



Three Batchelors

Ferdinand Champion Batchelor 1850-1915

Ferdinand Stanley Batchelor 1873-1942

John Stanley Batchelor 1905-1987

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Prologue

He couldn't remember when the idea first came to him, to be a doctor. It wasn't as if he came from a medical family. Most of his forebears, that is the ones he knew about, were in retail, buying and selling; market people with stalls. Then World War II was declared and people were affected differently. For most it was a disaster even if you survived but for him it turned out to be a blessing of sorts. Not a real blessing of course but a sort of blessing because if it hadn't happened, his parents wouldn't have divorced and he wouldn't have gone to Mil Hill Boarding School and been taught by David Hall, a caring and imaginative teacher, someone who saw teaching as extending beyond the black board.

They were a class of fifteen young men; there were no female pupils admitted to the school at that time. That would come later. It was a Friday. The week was coming to an end and they had some time before the bell. The subject of 'what do you want to do with your life?' came up as if a sixteen-year old had any idea about what he wanted to do with his life. He was more concerned with how soon supper would be served, as he was always hungry.

Up to that moment, he hadn't given his future a thought, it seemed such a long way ahead. When it was his turn to answer, he stumbled over his words. He wasn't used to thinking out loud, especially in front of a class of school mates. But he was on the spot.

Mumbling he said,

'Something to do with nature.'

It seemed such a lame answer and produced a roar of laughter from the class.

'Quiet,' shouted Dr Hall, 'I can't hear what he's saying.'

'Something to do with nature,' he repeated louder.

'What about being a doctor or even a surgeon?' suggested the teacher, 'that would include nature;' and that's how it happened.

Years later, a unique family would play a central role in his future. Their story began in the 19th Century on a volcanic island in the Pacific ocean.

Norfolk Island

Two and a half million years ago, the Pacific Ocean underwent a cataclysmic event 1000 miles east of Australia and 1500 miles north of New Zealand. The sky was lit up with lightning and thunder, while thousands of metres below its surface, millions of tons of red hot molten lava was spewing out onto the sea floor, slowly building an underwater ridge. In time, it would grow to be a thousand kilometres long and seventy kilometres wide and be taller than Mount Everest. Its tip would finally emerge above the surface of the sea and would reach a height of over one thousand feet, becoming Mount Bates, the

most prominent point on an island that would later be called Norfolk Island. Over time, erosion would reduce its size to one third of its origin.

Ferdinand Campion Batchelor, the son of a devout priest and his wife, was born in 1850 on that solitary atoll in the Pacific Ocean. He would grow up to be the doyen of three generations of Surgeons, all of whom would train at Guy's Hospital in London and make major advances in their chosen fields.

Chapter One:- 'Land Ho!'

A shout of 'Land Ho' brought the travellers on the three-masted schooner to the deck. They had journeyed for over four months at sea and been subjected to every challenge that the oceans could throw at them. Finally they had arrived at their destination. In the distance they could see the outline of Norfolk Island, fifteen square miles of volcanic rock on the far edge of the world.

One of the families was Reverend Batchelor and his wife, members of the Anglican church of Melanesia. They were on a mission; to establish a branch of the Church of England there. A God-fearing man, the Reverend wanted to bring Christ's message to the Islanders, then a mixed community of Maori, the native people; the descendants of convicts and later the descendants of the Bounty mutineers who migrated there from the Pitcairn islands.

Stepping ashore, the newcomers were greeted by a scene of calm. Before them lay fields of green and orange vegetation. Glistening in the bright sun and almost concealed by a dense forest of Norfolk pines, the snow-capped peak of Mount Bates rose in the distance. Once the scene of much violence, the island was now a paradise with waving palm trees and fine pink sandy beaches edging deep blue seas.

Life on the island was simple and their son Campion grew up carefree and close to nature. By the time he was born, Education had become compulsory and he attended the Norfolk Island Central School. The headmaster at the time was Thomas Rossitor, appointed to the school by the New South Wales Government in 1858.

Unknown to Campion, it would be his love of nature that would determine his future career. But what excited him now, the most, was his father's sermons. On returning home from school, he would see him sitting in his study writing. His mother would be in the kitchen preparing dinner.

Entering, he kissed her and asked,

'Mum, what is Dad doing?'

Without looking up, she replied,

'Oh! He's probably preparing his Sunday sermon.'

Sunday was Campion's favourite day; when he would walk to church with his parents. Once seated, he would wait patiently until the chanting stopped. Then he would watch as his father solemnly mounted the pulpit. There he would stand waiting for the chatter to subside. Then as his soft voice slowly built to a crescendo, Campion would be mesmerized by his melodious words ringing throughout the church.

Campion's favourite sermon was the one when God asks,

'Cain, where is your brother?'

And he answers,

'Am I my brother's keeper?'

His father would then pause and with his eyes glaring at the audience, he would thunder;

'Yes! The answer is Yes, I- am- my- brother's- keeper.'

Then the congregation would leap to their feet and repeat,

'Yes I-am-my- brother's-keeper;' clapping furiously.

Campion could feel his heart pounding with emotion. For hours afterwards, he would ponder what the sermon meant. But it would be many years later before he would fully understand its meaning.

After the church service, it had become the custom for the two of them to walk along the sandy shore near their home. One Sunday, as they were both enjoying the tranquillity of their surroundings; Campion was about sixteen at the time, growing into a tall, handsome young man living very much in the present; his father broke the silence.

'Campion, mother and I have been talking about your future. You are growing up fast. Have you thought about what you would like to do? Have you thought any more about joining me in the Ministry?'

Campion struggled to reply. He knew that the church needed young people to fill the places of those who were retiring, including his father, who was due to retire very soon. He didn't want to disappoint him but he had other ambitions. Although he loved living on the island and had many friends, he wanted to see the world outside.

'Father, I love you but the Ministry isn't for me. Like you, I want to help people, but in a different way.'

They walked on in silence, his father waiting to hear him explain his thoughts.

Campion was silent for a while and then blurted out.

'I would like to be a doctor. That is the way that I think I can help our people most.'

It was the first time he had mentioned it.

'A doctor? Campion, where did that idea come from?'

'I'm not sure Father, I think it was Mr Rossiter. He was talking about careers at Assembly the other day and mentioned medicine as a career. He said that the Island needed another doctor. It made me think.'

That evening after Campion had gone to bed, the Reverend spoke to his wife.

'Dear, did you know that Campion wanted to be a doctor?'

She smiled.

'That's strange, I wondered. I have often watched him wandering in the garden staring at the plants as if he was trying to understand how they grew. I would love him to be a doctor.'

Chapter Two:-England and General Practice.

It was some days later that the Reverend remembered that he had a friend, Doctor Brian, a General Practitioner living in Essex, England.

That evening he mentioned it to his wife.

'Dear, let me write to my Doctor friend and see if Campion could spend some time with him? He would then see what being a doctor was like and could then decide if it's what he really wanted to do. Remember the church is always here. He could work with me if medicine doesn't suit him.'

In due course, a letter from the doctor arrived.

Your letter came as a pleasant surprise. How nice to hear from you. So you decided to settle for the Ministry after all, and you are now living on Norfolk Island! I had to look it up to see where it was. You always were a pioneer. I so envy you, your courage. I settled for General Practice.

So your son wants to be a doctor? I would be more than happy to have him here for a few months to see if he likes it. But warn him, it's going to be an eye-opener. If you decide, let me know his travel details when you have them and I will meet him at the port?

Campion had seen the letter arrive and was impatient to hear what the doctor had to say. It lay on the kitchen table unopened while his father slowly ate his breakfast.

'Open it Father,' he pleaded. 'It's from England; it could be the doctor replying?'

'All in good time son, be patient. It won't disappear.'

Finally not wishing to prolong his son's agony any longer, he opened it and read. Campion watched his father's face as his eyes flickered from line to line.

'Please Father, what does he say?'

'Doctor Brian says he would be happy to have you spend some time with him to see whether medicine is your future.'

'Oh! Father, that's wonderful. When can I go?'

'He suggests you should go in the spring and spend the summer with him as the winter can be very harsh.'

As the Suez Canal hadn't yet opened, the only way to travel to England was to sail the long route travelling West across the Pacific and rounding the Cape of Good Hope into the Atlantic, a perilous journey of three to four months.

The day for his departure arrived but by then Champion's excitement had calmed and he was now dreading the long sea journey alone. It would be the longest time he had been separated from his family and he was becoming fearful wishing he wasn't going. His mother must have seen his doubts because she remembered how she felt prior to her journey to the island some years earlier.

'Champion dear, don't be afraid. You'll be fine. You'll meet some new people and before you know it, you'll be there.'

But the journey was tedious; day after day watching the waves buffet the hull. The ocean was so big, it seemed to go on forever. Sharing a cabin with someone was another challenge as his companion snored loudly. During the tropical seas, the heat below was unbearable and like many others, he slept on the deck.

Eventually, after what seemed like ages, the ship tied up at the dockside at Gravesend, the port at the mouth of the Thames. Seeing houses and people walking along reassured him. Then he disembarked and at last could stand on Terra Firma and stretch his legs after months of confinement. It would take many days more for the swaying to subside.

Suddenly he heard his name called.

'Champion!' and before he knew it, he was shaking the hand of Doctor Brian, a jovial man with a copious white beard and twinkling blue eyes.

'Welcome my boy. How was the journey? You're the image of your father. How is he?'

Before Champion could answer, he continued.

'I so admire your father; to go to a God-forsaken island and preach Christianity; he's a saint.'

The doctor's carriage was waiting and soon they were bumping along rough roads, passing through woods and alongside wide open fields. For Champion, coming from a small island to England, was like entering another world.

Pointing to a road sign, Doctor Brian shouted over the clatter of the horses' hooves.

'Champion, we are now in Suffolk, a county in Southern England. So you want to be a doctor?'

'Yes, I want to help people.'

'Mmm, that's all very honourable but you can't always and sometimes you make a mistake and someone dies.'

Campion knew all about death. He had seen it at home when the plague came.

'Sadly I have seen many people die,' he murmured.

'Maybe you have but you never get used to losing someone. It haunts you.'

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Campion yawned.

'You're tired. Why don't you try and get some sleep, it's a long journey.'

Suddenly, there was a clap of thunder and rain began to fall. The horses snorted and started racing.

'Whoa there!' the driver shouted, pulling the reins in tight.

Soon the swaying of the carriage lulled Champion into a deep sleep.

A shout and a sudden jerk woke him. He sat up confused, where was he? The carriage had arrived at a small thatched cottage, with a barn and an out-house.

'Come Champion; we're here! This is home,' the Doctor announced.

Carrying his small bag, Champion followed the doctor into the house, ducking under the low lintel above the front door. Although not yet seventeen, he was already a head and shoulders above his contemporaries, a family characteristic.

'Put your things down and come and meet Betty, my wife. She'll be in the kitchen cooking us something warm after our long journey.'

A jovial round-faced woman appeared.

'Betty, this is Champion, the young man I told you about.'

'Welcome Champion, I'm very happy to meet you.'

'How do you do, Mrs Brian?' He said, formally extending his right hand, remembering what his father had taught him when meeting someone new.

'No, no, my dear,' she said, hugging him. She smelled of onions and sweat. 'No need to be so formal. You be family, like a son to me.'

Turning to the Doctor, she said,

'Sadly Doctor Brian and I never had a son of our own.'

After a hearty meal of pork chops, potatoes and carrots, Champion excused himself and went to his bedroom in the eaves of the house, one wall of which was sloping with visible rafters. It was sparsely furnished with a bed, a table and a wardrobe. The toilet was in an outhouse at the end of the garden. He was exhausted and no sooner had he put his head on the pillow, than he was asleep. He woke several times during the night, confused by his unfamiliar surroundings.

After breakfast the following day, he joined the doctor for the morning surgery, held in the main room of the house. Much of it was routine; coughs and colds, minor injuries and the occasional bowel upset. After lunch, they made home visits. It all seemed rather boring and repetitive until one night.

Champion had retired early and was fast asleep when he was awakened by a commotion outside. He heard loud voices and horses neighing. He crept out of his room and peered downstairs. In the flickering gas light, he could see the doctor packing his bag.

'What's happening?' he asked.

'We have an emergency. Quick, get dressed and come with me,' yelled the doctor. 'Hurry, I'll explain on the way.'

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The carriage set off at great speed, swaying dangerously as it rushed along rough stony paths, the only illumination being from a small oil lamp hanging beside the driver. After about twenty minutes, it turned into a driveway and stopped outside a single-storeyed thatched house.

'This is it, hurry,' the doctor shouted as he stepped down onto the road and ran along a small path to the open front door. Champion followed.

By the light of a small oil lamp, he could see a young woman lying on a bed in a pool of blood.

'What's with ye lass?' Doctor Brian asked, taking some cloths and gauze out of his bag.

'I been 'aving some small pains, but in night I woke with bad pains and saw I t'was bleeding,' said the girl looking as pale as snow, in the lamplight.

'What's happened to her?' whispered Champion helping the doctor to remove his instruments.

'She's only four months pregnant. This shouldn't be happening. Here hand me the obstetric stethoscope.'

Leaning over her, he placed the instrument on her bare swollen abdomen and listened. He heard the rumbling of her bowels but what he wanted to hear but couldn't, was the rapid tap, tap, tap, of the foetal heart.

Turning to Champion, he whispered,

'I can't hear anything. Listen for the bairn's heart sounds, your ears are younger than mine.'

Placing his ear against its metal rim, Champion strained to concentrate. All he could hear were the sounds coming from her bowel. The foetal heartbeat was absent.

He looked up and shook his head.

'I can't hear anything, I can't hear the baby's heartbeat.'

'I think her child is dead', whispered Doctor Brian. 'She's having a miscarriage and trying to expel the child. We must get it out before she bleeds to death.'

'Can she deliver it normally?'

'Let me see.'

