the grounds that 2 roubles (4/-) was an exorbitant price. A soldier with a permanently fixed bayonet travelled on the train, a young fellow about 24, fair, blue-eyed, with a serious wondering expression. He was there to see that we did not attempt to blow up bridges and so on, and at certain places an open window was enough for him to look for someone to shoot. On that journey I realised for the first time in my life the real difference between tipping and bribery. A tip is given for a service done, but a bribe has to be given beforehand to prevent a dis-service being rendered. For instance, at Harbin I was told that no place had been booked for me on the train, and I was referred to a man standing by who would know all about it. He looked at the papers he was holding and could find no trace of my name. A fellow-passenger from Hong Kong then said to me “I had 5 roubles ready for that chap, its the only way unless you

want trouble.” There was only one train a week so rather than spend a week in Harbin I handed my tickets with a 5-rouble note underneath and asked him to look again. He found my name on his list that time, and saw me safely past the guard to my compartment. This is the only occasion in my life that I have given a direct bribe. It was Easter week when we reached Petrograd and great crowds were in the churches and the streets were full of people, all dressed decently, some extremely well dressed. Our room in the Astoria Hotel overlooked the square in front of St Isaac’s Cathedral, and I watched the people pouring in and out and the beggars on the steps.....

.....In spite of the war, there were plenty of carriages for hire, and what with drives and wanderings on foot I managed to see quite a lot of Petrograd.”

Ledingham had the idea of volunteering for the Russian Red Cross but on arrival in Petrograd (St Petersburg) he found a copy of a recent Daily Mail which contained a call for doctors in the British Army.

On arrival back in England, Ledingham joined the RAMC. For a short time he was based at Tidworth on the Salisbury Plain but then moved to Harwich where the Great Eastern Hotel had been fitted up as a hospital with 50 beds².



He remained there as operating surgeon until the autumn of 1918 when he was retired owing to ill-health consequent upon influenza.

Whilst at Harwich, Ethel and Ledingham became friends with Walter Haydon, a Royal Navy Surgeon and his wife Lettice³. Walter Haydon would become an important contact in the years ahead as will be revealed later.

At the end of the war, Ledingham was urgently entreated by a friend, a woman eye surgeon in Singapore, to go there to relieve her whilst she returned to the USA for surgery. He had wanted to return to the Far East and hadn't been looking forward to facing another English winter⁴.

So Ethel and Ledingham sailed to San Francisco via New York, and then via Japan, Shanghai, Manila and Hong Kong to Singapore.

The Far East - 2

The Ophthalmologist who he was replacing was also in charge of a private hospital for a Dutch shipping company. They spent six months there while Ledingham took care of patients with a wide variety of conditions.

Once the ophthalmologist returned, they immediately left for Kelantan for the Duff Development Company and took up residence at Kuala Debir, where their main hospital was situated at the junction of two rivers.

Ethel writes¹:

“It was 86 miles by river from Kota Bharu, the capital. The hospital buildings had been neglected during the war & the discipline of the Chinese and Tamil staff severely undermined. The native population had become intrusive and disrespectful. The patients in the hospital were all extremely ill. After a few days, things began to clear up. The dressers – really very decent young men – pulled themselves together when they found that they had someone who took pains to teach them and who would not stir from a bedside until he had made a thorough enquiry into the case. The laboratory equipment was modest and the dressers had not been trained in its use. Their confidence in themselves was, however, unbounded, and nothing but demonstration sufficed to prove them their ignorance. Day by day they were led along the path of enlightenment and gradually became imbued with a sense of responsibility, in the end becoming faithful, even affectionate friends. Kelantan had a bad reputation, it was considered to be extremely unhealthy, and it was difficult to persuade trained Chinese domestics to take service there. The Duff Company had the same trouble to recruit good workers for their estates, and their Chinese agents in Singapore sent up the most unlikely persons. It was alleged that they recruited prisoners as they emerged from the jail and patients as they were discharged from hospital. Be this as it may, there were patients in hospital who never had been & never would be fit for any work for the Company & who had perforce been put into hospital on arrival. Many of them were in advanced stages of tuberculosis with complications of old venereal disease, amoebic dysentery, ankylostomiasis etc etc. They were far from any home that they had ever had and were completely friendless except for the shelter & care they were getting from the Duff Company, for whom they were a very bad disappointment. Too ill to be discharged, they lay there, patient and resigned until their release came. There were others however for whom there was a chance of recovery,

patients with abscess of the liver, enlarged spleens, heart disease, pneumonia etc. At times a woman would be hurried in with some complications of childbirth, one had a kyphotic pelvis & without skilled attention must have died. There were accidents too in plenty. One small Tamil boy sat down on a boiling pot of curry & almost died of shock. Fights to the death or almost were not infrequent and made acute problems for the surgeon, weapons varying from tree trunks used as battering rams to knives used from a crouching position to enter the abdomen from below upwards thus inflicting the maximum of injury.

Malaria was very prevalent. The young wife of a planter miscarried at the 5th month & produced a baby girl weighing 1.75 pounds, which lived contrary to expectations. At 9 months old she weighed 14 pounds and was extremely active. The climate was suitable for such an infant.

After one strenuous but not unhappy year, Dr Christie's health began to fail and he had to make up his mind to give up his beloved work and retire before the rainy season."

A sad return to England

The journey home was via Burma, Ceylon & the Red Sea. Ledingham's condition became much worse and he died on-board ship near Suez on July 22nd 1920. He was buried at sea. The burial service was read by a planter, an old friend of Sarawak days who chanced to be in the same ship, and the funeral was entirely carried out by a group of ex-Navy men who had been most attentive and helpful during his illness¹.

Training in bacteriology

Ethel writes¹:

“After my husband’s death I did what he had advised me to do, I ‘stuck to pathology’. I could not expect others to take me at his valuation, so on the advice of Sir Aldo Castellani – for whom I worked later – I did a course at Kings College, London under Professor Hewlett. From there I went to do the laboratory work at the Royal Westminster Ophthalmic Hospital and combined with that a course at the London School of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene.

Not being a qualified medical woman I could not be accepted to take the course officially and sit for an exam, but that in any case did not interest me. I chose protozoology & entomology as being the most useful subjects.”



Ethel would have been aware of the severe famine that occurred in Russia from 1921. A national Russian Famine Relief Fund had been started in June and the Society of Friends were actively recruiting workers with a variety of skills to travel to Russia². Whilst completing her laboratory work studies, Ethel resolved to next proceed to Russia to help with the famine relief and the management of inevitable associated diseases. She set about learning Russian – just how is unknown. By the time she went to Russia she had a passable knowledge of the language³.

Work in Russia 1922 - 1925

Ethel arrived in Moscow on 15th October 1922¹. Her plan was to join the Quaker group, the American Society of Friends who had been involved in relief work in Russia since before the revolution. There were both American and English aid workers involved, with their headquarters in Moscow, and one of several groups was based in Buzuluk in southern Russia. This was one of the worst famine-affected areas².

In Moscow, Ethel found the city and its people to be in a very depressed state. The combined effects of the war, the revolution and the famine were everywhere to be seen. Surprisingly, on her first night there, Ethel was invited to attend the Opera, one of the few institutions still functioning³.

She stayed in the Quaker flat in Moscow with English and American colleagues. It would be five days before trains were available to take them to Buzuluk and Ethel put the time to good use making professional contacts. She called at the Tropical Institute armed with a reference from Professor J Thompson, and met his equivalent in Moscow⁴.

Once in Buzuluk, Ethel had to wait two weeks before her laboratory equipment arrived⁵. The main focus of her work there would be the establishment of a malaria clinic. Here she was able to use not only the skills acquired during her training in London but also her experience with malaria patients in the Far East.

The malaria clinic in Buzuluk which was under Ethel's direction, saw as many as 2,000 people pass through it each day. Ethel described the long, sad streams of people waiting for treatment, many of whom had walked all night to reach the clinic. From 20,000 to 30,000 were examined in a month, and it soon became clear that the centre in Buzuluk was woefully insufficient to deal with the problem. In the spring of 1923 Dr McKenzie succeeded in raising enough money to establish and equip a much larger bacteriologic laboratory in Buzuluk. With the aid of students trained in the clinic by Ethel, it became possible to extend the clinics for treatment to eleven outposts.⁶



Russian malaria sufferers receiving their doses of quinine at the Buzuluk clinic

A detailed account of Ethel's work was published in the *Journal of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene* in 1924 (*see appendix 3*). Ethel had originally written this report in preparation for a presentation that she gave, in Russian, to an all-Russian meeting of doctors in Moscow, deliberating on malaria. She sent an English copy to Dr (later Sir) Aldo Castellani, lecturer on mycology and mycotic diseases at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine and he submitted it for publication in Ethel's name⁷.

The Buzuluk clinic was so highly regarded that local authorities wanted to restrict its services to certain groups of people as a way of rewarding political behavior, but the Quakers insisted on keeping it open to the whole area despite long lines and waiting lists⁸.



Effie's laboratory in Buzuluk - Effie is standing at the rear of the room

The White Russian dresser who became an English medical practitioner and a nephew of Ethel

Whilst in Buzuluk, Effie formed a liking for a young medical dresser, Nikolai Sablin. He had previously dreamed of a career in the medical profession and had passed the university examination in 1918. However, the revolution and WW1 put paid to that. Instead he found himself working as a dresser for the Quaker mission in Samara, his home town. The Quakers had taken up residence in the Sablin family home. By the time Effie arrived in Buzuluk in 1922, Nikolai was based there.

He had served in the White Army, and the Soviet authorities subsequently remembered this and he was arrested and imprisoned at Omsk.

Ethel mounted a major effort to have Nikolai released. She told Francis Haydon of her journey to Omsk to attempt to get him freed. “The railway station was about 7 miles outside the town, because the town authorities had not bribed the engineers to put it in the right place! At the station she had hired a droshky to take her into the town, but the driver had warned her that they might well be attacked by bandits on the way. When she had mentioned the police, the driver had replied that they were just as dangerous!” She waited outside Omsk prison in freezing temperatures for long enough to acquire a frost-bitten thumb which never completely healed, and not only secured Nikolai’s release but persuaded the authorities to allow him to leave the country. (Bureaucracy being what it is, they insisted that he should first have done his military service, but allowed his time in the White Army to count for this purpose!) She subsequently paid for Nikolai to pursue a medical course at St Bartholomew’s Hospital, from where he qualified MRCS Eng., LRCP Lond. in 1934^{1,2}.

Not long after arriving in London, Nikolai met Ethel’s niece, Marjorie Insall and they were married on 28th July, 1927³. Their son, Richard Vadim Sablin was born on 8th March, 1928⁴.

At some point, possibly as early as 1938, Nikolai and Marjorie separated.⁵

At the time of WW2, Dr Nikolai Sablin had a practice in East London. Francis Haydon⁶ recalls that his father Walter was chairman of one of the medical boards tasked with examining young men called up for military service. He had been persuaded by

Ethel Christie to include Dr Sablin as one of the medical examiners. One night there was an air raid, many people were crowded into the underground station at Bethnal Green for shelter, and the staircase collapsed. There were many deaths from suffocation, and some of the dead had clearly gone there to steal, as they were found clutching several ladies' handbags. Next morning my father greeted Nikolai, who lived near Bethnal Green, with an understanding word of sympathy for having doubtless toiled away throughout the night, trying to save lives. But Nikolai shrugged his shoulders. "Oh no" he said, in his still easily accented English, "I did not stay long. I saw the first one, he was dead. I saw the next, he was dead. They were all dead, I went home!" My father was shocked but Mrs. Christie, ever willing to defend a protégé, simply commented that this was "very Russian".



Nikolai with his beloved dog Peos who, during the war went with him when searching the bomb sites for survivors

Marjorie Sablin, who had some success as an actress and composer (using the stage name of Eve Lynd), moved to live in the US in 1951⁷ and died in 1960⁸. Nikolai Sablin died on 29th March, 1959 in Stoke-by-Clare, Cambridgeshire⁹.

Involvement with landmark bacteriological research

On returning from Russia, Ethel commenced work in the Microbiology Department at St Bartholomew's Hospital. It was around this time (1925) that Professor Sir Frederick Andrewes began what would become landmark research into the nature of haemolytic streptococci. When his technical associate, Miss L Digby's health broke down in mid 1927, it was Ethel who replaced her for this work. The main thrust of the research was to find an accurate method of laboratory identification of various sub-types of the organism and to determine whether such sub-types were associated with specific diseases.

Professor Andrewes had largely completed the work and had almost completed a draft of the report, when his health too deteriorated and he died on 24th February, 1932. It was left to Ethel and Professor Andrewes' son, Dr Christopher Andrewes to complete the report which was published as a Medical Research Council Report entitled

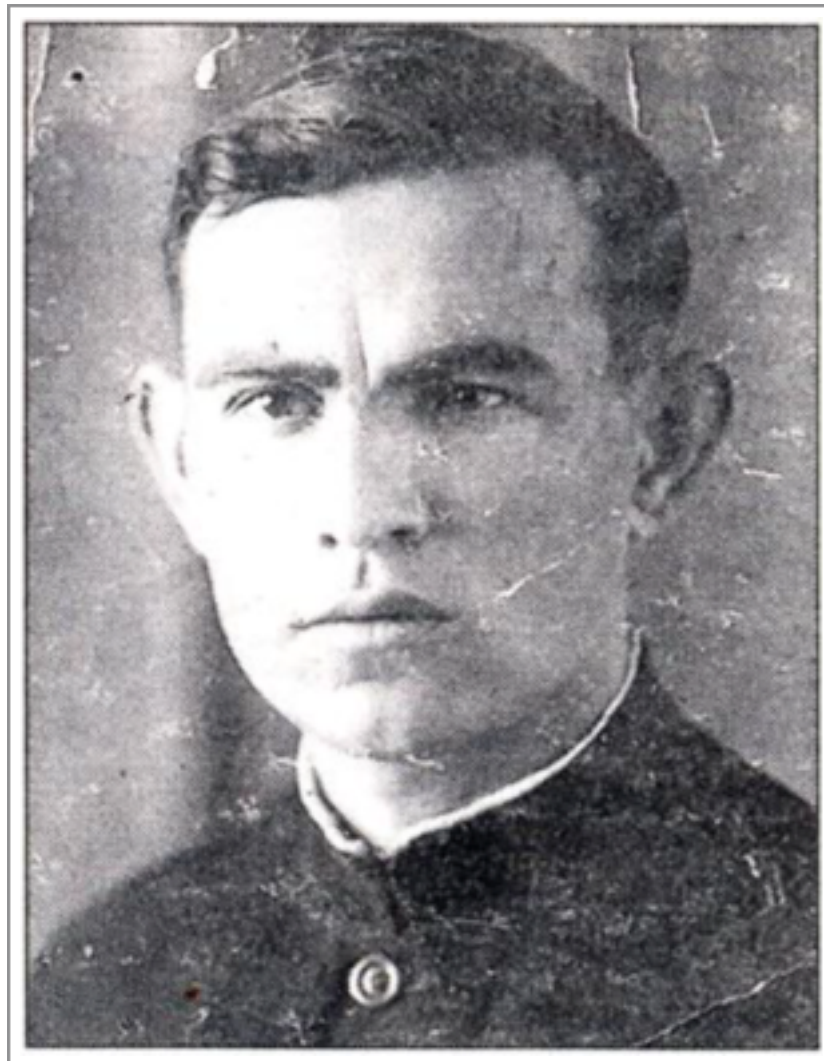
“The Haemolytic Streptococci:
Their Grouping by Agglutination”
in August 1932, under the authorship of Frederick
W Andrewes and Ethel M Christie¹.

It is not clear how much longer Ethel remained working at St Bartholomew's Hospital, but once WW2 was underway, she began working for the Ministry of Information, applying her knowledge of Russian in the area of Censorship².



A crusade against forced repatriation

Oleg Andronov was born in 1914 in southern Russia and studied as an engineer.



German forces invaded Russia in 1941, and in 1942 the Germans took Oleg captive. After initially refusing to work for the Germans, Oleg eventually agreed to be part of a labour battalion. This was the only way that he could be sure of being fed. He was put to work building roads in southern Ukraine. Whilst there, he met and fell in love with a 17yr old local girl, Yefaliya. In 1943 they were married. In March 1944 they were transferred to the west coast of France where the German forces were preparing to defend against an allied invasion. Oleg dug trenches for the first three months, whilst Yefaliya worked in the cookhouse. Then Oleg was forced to don a German uniform and became part of a military unit. He would have been shot if he had refused. Relief was at hand however, with the D-Day landings on June 6th and on 26th June, the American forces captured Oleg's unit and both he and Yefaliya were freed.



Oleg and Yefaliya Andronov with American forces in western France

However, under the terms of the Yalta agreement, Oleg was sent to a prisoner-of-war camp at Kempton Park in Surrey, whilst Yefaliya went to a Ministry of Health hostel in Retford in Yorkshire. Oleg soon realised that all liberated Soviet prisoners were destined to be returned to the Soviet Union and that he would likely face treason charges and execution.

At the time of her liberation by the Americans, Yefaliya was pregnant and her baby, George Andronov was born in January, 1945. It was at this time that Ethel Christie began to agitate on behalf of the Andronov's. Initially, the Defence Department and Foreign Office officials were resolved to comply with their agreement with the Soviets and return the Andronov family to the Soviet Union. The child was technically a British citizen which complicated matters, but Ethel's involvement was another complication.

During the first half of 1945 Oleg and Yefaliya were living in fear of being compulsory repatriated and the dire consequences that might follow. Oleg had pleaded that he was in fact Polish but was unconvincing in that he didn't speak Polish.

On June 19th, Ethel brought Yefaliya from Retford to London for an interview at the Foreign Office with Thomas Brimelow.

Much later Yefaliya would recall

“I was terrified, I can hardly remember that day at all.”

She spoke no English and relied on Ethel to plead her case. Ethel recalled:

“Poor Mr Brimelow, she knelt there on the floor and grabbed him around the knees so that he couldn’t move. He just had to stand there. I felt so sorry for them both.”

In his book “The Last Secret”, Nicholas Bethell wrote:

“Yefaliya told Brimelow through her tears of the efforts she had made to stay with her husband, how she had followed him across Nazi-occupied Europe, and her distress at being separated from him while she was bearing and nursing his child. She said that she would probably die without him, and Brimelow could see that she was probably not exaggerating. They had been through so much together and their love was unusually strong.”

Ethel recalled the petition addressed to Winston Churchill that Yefaliya had brought with her on that day.

“She wanted to deliver her petition, so I took her to 10 Downing Street, just next door to the Foreign Office. The street was full of tourists and I remember them gawping at us as we walked up to the door of Number ten, with Yefaliya in floods of tears, and pushed her petition through the letter box.”

The British authorities were in a quandary, anxious not to cause a significant dispute with the Soviets but on the other hand wary of the publicity that Ethel Christie would undoubtedly create if forced repatriation occurred. The matter was escalated to involve Anthony Eden, the Foreign Secretary and on July 13th, and he issued an internal memo in favour of Oleg, Yefaliya and baby George remaining in England. The official consent was received by Oleg on August 27th.

Yefaliya remained in Retford, but eventually Ethel was able to have her and her baby released in December 1945 to stay with friends – Naval Captain Walter Haydon and his wife Christina in Surrey. Ethel and her husband had befriended Walter when they were in Harwich during WW1.

It would not be until December 1946 that Oleg was allowed to reunite with Yefaliya and to see his son for the first time¹.

The Russian wives impasse

In 1945, a number of British soldiers held in Nazi prison camps in East Germany and Poland, were liberated by the Russians. Before their repatriation home to Britain, some married Russian women and at least two couples travelled to England together¹. However, the Soviets soon implemented a hard line toward Russian women who had married foreigners and the wives were not allowed to emigrate to be with their British husbands. Similar rules applied to Russian wives of British civilians². Ethel Christie became involved in one such case.

William Ricketts had been working as a security guard at the British Embassy in Moscow. There he met and in 1945 married a Russian born embassy staff member, Erena. William's posting came to an end a few months later and he had to return to England without Erena who was refused an exit visa³. William obtained employment as a messenger at the Science Museum in South Kensington.