Dr Brian leaned over and examined her below to see whether the baby could come out the natural way.

'No, the normal passage hasn't dilated, it's too small. It will take too long. She'll die of blood loss before then. I've got to remove the baby from her womb otherwise she won't make it. Get the ether bottle and mask. We need to put her to sleep.'

Campion had never seen ether used before, but he had no choice, Fishing the mask out of the bag, he asked, 'what do I do?'

'Cover it with gauze and place it over the young woman's face. Then drip the ether slowly onto it,' the doctor whispered. 'Tell her to breathe deeply and she'll slowly go to sleep.'

Campion began slowly dripping the liquid ether onto the mask.

'Take some deep breaths. You'll be fine.'

Slowly her whimpering ceased and her breathing became regular.

The doctor was speaking.

'I'm going to have to open her abdomen and take the baby out that way.' He had read about the Caesarean operation but had never seen it or done it.

By this time, the girl's breathing was slow and steady.

'She's asleep,' whispered Campion. 'I think you could do it now.'

After cleaning her belly with spirit, Dr Brian made a small incision and opened her abdomen to reveal the swollen womb. He put his hand on it and waited. There was no movement; he was right, the foetus was dead. Now he had to hurry. Enlarging the incision in her womb, he peered inside. He could now see the little body, a boy. He was purple in colour and not moving. Not wanting to make the opening any larger, he realised what he had to do. Working feverishly, he cut the body into small pieces, enabling it to be extracted through the small opening. Within a few moments, all of the pieces of the child had been removed. Finally he closed the wound in layers.

'Campion, quick, get a towel and wrap the pieces in it so it looks as if the baby is in one piece. I don't want the mother to see her baby like this. It's bad enough losing your child but to see it chopped into pieces is terrible; sadly it was necessary to save her life.'

Campion was very subdued on the journey home.

'Are you all right, Campion?' Doctor Brian shouted over the rumble of the wheels. 'You did well. I couldn't have saved her without you. I must write to your parents to tell them what an extraordinary son they have and that you will make a fine doctor.'

Back in his room, Campion tried to sleep but the images of what he had seen kept on returning, He struggled to suppress them. Finally he got up and walked towards the window and looked out. It was a clear sky with the moon lighting up the fields. All was at peace.

Tears wracked his body as he screamed,

'Why Gd why? You could have saved her baby. Why didn't you?'

In his future life, when facing death, he would ask the same question, time after time with no answer.

A few days later, Doctor Brian and he went to see the young woman. She was sitting up in a chair and greeted them warmly. She was clearly recovering well. Her abdominal wound was healing without infection. After a cup of tea, she walked with them into their small garden, to a simple gravestone where they had laid their baby. They stood together in silence. No words were necessary. Campion felt tears pricking his eyes. What must it feel like to lose a child? He couldn't begin to understand.

As they made their farewells, the young woman said,

'I dinna know 'ow to t'ank thee both. I 'ave no memory of that nite, but me 'usband tells me our bairn had deed inside me and I would also if not been for thy speedy action.'

Standing beside Dr Brian, listening to the young woman's thanks, Campion felt a warm feeling of pride. It was as if a cloud of doubt had been lifted. Any uncertainty about what he wanted to do and in what branch of medicine he wanted to follow, was gone.

The six months with Doctor Brian passed quickly. For Champion it had been the most exciting time in his life. He felt so alive, so conscious that he had a place, a calling. He was present at many more births. So much was not understood. Often a child and a mother died for no obvious reason. He struggled to understand why. Sometimes, the mother had left it too late to call for help or was too poor to afford medical care.

At breakfast one morning, Dr Brian turned to him,

‘Champion my boy, I think you have learned all you can from me. You will make a fine doctor, but you will need to go to Medical school and get your qualification. I will write to your father, I am sure he will encourage you.

Dear Dad, I had a wonderful time with Dr Brian. I am now certain that I want to be a doctor. Dr Brian says I need to go to Medical School. He suggests that I apply to go to Guy’s Hospital Medical School in London. He says it’s one of the best.

Two weeks later Champion received a reply.

I am happy if that is what you want to do, but remember we need you to come home when you become a doctor.

Chapter Three:- Guy’s Hospital Medical School

Unknown to Champion, his father had written to the Medical School and he was soon invited for an interview. Enrolling at Guy’s Hospital Medical School was a dream come true. He found himself with forty other aspiring young doctors as they progressed through the curriculum until the Finals. There was so much to learn.

The lectures were held in a huge auditorium with rows of seats sloping towards the stage on which the lecturer stood. Seated there with hundreds of others, he knew he was in the right place. Over the next few years, he learned about the human body and its amazing construction from John Hilton, one of the foremost anatomists of his time. Later he would be mesmerized by the lectures of Sir Samuel Wilks, a Physician. In these, he would learn about the miraculous functions of the human body.

By the age of 21, Champion had completed the course and was awarded the LRCP, MRCS. (Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons). But to register as a fully trained doctor, he needed experience in General Practice.

Chapter Four:- 1872, Apprenticed to Dr. Jordison

Within a few weeks, he had joined Doctor Jordison in Stratford-upon-Avon. It would be a very different experience from that with Doctor Brian. Stratford was a comfortable middle class area with large family houses and gardens. There were midwives to care for the pregnant woman and money to pay them. The standard of care was much higher than in Essex with fewer children lost at childbirth.

What he wasn't to know was that it would be there that he would meet his future wife. It happened at a small party given by the doctor to introduce him to the local community. About ten couples had been invited, most of whom were the doctor’s patients or the relatives of his patients. Champion was nervous, uncertain what to expect. He was still shy at meeting new people and initially tried to persuade the doctor that it wasn't necessary; he would meet the people in good time.

‘No my boy, a doctor needs to be seen so that his patients, when they come for advice, trust him and he is one of them.’

A number of guests had already arrived when Champion entered the room. Hesitant, he was immediately surrounded by locals wanting to welcome him and shake his hand. As he moved from

person to person, he saw a young woman standing alone by a window. Excusing himself, he went over to her.

'Hello, I am Doctor Campion, the new doctor. Are you alone?'

'Hello Doctor Campion, no I'm Eliza, Doctor Jordison's daughter. I live nearby. I am very pleased to meet you. I hope you will be very happy here.'

Campion had been provided with a small cottage, a few miles away. As he made his way home to continue with the day, his thoughts kept on returning to Eliza; her pale blue eyes and fair hair. He had had girlfriends in the past but somehow, she was different; there was a serious look about her, a maturity beyond her years.

During a break in the morning surgery, Campion mentioned that he had spoken to Eliza during the reception.

'Your daughter is a very charming young woman.'

'Yes, she is very bright. I wanted her to become a doctor and join me in the practice but she has other ideas.'

Some days later, he bumped into her in the High Street. He felt his heart racing.

'Hello, Eliza,' he stammered, 'how-how are you?'

'Oh, Hello doctor. I am well, thank you.'

'What brings you into town?'

'Oh nothing much, I just needed some shopping.'

They walked on together in silence and then passed a tea shop. Campion didn't want their meeting to end so soon.

'Eliza I wonder, would you like a rest? We could stop here for a refreshment,' he said pointing to the cafe.

'Yes, that would be very welcome.'

He opened the door and let her pass ahead. They found a vacant table by the window, sat down and ordered tea and scones. Conversation flowed easily and Campion learned that she wanted to be a teacher.

'What age child do you want to teach?'

'I would really like to teach older children but I haven't yet got my qualification, I am working towards it.'

They began to see each other regularly; meeting in town and going for walks in the countryside. Soon they became a couple. Passers-by would smile happy that she had found a companion. He was besotted by her beauty, she by his sensitivity and his caring nature.

Three months later, they confirmed their love at the Church of the Holy Trinity, the local church famed for its connection with William Shakespeare and his family. Sadly neither his mother nor his father could be present.

But Campion was impatient. He was enjoying General Practice with Dr Jordison and was even offered a partnership but he felt he could do more. Memories of his home and the needs of his people haunted him. He loved General Medicine with its wide ranging interests but he felt that something was missing. He was facing a difficult decision now that he had completed six months with the practice. He had never forgotten the young woman whose dead child had to be extracted piecemeal. Doctors could do more, he knew.

Then, an advert in a newspaper caught his eye. Doctors were required in New Zealand. The country was at last at peace and needed skilled people.

But how to tell Eliza? He struggled to choose the right moment. But she sensed that Campion was unsettled and one day broached the subject.

'Darling what is the matter? You don't seem to be yourself. What is troubling you?'

'Dear I was going to tell you. There is a job in Dunedin, I have applied and have been accepted.'

A letter from Henderson P. & Co. Ship-Owners arrived a few days later. It confirmed his appointment as Medical Officer to the SS Margaret Galbraith, a three-masted wooden-hulled schooner sailing from Gravesend. It would help pay for his fare to Dunedin.

Chapter Five:- Dunedin

After a tearful farewell from Eliza, and promising to write as soon as he arrived, Campion made his way to the docks in Gravesend where his ship was preparing for the three- four month's journey. Travelling alone, he again felt very apprehensive as he, with several hundred others boarded. There he was handed a life jacket and told to wear it at all times, when he was on deck. Then he was shown his cabin. It was small and dark with no portholes, just suitable for sleeping.

Alone with the sound of creaking boards and the shouts of sailors as they hoisted the sails, he panicked.

'I must get off,' he said to himself, 'I can't do this.'

Sweating, he rushed to the deck, gasping for air.

'I must get off before it's too late.' Then he remembered his father and the strength he had shown coming to Norfolk island. Slowly he calmed down.

As the ship's medical officer, his job was to deal with the wide range of common disorders affecting both the crew and the passengers, men and women from all walks, hoping to make a new life in the newest British Colony.

Initially, everything was new and confusing and it took him sometime to familiarize himself with the layout of the ship, the galley and the heads. Finally, he made his way to the dispensary where he met James the Pharmacist, a man in his fifties with a greying beard and a broad Scottish accent.

'Sae ye mist be th' doctor I guess,' he said pumping his hand. 'Surgery starts at 9 am, every morning 'cept Sunday. Don't be late! Come let me show yeh th' medicines,'

There were rows of shelves filled with glass containers of different colours.

'We hae a wide range of common medicines tae deal wi' th' usual complaints sic as loupin throat, cough and rashes, etc .' It was all very basic.

'Thank you John, I will be here on time.'

Campion soon learned that he was still not a good sailor. On the third day out, the ship encountered a storm in the Atlantic. Hugh waves lifted the boat, rolling it from side to side and buffeting it about. He initially took refuge in his cabin thinking that lying on his bunk would help but the claustrophobia of the confined space only increased the churning in his stomach.

In desperation, he dragged himself to the open deck. There he found many others doing the same. The fresh breeze seemed to calm him and he spent the rest of the day and night sleeping in a deck chair on the open deck.

There would be several more storms before the ship finally sailed into Kingston Port on Norfolk Island.

Both his mother and father were there to meet him. His mother was crying with joy hugging him. His father had aged and had lost height.

'Welcome son,' they cried with joy.

After supper that evening, they listened as he described where he had been. He had so much to tell them and showed them photographs of the wedding.

'What are your plans?' his father asked as they walked along the shore line the following day. Campion dreaded that question. He had already made plans to work in Dunedin and wanted to find the right time to tell them.

He paused trying to find the right words. Finally he blurted it out.

'Father, I've got a job in Dunedin.'

'Dunedin? I don't understand, you promised to come home and be a doctor here.'

'I know Dad and at the time I meant it but I am not the same person. I want to do more. I want to be a surgeon and to do that I need to work in a major city.'

'You'll have to tell your mother, she will be broken-hearted.'

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He arrived in New Zealand to find the city of Dunedin, still a frontier town. Much was yet to be done to complete the surveyor's plans. The roads were mainly mud tracks and the houses, wooden shacks. Somehow, he had expected it to be a more mature city, not one that was in the process of developing.

Walking around, he became more and more depressed. It was so far removed from the orderliness he had left. For a while he seriously thought about giving up the job and returning to England. But he was not a quitter, his father had taught him that. Don't give up too soon, *try, try, try again* was his credo.

As the weather improved and as he explored the surrounding country, he began to feel more confident that he had made the right decision.

Doctors were in great demand and after completing registration, Campion was introduced to a local GP and joined his practice. There were five doctors in all, each had immigrated from the United Kingdom. To his delight, he found a well-established hospital and began to get into a routine,

In a letter home to Eliza, he wrote,

'amazing to be on dry land after a tedious trip at sea. Wonderful seeing Mum and Dad. They were very disappointed when I told them I wasn't staying but I am sure I have made the right decision. Dunedin is beginning to feel like home. English is spoken everywhere. I miss you very much. Looking forward to you joining me as soon as possible.'

She replied

'That's wonderful news, I will come as soon as I can.'

But Eliza wasn't feeling very well. She seemed to be tired all the time. What's wrong with me? She wondered.

Her mother had noticed that she looked pale and listless. She spoke to her husband.

'Darling, I am worried about Eliza, she doesn't look well.'

Without looking up from his newspaper, he muttered,

'She's probably pregnant? I'll ask one of my medical colleagues to see her.'

He was correct and early pregnancy was confirmed. Having learned about it, Eliza had intended to keep it a secret until she joined Campion in New Zealand. She hoped to be delivered there but nature had other plans. Her son was born at 36 weeks, a frail infant. But he soon flourished and by the time she was due to travel to New Zealand, he was a bouncing happy child.

Eliza was anxious about the journey. She had heard so many stories about the crowded conditions on board that she finally plucked up courage and booked a private cabin. It was more expensive but it would give her the privacy she needed for herself and her son.

On the 3rd October 1874, she boarded the schooner. Three months later, on the 9th January 1875, after a calm journey, she and her son arrived at Port Chalmers, the main port of Dunedin.