Ethel Christie had been working as a research assistant at the Science Museum since soon after war's end. She got to hear about William Rickett's wife and took up the cause.

In an unpublished obituary for Ethel, Francis Haydon wrote⁴:

“She assembled the various documents and other marks of appreciation which the Russians had given her before she left Russia, and posted them to Marshal Stalin at the Kremlin! In an accompanying letter she asked that, if the authorities felt that she had any claim on their gratitude, they would show it by allowing this wife to leave Russia. Receiving no reply, she wrote again repeating her message, adding that if the Russians were unwilling to meet her request, they should at least send her back the documents. In due course these came back – but alas the Russian wife was never allowed to leave.” Erena Ricketts was forced by the Soviet authorities to divorce her husband – she had a sick mother to look after and risked being sent to a labour camp if she had refused the divorce^{5, 6, 7}.



Science Museum

The last years of a
long and remarkable life



Effie Christie

Francis Haydon notes that¹

“She retained, until well into her nineties, her two most marked characteristics, her desire to help people who, unfortunate or for one reason or other in need of help, happened to cross her path, and her strong determination not to allow bureaucratic or other obstacles to discourage her.”

It seems likely that at least some of this admirable trait came from working with and observing her husband, Ledingham. Ethel herself wrote (referring to Ledingham’s pioneering aims to improve the lot of the children of the poor in Bristol)²:

“...and it may be said that it needed a New Zealander with his uncompromising disregard for convention to attain them.”

There was a gentler side to Ethel too, revealed in a letter to Beth Christie in New Zealand (a relative of her late husband), written when Ethel was in her nineties³:

“My dear Beth This letter is mainly to let you know that my nephew will be in NZ in September on a business trip & asked me to let him know how to get in touch with any of my friends there.....

.....It would be nice if he could meet a few of the Christie clan and their children. You will be bound to like him, because he really is one of the best.

My sister had a serious illness in Los Angeles, & now lives with her married daughter in Hollywood. Vadim flew there to see her not so long ago, seems to be satisfied that she is well looked after. Her letters are cheerful & the Californian climate suits her. But she has to live “carefully”. You will be pleased to hear that Ian Colquhoun is wonderfully improved in mental health & now earns over £20 a week.I do regret that you are not likely to re-visit Belsize. We should have lots to gossip about! But you might! Vadim seems to be able to get on a plane any time. I do hope you will be able to see him during his visit in September.

Love, Effie”

The “Ian Colquhoun” referred to in that letter was another of Ethel’s “causes”⁴. He was a young man with recurring mental health problems and when his mother died, Ethel became a surrogate mother - for a time Ian lived with Ethel. It is likely that through Ethel’s efforts, Ian spent less time in mental asylums than he would have otherwise.

In a letter from Francis Haydon to Beth Christie soon after Ethel’s death, he wrote⁵:

“Mrs Christie remained at Staines until about 2 years ago, when it became clear that she needed to be in some sort of institution. Ian (Colquhoun) being at Virginia Water, strings were pulled to get her in there, but Ian died suddenly shortly afterwards..... Even at Virginia Water she managed to make herself useful, helping some of the more incapacitated to eat, but she got more frail....”

Ethel Mary Christie died on 4 February, 1978 aged 98yrs⁶.

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Appendix 1

Ethel Christie in Moscow 1922

Transcription of Ethel Christie's account of Moscow in 1922

Ref: MS 800/17 Brotherton Library, University of Leeds

Note: Annotation at the top of page 1: "Ethel Christie's account of Moscow in 1922. It's part of a draft. What happened to the rest of the draft or the final version (if there was one) neither I nor Francis Haydon know. Howard Temperley October 1995"

.....His bed, half open and unmade, had a deep depression in the feather bed, so beloved of Russians but(?) the laboratory end of the room. He was wrapped up in a dressing gown and seemed happily unconscious of the poverty and disorder of his quarters. My friend, he said was away for a few days, but he took charge of the rugs & of the precious glass & promised to deliver them. I wrote my name & direction & we set out at once on the return journey, which was much easier now that we had got rid of our burdens. The following day the maid announced that a man was enquiring for me. Surprised, I asked where he was, and she replied "in the kitchen". (I discovered later that most approaches were made by the kitchen entrance, perhaps because many front doors were so heavily & inconveniently barricaded.) I went therefore to the kitchen to investigate & there stood a man so like my friend that I instantly realized the relationship. He stood there, dumb, for he could speak no English & was greatly relieved when I began to greet him in Russian.

Happening to call at the dacha that morning, he had seen my name and address & had hastened to the Quaker flat to see me, though wondering how we were going to converse. With true Russian hospitality, he now insisted upon showing me Moscow, so I put on my best hat & coat and we set out. It was a dull grey day, but the rain had ceased, & there was only mud and broken pavements to be wary of. The streets looked sordid and miserably, shops were all closed & mostly boarded up or barricaded. The exceptions were two or three very luxurious florists, & a shop with a temporary sign suspended outside, with one word "soap". But no one outside of Russia would have known it as soap.

I was taken to the University & to the Medical School, empty buildings, completely deserted. With one notable and unforgettable exception – the dissecting room of the Medical School. It was a large room & it contained more than twenty bodies each on a bench or table. They were in various bent attitudes & all in a state of extreme emaciation, one might truthfully say “skin and bone”. Here and there in that vast place were scattered a few women students. I wondered how many of them had died of anything but starvation. We passed a small procession which I can still see clearly – an elderly woman of middle or upper class dressed in old fashioned black, with an escort of three soldiers carrying guns with fixed bayonets. She was stumbling along the filthy cobbled street, her long skirt dipping in the mud at every step, soldiers front and behind. My new friend was anxious to show me his own special branch of the University which was at some little distance. Introduced to the family where he had a room, they made a tremendous effort to offer me hospitality, which included a meal- in spite of my earnest protestations. I feel it caused them deprivation, but it demonstrated to me as no words could have done what they were reduced to. Though appreciating only too painfully what it had cost them, I had the greatest difficulty in swallowing it, the bread being particularly nauseating.

Another place we visited was the ‘Scientists Club’, which had its origins in a sort of soup kitchen for professors & lecturers who were otherwise fast perishing in numbers from hunger and privation.

It was a strenuous day, which brought me into living contact with the Moscow of 1922.

With the exception of William Albright, the others resident at that time in the Quaker flat were Americans. One of them suggested that I might care to visit an Englishwoman, known to her through one of the Russian staff, who had been very ill & was in a bad way generally. I found Miss Thorpe (not her real name) in a small room in what had been an expensive & well furnished flat, now occupied by a crowd of people, to judge by the curious who pushed into the hall to have a look at me, some of them aggressive or sulky looking & of an unpleasant type. But amongst this crowd was one kind person who had given shelter to the poor lady I had come to see, who was sitting wrapped in a beautiful Paisley shawl, not her own but lent to her by the same kind friend. And not without need, for under the shawl was a thin cotton voile dress, quite unsuitable in October. Our conversation was on intimate and friendly terms, she was a charming and well-bred woman possibly in her late forties, and had been in Russia quite twenty years. Her attachment to a family had decided her to remain through the Revolution but she said little about that. Officials had tried to put her out of her room & she had got up from her

bed & gone to a certain Commissar known to be more humane than most & waylaid him as he left his office, told him of her illness & begged his help to prevent her eviction. He gave her a note to the appropriate authority asking that she should be left in her room “if possible”. No more attempts were made to turn her out. When I returned to the flat & told them of her stark necessities in clothing, every member of the unit immediately contributed something from their own private stock, the more generous in that it would be months before they could be replaced from home.

The usual demand for passport photos is 3 copies, but I was warned that more might be needed for Russia. So I armed myself with a dozen, which were quite satisfactorily recognizable. The demand from one official source and another quickly exhausted the supply & the only photographer available was a man who had an apparatus such as was used at seaside resorts 100 years ago. He was to be found under the shadow of the Kremlin wall, so I was led to him and was duly “taken” in the open street. The resulting likenesses were on tin & were so dark that one had to look hard to make out anything, but what did at length appear was a drunken looking woman with criminal tendencies. As no more was heard about them it seems that they were satisfied with someone, if not me.

Bolshoi Opera. My first evening in Moscow was spent most unexpectedly at the Opera, which was going full swing whatever else had ceased to function. Someone else announced that tickets were available & three of us decided to go. The spectacle was magnificent, the orchestra perfect but Russian women’s voices are harsh & shrill which rather spoils opera for one in Moscow. When we came out only one of us had the slightest idea of the way home, we stepped out under her guidance, only to find ourselves hopelessly lost & further than ever from home. Not a soul in the streets & now suddenly to our joy a horse vehicle appeared. We immediately hailed the driver, who stopped only to say that he was engaged, but at our earnest request agreed to return shortly and collect us on the spot where we were standing. Just as he had driven off we made the discovery that a man whose only uniform was a gun, had appeared from nowhere & taken up his position in front of the dirty, barricaded, broken down building behind us. He told us to go away, so I explained in my best Russian that we were waiting for our cabman on the spot where he had left us. He was quite determined that we were to “move on” & we were equally determined not to lose our best & only chance of getting home. Just as he was getting ferocious however, the cabman appeared driving at a gallop. When he asked us for

the address, the person who had led us astray gave it, but so mispronounced that he said he did not know where it was & we were nearly losing him. But when it was repeated with the accent on the right syllable he said “Oh!, that!! Get in please” and drove us home quickly.

Departure for (?). Hampers of food, primuses, etc. Boy w. old man (tea leaves).

Arr. Buzuluk. Buzuluk: asleep on floor, wake up to find 10 others.