Overjoyed at the prospect of Eliza's arrival, Campion rose early and waited on the quayside as the two-masted clipper slowly came to a standstill. After what seemed like an age, passengers began to disembark. He watched them filing down the gangplank, families with children and older couples. Then suddenly he saw a young woman struggling with a small child. At first he didn't recognize her until she walked up to him with a big smile.

'Hello Darling,' Eliza said, giving him a big hug. He was at first puzzled. It was Eliza but she looked so much more beautiful. Her face had filled out and the baby look had gone. She was a mature woman.

'Your son,' she said, handing him the baby boy.

Campion was confused.

'My son? When? When was he born?'

'Darling, I think I was pregnant when you left but didn't know it then.'

'How are you feeling?'

'Fine; the sea air suited me once I got used to the constant rolling of the ship.'

'Darling, I am so happy to see you. You must be tired. I have a carriage waiting. Here hand me my son - he needs to get to know his father.'

After a short journey, they arrived at their home. Eliza followed him along a stony path to a small cottage overlooking the sea

'I'm afraid it is still very primitive here.'

Eliza said nothing. She was still disorientated from the journey and the arrival. Everywhere seemed so chaotic. Somehow she thought it would be like England.

Campion saw the confused look on her face.

'Is something wrong?'

'No, it's alright,' she said. 'Just good to be safe and on dry land.'

'Welcome home,' he said, unlocking the front door. They entered a single room, sparsely furnished with a double bed, two chairs and a table. A small wardrobe stood in the corner. Eliza tried to conceal her disappointment.

'It's fine,' she mumbled. 'It's got all we need.'

Campion sensed it.

'Dear, we will only be here for a short while until I find something bigger, don't worry.'

It was a few weeks later that Campion announced to Eliza.'

'Darling, we need to christen our son.' After a discussion they settled on his name.

'I'll go to the church and speak to the Pastor.'

The following Sunday, they arrived at the church. The word had got around that the son of the new doctor was to be christened. A large number of people were eagerly waiting to file into the church. By the time the service began, every seat was filled.

After dousing the boy's head, the pastor proclaimed.

'In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost, I name this child, Ferdinand Stanley Batchelor.'

Watching Eliza breast-feeding, Campion was reminded of how important the relationship between mother and child was. How the first year or two of life sets the stage for the child's future health and well-being. But this depended on the mother being well-nourished. So many women did not have enough to eat and their child suffered accordingly.

Campion was enchanted by his son and was amazed how soon he began tottering about. Slowly an idea began to develop in his mind. But it would not be put into practice until many years later. Soon Eliza was pregnant again and was delivered of a baby girl whom they call Edith Anne. Two years later a second daughter, whom they named Ethel Mary was born.

Once he was satisfied that Eliza was feeling more settled, Campion resumed working.

He was welcomed with open arms at the Practice. He had joined a select group of practitioners all from England who would form the backbone of the New Zealand Medical services.

Campion soon got into a routine. He would leave home in the early morning having kissed both Eliza and the children goodbye. He would then walk the short distance to the surgery sometimes along the coastal route from where he could see the vessels coming into the harbour. By the time he arrived,

there would be a small queue waiting. It was mainly routine, coughs and colds, minor injuries, diarrhoea etc.

Chapter Six:- Stanley

As Stanley grew older, he became more and more inquisitive about his birth place. He knew that he had been born in England and had left it when too young to remember. But to him, it was just a name. His first memories were of Dunedin, their small house and the garden surrounding it. He rarely saw his father but knew that he was an important doctor working at the local hospital. His two younger sisters, Edith and Ethel spoiled him.

Bedtime was his favourite time, He used to look forwards to sitting up on the double bed with his two sisters.

He would plead,

‘Please Mum, tell us about England?’ How did you meet Father? It was one of his favourite bedtime stories.

With the lights low, and the three of them sitting in her double bed, she would begin.

‘All right, but only for ten minutes then it’s lights out. England is an island just like New Zealand although much bigger, but not as big as Australia. I was born there in the countryside not dissimilar to here. My father was a doctor and one day, your father who was training to be a doctor came to work with him. We liked each other and decided to get married.

‘But how did we get here?’ Piped up Edith.

Eliza smiled to herself. She often asked herself the same question. It was never her intention to leave England.

She thought for a moment.

‘Oh yes; your father wasn’t born in England. He wanted to go and see his parents after having finished his training. He had been away from his home for a very long time.’

‘What happened then?’ They called out .

‘Well, when he was on Norfolk Island visiting them, a job in Dunedin with a local doctor came up. He was so excited about it and on an impulse applied and was accepted. Later he joined the practice. Then he suggested that I come out to visit as a holiday. It would only be for a short while, he assured me. I would also be able to meet Grandma and Grandpa and then we would all go back to England.

That was the plan but it turned out differently. We always intended to go back to England but your father became more and more involved here. He was now a Specialist at the hospital.’

‘Mummy, did you ever go back?’ Asked Stanley.

‘Yes, once for a holiday but our life was really here so we returned to what had now become our home. Now that’s enough, it’s time to go to sleep.’

When Campion came home in the evening, he would ask each child in turn what they had done that day and then they in turn would ask him.

‘Tell us about the hospital.’

From an early age, the three children were familiar with his work as a surgeon and when they were old enough, he would take them around showing them the wards, his consulting room, his office and the operating room.

But it was Stanley who used to ply him with most questions. His father’s life seemed so exciting and he began to wait every day for his father to come home.

‘Father, tell me what you did today?’

At first Campion would just give general answers.

‘In the morning, I would see patients and in the afternoon I would operate.’

As time went on, the questions became more specific.

‘Father, what operations did you do today or tell me about what was wrong with one of your patients?’

Campion soon realized that his son had a special interest in nature. When he was big enough he showed him his microscope. From then on Stanley loved to fiddle with it, looking at anything he could

find. Soon he had progressed to looking at his Dad's medical books. He had a real hunger for knowledge. Unconsciously Campion was steering Stanley towards Medicine.

Meanwhile Campion continued to have his eye on the future. After supper, he would sit in front of a roaring fire and skim through the articles in the Lancet, a popular Medical Journal. Then he would turn to the Appointments section. There he would read about the jobs that were vacant. Almost reflexly, he turned to the Obstetrics and Gynaecology section and read through them.

One day, his attention was drawn to a Lectureship in Midwifery and Gynaecology at the Otago Medical School. He stopped and wondered, could he? It would be a wonderful opportunity to do what he secretly always wanted to do. Although mainly a teaching job, there was some clinical work attached and it could be the beginning?

But how to persuade Eliza? She still wanted to return to England and for him to practice there. Then he remembered how upset she was when he told her about the young woman who lost her baby. He had explained that if the services had been better organised and there were more surgeons, then that needn't have happened.

She had looked at him and suddenly blurted out.

'Why don't you become a woman's surgeon, then you could change things, make them better?'

He again remembered that conversation when he saw the advert. His mind was now made up. He would broach the subject over supper the following day.

The children were in bed. They had finished eating and Eliza was preparing to clear the table when he put his hand on her arm.

'Darling, just sit down for a moment, I have something I need to ask you.'

She frowned.

'No dear, it's nothing bad. You know we have often talked about me training in Women's disease?'

'Yes.'

'Well there is a job in Gynaecology and Obstetrics advertised at the Otago University. My qualification is recognized so I could apply for it.'

She gasped.

'My parents?'

'It would only be for another two years and you were in favour of me studying women's diseases.'

'Yes, but I don't want to live here permanently.'

'Neither do I. We don't have to. When my job is finished we will go back to England.'

'Wouldn't that be deceitful?'

'Not really, I'm sure there will be others like ourselves who don't want to stay.'

Some days passed and the subject was forgotten. Then one night, Eliza decided that she must support him.

They were in bed about to turn the light out when she reached for his arm.

'Darling, I have been thinking about that University job. You should go for it. I know it's what you want'

'Yes it is. I love you do much. Thank you for your support.'

The day for the interview for the General Physician post at the Dunedin hospital was fast approaching. Campion was always nervous before an interview. He really wanted this job but how to prepare for it. Would the fact that he wasn't born in New Zealand be held against him?

In the end it was much easier than he had expected. He even knew some of the members of the committee. They greeted him by name. He was delighted when he was called back into the committee room and was told he had the job. He would be a General Physician on the Honorary staff. He already decided that he would specialise in the treatment of 'Diseases of Women.'

Chapter Seven 1882:-Otago Boy's High School

Stanley was excited when he learned that he was to be enrolled at Otago Boys High School. Originally called Dunedin High School, it changed its name to encompass the Otago region. It was the same school that his father had attended. He would be the second Batchelor to be educated there.

Meanwhile his father Campion was eager to further his knowledge and skill. He had heard that the new Chelsea Hospital for Women had been opened in Fulham road with 63 beds. In 1885 he returned to the UK and worked there for a year before applying to study at the College of Medicine at Durham University, Newcastle upon Tyne where he gained an MD Durham. It was a specific degree presented to practitioners with more than 15 year practice.

It would give him an opportunity to extend his expertise in Abdominal surgery.

On his return to Dunedin, he was appointed Lecturer in Obstetrics and Gynaecology at the University of Otago and was responsible for building up the department of. In the same year he was appointed Specialist in Women's diseases at Dunedin Hospital. At last he was doing what he always wanted to do; to learn all he could about the diseases peculiar to women and to apply that knowledge in their care.

His fame spread far and wide and soon he was being celebrated as *-The pioneer in New Zealand of Women's Diseases.*

In 1887, his son Stanley, now 14, was shown the University.

'I will go there one day Father, I'll make you proud of me.'

But the place of women in society continued to challenge Campion. While not questioning the essential role that they played, he continued to hold the traditional view that they were not strong enough to take on other jobs, in particular working as nurses and doctors.

Not only were his views questioned in public but also at home where he and Eliza differed strongly.

'Campion, I don't understand why you are so against women becoming nurses. You spend your waking hours dealing with women's diseases. You, more than most, should see that women are strong and capable. Yet you question their suitability to nurses the sick in hospital, why?

Campion was silent. He knew she was correct but deep down he still saw women as fragile creatures needing to be protected.

While a staunch supporter of the importance of women's health and their special needs, he continued to hold a biased view of their role in society. This was reflected in his arguments about women as being not capable of replacing the wardsmen, the male attendants in the wards.

But he was soon outvoted by many members of the Medical profession. Soon a Nurse-training programme was established at Dunedin Hospital with 171 beds and a daily occupancy of 120.

But the enrolment was haphazard and very few nurses were appointed- Seeing this Campion encouraged William Gay -a former patient to write to the newspapers describing the defective state of nursing within the hospital -This in time provoked an uproar.

Chapter Eight:-Commission of Enquiry

It seemed like a normal day when Dr Campion began his ward round on the female ward at Dunedin Hospital.

'Good morning Sister,' he announced as he entered. 'Is everything ready?' Sister looked tired, and her eyes were swollen.

'What is it sister?' he asked.

'Good morning Sir, I'm sorry, I have some bad news. We lost another one of your patients overnight.'

She patted her eyes. Campion stuttered.

'What? I can't believe it. How did it happen?'

'Sir, I can't tell you here. Let's go into my office.'

Struggling to control her emotions, Sister began,

'Sir, the patient seemed fine when she returned from the operation, but overnight her temperature rose. We sponged her and gave her the usual medicaments, expecting it to return to normal by the following day but it didn't. She became feverish and lapsed into unconsciousness. We couldn't rouse her this morning and she died.'

Dr Campion couldn't believe what he was hearing.

'I'm sorry Sister, I don't know what to say. Please I'll come back later,' he said and rushed out of the ward. He couldn't bear to stay any longer.

He was visibly shaking as he let himself into his office in Batchelor House. He doused his face with cold water. The news of another woman dying of sepsis, following a straightforward operation, horrified him. He had complained again and again about the insanitary conditions in the hospital; the heaps of kitchen waste piling up outside; the stench that could be smelled in the wards; the lack of clean water; the reuse of instruments that were not sterilised, the list went on and on.

Sitting in his consulting room, he struggled to know what more he could do. At that moment Lindo Furguson, his colleague, an Eye Specialist, came in and sat down to write some reports.

'Good morning Campion, how are you this fine morning.'

He stopped. He could see that he was agitated.

'Campion, what's happened? Why are you so upset?'

'I've lost another woman from sepsis; that's the second this week,' and rising his voice shouted, 'and they do nothing about it.'

He slumped over his desk, his head in his hands. Lindo came over and stood by him, resting his hand on his shoulder.

'Campion, you can't let this go on. You've got to do something. You've got to complain.'

'Complain! I don't stop complaining. They think I'm exaggerating and so nothing changes.'

'Then why don't you write a letter to the Minister? Ask him to set up an inquiry at least?'

'An Inquiry? They won't take any notice of me.'

'You're crazy, of course they will. You're the best Gynaecologist this hospital has ever had, they can't ignore you.'

That evening, Campion was oddly quiet at dinner. Eliza had got used to seeing him tired and strained after a day at the hospital but he seemed unusually thoughtful. Waiting until the children had gone to bed, she sat down beside him, saying nothing. She knew that he would eventually tell her the problem. Suddenly he began to speak as if to the wall.

'It was a straightforward procedure, it should have been perfectly safe but...' He dropped his face in his hands. Eliza put her hand on his shoulder.

'It's alright dear. These things happen. You can't blame yourself.'

'I know but I can't just stand still and do nothing. These patients put their lives in my hands and I am failing them. I met Lindo in the rooms and he thinks I should write a letter of complaint to the Management demanding an inquiry. But would that make any difference? It would make me seem to be a troublemaker.'

'Campion, listen to me; you have never been afraid of a fight when the cause is just. You must do what you think is right.'

The following day, the 22nd July 1890, he wrote a letter to *THE MINISTER OF HEALTH*

Dear Sir, I wish to make the following complaints to you and request that they be considered and inquired into at a Commission of Enquiry.