It was five days before places on a train were available to take me to Buzuluk & the American girls to Cop. & this gave me time to make a few contacts in Moscow that later proved useful. For instance I called at the Tropical Institute & introduced myself to Professor

hazimobekov (?) & told him of my recent studies at the L.T.I. & of the five years in Far East hospitals. It is always pleasant to meet people working on the same problems & we talked “shop” exclusively. But once we had our marching orders all was bustle in the flat. For the journey might take 2 or 3 days or much longer & everything we needed for five people must be taken with us. Large hampers were packed with loaves, tinned foods, notably “pork & beans” & spaghetti, tea, sugar, etc. Cooking utensils & Primus stoves with fuel & matches were packed in boxes. Long experience had led to such a pitch of efficiency that there were none of the usual deficiencies of picnic parties. We each had quite a bit of personal luggage. I had 3 cabin trunks & all my camp outfit, but it all looked like hand luggage alongside the American trunks. All this and more was piled into a large open lorry into which we all climbed & drove to the station. Mr H. was in charge of the proceedings. The spot where the lorry had to halt was well outside the station entrance & every piece of freight had to be carried in & would pass out of sight in the process. So Mr H. posted us all along the line on guard. One remained in the lorry, I was posted a few yards away & the rest at short distances apart so that the porters were never out of sight of at least one of us. When the last burden had been taken from the lorry, we followed it in & found Mr H. with all of it on the platform & we formed a united & formidable guard even if we were only women. Three compartments were allotted to us, in two of them we slept etc and talked, the third we used as a store & kitchen. The train rumbled off at last & Mr. H. must have heaved a sigh of relief at that moment. The country is not “scenic” & the occasional villages glimpsed from a distance. Russian stations are usually a long way from their town – were depressingly shabby & drab. But on the stations there were people, refugees, family groups huddled together, homeless, hopeless & aimless. At one place the train drew up so that our wagon was well outside the station & halted there for some time. We had just finished drinking tea, & I took the pot &

emptied the tea leaves on to the ground. A few minutes later I returned with more kitchen waste & found a poor old man trying to eat the tea leaves. He was very frightened at being caught, & I was afraid he would hurry away before I could get back to him with something more nourishing than used tea leaves. At another station I noticed a boy of about 14 who looked so cold, so ragged & so hungry that I seized a tin plate of “pork & beans” & went to the door of the wagon. The train began to move. The boy saw me with the plate, ran alongside & just managed to get hold of it before it went too fast for him.

The train drew up at Бузулук (Buzuluk) late at night, & I parted from my companions, who were to go 50 miles further to the American H Q at Сорочинск (Sorochinsk). To my regret, we never met again.

The house allotted to the Quaker Unit (O.D.K. = Obshestvo Druzyay Kvakerov) was a large building on the main street & had been the home of a wealthy merchant & his family. They had disappeared from the scene some time before. There was an annex to the dining room – large enough to seat 50 without crowding - & there I unrolled my sleeping bag & slept soundly all night. I was alone when I fell asleep, but when I woke up we were eleven, & I had not heard one of them come in. They had arrived from various outposts, probably for a conference. During the day I was able to put up my camp bed & unpack in a room on the first floor with windows on to the street, which I shared with Rosemary Robinson until some months later the whole of my department, which had grown alarmingly, was moved across the street to larger accommodation. There I reported to Dr Melville MacKenzie & got the blue print of his plans for the laboratory. Until its arrival I was looking like unemployed, but during the day a use was found for me. Ernest Rowntree had to go to Samara 100 miles away to arrange purchase of oats, & fur hats from a government department, & I was to go with him as his ‘interpreter’! He was then (blank) of M. of Transport & had taken 6 months leave of absence to join in Friends’ work in Russia, & no doubt his special kind of experience made him very useful, but he knew no Russian. I suppose that the numerous interpreters were all otherwise occupied, which would account for my promotion. The oats were wanted for our own horses – there were about 50 in the stables - & the fur caps mostly for hundreds of children in the children’s homes. So we set out, each with our sleeping bags, rubber basins, etc & the manner of travel was as follows. Owing to the difficulty of finding places on the few trains, O.D.K. had adapted a large closed goods wagon as a kind of caravan for their own use on urgent journeys. Of course, it was not mobile unless hitched to a train, & was liable to be unhitched & left just anywhere if the engine was not equal to the

strain. About two thirds of the available space was living and sleeping quarters, with two wide wooden shelves as bunks & a flap table. There was a small window on either side. The remaining third, the entrance, containing a cooking stove, supplies of water and fuel & a housekeeper in the form of a sturdy peasant woman to “do” for us. She provided hot water as required, & simple meals. In the middle of the night when I was fast asleep in my bag on the lower shelf, & Mr Rowntree no doubt was as fast asleep up above we were awakened by the entry of our housekeeper with two men who demanded our “documenti”. It was dark but Mr Rowntree had a torch & extricated himself from his bag & descended precariously.

There are clearly missing pages at the beginning. Some words marked by me with (?) are illegible. The ‘diary’ stops abruptly, mid-story – maybe Ethel decided against continuing?? (Ron E)

Appendix 2

Ethel's musings on Russia before and after the Revolution undated, but probably written in 1939

Transcript of MS 800/16 : Leeds University Library Special Collections

For some obvious reason I have never attempted to write down my experiences in Soviet Russia, nor to correct misleading or erroneous statements made in speeches or publications, mainly because the speakers or writers were politically for or against what the Soviet stands for and would have no interest in hearing anything not agreeable to their view. But now it becomes increasingly important that we should, as a nation, understand more clearly something about Russia. I do not want to say much about the political doings of the Communist Party except in so far as they affect the lives and characters of the Russian people with whom I came in contact.

My first experience of Russia was a journey on the Trans-Siberian railway from Harbin to Petrograd in 1915, and from there after a few days stay, via Finland and Scandinavia to England. The journey took twice the normal time on account of troop movements, and one therefore had more opportunity than usual to make some observations of the country and people. Fleeting glimpses though they were, they gave me something with which to compare Soviet Russia in later years. Certain things stand out in my memory, the Austrian prisoners, who were in great numbers, walking about with spades at railway stations in Siberia, not under any guard, and apparently quite contented. They were wearing their own Austrian uniform, and I was told they received pay. Our train was crowded, not too clean, meals were served with great unpunctuality, and the dining car was the scene of endless confusion. I remember a Russian lady who on being told that there were no gherkins, rose from the table, forced her way into the kitchen and came back triumphantly with the one impaled on her fork. Food, judging by the quantities offered for sale to the chef on the train at every stopping place, seemed to be plentiful and cheap; he refused to buy a turkey on the grounds that 2 roubles (4/-) was an exorbitant price. A soldier with a permanently fixed bayonet travelled on the train, a young fellow about 24, fair, blue-eyed, with a serious wondering expression. He was there to see that we did not attempt to blow up bridges and so on, and at certain places an open window was enough for him to look for someone to shoot. On that journey I realised for the first time in my life the real difference between tipping and bribery. A tip is given for a service done, but a bribe has to be given beforehand to prevent a dis-service being rendered. For

instance, at Harbin I was told that no place had been booked for me on the train, and I was referred to a man standing by who would know all about it. He looked at the papers he was holding and could find no trace of my name. A fellow-passenger from Hong Kong then said to me "I had 5 roubles ready for that chap, its the only way unless you want trouble." There was only one train a week so rather than spend a week in Harbin I handed my tickets with a 5-rouble note underneath and asked him to look again. He found my name on his list that time, and saw me safely past the guard to my compartment. This is the only occasion in my life that I have given a direct bribe.

It was Easter week when we reached Petrograd and great crowds were in the churches and the streets were full of people, all dressed decently, some extremely well dressed. Our room in the Astoria Hotel overlooked the square in front of St Isaac's Cathedral, and I watched the people pouring in and out and the beggars on the steps. The Astoria was a very luxurious hotel, with nothing typically Russian about it except the old-time Russian dress of the page-boys. The band played "Tipperary" during dinner, the first time many of us had heard it. In spite of the war, there were plenty of carriages for hire, and what with drives and wanderings on foot I managed to see quite a lot of Petrograd. The art galleries and museums were mostly, if not all, closed, but these are to be found all over the world, and I wanted to see the city and the people. Limited and superficial as my survey was, I had reason to be thankful for even this much when later, I was associated in a Famine Relief Unit with others who had no idea whatever, good or bad, of pre-Soviet Russia. The Unit had its headquarters in a town of about 24,000 inhabitants in S.E. Russia in a district which had suffered most severely during the famine. The houses were dilapidated, gates and fences were broken, the pavements were broken, uneven, and in places entirely absent. One day someone presented me with an old picture postcard showing the principal street of the town. The Unit could scarcely believe its eyes, and found it difficult, even with a photograph, to realise that that the street had once had trees along both sides, good pavements, shops and even properly-dressed people walking along. The town had two very fine High Schools which had been built ten years before the Revolution, where an excellent education was given, up to matriculation standard, and there were three large hospitals and a dispensary, all built years before. But when the Unit arrived in 1921 they were all in a shocking state, the schools unused and empty of all the furniture of a school, the hospitals empty of everything but the sick and the dead, the staffs of the schools and hospitals dispersed. There were elementary schools too, or the remains of them, all built and used long before the Revolution.

But the things that had completely disappeared during the Revolution far outnumbered those things that survived in a state of suspended animation. The ordinary con-

tents of a house, for instance, where had they all gone? Granted that they had changed hands, still someone must surely have them. Such things as pianos, for instance, how could they disappear? At a liberal estimate there may have been a dozen pianos left in that town, where formerly there were hundreds. It was explained to me that valuable furniture of this kind was dragged out of other people's houses and then discarded and left in the street where the weather did the rest. The end of many a good piano was firewood. And not only the inconveniently heavy pieces of furniture disappeared, but the useful and the necessary, such as blankets and clothing, and even such indestructible things as iron cooking utensils. There was a great scarcity of fuel, the forests around had been cut down ruthlessly by all and sundry for 3 or 4 years and no attempt at re-planting had been made. In winter the temperature was frequently -30 C., fuel, therefore, was a necessary as food.

There was more than a shortage of animals, there were so few horses that ploughing could not be done, and ordinary every-day transport was completely held up. It is true that cows nobly tried to take their place, and many a cart I have seen drawn by a little cow, her calf either walking at her side or lying in the cart behind. But there were also very few cows. So camels came into use, the most unhappy camels I have ever seen. No doubt they were hungry, for they bellowed loudly as they passed along the streets. Cats were very rare indeed, and most precious. The Unit's cat had a litter of kittens, and the member whose room she had chosen as a nursery for her family laid claim to them. He was besieged with requests for a kitten, and only had to consider which offer was best from the kitten's point of view. I was told by one who had eaten cat, that it is very good, but that dog is uneatable. This explains the survival of a number of dogs and the disappearance of cats. In certain parts of the town there were enormous rats, and crows abounded, though poultry had not survived in any numbers. The Unit made a great effort to remedy these serious deficiencies, and imported from Asia 500 or more horses at a time. These travelled in herds in charge of their former tartar owners and arrived in wonderful condition over 1,000 miles. Their approach was heralded by a great cloud of dust in the distance. Their distribution was made through the Unit's outposts (some as far as 70 miles from the town) to suitable peasants. The Soviet officials urged that the horses should be put at the disposal of the most active and prosperous, they argued that such men would make best use of them and they would employ others. Not an unreasonable argument, but not what they would have said at a Party meeting. The Unit used their own discretion, and no doubt in most cases their choice and the local Soviet official's choice was identical, because the aim of both was the same – food production without delay. The Unit agreed with the peasant that in return for the horse he must do a certain

amount of ploughing of land which was to supply the orphanages with food, and that the horse was to have a day's rest in the week. Cows were not so easily replaced, and generally speaking time was a necessary factor until they had reproduced themselves. But after a time, when there was only a shortage, and not a complete absence, of food (all the difference in the world) and the political situation eased somewhat, cows appeared in the market place and changed hands. Frequently, it was a sad exchange, a poor peasant finding himself forced to part with his cow because bread was more necessary for his children than milk. So cows were often acquired by the townsfolk to the detriment of country folk. In this large town every house had a yard (with stable accommodation) and most people had formerly kept a cow, and nearly everyone a horse or horses.

The cows were let out early (5am or even earlier) and made for a meeting-place on the edge of the town, where a herdsman and assistants on horseback awaited them. The herd numbered finally about 200 and was led to the river and to pasture, returning home about 6pm. Some people went to meet their cows, but most cows walked straight home to their own house. They were milked early before they went out, and again in the evening, but some people took a stool and a pail to the herd at noon and milked their cow again. They had to walk altogether about 4 miles. The pasturage was very poor indeed, but the herd could only be taken to where the Soviet permitted, and so all they got was fresh air, exercise, water and companionship. Hay was very expensive and quite beyond the means of most people, so they had ways of their own for collecting food for their cows. For at least six months of the year the cows were in the yard or stable and fodder had to be provided somehow. This problem of course existed for owners of cows, a small minority. In a small village not more than 15 miles from the town there were about 300 people living, almost entirely women and children and a few old men. There was not even one cow, and in 1924, when attention could be spared from keeping people alive to restoring them to good physical condition, a feeding centre was opened to supplement their deficient diet. This was supervised by an American woman doctor, who made every possible enquiry into the constituents of that diet. She could find no trace of fat of any kind, there was no milk, they never had any meat, and were living on bread, a little amount of vegetable and 'tea' made with dried leaves, usually apple leaves. She said that she had been taught that fat was a necessity. But they had forgotten to mention the sunflower seeds that they chewed so zealously, and which were to be had for almost nothing. It does not take a specialist in food values to tell people what to eat to maintain life and health, something inside tells them, and if it is there, they eat it. The specialist tells them later why they ate it, and he is able to warn Governments what to provide in abundance for the day of trouble. Fortunately for Russia, whole meal bread is the rule in that coun-

try, 'black bread' – so called – but it is not as dark as our brown bread. People, except some in large towns, make their own bread, so they know what they were eating. The shortage of fuel made a very serious contribution to the causes of malnutrition. The Russian stove resembles a baker's oven and requires a good deal of wood to heat it. Soups can be prepared only if the fuel supply allows. The overcrowding of the larger houses, often a family in each room, overtaxed the kitchen department, and the primus stove became the stand-by. It even displaced the samovar to a great extent, but this depended on the relative prices of charcoal and kerosene. The fuel shortage also affected the cleanliness of the people. Most houses had a bathhouse built somewhere in the yard, with a stove to produce the necessary heat for a Russian steam bath. There were also public baths on the same lines, and these were practically the only ones in use after the fuel shortage set in. They were naturally overcrowded, and people came away from them as red as lobsters, and pouring with perspiration even in winter time. Sometimes they caught cold, but they always in that case blamed the bath for being not hot enough. The shortage of clothing was another cause of much discomfort, for masses of people had nothing but what they stood up in, and so could never wash their clothes. The Unit received vast quantities of worn clothing from outside Russia (from England and America) which was sorted and distributed as suitably as possible. It was a difficult task, little of the clothing was suitable for Russian peasants. The townspeople, however, came off better, for all that was wrong with the clothing from their point of view was the fit, and they unpicked the garments and remade them to suit. Footwear was in great demand, and was the greatest problem. Russian feet are short and wide at the toes, English and American long and narrow. No one ever refused anything because it was a misfit, it could always be sold or exchanged in the market. The children's homes in the towns, sheltering hundreds of children collected after the famine, had to be clothed as well as fed by the Unit, and the staffs of adults who looked after them. Some of them presented a most remarkable appearance, in most unsuitable garments. The main thing was to clothe, feed and house them, later perhaps some attention could be paid to fashion and suitability. At the earliest opportunity, industries were set going, and women in return for their food allowance, were expected to spin and weave linen, and make it up into garments. This was much more satisfactory to all parties, not least to the Unit.

This all took time. Everything depended on a proper use of seed time and harvest, and this largely again depended on the health of the people who must do the heavy work. Typhus had carried off thousands all over Russia, in places where it had never been heard of. The people had left their homes and wandered to any place where rumour said food was plentiful. Many went to Tashkent and there fell victims to malaria. The survivors

wandered back again, and they infected the mosquitoes of other parts of Russia, and it went on until there was no part of Russia or Siberia unaffected. The Unit compared notes from the outpost members and estimated that 80% of the people had malaria. In the Spring, when the thaw had come, there is about a fortnight of flood, mud and general dampness. It was just this weather that started an attack of malaria in these infected people and just at the time when it was urgently necessary that they should get on with ploughing and sowing. Happily this had been foreseen during the winter of 22-23 and malaria clinics were organised and set going and proved to be one of the most useful departments of the Unit's work. Once again the Soviet officials put forward an urgent plea that the quinine should be used for the people who were best fitted to produce a harvest, and this time the Unit was not unanimous in support of this view. Some were anxious that children should be given first place. It was obvious that not enough quinine could be imported to treat every suffering individual, the world supply was not enough to stand the strain of such an extra demand. So a decision had to be made, and for once I agreed with the Soviet and gave parents first place. If the parents could not produce a good grain harvest, the children would starve in the winter. Cruel problems such as these have to be decided quickly, seed time and harvest come only once a year.

During the first six months 100,000 persons were treated, and treated successfully. The political situation had eased considerably about this time, anything was still possible, but at any rate not so probable. Fewer people were arrested on political grounds and trading was not regarded as entirely criminal. It would be too much to say that there was any fundamental change in the Party outlook, but it seemed as if someone in a high place had decreed that the country was to be left alone for a bit and given a chance to recover. The result was remarkable, and shows how difficult it is to prevent 140 millions of people from getting back to comfort and plenty when their minds are set to it. If things had only been allowed to go on in this way, who can say what suffering would have been prevented.

In the autumn of 1924 malaria practically disappeared for good. There must be some connection between this and the improved condition of the people, and research is now being carried on in Greece with a view to discovering any possible relationship between a vitamin and immunity to malaria.

Russian Church: The Russian Church had already suffered very greatly and according to published Soviet figures in 1923, 12,000 priests had been shot. Experience taught me to pay no attention to their figures, they could not know how many had been shot, when confusion reigned everywhere, and no records were properly kept. Besides, figures were increased or decreased to suit the political needs of the moment. One thing is cer-

tain, they had shot a very great number and for no reason except that they were priests. Russian parish priests, as I saw them, were decent men, and suited to their job. There were, no doubt, bad ones, but I am convinced that they formed a small minority. Otherwise, the Soviet would not have shot them, for it takes a brave and honest man to stand up for justice and freedom against such odds. If the priests could have been persuaded to bow before Bolshevism and all that it means morally and spiritually, they would have been of the greatest assistance to the Soviet and it would have been sheer folly to shoot them. The Soviet came up against its strongest and sternest enemy in the Russian Church, and by Church I mean not only the clergy, but the people. Every means was tried to destroy faith, and priests were vilified, ridiculed and humiliated in every possible way. Churches were heavily taxed, priests were taxed, without warning and with very short grace for payment. The Churches were unable to pay the taxes, and then the gold and silver would be removed from the altar and ikons. Many times I have seen a cart pass with crosses, banners and ikons taken from some village church. The Soviet still dared not to take the step of closing all the churches and driving away the priests, they tried even to make excuses for removing the gold and silver. In the Unit's area of operations it was widely stated (but not in print) that the Government was obliged to take this step because the Unit refused to be paid for the relief except in gold! It was not very widely believed in our area, but I met a peasant about 100 miles away who firmly believed that all their troubles were due to the 'Americans' demanding gold for the food supplied during the famine. All this lying would have been quite unnecessary if the Russian Church had been the weak, corrupt thing that some would have us believe it to have been.

Even monasteries and convents were not closed, though they were in a very poor way and subject to much interference in the way of taxation and robbery. During this time, the Baptists were not specially persecuted, there were about 1,000,000 of them in the whole of Russia, but there were a good number of them and other non-conformists in S.E. Russia. They were not on friendly terms with the Russian Church, and the Soviet therefore, for the time being apparently, decided to give them a long rope. When later they came to the point where they could safely give the final blow to the Orthodox Church, they dropped this attitude and applied the same treatment to the Baptists – taxes, interference, arrests and finally extinction. But gradually. Nothing could be a greater testimony to the religious strength of Russia in its churches than the violence needed to crush it. The Roman Catholic Church did not occupy a very prominent place in Russia, most of the R.Cs one met were of Polish extraction. Their history is much the same as the others, but it took longer to bring about.