1) *That there are defects in the sanitary conditions of the Dunedin Hospital.*

2) *That these defects are so serious a character as to be a source of grave danger to*

inmates and call for immediate remedy.

At the same time he instructed a solicitor Mr Solomon, who also wrote:-

....that in two cases, operations performed by Dr Batchelor, which were not of a complicated nature, resulted in blood-poisoning. That one of these patients died and the other will have a tedious recovery. That the complications (fatal in one case) were due to unhealthy hospital influences.

On the 19th August 1890, William Hillier, Earl of Onslow, the Governor of the Colony of New Zealand appointed James Hector and Edgar Hall Carew to be Commissioners for the purpose of inquiring into the truth or otherwise of the complaints as may be laid before you in writing.

On the following day, Dr Batchelor was sworn in. He was duly questioned by Mr Solomon. After some preliminary questions, he was asked specifically to explain in what way the hospital was faulty.

He replied: *In the first place, it was never built for an hospital. The wards themselves are too small for economical working. I should say that it would not be safe to put more than 12 patients into the largest sized wards.*

When asked what would be an ideal number of patients in a ward,
-twenty is a good number and most authorities recommended the Pavilion System to ensure thorough cross ventilation, light from both sides and isolation.

I think the hospital is not a satisfactory asylum for sick patients. I am not of the opinion that the present hospital could be altered so as to obviate all the objections.

Some months later, the Commission published its conclusions.

After interviewing a large number of Doctors and Nurses, the Commissioners were satisfied that the complaints made have been largely supported by the testimony and that some of the alleged defects are of serious nature and require immediate attention.

It was a tired but happy Campion who arrived home that night.

On entering the house, he shouted,

'Darling, we've won. They're going to build a new hospital.'

'Congratulations', *hugging him.*

'That's wonderful; you must be very pleased.'

'I am, but I am very sad that we had to lose so many patients before they agreed. What do I say to the families?'

Later that day, he contacted Lindo.

'Have you heard? We won.'

'Well done, I knew you would.'

Their son Stanley was growing up fast and was going to be taller than his father. He had continued to show an interest in the natural world and took every opportunity to accompany Campion to the clinic. One day after they had returned from the clinic and were discussing the patients, he asked?

'Dad, why do so many mothers lose their babies before they are old enough to be born?'

It was a question that had challenged Campion. Usually when it occurred, he didn't know the reason. But he knew what a tragedy it was for the family; the mother tended to blame herself although it was rarely her fault.

'Darling,' Campion said at breakfast after Stanley had gone to school. Eliza and he were sitting in their new kitchen overlooking the garden. It was the only time that they were certain to meet each day as Campion was fully occupied at the hospital or his rooms for most of the day.

'We need to talk about Stanley's future.'

'I thought that was already decided, certainly as far as he is concerned.'

'Yes I know but are you happy for him to go to London, to Guy's?'
Travel to England was still very basic and dangerous.

'I'm not happy but he wants to be a doctor and going to Guy's like you did, does makes sense.
Would you be able to go with him? 'I don't want him to go alone.'

Chapter Nine:- Stanley goes to Guy's Hospital

In 1892, at the age of 19, Stanley and his father travelled to England on the SS Ruahine, sharing a cabin. It was an opportunity for some really valuable time together. Sitting on the deck after breakfast, Stanley listened as his father told him about his early life on Norfolk Island and later how seeing a young woman lose her baby, convinced him to study and treat Women's' Diseases.

Shivering and sneezing and with runny noses, Campion and Stanley arrived to a wintery London. So many memories of his own student days were brought back as he and Stanley entered the Medical school at Guys. Many of the staff remembered him and greeted him warmly. But there was an atmosphere of gloom.

Cholera was raging in Europe and there was fear that it could cross the channel and spread to England. It was the fifth epidemic that had struck Europe, but happily the British Isles was spared. It was during that time that Robert Koch isolated the *Vibrio Cholerae* and helped to form the Germ theory of disease.

Having enrolled Stanley and arranged his digs, It was time for Campion to return home. It was a sad farewell.

Stanley found life in London very different from home. Everything was so huge and distances were so long. Fortunately his digs were close by, within walking distance of the Medical School. He shared them with Michael, a student who was studying medicine at St Thomas's another Medical School. They arranged to meet on Sundays and spend the day together.

At breakfast, Michael asked,

'What shall we do today?'

After a discussion they settled on Lincoln Inn Fields. Arriving at Holborn, they turned into Sardinia Street and then they could see the square beyond, the largest Public square in London.

'The Royal College of Surgeons is on the right hand side,' said Stanley. 'It was founded in 1800 and is the independent professional body that promotes and regulates the standards of surgical and dental care in England and Wales.'

They recognized the building with its four floors built in the Regency style and faced with Portland Stone. Its entrance was flanked by six marble columns topped by Ionic capitals.

'Let's go and visit it?'

As they entered the high-ceilinged vestibule, they left behind the noise of the city. Looking around they saw a sign to the Hunterian Museum. They entered a corridor on either side of which were high glass-fronted cases containing anatomical specimens. Originally collected by John Hunter, it had been added to over the years.

Chapter Ten:- 1896 President of the Intercolonial Medical Congress

Eliza was in the kitchen when she heard the front door open.

'Is that you Campion?' she called.

'Yes dear, and I have some wonderful news.'

Coming into the hall, they kissed.

She looked tired, he thought, probably that time of the month. Women have such a tough time with their bodies.

'Hi Dad.' two female voices in unison.

'Hello Edith, Hello Ethel, you're home early.'

'Yes, we had a half day. We are reorganizing the office.'

Surrounded by his wife and two daughters, he boasted,

'What a lucky man I am, to be surrounded by my three lovely ladies. The only person missing is Stanley, I wonder how he is?'

For a moment he thought about his own experience in his first year at Medical School. It was tough, getting to know your way around.'

'Come on Dad, what's your news?' shouted the girls.

'Something special; I've been elected President of the Fourth International Medical Congress. It will be the first time it has been held here in Dunedin. It's going to be here in four years' time. They crowded round, hugging him.

'Darling that's wonderful,' said Eliza.

'Wives and families are invited. Buy yourself new dresses. You'll have a wonderful time meeting the wives of the other Governors. They will be coming from all over, from Australia, Tasmania and British New Guinea as well as our own Governors. It's a pity, Stanley won't be here.

.....

Time rushed by and before he knew it, it was Christmas. Eliza had arranged a short break for the whole family. It would be the first time they had holidayed together. A friend had a cabin on the plain below Mount Cook on the western side of South island.

Initially Campion was reluctant to go.

'Darling, I have so much work to do. Why don't you and the girls go ahead and if I can I will join you?' He was beginning to prepare for his presentation for the Congress meeting in February.

'Campion, just come for a week. It will do you a power of good getting away, you need to relax.'

Reluctantly, he agreed and on the day, they set off just after dawn. After some hours of travelling along roads that were potholed and muddy in places, they saw the cabin in the distance. Leaving the main road, they took a winding path upwards until they reached a flat plain. After a short walk they reached it, a single storey building with two rooms, basic but adequate. An outdoor fireplace served as their kitchen.

Fortunately the weather was kind and they were able to go out every day and explore their surroundings. Bird life abounded and they recognised Alpine parrots, hawks, pigeons and many other species. In the early mornings they were often visited by wild goats and red deer. Not far from the cabin was a small mountain stream in which they could bathe. It was very cold but refreshing.

After a few days, Eliza could see that Campion was getting restless and not sleeping.

'Darling, I need to get back to Dunedin,' he said one morning at breakfast.

'Campion dear, we have only been here a short while.'

'Darling, I feel rested and I'm ready to get back to work. Why don't you and the girls stay a bit longer?'

Returning home from the holiday, Eliza hardly saw Campion as he would disappear into his study as soon as he had returned from the hospital, working on his speech.

At breakfast, some days later,

'How is your speech going?'

'Not very well. I need a theme, something to stimulate their imagination. All the senior doctors will be there. It needs to be provocative but also realistic.

I wonder, I recently read a speech by Sir Douglas Galton, half cousin to Charles Darwin. It was at the British Association for the Advancement of Science. He was talking about the recent advances in Science. It gave me an idea. I could talk about the recent advancements in Medicine; so much is happening. We are living in a wonderful time.'

'That sounds very exciting. I think that would be very interesting.' What would you call it?'

'Mmm, what do you think about -*The additions made in the last forty five years in the history of the Scientific method?*'

Sitting at his desk and not certain where to begin, Campion began fiddling with his stethoscope. He suddenly stopped and looked at it, marvelling at its simplicity and yet its versatility. It was developed in

1816 by Rene Laennec, a French Physician, for listening to the heart sounds, the sounds of breathing and with a modification, foetal heart sounds. It became an essential part of the doctor's equipment. No doctor would be without it.

He looked around his room and then saw his microscope, that was invented in the 17th C. He was now beginning to recall other disciplines;

Modern Pharmacology, the study of medicines and drugs was now an accepted science;
Experimental Physiology- by Claude Bernard- Le Milieu interieur - the constancy of the body's inside; Physiology of the ductless glands (the Endocrine system).

The list went on and on. His pen began to fly as he wrote the first brief of his speech. Ideas flooded in. So many new developments that had made more medicines available and surgery safer.

Slowly the talk began to take shape. He listed all the advances that had occurred in his lifetime and was amazed how many there were.

- a) Developments in the use of Instruments- the thermometer (1740), the Stethoscope, (1819) , Sphygmograph (1881), Microscope (1590), Haemocytometer (1875), Spirometer (1854), Urinometer (17th C), Ophthalmoscope (1870) and the Laryngoscope (1829)
- b) Advances in Medical Science- Chemistry, Stereo-chemistry, Materia Medica->Pharmacology,
- c) Experimental Physiology: Nervous System,
- d) Physiology of the ductless glands; the Thyroid, Pituitary, Adrenals, Pancreas.
- e) Discovery and Progress of Bacteriology- Pasteur- inoculation for Smallpox,
- f) Antioxidants-Immunity-inoculation,
- g) Cancer-? germ theory,
- h) Advances in Education-to meet the vast changes? Introduction of Studies in Chemistry, Physics, Anatomy, Physiology, and Biology,
- i) The lack of contact between our Hospitals and our Medical Schools. Our hospitals are under a control which has nothing to do with the University. Each should be the handmaiden of the other,
- j) *A healthy mind in a healthy body.* Public Hygiene - The establishment of a Department of Public Health.

On Monday 3rd February 1896, the Fourth Intercolonial Congress, held at the University of Otago in Dunedin opened. About eighty members were present including the Governors of New Zealand, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia, Tasmania, Western Australia and British New Guinea. Also the Chancellor of the New Zealand University and the Chancellor of the University of Otago.

Eliza and Campion were received by the outgoing President, Dr P S Jones of Sydney Australia. She was wearing a long frilly dress over a corset and petticoat topped off by a flowery hat. He was wearing a double-breasted frock coat, a short waistcoat and straight trousers in a dark heavy material.

On arrival, the members were enrolled in the Library before moving to the Chemistry Lecture Room where the lectures would be given. Dr Batchelor, the President, on entering was given a huge round of applause. He thanked the members and expressed *his heartfelt gratitude at the great honour which had been conferred upon him*. He pointed out that it was the first occasion that the Medical men of Australasia had convened for the purpose of a Congress within these islands.

Then they proceeded to deal with administrative matters.

.....

That afternoon, Dr Campion Batchelor, the President, presented the Inaugural address by thanking Lord Glasgow, His excellency the Governor of New Zealand and reminded members that it was the fourth Meeting of the Intercolonial Medical Congress. Having chosen to speak on The Present and Prospective Conditions of Medical Education, he asked the question.

'Is Medicine an Exact Science?' He answered it by saying that -

'It cannot be an exact science until all the causes and effects in connection with the human frame are clearly understood.' Then he proceeded to describe the additions and developments of Medical Knowledge in the last quarter of a century. In doing so he referred to a talk given by Sir Douglas Galton, President of the British Association a year earlier in which he directed the attention of the audience to advances made in Science in the last 45 years.

Finally, he concluded that we today are privileged to be living in such momentous times.

'Thank you.'

There was a pause and then the audience erupted. Standing they gave him tumultuous applause.

.....

On the other side of the world, Stanley was in the Guy's Hospital medical library when a fellow student came up to him.

'I've just been reading the latest edition of the Lancet. There's an announcement about a Medical Congress meeting in Dunedin. Didn't you come from there?'

'Yes I was born there. What does the article say?'

'It says that Dr Campion Batchelor is giving the Presidential address. Is he a relation?'

'Yes, he's my father.'

In 1897, Stanley was awarded the Conjoint LRCP, MRCS and went on to complete a Gynaecological house job with Dr Alfred Lewis Galabin, a renowned Gynaecologist, He was the author of 'The Aetiology of Puerperal Fever', an Hunterian ovation given in 1887, 'Disease of Women' and 'A Manual of Midwifery'.

They first met in the Gynae clinic. Stanley was nervous. He had heard that Dr Galabin was a forbidding figure with a heavy dark beard and moustache and had been warned that the Doctor could be very forthright in his comments. In fact he turned out to be very quietly spoken and almost shy.

On their meeting, Stanley introduced himself:

'Good Morning Sir, my name is Stanley Batchelor, I am your new Houseman?'

'Batchelor? That name's familiar. Are you related to Dr. Campion?'

'Yes Sir, he is my father.'

'I am a great admirer of his, I have closely followed his struggle to establish *Diseases of Women* as a distinct Surgical Speciality.'

Stanley later learned that Dr Galabin was the first clinician to insist that Obstetrics be considered a Surgical Speciality and that he would only appoint doctors with surgical training.

Later Stanley received a letter from his parents.

Many congratulations Stanley. We are very proud of you. What are your plans? We would love to see you back here in Dunedin..

He replied,

Thanks Mum and Dad. I want to be a surgeon like you, Dad, so am working for my FRCS.

By 1901. Stanley had passed the FRCS and began working as the RSO at the Qasr El Eyni Hospital in Cairo. It was a two year post. He phoned his parents with the good news.

Chapter Nine:-Stanley returns to Dunedin

It was a joyous Stanley who stepped off the boat and was hugged by his father.

'Welcome home Stanley, your mother and I have missed you.'

Stanley was now living at home with his parents when a position at Dunedin Hospital was advertised. He applied for it.

At breakfast one morning, Campion looked up from his cereal and asked,

'Stanley, what are you doing today?'

'Nothing much, some reading and a few letters to write, why?'

'I'm in the rooms this morning. Why don't you come and join me? You can bring me up to date with Galabin's recent work on Gynaecology.'

'Thanks Dad, I would love to.'

On arrival, the two were greeted by Lindo who shared the rooms.

'Good morning Campion. Who is this?'

'You remember Stanley, my son?'

'Yes indeed; Hello Stanley, how nice to see you back here in Dunedin. Your Dad told me you have just passed the FRCS, Congratulations. What are your plans?'

'I am looking for a job at Dunedin Hospital in Obs and Gynae.'

'Following your father's footsteps?'

'Yes, I suppose you could say that.'

At that moment the door opened and a young woman entered. She was Lindo's niece.

She had dark hair and light brown eyes.

'Dad, Oh!' she blushed.

'Flossie, you remember Stanley?'

They had met many years earlier when they were both much younger.

'Yes, Stanley, how do you do?' She said, reaching to shake his hand.

'How do you do,' he stuttered, shaking it. It was soft and smelled of Lavender.

'Stanley, why don't you take Flossie into the other room so that Lindo and I can get on with seeing patients?'

The two young people went into the other room and after a while peals of laughter could be heard.

They seemed to be getting on well, Campion thought.

It was love at first sight and within three months they were engaged. Their marriage took place at St Paul's Pro-Cathedral on Tuesday 15th December 1903. It was performed by the Bishop of Dunedin and assisted by Rev Hubert Jones. The reception was held at the residence of Mrs Lindo Ferguson, the bride's sister.

Soon after, Stanley was appointed as Consulting Surgeon at Dunedin Hospital, where he would specialize in Diseases of the Thyroid.

By 1905 John Stanley, their first son was born -they would have three sons and a daughter.

Chapter Ten- In 1907 Dr and Mrs Ferdinand Stanley attend a Garden party

It was a fine spring Sunday afternoon. The Batchelor family had been invited to a Tennis party given by a local hostess Mrs Butterworth.

Stanley was impatient to leave home. He hated being late for an invitation.

'Florence darling, are you ready, we're going to be late?'

'Darling, I'm coming, I won't be a moment.'

She was being helped into her corset by her maid. She had put on some weight so it was a bit of a struggle. Eventually she was dressed and joined Stanley who was waiting outside, smartly dressed in a dark suit, waistcoat and tie. They stepped into their waiting carriage. It was a ten-minute drive to their host's home, a large detached mansion situated in the hills overlooking the harbour. Alighting they walked towards the front door.

'Good afternoon, Madam, Sir,' said the butler. 'Please follow me?'

It was the first time Stanley had been to the house and was very impressed, noting the fine brick work, the wooden shutters on the windows and the Portland stone steps leading into the house. One day we will have a house like this, he said to himself.

They followed the butler into the garden. An area of grass had been marked out as a tennis court. Two young men were playing. Loud cries of, 'well hit sir,' could be heard.

Mrs Butterworth was waiting to receive them.

‘Welcome to our small gathering. What a delightful frock you are wearing, Florrie, the colours perfectly match your fine complexion.’

‘What a lovely garden you have made.’

‘Yes, it’s a new hobby of mine. You must let me show you the Greenhouse later. Now come and meet some friends.’

They meandered among the guests, some of whom Stanley recognized as his patients.

Chapter Eleven-John is growing up

Their son John, too young to be invited to the party, was left at home in the garden. He was crouching near a hole in the ground, engrossed looking for wild rabbits. Earlier he had seen a rabbit enter it and was now waiting, hoping to see it reappear. The boy shivered. He had woken at sunrise, excited. It was the first day of the summer holidays. There were weeks of exploring laying ahead.

Suddenly he saw a movement; a small nose appeared, its whiskers twitching. He waited, hardly able to breathe as he watched it creep from its burrow until it was standing no more than three feet from him. He could see its fluffy fur coat, its small pursed lips and deep set eyes darting here and there. Sniffing the air, the rabbit was pondering whether it was safe to leave the safety of its burrow to seek for food. John felt a sneeze coming on and tried to stifle it but the slight sound of his efforts was enough. The rabbit heard it and bolted back to safety.

At that moment, he heard his parents coming into the house from the Tennis party.

‘Father! Father!’ he shouted as they entered. ‘I saw a rabbit.’

Coming into the garden, his father called out,

‘Where son?’

‘By the hedge at the side of the garden. It was amazing. I sat watching it and then it heard me and was gone. Father do you have a book on rabbits?’

‘Yes, I think so. Let me see?’ John followed his father into the study, a place which always excited him. The smell of wood polish greeted him, shiny brown mahogany bookshelves lined its walls. John loved to roam around, touching the leather spines of the books. Occasionally he and his father would sit together on the floor examining one, looking at the pictures. John was not yet a good reader, so most of the time he listened as his father read.

Reaching up onto one of the shelves, his father called,

‘Yes John, here, there’s a book called the ‘Story of the Rabbit’, let’s see what it says.’

He began to read:

Rabbits are small mammals in the Leporidae family of which there are over 300 species. They were originally introduced to New Zealand in the 19th century as a source of food and for sport (hunting) but soon their numbers became uncontrollable and are now seen as a pest.

‘That’s sad, they look so friendly and harmless,’ said John.

‘I know but they destroy crops and cost the farmers thousands of pounds. We are now sorry we let them in but it’s too late.’

.....

Chapter Twelve- Campion gives a controversial Speech

The year is 1909; Campion is nervous. He has been invited to give the main speech at the annual meeting of the Society for the Promotion of the Health of Women and Children. It will be well attended and he knows many of his views are controversial, but he is not someone to shy away from controversy.

After a warm introduction, he stood at the lectern and glancing at his colleagues, posed the question:

‘Are the present conditions of life as lived by a large proportion of the young women of this Dominion, favourable to what I most emphatically assert is the main function of womanhood, the raising of a healthy and vigorous race?’

'Is it not, rather altogether, pushed into the background, and made a totally secondary consideration, and is not her success in some profession which ensures immediate emolument, looked upon as the first and main object of life for the majority of our girls?...'

He paused to let the point sink in and then continued.

'My contention is that essential physiological principles are being totally ignored, and that our present educational system encourages and invites young women to enter a course of study for which Nature never intended for them, and which undoubtedly, in a considerable number of cases, is followed by an inadequate development of those organs and functions which are characteristic of healthy womanhood.' - (Applause.)

Encouraged he continued;

'Up to a certain age, say, to the twelfth or thirteenth year, boys and girls can work and be taught together in the same classes with advantage, the girl, on the whole, probably being the brighter and more conscientious in her work, but after that age their course of study should absolutely diverge.'

'Physiology teaches us that the stress of the development of certain organs and functions in the female lays an enormous strain on her constitution. While moderate exercise and development of her mental powers are beneficial, an undue tax on them tends in not a few cases to a failure in development in her physical characteristics, and often to a breakdown in both directions.'

He heard hissing in the audience. He knew that some of his ideas were controversial.

'When we see young women attending University, entering professions, eager to obtain clerkships, office-work, and typewriting, and when the work in our factories is largely conducted by female labour, one cannot but realise that our social evolution is . . . diverging further and further from the home life which promotes the rearing of a healthy population.'

A smattering of applause;-

'When these young women marry, what is their subsequent history? If there is a family at all, instead of childbirth being a normal physiological process, we find in a large proportion of cases, the process becomes an absolutely pathological one, so that the percentage of normal unaided deliveries attended by the doctor in our large towns is decreasing.'

Although opinion about the potential of women in Medicine had been changing, Campion continued to hold the view that women were not capable of taking on the demands of a medical career; that it was too much for the female mind and body, that they were best suited to a domestic role caring for their husbands and nurturing their children.

So he was not surprised to learn that Dr Emily H Siedeberg, the first female doctor to qualify at Otago Medical school in 1896 had commented unfavourably about his talk.

Reading the Otago Daily Times at breakfast the following morning, the headline caught his attention. *Dr. Emily H. Siedeberg takes exception.*

'Darling' he shouted to Eliza. 'Look at this. I'm in the newspaper. Dr Siedeberg has commented.'

'Good, isn't that what you wanted?'

'I suppose so.'

'What does she say?'

'Let me read it to you.'

'With my views on marriage, she is in hearty agreement but she disagrees with me about the harmful effects of education on women. She quotes her own experience. Finally she challenges me to produce one case of a woman who has had a permanent breakdown during the course of her studies?'

'Well can you?'

Campion didn't answer. It was something he had assumed

Chapter Thirteen- Campion enrolls in the Army

News had reached New Zealand of the outbreak of WW1. Eliza could see that Campion was agitated.

'What is it, Campion, why are you so uneasy?'

'It's the war, I must do something.'

'No, you mustn't, you've done enough, let the younger ones volunteer, not you.'

But he couldn't rest. One morning, after breakfast and without telling Eliza, he walked into the recruiting office in Dunedin and spoke to the Officer whom he knew personally.

'I want to enlist,' he said.

'Campion, you are retired. You have done your duty.'

But he wouldn't accept no.

'If you won't enrol me, I will go to the Minister. We need doctors and I am still capable.'

In October 1914, with the rank of Honorary Lieut-Colonel, he departed with the new Expeditionary force to the Gulf arriving to find very primitive medical resources. He was received with open arms by the local army doctors.

'We are facing a serious situation,' they explained.

Campion could see their tired and ragged state.

'What's the problem?' It soon became clear to Campion what they were so worried about.

'Let's sit down and see what is needed.'

The camp was situated near the city of Cairo to which the soldiers went for recreation. They soon found the brothels and Syphilis became a serious problem. Penicillin was yet to be discovered. The treatment available at the time, which was very effective, was an injection of Salvarsan and Mercury.

Campion decided to find out for himself. Accompanied by two officers, he went into Cairo after dark and soon found the red light region. The streets were crowded with young women offering their wares. There were many eager young recipients - his soldiers on leave. His first act, which was initially highly unpopular, was to put Cairo off bounds.

'You can't do that!' the officers insisted. 'We will have a riot.'

Smiling he replied,

'I am not trying to stop the men having fun, we just need to vet the women and only allow those who are disease-free to be frequented.'

He immediately set up a clinic to treat the affected ones. Soon the women from the city heard about it and began to drift in for treatment. It was the first time that someone had understood their plight and had done something to help them.

In a letter home to Eliza, he wrote,

I am glad I decided to enrol. I found the medical situation in Egypt was dire. Our soldiers were being decimated by disease. They needed an experienced Medic to help. But life is very hard. I am working long hours with poor accommodation. What, with the poor diet and Mosquitoes, I will be pleased when this is all over.

The long hours, crowded accommodation, Mosquitoes and poor nutrition soon began to take its toll. Campion's health began to fail and he returned to Dunedin in poor health. He struggled with his walking, only able to go a short distance. Eliza did what she could to help him but he gradually became bed-bound and died a year later. \

Chapter Fourteen:-Campion dies aged 64

Campion's funeral in 1915 was a very solemn occasion. The Funeral Procession was led by his son Ferdinand Stanley who was by then a trainee Surgeon at Dunedin Hospital.

A huge crowd had assembled at the local church to pay their respects. Family, friends, medical colleagues and patients, all came to say goodbye. Campion's coffin strewn with flowers was placed in front of the dais on which the bishop and the family were seated. Gradually the hall filled up and then waiting for silence, the minister rose and walked to the front of the stage.

'Dear Friends, before we begin the service of remembrance for our beloved brother, Ferdinand Campion, his son Stanley would like to say a few words.

Stanley, pale and drawn, stood up and walked slowly towards the dais. He waited for a moment, trying to compose himself. Fighting back tears, he took a deep breath and began.

My dear family and friends,

My father died as he would have wanted; in the service of others. He came to Dunedin as a young doctor committed to the care of others, with a special interest in the Diseases of Women. From an early age, he had seen the failure of the medical profession to understand the unique needs of their female patients. Having qualified as a surgeon, he was appointed Lecturer in Midwifery in the Otago Hospital and Gynaecologist at the Dunedin hospital where he specialized in Abdominal surgery.

He was tireless in his fight for safer and cleaner hospitals and as a result of his demands, a commission of enquiry into the conditions at Dunedin Hospital was carried out. It revealed the appalling state of the wards, the kitchens and the Operating Theatres. His insistence resulted in all being upgraded. In time a new and safer hospital was built.

His special qualities and indomitable energy enabled him to search for and always keep up to date with the latest developments in Medicine and Science.

His greatest joy was to be elected President of the Intercolonial Medical Congress here in Dunedin in 1896. Always searching to improve medical care, he typically chose to talk about 'Recent advances in Medical developments' in his Presidential address. As an indication of his keen interest in Disease of women, he was also Chair of the Gynaecology section.

Finally, it was characteristic of my father to be ready to help those in need. So when WW1 broke out, he came out of retirement and enrolled in the army. He was sent to Egypt to look after our soldiers there. The long hours and the poor living conditions soon took their toll and he returned, a broken man. He never recovered and died a year later.

Sadly, he was not spared to see the opening of the new addition to the Medical School for which he did so much. I know that everyone here will have their own warm memory of his skill and kindness.