Every possible means was tried to influence the children, and in the children's homes the teachers had to organise 'plays' in which the events most sacred to Christians were produced as comic and held up to ridicule. Neither teachers nor children could avoid participation, without most serious consequences. Teachers were reduced to nervous wrecks by the strain and tried to find ways of escape for themselves if they could not for their children. If the teacher, usually a woman, had only to fear for herself, her choice would have been to refuse to have part in the blasphemy and to accept the consequences, but her relatives would not have escaped, they would have lost their jobs and all the privileges that go with employment. No one can sit in judgement on people subjected to such oppression, only very deep sympathy should be felt. In the schools, children were taught in a way very repugnant to their parents. Some decided not to send them to school – there were very few open at that time and there was no compulsion to attend – and to teach them at home. But then they had to face the fact that if the children did not go to school and join the pioneers they would not be allowed to join the Young Communist League at 16, nor a Union, and therefore would not be eligible for employment and also deprived of all the privileges attached.

Those parents who decided to send their children to school had to agree to their entering the Pioneers, otherwise they were not allowed to attend school. There was really no escape. The teachers had no control in the schools, because the children were encouraged to report them to the Soviet officials on all sorts of accounts. The children were taught that they owed no obedience to their parents, only to the State. They were encouraged to report their parents if they were punished by them or if they criticised the Soviet! They had endless singings of the International and long political harangues from local politicians, and had to hold meetings and make speeches to one another. The effect on the children was very bad, those who loved their parents and wished to follow their religion were just the ones who were expected to denounce them, and the effort to lead a double life – felt the strain severely. Some parents thought it better to let their children be brought up as godless and communists rather than force them into a double life. There again, one cannot sit in judgement, the parents in this case thought it might be better for the child to deny a religion that it knew nothing of than one it believed. A Polish lady, the widow of a Russian lawyer, was visited by her priest – she was R.C. – and one of her young sons came in in the dress of a Pioneer. The priest remonstrated with her for allowing her boy to join an organisation in which he must be “godless”, and she said what could she do? How was he to be educated? And how earn his living? She lived with her old paralysed father, her brother and two sons in one room, and her earnings in a Government office were the sole means of the family. She had no choice.

The education in the schools was very poor indeed, and was not worth much to anyone. Most parents were forced to employ a half-starved teacher of the old regime to teach their children at home out of school hours. The pay was very small indeed, but as the former teachers could not get work and were almost as ruthlessly persecuted as priests, they were thankful for anything. Children of middle class parents – doctors, lawyers, and of course priests – were not allowed in schools after 14, and no further education was possible for them. Their parents were told that it was someone else's turn to have an education now. There were no school books, and in the Medical Schools the students often could only get the use of a text book for a couple of hours a week, all taking turns to read it. This was not their only trouble. In addition to semi-starvation, they had to face the daily uncertainty of their position as students, at any moment there might be a purge and all their work would go for nothing. One girl had made a valiant struggle to get through her medical course, just before her final exam it was discovered that her father had been a General. He was dead, but that made no difference, she had to leave. This generation, brought up in pre-Revolution days, suffered very much mentally and morally. Even those amongst them who professed to having no religious beliefs felt the moral degradation of marching in “Godless” demonstrations to order, of giving support in public to exponents of political doctrines which they loathed. Doctors escaped more lightly than most people, so many had been shot – the Soviet said 8,000 – that there was a shortage of them too, and it was generally taken for granted that doctors and scientists must be “Godless”. So although they had to join in occasional demonstrations on the greater Soviet anniversaries, they were in a safer position than most. Some years later, this was noticed, and some doctors were then ordered to give lectures recommending “Godlessness” as a health measure. But from '24 to '30 they had enjoyed a respite.

Now, from the time of what I have called the easing-up of the pressure on the people, the country had begun to put on a better appearance, and who knows what might not have developed if Stalin had not thought of a Plan, to force people into a mould for which they were not fitted and turn them out something which they never wanted to be.

Here was a country with a huge peasant population, which desired to remain on the land, and was not struggling to get into the towns. There was no counter-revolutionary movement, only a great desire for an improvement in the behavior of individuals holding power. The average peasant had only one desire, to be allowed to carry on and to be let alone in his religion and in his family life. But this was just what Stalin and the Party could not endure. It was not enough that after the Great War, the Revolution, Civil War and Famine the people should be prepared to account to any Government that could rule, he must reign alone, he would not admit the reign of God. So, the troubles began

all over again, and the war against God and the immortal souls of men was carried a stage further. It was the peasant who made the most stubborn resistance to interference with his religious and family life, and it was the peasant upon whom the heaviest blows fell. The famine of 1933 in South Russia claimed at least five million dead, and this famine was deliberately planned and carried out as a punishment for the peasant resistance to communal farming and all that entailed in the sacrifice of their faith and moral family life.

Ten years ago, Russians were hoping and praying for war, with Japan for instance, because that the Government faced with war would mend its ways and make peace with Russians before proceeding to war with a foreign enemy. The people are enslaved, but so is Stalin, and his Party leaders are not in much better case. Stalin may possibly have realised that the policy which seemed so wonderful on paper has not turned out so well in practice, that he could have got more out of the peasants by leaving them in their homes and giving them assistance and encouragement in the management of their holdings. But then he would not have reigned alone.

There is one thing in which all Communists in Russia are alike, in the love of power for its own sake. It is the vice, with jealousy, of small natures. Meeting with resistance there is no cruelty of which they are incapable in order to prove their complete power over their victim. And when a man of indomitable spirit still refuses to quail, then they can stoop to the crime of persecution and torture of the person they suppose to be most dear to him. This system has great advantages, and used in the extreme limit is a means of keeping most unwilling people in order.

The punishment of crime went out of fashion in Russia for quite a long time, there was no eagerness on the part of the police to prevent or discover crime. They were so busy arresting and hunting people for political reasons that they had no time for any others, and also no room in the prisons. In Buzuluk it was impossible to leave anything unguarded, and no one dreamt of leaving windows open or doors unbarred. The Unit employed watchmen, and as the stores were a matter of interest to the Soviet, an armed guard was provided by them for night duty much to the disturbance of the Committee at home. Unruly boys hung around outside the clothing store, and when a woman came out with a bundle of clothing under her arm, they would set on her boldly and try to wrench it away from her. They also fished things out through windows. Finally a complaint was made to the militia and a man duly arrived, to our amazement, wearing a sword. However, he did pounce on a boy and lugged him off howling to the station. They only kept him half an hour, and he just came back again. Too often they were the sons of "Party"

parents, and their position was impregnable. I once heard some peasants arguing in a train with a Soviet official on the subject of unpunished crimes. His reply was that the Soviet was not interested in these little criminals – thieves, bandits, etc. – they were after the big criminals, the Capitalists. They were not impressed, and told him a few instances of serious crime, one told of a man who answered the appeal for shelter in his cottage one stormy night, and as he opened the door he was instantly shot by the supposed traveller. This had become so common that no one would unbar and open their door after dark, for fear of bandits. It was popularly supposed that the bandits were the police themselves, who else had firearms and ammunition, it was asked? A militia man in the town shot his mother, dead, and was arrested. His defence was that she had spoken against the Soviet, and had so enraged him that he lost control of himself. He was in prison a few days only. Another man, a Communist official, shot his father-in-law after a quarrel about the proposed baptism of his baby, to which he as a Communist naturally objected. He was put under arrest and was tried, but released. His services to the community it was stated were so valuable that he could not be spared to go to prison. In this case it was admitted that that such actions as his were “regrettable”.

In the topsy-turvy state of their minds Communists could always find excuse for any crime but that of disagreement with their political opinions. Anyone who reads Russian history written by Russians before the Revolution will know what a part espionage has unfortunately always played in that country. People could always be found who would spy on their neighbours and denounce them secretly to whatever tyranny was rampant at the moment. Granted that such people exist in every community, unless the percentage is extremely low, life and liberty are in danger. Anyone with a grudge against his neighbour can get him into trouble, and this unpleasant fact is (in my opinion) one of the most powerful reasons for the failure of the best elements of the Russian community to come to the surface and save their race from serious moral deterioration. Tyrants naturally live in a state of continual fear and suspicion of even their closest collaborators, and fall an easy prey to tale bearers. It is sad to think in such times of general distress that anyone could be found to seek a personal advantage at the expense of a neighbour by tale bearing, or much oftener, false witness. Sometimes the informer did not come off too well. One woman went to the local Soviet and said that she knew where someone had buried a pail full of table silver, and asked what share she would have if she led them to it. They agreed with her that she should have half. She then disclosed that she had seen her neighbour bury her silver in a pail in her yard by night. They went and dug up the silver, but refused to give the informer her share. There really is no honour among thieves. But in addition to these amateur informers there were people – far too many – who received a

regular monthly allowance to watch and report on the sayings and doings of their friends and fellow-workers. They soon found they were on the broad path that leads to destruction, for they had to deliver the goods even if this meant that they had to manufacture them. No one who has not lived in this atmosphere of fear, suspicion and uncertainty can realise the withering effect it has on friendship, comradeship, even on family love. I doubt whether there exists one family in Soviet Russia of which at least one member has been shot, imprisoned or disfranchised. I can only say that I never met a family which had entirely escaped.

The Bolsheviks have now been in power for 22 years, therefore a new generation has had the time to grow up which has no knowledge but hearsay of any other regime. They will have a memory of the conflicting aims of their parents and the State regarding their education, both religious and secular, in many cases Nature will have won the day, and they will have been on their parents' side in the struggle during their earlier years. In the towns, the influence of continuous propaganda in the schools, Pioneers, Young Communists League and unions must have had much more effect on the growing mind.

For the space of a generation, Russia has had no free Press, nor literature, her professors and teachers have had little or no contact with the outside world of learning and culture, the rising generation of students has thus been deprived of many indispensable benefits. Mentally and morally Russia has, in fact, been living on her fat. The overlapping of the old and the new generation has ensured the survival of old culture.

Original Communications.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MALARIA WORK DONE IN BUZULUK OOYEZD BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

By ETHEL M. CHRISTIE,
Buzuluk Malaria Clinic.

As is probably well known in Russia, the Society of Friends sent a unit to work in the famine area, and the district assigned to them was the Buzuluk Ooyezd. It was unquestionably one of the worst areas during the famine, and the first few months were entirely given to organization of the food distribution. It is almost unnecessary to remind you that famine was not the only trouble; the population perished in uncounted numbers of hunger, cold and disease. Typhus claimed most victims during the winter and spring of 1921-1922, but during the summer months there was an epidemic of malaria that was of so severe a type that Dr. MacKenzie, the medical officer of the Society of Friends in Russia, felt that it could not be uncomplicated malaria. The death-rate was both amazing and appalling. Conditions at the time made any statistical results quite impossible, so for that period nothing more can be said. I was not in Russia until October, 1922, and came to Buzuluk with an outfit for a small but complete clinical laboratory. There was at the time no question of opening malaria clinics, nor even of doing any special work in malaria. Dr. MacKenzie was engaged in the reorganization of the medical services of the Ooyezd, and he considered that a laboratory was a necessary part of it.