As he looked around and saw the enormous respect and love that the community felt for his father, Stanley realised for the first time what a privilege it was to have been the son of such an extraordinary father. But he also knew that it gave him the responsibility to carry the family's name forward. At that moment, he assumed the stewardship of the family. Then standing silently for a moment, he bowed his head towards the coffin, returned to his seat and sat down beside his wife and his son John. She took his hand. He turned to smile at John who was fighting back his tears.

'Father, Grandpa is in heaven,' he stammered. 'He is looking down on us. We need to be strong and make him proud of us.'

The following morning, when he went into Dunedin Hospital, Stanley was overwhelmed by the expressions of admiration and love for his father. Later that day he made his way to the Batchelor Building in Stuart Street.

He was greeted by Sir Lindo. The two sat for a while talking about Campion.

'Stanley, your father was a remarkable man. I learned so much from him. He searched tirelessly for new treatments, which others then used. This often made him unpopular but that never deterred him.'

Chapter Fifteen:- John goes to Christ's College, Christchurch.

The years flashed by and John grew taller and stronger. It was 1918, his 13th birthday. The war in Europe had just ended and New Zealand was counting the cost of so many lost lives. Excited, he was opening his presents over breakfast when his father spoke to him.

‘John, Mum and I have been talking about your education. We need to think about your future.’ We have decided that it is time to send you to boarding school. We would like you to go to Christchurch, the same school that your Grandfather and I went to.’

John looked up, surprised.

‘I know it's a long way from home but once you are there you will love it.’

Their decision came as a bombshell. John had always assumed that he would continue at school in Dunedin where he lived. He had made many friends and loved the open countryside where he used to roam.

‘Why do I have to go to a new school? I'm happy where I am. I don't want to leave my friends. Please Mother and Father, I don't want to go to a new school,’ he wailed. ‘I'm happy here, why must I go?’

But his father insisted.

‘John, your Grandfather and I went there. It will give you a good start in life.’

Despite his remonstrations, he was enrolled as a boarder at Christ's College, Christchurch. It was a well-respected school founded in 1850 and was the oldest independent Anglican school in the country. Located in the centre of Christchurch, it overlooked Hagley Park and the Avon river,

At last, the day to leave arrived. John woke up and suddenly remembered. He had hoped that somehow it would never come and he could continue at school in Dunedin. Dressing, he steeled himself for what was to come.

At breakfast his mother offered,

‘I'll come and help you pack after I have cleared away the breakfast things.’

But his father intervened.

‘No mother, he must do it himself. He is a big boy and needs to learn to become independent.’

Leaving home for the first time was unnerving. He walked around his room deciding what to take. He had finished packing his clothes; the school had given him a list of what he should take, but what about the other things, his books, and his toys? There was no mention of those. What about his teddy? He still slept with him by his side.

Reluctantly, he dragged himself downstairs carrying his suitcase.

‘What way are we going, Father?’ John asked.

‘I think we should take the coastal road. It's about 350 Kilometres to the city of Christchurch, a bit longer than the motorway but much more scenic.’

With tears and hugs, he said farewell to his mother.

‘Look Father,’ John shouted as they crossed the Waitaki Bridge. Two hours later they could see the skyline of Christchurch and one hour later they were entering the city. The first sight of the school was very impressive, Tall Gothic columns surmounted by spires created a striking skyline. It was designed by the architect Samuel Charles Farr who won the commission in a competition.

Having never been away from home, John found life at boarding school very stressful. He couldn't get used to the idea that he had to wear the same uniform as everybody else and that he had to sleep in a dormitory with twelve other boys. He was shy, hated to get undressed in front of others and was horrified by the communal showers but that soon passed. Being taller than most of the other boys, he had one advantage, he didn't suffer bullying which was commonplace. In fact his height was a real advantage. Almost immediately he was selected to play Rugby. He was an ideal second row forward. He told his Father about the first time he tried to play.

‘Father, it was hilarious. I was told to stand behind the three players in the front row and then shown how to bend down and put my head between the hips of two of them at the same time holding on to the other second row forward. After a while, I got the knack and it was quite comfortable. I think I am going to like Rugger.’

It was soon after that he made his first try. It was a Junior away match at Otago Boys High School. During the second half, Otago were a try ahead when John received the ball from a throw-in. Seeing

the open field to his right, he set off dodging the opposition until he had reached the ten-yard line. Passing the ball, he followed waiting for the return pass which he received just under the posts, allowing him to lunge forwards and place the ball down. A great cry of 'Try' could be heard from the Christchurch supporters. John went on to score two more tries assuring Christchurch of victory. The news got back to his parents and the following day he was called to the head's study to be told that his parents had phoned to congratulate him. Soon he was elected Captain of the Junior side.

It was at Christchurch that he continued his interest in nature and in particular wild life. The time passed quickly and the summer holidays soon came around. As was their habit, he and his father often took long walks in the surrounding countryside. They followed well-trodden paths through farming land and forests, talking about what they were seeing. It was early summer and birdsong accompanied them. They always carried their binoculars hoping to see a rare one. Suddenly John whispered.

'Look Father, on the branch over there. I think it is Grey Warbler. Listen, it's trilling.' He said, 'making that wonderful warbling sound.'

'I think you're right. I can see its white-tipped tail.'

They walked on and came to a clearing.

'Let's have our lunch here?'

But in the sixth form, when he had to decide Science or The Arts; he chose the former. He would study Biology, Physics and Chemistry. These were the subjects needed to pass the 1st MB, the preliminary stage to becoming a doctor.

On learning about his decision, his father asked him about it.

'John, I know you have always been interested in the countryside and wildlife so why did you decide to study medicine, wouldn't being a Vet be more appropriate?'

'Father, I thought about that but I felt compelled to continue the family tradition of Medicine. I wanted to follow in your and Grandpa's footsteps.'

Chapter Fifteen:- Ferdinand Stanley goes to the Mayo Clinic

The year was 1922. Stanley was restless. His career seemed to be at a standstill. Alone in his study, he was sitting at his desk staring at the sky. Always needing to be at the leading edge of his subject, he wanted to find out what was going on in Obstetrics and Gynaecology outside of New Zealand. But how? Reading the latest journals was not enough. In them he learned what surgeons had done in the past. He wanted to know what his colleagues were doing now. Then his eye alighted on an article from the Mayo Clinic. He had heard his colleagues talking about the hospital. It had a growing reputation; at the cutting edge of Medicine.

That's it, he thought. I need to visit the Mayo Clinic. It was fast becoming the foremost centre of Medical excellence. He checked the address; Rochester USA. It could be the right time to go as foreign travel was becoming easier.

Florence always knew when Stanley was planning something. He seemed to get very busy, rushing into his office as soon as he got home and always seemed flustered. Then a letter arrived with an American stamp. She said nothing and waited. She knew he always told her in the end, But it was their son John who unwittingly let her know her husband's plans.

John had overheard his father speaking about the Mayo Clinic and decided to find out all he could about the hospital. In the school library, he found a book about its history. It was an extraordinary story.

He learned that it was founded by the Mayo family, a father and two sons, all doctors, and a devout Sister of the Church. But it would never have happened had it not been for a natural disaster. In 1883, a devastating tornado ripped through the small town of Rochester, Minnesota. With an estimated wind speed of between 260-320 miles per hour, it destroyed everything in its path, killing at least 37 people and injuring over 200. At the time the town had no medical facilities or hospitals. Sister Alfred Mary sprang into action. She had seen her colleagues in Indiana providing medical care during the many epidemics that struck that population and knew what to do. She immediately contacted the Mayor and

Drs William and his two sons and together they set up a temporary First-aid Centre in a Library and a Dance Hall.

Later when the disaster was under control, Sister Alfred approached Doctor William Sr., suggesting that a hospital be built and proposing him as its director. She promptly raised the money and a hospital originally called St Mary's Hospital was constructed and opened in 1889. It became known colloquially as the 'Mayo clinic', a name that became official in 1914.

Bursting to tell his father what he had found out, John waited impatiently for him to come home. As soon as he heard his key in the front door, he rushed to him.

'Father, listen to this,' he gushed, words tumbling over words. 'It's an amazing story,' and he began to tell the story of the Mayo Clinic.

'Son, let me get in the house first and then you can tell me all but slow down. They sat together in the fading light while John recounted what he had found out.

New York

Stanley was tired. It had been a tedious journey. He had planned to do some reading on the journey, to catch up on the latest journals; he was full of good intentions but in fact he did little. He hadn't slept well and found the food not to his taste so it was with great relief that he saw the outline of New York Harbour coming into view. Slowly the steamer tied up at the dockside.

He checked the instructions given to him by Dr Mayo. He was to take the train from Pennsylvania Station to St Paul, the neighbouring city to Rochester, where he would be met. It would be a journey of over thirty hours covering a distance of 1000 miles.

Two days later, tired, he alighted from the train and heard his name called.

'Dr Batchelor, Dr Stanley Batchelor?'

Coming towards him was a uniformed guard waving a piece of paper.

'Dr Batchelor?'

He motioned to him. 'Yes, I am Doctor Batchelor.'

'Welcome to St Paul, Sir, the Drs Mayo send their apologies but they are in surgery.'

William Mayo had sadly died and now his two sons William and Charles were in charge.

'Follow me Sir,' he said, taking his luggage. 'I have a carriage waiting that will take you to your hotel. You are booked into the Kahler Hotel, it's within walking distance of the Clinic.'

Later that day, he was handed a handwritten note.

Sorry we couldn't meet you. Hope the room is comfortable. We have arranged a table in the hotel dining room at eight. Looking forward to meeting you.

At eight sharp, Stanley entered the Dining room and looked around. He was immediately dazzled by the brilliance of the huge chandeliers hanging from the ceiling. A waiter approached.

'Excuse me Sir, may I help you?'

'Yes, thank you, I am the guest of Dr William and Dr Charles and have arranged to meet them..'

Before he could continue, the waiter interrupted.

'Yes Dr Batchelor, you are expected. Drs' William and Charles are already seated. Please follow me.'

A table was laid in an alcove. As he approached both gentlemen rose.

'Dr Batchelor, welcome; I am William and this is brother Charles.' They shook hands. 'We are delighted to welcome you. How was the journey?'

'It's a long way but I'm happy I have arrived safely. Thank you for the invitation to visit the clinic. Your fame has travelled far. We in New Zealand have learned a great deal from you.'

'We equally are admirers of your work and that of your illustrious father Dr Campion. Our father was a great admirer of his. Sadly, both are no longer with us.'

Over the next two weeks, Stanley accompanied the brothers on ward rounds and in the Operating Room where they had long discussions about possible future developments. In the OR, between cases, Dr William raised the question of Stanley's talk. It had become the custom to invite all visitors to give a talk to the residents.

'We are all looking forward to your talk this afternoon. You should have a good audience.'

Promptly at 2pm, Stanley entered the auditorium to thunderous applause. He had chosen to talk about his experience with Surgery for Thyroid disease. Tall and thin with a dark countenance, he spoke with a powerful penetrating voice. Scanning the audience he began.

Good afternoon, Doctors, it is a great honour for me to be talking to this illustrious audience, the staff of this world famous institution. I bring you greetings from my Medical colleagues in New Zealand.
He spoke for about forty minutes and received a resounding ovation.

.....
It was Friday the 7th Of July 1922. The time had flown and Campion was ready to return home. Returning to his room in the Kahler Hotel, he finished packing and sat at the desk looking out of the window. It had been a most instructive and enjoyable stay and he needed to thank the Mayo brothers for their kindness to him.

Taking a piece of the hotel headed paper, he began to write. He wanted to tell them how much he had enjoyed the visit and how much he had learned about the work ethos that he had met in the wards and clinics. He wanted to end by reminding them of his invitation to visit him in New Zealand in two years' time for the BMA meeting in Dunedin and assuring them of a warm welcome from many members of the profession.

.....
July 7th 22

To Drs William & Charles Mayo

Dear Drs,

I leave here tomorrow so am writing a line to thank you most sincerely for your great kindness to me -I have enjoyed my stay immensely & have seen & learnt a great deal & everyone has been awfully good to me-one cannot stay here without being stimulated to try & do better work by the enthusiasm & keenness of your splendid workers; to see medicine and surgery practised in the perfect method that is the custom here is an education & an incentive to try & copy it in a very small way & I hope I shall be able to do good in New Zealand by carrying back some of the spirit of your work as well as some of the practice. Many of us in New Zealand will look forward to seeing you there in 24 & you can be assured of a very hearty welcome there from a large number of the profession,

Yours sincerely,

F S Batchelor
.....

Chapter Sixteen:- John at Otago University

At the age of 18, John enrolled on the preclinical course at Otago University. In the entrance hall, was a plaque on which was written:

*Otago University, founded in 1869, the inspiration of Edward Gibbon Wakefield.
At the suggestion of two Dunedin leaders, Thomas Burns and James MacAndrew,
an area of 100,000 acres was set aside.
Opened on 5th July 1871 when the first students were enrolled.*

The auditorium was overflowing when John took his seat. A sea of faces surrounded him: almost one hundred and fifty young men, all aspiring doctors, were eagerly waiting for the Professor of Medicine to appear. He would outline the following year's work, leading up to the 2nd MB examination.

It would be another twenty-four years before women were admitted to study in the Medical School.

Suddenly footsteps could be heard and the hall quietened. A small man in a white coat with a mop of white hair appeared and walked onto the stage.

'Good morning Gentlemen,' he began.

John shifted in his seat, coughs could be heard.

'Welcome to the Introductory Course for the 2nd MB examination.

All heads went down prepared to take notes.

'Gentlemen, please put your pens down and listen. There is no need to take notes as you will be handed a summary of what I am about to say at the end.'

Like a wave, the student's heads raised and listened.

'You are about to embark on a journey of discovery. The beginning of your medical career. a career requiring a life-time of learning. You are faced by two hurdles; the Second and Third MB. You need to pass both to become a doctor. Today is the beginning of that journey. The 2nd MB covers Anatomy, Pathology, Physiology and Bacteriology.'

Much of this was familiar to John as his father had given him a pep talk before he travelled.

.....

John had overslept after the long journey home from Christchurch. It was the summer holiday and he was looking forward to lazing about. Woken by the bright sun streaming through his bedroom windows, he showered, dressed and joined his parents at breakfast.

Coming down the stairs he overheard them speaking.

'I have seen so little of him,' said his mother, 'why can't he complete his medical studies here in New Zealand? We have an excellent medical school and he could live at home.'

'Yes we have,' said his father. 'Wait, I can hear him coming, let's ask him.'

'Good morning John, how did you sleep?'

'Good morning Mother and Father, like a baby. It's so quiet here, so different from college.'

'John, Mother and I were talking about where you will go after you finish 2nd MB at Christchurch. Mother would like you to complete your training here at one of our Medical schools. Do you have any preference?'

John thought for a moment. He knew this question would arise. How was he going to persuade them that he wanted to follow in his father's footsteps?

Finally he blurted it out,

'Can I do my clinical training at Guy's Father, like you and Grandfather did?'

Chapter Seventeen:- 1924-Annual Meeting of the NZ branch of the BMA

Stanley couldn't sleep. He lay awake with a feeling of excitement. Tomorrow was the Annual conference of the New Zealand branch of the BMA. It was established in 1887 replacing the New

Zealand Medical Association. He was looking forward to entertaining Dr and Mrs Mayo. He wanted to reciprocate the hospitality he had received during his 1922 visit to the Mayo Clinic.

At breakfast he was unusually quiet, sitting drinking his tea. Florence smiled to herself. It was going to be an exciting day. She loved to see Stanley in his element exchanging pleasantries with some of the most important doctors in the world. At last she would have the opportunity of meeting his American guests and to thank them.

There would be more than two hundred surgeons and their wives in Auckland attending the conference. The Batchelors had booked into the Imperial Hotel situated on the shoreline at the corner of Fort and Queen Street.

Coming into the Dining room, Stanley spied William Mayo and his wife and immediately went over to greet them.

'William, what a pleasure to see you again and Louise what a delight. May I introduce my wife, Florence.'

'Come Louise,' said Florence shaking her hand, 'let's leave the men to their discussions while you and I get acquainted.'

The two ladies had a great deal in common. Both were mothers and were soon chatting about the latest advice on bringing up children.

The men immediately began discussing the latest advances in Surgery.

After their farewells they arranged to meet at the reception that evening .

Later, bedecked in their finery, the two ladies accompanied by their husbands arrived at the reception. They were greeted with wild clapping as they entered the Auckland conference hall. Few of the members had met Dr Mayo but all knew of his reputation.

Slowly the audience settled in their seats and the formal business began. All were eager to hear Dr Mayo's speech. He was scheduled to talk on 'Recent Advances in Surgical Practice' just after the coffee break.

Rushing back from coffee, the members settled themselves in their seats, A hush fell on the hall as Stanley rose and walked onto the podium. He was met with loud clapping and stamping of feet. Raising his hand for silence, he began.

'Colleagues, Members of the New Zealand branch of the British Medical Association, it gives me the greatest pleasure to present our invited Speaker, Dr William Mayo. His reputation as an innovator is well known, Dr William Mayo.'

Slowly a diminutive figure in a black frock coat took the podium. He looked a very ordinary man and spoke with a humorous Yankee drawl; the applause was rapturous.

Mr President, my dear friend Stanley; Ladies and Gentlemen. It gives my wife and I the greatest pleasure to be here amongst such a distinguished body of medical men.

The applause slowly died down

We are privileged to be living in a time of momentous change. Advances in a wide range of disciplines have had a beneficial impact on our speciality. Today I would like to present some of these, in particular those that concern abdominal surgery.

Then followed a detailed account with drawings on a black board of a wide range of surgical procedures. Dr Mayo concluded by thanking the audience for the privilege of speaking to them and thanking Dr and Mrs Batchelor for their kind hospitality.

Chapter Eighteen:-1928 John accepted at Guy's

It was an excited John who rushed into his father's study brandishing the letter.

'Father, Father, look they have accepted me.'

'Congratulations John, of course they would. How could they refuse a Batchelor? You will be the third generation of Batchelors to be trained there.'

Arranging for the journey to England was still difficult. The end of WW1 had left the Allies bankrupt and International travel had been severely disrupted. By 1923, travel from the UK to New Zealand and back was beginning to resume and it was at this time that the young John Batchelor was making the journey to London to enrol at Guy's Hospital Medical School. Leading the recovery was the P & O Steamship Company but only a few ships of its fleet were available as so many had been lost in the war.

Eventually a shared berth was reserved on the Strathnaver on its return journey from the port of Dunedin. Leaving his family and friends was sad and many tears were shed before John mounted the embarkation ladder and began his journey to England and his career in Medicine.

His cabin was on the lower deck with a single porthole providing the only natural light. He was unpacking when there was a knock on the door and a young man was standing there.

'Hi, I'm Michael. I think we are sharing,' he said, offering his hand.

'I'm John, pleased to meet you.'

The cabin had two bunks one above the other attached to one wall.

'Which one would you like?' asked John pointing to them.

'I don't mind. I'll take the top one if that's OK.'

'Sure that's fine.'

They met again at lunch. A group of the young men and women were assigned a table. Both John and Michael were amongst them. John found himself sitting next to a very pretty blonde young woman. Still tongue-tied in front of members of the opposite sex, he sat silently drinking his soup.

Suddenly she spoke, extending her right hand.

'Hi I'm Linda, what's your name?'

John swallowed and said,

'John, John Batchelor.'

'John, what are you travelling to the UK for?'

He hesitated; it sounded as if he was boasting.

'Umm. I'm starting at Med School and you?'

'Med School? Wow! Nothing so exciting, I'm visiting my father. I haven't seen him for a long time since my parents were divorced.'

'I'm sorry that must have been very difficult.'

'It was but I've got over it. I used to hate him but we are now friends. I guess that's the word you would use to describe our relationship.'

They sat in silence and then he said.

'Look, would you like to go for a walk on the deck after dinner?' He could feel his heart pounding.

'Yeah! I'd like that. I need to stretch my legs. I haven't done much exercise recently.'

Having finished eating they parted.

'See you later, I need to go to my cabin,' Linda said, making her way towards the staircase. John watched her as she left, noticing her shapely legs. He felt really excited at their meeting. It was so easy. Why had he always been tongue-tied in front of girls in the past?

He was standing at the bottom of the stairs, when a few minutes later he saw her coming. She had put on a sweater and slacks and looked much older.

'Hi,' she said, taking his hand. 'Let's walk to the front, the bow I mean,' and they set off at a brisk walk. He was aware of the warmth of her hand in his; the wind blowing in his hair and the engines drumming beneath his feet as they made their way towards the bow. It seemed that he had met an angel and walked into a little bit of heaven.

A guard rail extending from side to side restricted their progress. They stopped and stood together, feeling the ship pitching up and down as she ploughed through the waves. It was a moment he would always remember.

There were so many other things he remembered about the voyage:

The tradition of *Crossing the Equator*, a strange practice that required those who had never crossed it before to be ducked fully clothed in the swimming pool.

Visiting Bombay.- Linda and he had decided to go together and arranged to meet at the gangway. A small motor boat was waiting to take them ashore. A local guide met the group and took them to the sights. John's abiding memory of the trip was the poverty, the rubbish and the smell.

Passing through the Suez Canal. This was an unforgettable experience, watching the ship pass along the narrow waterway with its banks no more than five metres away on either side.

All too soon, the journey came to an end as the ship tied up at Tilbury Docks. There was a lot of sadness as friends parted. John sought out Linda and found her on the aft deck.

There were tears in her eyes. He hugged her.

'It's been a wonderful trip, especially meeting you. Thank you for so many happy memories,'

'No, John, you have made my trip so special. Here is my address, let's keep in touch.' They kissed and parted. They never met again.

The reception area at Guy's Hospital medical School was crowded with new applicants when John arrived; some students were with their parents as they waited for their names to be called. He didn't have to wait long before they got to the 'B's'

'John Batchelor,' he heard his name called and walked towards the desk.

'Batchelor?'

The clerk repeated,

'John Batchelor?'

'Yes,' he replied

'Are you any relation to Mr Ferdinand Stanley Batchelor?'

'Yes, he's my father.'

'And Mr. Ferdinand Campion Batchelor?'

'He was my Grandfather.'

'My goodness! you have a lot to live up to.'

He would hear that said time and time again.

Digs

After the formalities had been completed, The clerk asked,

'Do you have any digs?'

'Digs?'

'Sorry, accommodation?'

'No, the invitation letter said that you would find accommodation for me.'

Checking his notes he replied,

'Yes, that's right, of course.'

He reached into his drawer and selected an addressed letter and handed it to John.

It read;

Mrs Clara O'Leary, 23 Mellor Street.

'Mrs O'Leary is very popular. Her house is close by, within walking distance. I will phone her to let her know you are coming.'

John took the letter.

'Thank you.'

He found it easily. The house was on a red brick terrace. He walked up the two steps and rang the bell. He heard footsteps and then the door opened.

A grey-haired, middle-aged lady, wearing a pinafore greeted him with a big smile on her face.

'Mrs O'Leary?'

'Yes my dear, you must be John?'

'Yes John- John Batchelor.'

'Welcome dear, the school said you were on the way. Please come in. Have you come far?'

'Yes, quite far, from New Zealand!'

'That is a long way,'

'You must be tired. Your room is No 4 on the first floor. The bathroom is at the end of the corridor.'

'Come down when you're ready. Tea will be on the big table in the front room. Please help yourself. I have another student called Christopher- you will meet him later.'

London-New Zealand phone call

John couldn't wait to tell his parents his news.

He found the local Post Office and booked a call. Then at the appointed time, he rang his parent's number. There were a lot of crackles and then,

'Hello Mum and Dad,'

'Hello John.' his mother said. *'How are you? How was the journey? Have you found somewhere to live?'*

'Whoa Mum, hang on, I'm fine. Yes to all your questions. How are you both?'

'We're fine,' said his Dad, *'but miss you.'*

'Miss you too. I will write and let you know more.'

'Bye son, take care. Love you,' he heard his Mum and Dad say and then the line went dead.

John at Medical School

The next morning, rising early, he finished his breakfast, thanked Mrs O'Leary and made his way to the Medical School. It was a grey day attempting to rain as he walked the short distance but he didn't notice it. He felt a mixture of excitement and fear when he arrived at the entrance. He met others doing the same as he climbed the stairs and entered. His attention was drawn to a plaque on the wall. He read that Guy's Hospital was established In 1721, by Thomas Guy, a philanthropist, who was concerned about the 'Incurables' who had been discharged from St Thomas hospital, a hospital nearby.

He waited in line to receive his timetable, a small booklet with a picture of the Medical School on its cover.

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Having completed the First and Second MB, John was beginning the third and final stage before qualification as a doctor. Now he was getting down to the real part of medicine, interacting with patients. There would be lectures dealing with specific areas such as Diseases of the Lungs etc., but the main teaching would be conducted in the clinics with four or five students attending each.

He had already done some role play with fellow students acting as patients and doctors but now it was the real thing. Checking his timetable, John saw that he was due to attend the Surgical ward round in the morning and the clinic in the afternoon. On the female ward, he had been allocated two patients, Mrs Copeland with a lump in her breast and Miss Rothers with Varicose veins.

Checking with the nurse at the desk, he found out that Mrs Copeland was in bed 8.

'Good morning Mrs Copeland, my name is Dr Batchelor. I have come to clerk, excuse me, to ask you some questions about your illness.'

'Good morning Doctor, what do you want to know dear?'

'What was wrong that brought you into the hospital?'

'I found a lump?'

'A lump? Where was the lump?'

'It's in my breast, she said, pointing to her left breast.'

'How long had it been there?'

'I don't know, dear, I noticed it about a month ago.'

In the clinic that afternoon, it was his turn to present Mrs Copeland's findings to the Consultant and the other medical students who were attending the clinic. After recounting her history and his findings he was asked.

'What do you think it is?'

He hesitated. It seemed so harmless. It was the first time that John had met Cancer as a lump in the breast, but he knew from his reading how dangerous it could be.

'I think it could be cancer?'

'Why do you say that?'

'It is hard and painless and she found it by chance.'

'What should we do about it?'

'I think she should have it removed and examined under a microscope.'

'Excellent. All breast lumps should be removed and examined.'

Rugby.

Fifteen-a-side Rugby Union was the winter game played by most Medical and Public Schools in the South of England, but above the Watford gap, that invisible line dividing the North from the South, it was thirteen-a-side Rugby League. The scrum, in which eight players from each side locked in a three, two, three configuration, pushed each other to obtain the ball that had been put in the gap between the two front rows, was replaced in the Northern game by two players, the stronger pushing back the weaker to claim the ball.

It was not long before the Hospital Rugby committee, casting their eyes over the new boys for likely talent, spotted John who at the age of twenty-one towered over most of his contemporaries. The game was not new to him having played it back home at Christchurch College.

'He would be ideal for a second row forward,' commented one of the committee.

John was delighted to play for the hospital and it was not long before he had progressed from the junior side to the senior side. In time he rose to be captain of the 1st XV and in 1960, long after he was unable to play, he became President, often acting as touch judge.

It was an excited John who phoned his parents having just passed the Conjoint and qualified with the Conjoint Diploma (MRCS LRCP)

'Mum and Dad I've got wonderful news, I have just heard that I have passed the Conjoint, I'm a doctor.'

'Congratulations son,' they said in unison. 'When are you coming home?'

'I can't come immediately. I have to do a house job then I will.'

He was now a tall, handsome, athletic-looking young man who inspired confidence by his quiet, unassuming and helpful manner. He still had plans to return to his family in Dunedin and follow in his father's footsteps. But he put those plans on hold when he was appointed House Surgeon to Charles Herbert Fogge. It was a prestigious appointment as Mr Fogge was a highly respected surgeon. It was under his guidance that John found his forte, a meticulous attention to detail and an enormous work ethic. It was towards the end of the job that he began to look for the next stage in his career.