I arrived in Buzuluk, but my laboratory equipment was slower by two weeks, and to fill in the time, Dr. MacKenzie suggested that I should examine the blood of a few selected families who had suffered very much in the epidemic to make sure that it was malaria. This I did, and found in all of them crescents.

Buzuluk is a small town, and news of anything unusual quickly spreads. It was, therefore, only a matter of two or three days before everyone heard that O.D.K. was treating malaria and handing out quinine. Patients arrived at the medical office in crowds, and asked so insistently for the treatment that it was impossible to refuse them. It was a very unconventional malaria clinic for the first few days, but a scheme was soon mapped out, and a few simple rules laid down, which have been, and still are, the principles on which we work.

(1) It was decided that the stock of quinine in hand—a gift from the British Army—should be distributed mainly from malaria clinic run by O.D.K.;

(2) That the patients must attend at the clinic daily, or as required, to take quinine;

(3) That only those persons in whose blood the parasites of malaria could be found would be accepted as patients; and

(4) That the treatment should be free, and open to all comers.

With regard to (1), it may be pointed out that in view of the comparatively small stock of quinine in the Ooyezd and the immense amount of malaria, the most efficient and economical method was to centralize the effort.

Rule 2 was decided upon because patients cannot be trusted to dose themselves accurately at home. Many either miss doses, or take only portions of a dose, and sell, give away to friends, or put aside for future bad times the quinine handed out to them. This means waste and inefficiency.

Rule 3.—If malaria was not found on a first examination, repeated examinations were made, and a glance at the chart for a year's work in Buzuluk Clinic shows how high was the percentage of positives. Some patients were found to have recurrent fever and not malaria.

Rule 4.—Quinine was rare, expensive and difficult to get, and the business of deciding upon the ability of individuals to pay so complicated that we decided on free treatment. At a rough guess, I should say that for the winter 1922-1923 only about 10 per cent. of the patients could have paid without hardship.

We do not claim that in this scheme we achieved perfection, but we do claim that it was the best possible under the circumstances for reaching quickly and efficiently large numbers of people. By it we were able to guarantee personally to the donors of the quinine that it was fairly distributed to people who had malaria, and to no others, and we examined and treated large numbers of people quickly who would otherwise have blocked up the out-patient departments of the very few medical institutions.

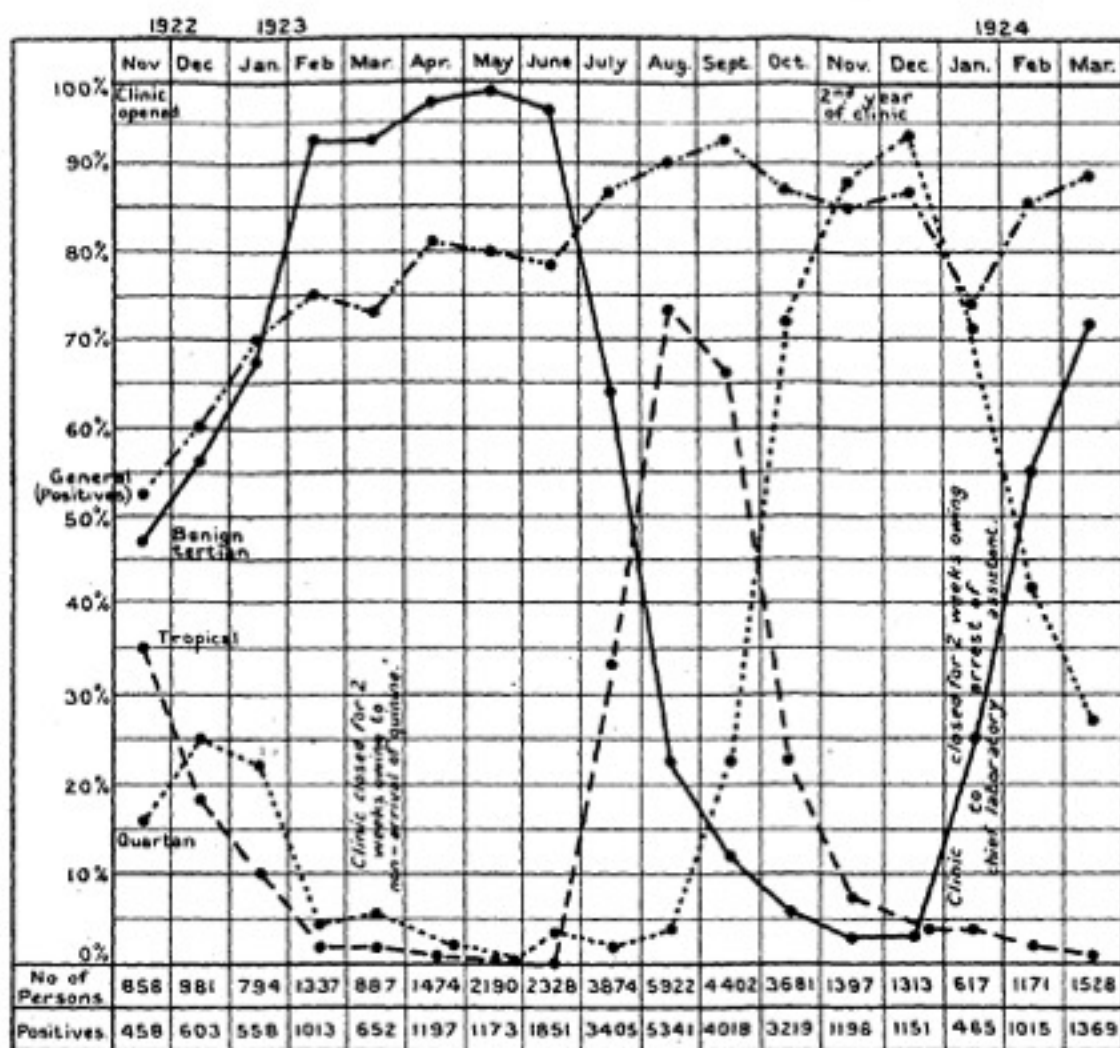
The method of work is as follows: The new patient applies for treatment in the morning, is received in the clinic, and a specimen of his blood taken. He returns the following day in the afternoon for the result, when if positive he is put on the register and receives his first dose of quinine. In Buzuluk all day long a steady double queue works its way through the dispensary, drinking quinine. During the summer as many as 2,000 have passed through in a day. The treatment consists of a solution of bisulphate of quinine, and an adult patient takes 1 grm. of quinine daily for a week, and then twice a week for four weeks after, which is a total of fifteen doses of 1 grm. each.

At the first the patients were almost all townspeople; but there are two market days weekly in Buzuluk, and it became noticeable that on these days a much larger number of new patients applied. It was also noticed that, although they gave a Buzuluk address, they were often very uncertain about it, and many of them were obviously from the villages. They were, of course, country people, who, fearing that the treatment was only for Buzuluk residents, said nothing of their home address. They came from very long distances, sometimes sixty and seventy versts, and the

majority of them from not less than twenty versts away. They either stayed with friends or hired a room for the week in order to attend daily at the clinic for quinine, and came into Buzuluk on the two market days every week for the remaining four weeks.

This raised the question of extending the work to the villages, where our workers reported much malaria, but the matter went no further than enlarging our clinic in Buzuluk until June, 1923, when O.D.K. was preparing to discontinue feeding and the plans for future work were under discussion. At the various conferences the general

responsibility of the malaria clinics, I asked for freedom of choice of my pupils and assistants, and proceeded to look for suitable men. These I found: a few have been medical students, others had already done natural science work, all were well educated, and, in my judgment, of honest, good character. This latter qualification is, of course, the most necessary of all where quinine is to be handed out. I am glad to be able to say that they have justified my judgment of them. Clinics were opened as quickly as men could be trained to work in the laboratories. The immense amount of clinical material made this rapid training possible. Eleven



opinion was expressed that malaria work was the most important and urgent matter in hand. Funds were forthcoming for a large stock of quinine, and therefore it would be possible to extend the work to the villages. At this time Dr. MacKenzie went back to England, and Dr. Graff took charge in his place of the Medical Department.

Having decided on an extension of the work, it was necessary to train more laboratory workers. I had already trained two men to help me in Buzuluk, but many more were necessary. As I had the

men are now working, scattered over the Ooyezd, thus reaching people who have neither the means to support themselves in Buzuluk nor any transport to get there. The organization of these clinics remains the same in all essentials; but since September in most of the country clinics payment in rye has been taken for treatment from those who could afford it. The grain so obtained is used to support children's homes and to feed poor families in districts where the harvest was poor or nil. In all cases where patients cannot afford to pay in rye or are unable

to pay in service of some kind, on a certificate of poverty from their local Soviet they are, of course, received as free patients. Up to the present no payment has been asked in Buzuluk, owing to the difficulties of deciding on the ability of people to pay who have come from such far-away villages, and also grain is not a convenient form of payment for townspeople.

With regard to the types of malaria, it is most interesting to study the chart of Buzuluk Clinic, because in it are contained the figures for a year's work. To take first tropical malaria, it will be noticed that in November, 1922, when the clinic opened, there were 85.3 per cent. of tropical malaria cases, in all of which crescents were found, and the patients were chronic cases, survivors of the severe epidemic of the summer. I remember on the day I arrived in Buzuluk, the fifteenth of October, 1922, I looked at a number of very sick-looking people grouped together on the station, and remarked that they looked as if they had chronic tropical malaria. Five years of malaria work in the Far East had, of course, made me very familiar with the appearance of such cases, but I must say I have never lived anywhere where the people looked so ill, nor have I ever seen such a percentage of the people affected. Tropical malaria fell to 2.2 per cent. in February, 1923, and in June to 0.05 per cent. In July it suddenly rose to 34.2 per cent., and in August to 73.7 per cent. During September it decreased to 66.6 per cent., and in October to 22.4 per cent. The incidence of tropical malaria in July was interesting in that it followed a spell of extremely hot weather in June, when the high temperature was favourable to the development in the mosquito of tropical parasite. The patients presented a most pathetic spectacle. Drawn on every sort of conveyance—horses, cows, camels or by hand—they arrived at the clinic every day in such numbers as to block the street. A normal number of new patients was 250 on a market day, and more than this number presented themselves, but could not all be taken on the same day. During this time our rules, already referred to, were somewhat relaxed to meet the special circumstances. The laboratory result was given the same day for the serious cases and treatment commenced at once, and some people who had no transport were given quinine at home for a few days. During July 3,844 new patients applied for treatment, during August 5,922, during September 4,402, and in October 3,681. Those patients who arrived absolutely in a state of coma were sent by us to the Epidemic Hospital; it is only a small institution of about fifty beds, and we could seldom get more than two or three beds a day in it, so whether we wished it or not, we had to continue to treat the main mass of patients as out-patients. Also it was necessary to see such sick people every day, and as it was, of course, impossible to visit six thousand people at home they had to be brought to us. The results of treatment were extraordinarily satisfactory; the majority had no attacks of malaria after the first

dose of quinine, and none after the third day. In the few cases where attacks continued after taking quinine, we increased the dose from 1 gm. to 2 gm. daily. The patients took the usual 1 gm. in the clinic, and the second gramme we gave him to take at home. This was necessary in only a very small percentage of cases—about 3 per cent.

With regard to benign tertian. In November, 1922, when the clinic opened, the percentage of benign tertian was 48.4 per cent., it rose gradually to 68.1 per cent. in January, and suddenly to 93 per cent. in February. In March it was 92.8 per cent., in April 98 per cent., in May 99.1 per cent., and in June 97.6 per cent. In July tropical malaria rose, and benign tertian fell to 64.2 per cent., in August to 22.9 per cent., in September to 11.2 per cent., and in October to 5.2 per cent. Although it is quoting past the year described on the chart, it may be interesting to you to know that the percentage of benign tertian for December was 3.1 per cent.

Quartan malaria was 16.1 per cent. in November, 1922, when the clinic opened, 24.7 per cent. in December, and then decreased to 4.7 per cent. in February, and remained very low until September, when it suddenly rose to 22.1 per cent., and in October rose very sharply to 71 per cent. The present figure for quartan is 93.1 per cent. (December, 1923).

It will be seen, therefore, that in Buzuluk Ooyezd the danger months for tropical malaria are July, August and September, for quartan September, October, November, December and January, and for benign tertian February, March, April, May and June.

You will wish to hear something of the results of treatment. They have been very satisfactory. I once more give the figures for Buzuluk only, where there are records of a complete year, and the average of recorded relapses, which included reinfections, is 5 per cent. This figure is probably too low, but with a peasant population such as exists in Buzuluk Ooyezd it is not easy to get absolutely accurate information. But the figure should certainly not be higher than 10 per cent. The patients feel so well after the first week that it is difficult to make them take the complete course of five weeks. All sorts of persuasions and threats to refuse a new course of treatment to those who relapse if they have not accurately finished the five weeks' course are tried, but a great many still do not finish the course. Four years ago I had five attacks of quartan malaria, with a temperature of 41° C., and only took quinine for two weeks and have had no recurrence, so I cannot criticize our patients.

To turn to the question of the prevention of malaria. The mosquito which carries malaria in the Ooyezd is *Anopheles maculipennis*. Along the riverside, and, in fact, anywhere outside of town, this mosquito swarms in the spring and summer evenings. In the town it is not very noticeable, and in the houses in summer-time seems to be very

rare. The English and American members of O.D.K. almost without exception had malaria in the spring and summer. As there is no other member of the unit who can take my work in my absence, I decided that I would stay indoors and avoid malaria, and with only that precaution I escaped malaria, though my apartments are connected with the clinic and any mosquito in my house would almost certainly be infected. I never saw a mosquito indoors until September, when the weather cooled and they came inside for warmth and shelter. The rest of the unit went walking, riding and swimming and had malaria. I do not say that they were wrong or that I was right. I only say that I had no malaria and they had. It would be a high price to pay for freedom from malaria under ordinary circumstances, but the work was so heavy that in any case I should not have had time to go out. The Russian habit of spending the late hours of the evening on the riverside is responsible for most of the malaria in Buzuluk town, but of course the mosquito enters houses on the edges of the town at night. Mosquito nets are unknown, and even if people could be persuaded that they are necessary, how many could or would afford to buy them? Where people are short of so many necessities they are not likely to buy mosquito nets, which they regard as luxuries. The weather conditions ought not to be any great help to mosquitoes in Buzuluk town itself. The winter is exceedingly cold, the summer is very hot and dry, and the spring very short. The main river and a small tributary are the danger spots, and it is precisely on and in these danger spots that the inhabitants of Buzuluk love to spend their time. In the winter mosquitoes hibernate in the houses, and several cases of undoubted first infections of malaria have been noted during the winter months. Specimens of *Anopheles maculipennis* have been caught for me in houses during the winter, and duly identified not only by myself, but by Prof. Alcock of the London School of Tropical Medicine.

Education of the population is necessary, so that they may help themselves by keeping their yards clean and dry, closing their bedroom windows before sundown, driving mosquitoes away from verandahs by means of smoking fires of leaves, grass, &c. We are preparing a pamphlet to hand to each patient, explaining the cause of malaria and giving some simple rules to avoid it. But for some time ahead quinine is going to be one of the first necessities of life to them, and the problem of its supply at a price at which people can buy it in sufficient quantities to cure themselves is of the first seriousness. For instance, quinine was being sold in Buzuluk at a price equal to £15 sterling for 1 lb. weight at a time when we were paying about 38s. per lb., and then was only procurable by the individual in such small quantities as to be useless. Reports received from other places in Russia indicate that the situation in Buzuluk is not uncommon—malaria abundant, and quinine rare, expensive and only obtainable by individuals in

very restricted doses. So long as these conditions last malaria is bound to claim, as it does in the Buzuluk Ooyezd, about 80 per cent. of the population as victims.

Although we have treated over 91,000 people up to date in fifteen months of work, we know that we have only reached a small fraction of the sufferers. In Buzuluk nearly 25,000 people were found positive and treated. The remainder were treated in Sorochinskoe Clinic, which was opened in February, 1923, and in the other country clinics which were opened during the months of July, August and September. At all of these new clinics only a proportion of the applicants have been treated; an allowance of quinine is made for each clinic in proportion to the amount of our entire stock in hand, and this is never enough, and probably never will be enough, for everyone to be treated. No doubt as time goes on and conditions improve new schemes will take the place of our present one, and a way will be found to help people themselves. But for the present our work is as I have described it; for it seems to us, in spite of criticisms, to be the only way to ensure the fair distribution of quinine in an efficient way to a large number of people.

This report would be incomplete if no mention was made of the quinine which is supplied by the O.D.K. to hospitals and children's homes, independent of our malaria clinics. Approximately speaking, four-fifths of our quinine is used in our own clinics, and one-fifth is distributed to institutions according to their needs.

THE QUAIN SYSTEM OF THERAPEUTIC AIR-CONDITIONING, LIGHTING AND VENTILATION OF ROOMS AND BUILDINGS.

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THE Quain system consists of producing pure ozone and ultra-violet rays by the Quain processes, and combining these with the most modern methods of purifying and regulating the temperature and humidity of the air delivered throughout a building.

According to this system, the ozone is produced by the passage of a high tension electric current through a dielectric of fused quartz. The ultra-violet rays are produced through the medium of a suitable source of light and quartz silica envelopes, the original of which was shown at a Royal Society Conversation Exhibition in 1914 by the manufacturers, the Silica Syndicate, Limited.

It has been shown in a number of military hospitals during the war, and more recently at the Rainhill Mental Hospital near Liverpool by Dr. Reeve and Dr. Watson, and at other institutions in London, including the London and St. Thomas' Hospitals, that ozonized air produced by this method has remarkable curative properties. These

Appendix 4 - Brown Family Tree

1. **Henry Brown** m. **Marianne Wonfor**
 b. 1817 Cambridge b. 1816 Bedford
 d. 1892 Cambridge d. 1888 Cambridge

Harriett	Marianne	Emma	Alice	Mary	Arthur	Charles
b.1841	b.1841	b.1849	b.1851	b.1851	b.1855	b.1860

2. **Arthur Brown** m. 21/12/1878 Hampstead **Mary Ann Atkins**
 b. 8/6/1855 Cambridge b. 21/2/1855 Marylebone
 d. 29/9/1895 Bristol d. 14/11/1930 Hampstead

Ethel Mary	Francis Arthur	Evelyn Liley
b. 1879	b. 9/7/1881 Marylebone	b. 1883
d. 1978	d. 21/2/1908 Bristol	d. 1974

3. **Ethel Mary Brown** m. 8/11/1900 Bristol **William Ledingham Christie**
 b. 26/10/1879 Marylebone b. 26/3/1860 Dunedin, NZ
 d. 4/2/1978 Holloway Sanatorium d. 22/7/1920 at sea near Suez
 Egham, Surrey

4. **Evelyn Liley Brown** m. 1903 Bristol **Bertie Augustus Insall**
 b. 30/7/1883 Bristol b. Apr 1879 Bristol
 d. 5/3/1974 Los Angeles d. 10/2/1952 Manchester

Marjorie Evelyn May	Stephanie Hope
b. 6/10/1904 Bristol	b. 16/2/1908 Bristol
d. 6/7/1960 Los Angeles	d. 5/12/1987 Los Angeles

5. **Marjorie Evelyn May Insall** m. 28/7/1927 Hampstead **Nikolai Sergeevich Sablin**
 b. ~ 1900
 d. 29/3/1959 Stoke-by-Clare

Richard Vadim Sablin
 b. 8/3/1928 Hampstead
 d. 8/7/2014 Australia

6. **Stephanie Hope Insall** m. 1928 Hampstead **Horace A. Felix Hill**
 b. 16/3/1908 Bristol div. < Nov 1936
 d. 5/12/1987 Los Angeles