Chapter Nineteen:- 1933 RSO PUTNEY HOSPITAL

An opportunity arose that John couldn't resist. He was offered the Resident Surgical Officer (RSO) post at Putney Hospital. The hospital, like many at that time was endowed in the will of a private citizen, Mr Henry Chester. It opened in 1912 with 52 beds. As RSO, he would be the first on call for any patient coming to the Casualty Department. (later called the Accident and the Emergency Department or A & E for short)

Saturday night was party night held in the doctor's residence. Coming off duty and having forgotten about the party, John planned to have an early night. As he walked across the courtyard, he heard the sound of music and laughter. He wasn't prepared to be sociable but now he had no choice. There was no way he could get to sleep with that noise.

'I'll just show my face. Make my excuses and leave.' That was his plan.

As he entered, the bright lights hit him and for a moment he was dazed. He found the bar and helped himself to a beer. As he turned to look at the dancers, he accidentally bumped into someone standing by his side.

'Oh! Sorry,' he said and then turned to look. She was a head shorter than him, with deep blue eyes and fair hair tumbling down the side of her face.

Stumbling over his words,

'I haven't seen you around, are you new?'

'No, but I've seen you. You're the new Surgical Officer, aren't you?'

'Yes, I've just come off duty. What's your name?'

'Marjorie, Marjorie Rudkin.'

'Marjorie Rudkin, would you like to dance?'

Later that night, she crept out of his bedroom, leaving him sleeping and made her way back to the Nurse's Home.

They continued to see each other when their off-duties coincided. It was Marjorie who first knew that he was the one for her. But her parents needed to approve of him so she invited him for the weekend. John was oblivious of her plan.

Several weeks later, following her directions, he arrived at her parent's home, a palatial Georgian residence in Suffolk. It was hidden behind tall trees so he was unaware of its splendour until it suddenly came into view. At first, he thought he had taken a wrong turning, but saw the name on the gates. Somewhat overawed, he parked his car and walked the short distance to the front door. He stood for a minute or two gathering courage and then rang the bell. He heard it chime several times; then footsteps and the front door opened.

'Good morning Sir,' said the liveried butler.

'Good morning, I am Doctor Batchelor, I think I am expected.'

'Yes Sir, Miss Marjorie is in the garden. Please follow me.'

John was amazed at what he was seeing. Following the butler, he walked through rooms hung with rich tapestries, passed antique mahogany chairs and tables on thick Persian carpets. Reaching the open patio doors, he had his first view of the garden. It extended almost beyond view, stretching into the distance. In front was a wide lawn edged with fir trees and in the centre a pond with a stone figure spouting water.

'We are over here,' he heard Marjorie call. She was lying on a chaise longue beneath a brightly coloured sunshade. She was wearing a bathing suit. Jumping up she greeted him with a big hug and kiss. She smelled of lavender.

'How was the journey?'

'Fine, although I got a bit lost and had to ask the way at the local pub. They were very helpful. It's beautiful here.'

'Mum and Dad are out riding. They will be back soon. Come and sit down under the shade. What would you like to drink? We have some iced lemonade.'

'Thank you, that would be fine.'

They sat together in silence and then,

'I have a surprise. I must show you the Maze later, when it gets cooler.'

'The Maze, what is that?'

She smiled,

'I'll take you there and show you. Have you been shown your room?'

'No, not yet.'

'OK then, follow me.'

She got up and he followed her into the house.

'It's at the back.' He followed her up the winding staircase to the first floor and then along a short corridor.

'Here,' she said, opening the door. It was a large room with a big double bed in the centre and huge bay windows overlooked the garden.

'My room's next door,' she winked.

John was confused; he couldn't understand how she could live in a home like this and yet be a nurse. They were in the garden when the sound of horses' hooves interrupted his thoughts.

'That must be mum and dad. Come and meet them.' Marjorie said, taking his hand.

He followed her to the stables where her parents were dismounting from two beautiful grey Bays. John went up to Mrs Rudkin.

'Hello Mrs Rudkin I'm John, John Batchelor. Thank you for inviting me to stay in your lovely home.'

'John, you are most welcome.'

She walked over to her husband still mounted.

'Peter, come and meet Doctor John, our house guest.'

A tall rugged looking man with a profuse moustache dismounted and came towards him.

'Welcome Doctor John, Marjorie has told us so much about you. Please make yourself at home.'

Sometime later, John was in his room writing a note to his parents when the gong for dinner sounded. He finished dressing and made his way downstairs. It turned out to be a very formal affair served in the large dining room. A long mahogany table was set with silver cutlery and crystal glass tumblers. Mr and Mrs Rudkin sat at opposite ends and he and Marjorie faced each other in the middle. Conversation was limited. He realised that meals in the household were a time to eat, not to talk. It was a delicious meal, much better than he would have got in the hospital.

Later on in the evening when her parents had gone to bed, John chose the opportunity to question Marjorie. They were cuddling up in the snug in front of a roaring fire.

'You know darling,' he began. 'I am puzzled. What prompted you to become a nurse and exchange this amazing life for one, living in a single room in a Nursing home?'

'From a very young age, I realised that I had been born with a silver spoon in my mouth. Like many others, I could have just accepted it and enjoyed it but something kept nagging at me. What did I do to deserve it? Slowly I realised that I had been given a privilege, but I needed to justify it, to show that I was worthy of it.'

'I understand that but why nursing?'

'That was just by chance. I was in a cafe when I saw a nurse come in, in full uniform. She looked so proud and everyone greeted her with such respect. I thought that's clearly a job worth doing and, on an impulse, I applied. I didn't think then of living in a single room in a nurse's home but only what a worthwhile job it was.'

'Marjorie, that's a wonderful reason. Has nursing lived up to its promise?'

'Yes, I think so. Things could always be better but I have no complaints. Initially my parents were not pleased with my decision but they could see that I am fulfilled by my choice so they have stopped nagging me to give it up.'

Suddenly she yawned.

'I'm very tired,' she whispered, kissing him. 'Let's go to sleep.' It seemed natural for them to sleep in the same bed.

At breakfast next morning, John reminded Marjorie,

'Have you forgotten? You haven't shown me the Maze; you promised you would.'

'OK, after breakfast, we'll go over there, and I will take you around it. I promise you'll get lost.'

'Are you ready?' Marjorie shouted as they reached the Maze, a network of shoulder high bushes laid out in pathways creating a puzzle. John was intrigued.

'What's it for?' he shouted.

'That's easy, it's a game. The challenge is to find your way out. The entrance is over there,' she said, pointing to a break in the bushes.

'OK, here I go, see you later,' and he set off.

'Good luck, see you later, I hope,' she whispered under her breath.

At first the going was easy, straight paths ending in a right or left turning. John chose right and continued on and reached another crossing. Which way to go? He chose one but after five minutes, it came to a dead end and he had to backtrack. He returned to the same spot and chose another route. Again it ended in a dead end. He was now getting frustrated.

'I'm getting lost,' he shouted.

Marjorie's voice replied from a distance.

'Keep trying, don't give up.'

'OK, this time I'll beat this thing.'

But each time he chose a path, he came to a dead end and he had to start again.'

'Suddenly he heard Marjorie's voice nearby.'

'Where on earth are you?' he pleaded.

'Behind you,' she said and he turned around and to his surprise, she was standing at the end of the path, smiling at him..

'How did you get here?'

They hugged.

'I give up,' he said. 'You win.'

Their marriage was performed in the local Village church. Marjorie and her bridesmaids wore white. John managed to hire some tails in keeping with the formal nature of the ceremony. Standing in front of the vicar, he felt a mixture of happiness and sadness. Happy that he had found the most wonderful woman in the world and sad that his parents couldn't be there to share the occasion.

9/3/1938 There was great excitement in Dunedin as the date for the opening of the Empire Loan Collection of British Art at the Logan Art Gallery approached. The exhibition was founded by Sir Percy Seagood who would open the occasion. It would last for one month before moving on to other galleries.

It was a cold clear day when Stanley and Florence left the house for the opening. Stanley as President of the Dunedin Art Gallery Society was giving the welcome speech.

After a few opening words by Sir Percy, Stanley rose and began by saying what a magnificent collection it was, housed in three Rooms of the gallery. It comprised 72 works of Art many of which have not been seen in NZ before. Works by Turner, Raeburn, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable as well as many others were on display. He invited members of the public to avail themselves of this unique opportunity and visit the gallery again and again in order to be able to fully appreciate the Art works.

On the 11/3/42 Stanley Batchelor Dies

Chapter Twenty:- 1946-Consultant Surgeon to Guy's Hospital

John completed several more hospital jobs and then was appointed Clinical Assistant at Guy's Hospital working with TT Stamm and C Lambrinudi.

It was a prestigious job and he couldn't wait to tell Marjorie. They were now the parents of three children, two boys and a girl. Marjorie had to put her career on hold but planned to return to nursing when the children were older.

'Darling,' he shouted as he came in, 'I've got wonderful news, I got the job.'

They hugged.

'I knew you would, let's celebrate.'

Both of his chiefs were foremost in their careers, meticulous and innovative surgeons. Lambrinudi was ahead of his time. He advanced the Mechanistic concept of orthopaedics emphasizing the role of the skeleton as a machine. Stamm was a meticulous surgeon highly admired for his technical excellence and calm manner.

It was in that environment that John matured and in 1945 at the end of WW2, he joined them as a Consultant and began to develop his own special interests.

Two years later, the first female student was admitted to Guy's Medical School, more than a half a century after New Zealand showed the way!

Firm Dinners

John was late. The list had overrun. Yawning and a bit-light headed, he let himself into the house.

'Is that you John?' Marjorie called. 'Dinners ready when you are. I had to put the children to bed. It was getting so late.'

'Yes, sorry dear, my list overran. We had some problems but we managed to sort them out in the end. The time just flew by. How was your day?'

Marjorie had returned to the kitchen and didn't hear the question.

At dinner, she asked, 'when will your present firm finish?'

'Mmm, in a week's time; thanks for reminding me. We need to arrange a firm dinner. Could you book a table? An Italian would be ideal, they all like pasta.'

Later that week, Marjorie and John arrived at the Italian restaurant and were ushered into a private room where the Residents and the firm were already seated. The conversations stopped as they entered. Automatically they all stood up,

'Good evening everyone,' said John, sitting down at the head of the table with Marjorie at the other end. Please sit, feel at home. Let's forget the hospital for a while and enjoy ourselves.'

Spontaneous clapping broke out but the atmosphere remained slightly strained.

Soon the food arrived and everyone tucked in and relaxed. Andrea, sitting next to Marjorie, plucked up courage.

'Mrs Batchelor, may I ask you a question?'

'Yes, please do.'

'Um, what's it like being married to Mr Batchelor?'

Marjorie hesitated and then smiled. It was a very personal question.

'It's not easy. Although I was a nurse, it didn't really prepare me for a Consultant's life. Batch was a Registrar when we met. But when he came onto the staff, our life changed. He was working all hours and I rarely saw him. Then the children came along and I was busy with them.'

At that moment John stood up and tapped an empty glass for silence. The room quietened.

'I hope you are all getting enough to eat. I know when I was a student, I was always hungry, rushing from one meal to the next.'

-Laughter and clapping-

'I am very pleased to see so many ladies here. It wasn't such a long time ago when they were not accepted,

-Hissing- and laughter

'Happily, that has changed. Orthopaedics is a very demanding mistress but she is very rewarding and I hope that one or two of you may consider it as a career.'

He sat down and there was silence in the room. Suddenly Andrea stood up with a glass in her hand. Looking around at her colleagues, she said,

'I am sure we all agree that it has been a most enjoyable firm and dinner. We would like to toast your health.'

They all stood and raising their glasses, shouted,

'To Mr and Mrs Batchelor, your health.'

Christmas at Guys

A print by H Johnson published in *The Graphic* on January 28th 1882 showed scenes of Christmas festivities at Guy's Hospital. That tradition had continued. As winter crept in and the days shortened, an air of excitement could be felt in the wards. Although every attempt would be made to allow patients home for Christmas, there will be some who because of the severity of their illness or their personal

circumstances cannot be safely discharged. A skeleton medical and nursing staff would remain on duty to look after them.

The senior Medical Registrar (Resident) had by tradition assumed the role of Organiser of the Christmas show and she or he began to discuss the theme. Past popular subjects had included Dickens' Christmas Carol, Robinson Crusoe, Tarzan; all with a Christmas twist.

That year, the theme chosen would be '*Xmas on The Moon*', commemorating the first manned moon shot by Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin on July 20, 1969.

Volunteers were invited to apply for different parts. One would be Father Christmas and the other as his Reindeer assistant. Dressed as Santa Claus, they would be landing on a make-believe moon. Two senior nurses had volunteered and had been accepted for the star roles.

On Christmas day, Marjorie and Batch were rudely awakened at 6 am by cries of-

'Wake up Mummy, wake up Daddy, it's Christmas,'- Three small bundles hurled themselves onto their bed, screaming excitedly.

'What time are we going to the hospital?' They cried out. 'We want to see the pantomime.'

The family arrived in the ward at about ten o'clock and were greeted by Sister Morrison. She was wearing a Father Christmas hat on top of her Nurse's Cap. The children were dressed in Christmas attire.

'Good morning Mrs Batchelor, Good morning Sir, Happy Christmas,' she said, handing them a glass of hot mulled wine. It was very welcome because the day was threatening snow. Meanwhile the children were offered mince pies and hot chocolate. While Mrs Batchelor and the children remained in sister's office, Batch went into the ward and greeted the three patients in bed, unable to be discharged.

'Happy Christmas,' he wished them. 'I hope you have a pleasant day.'

At that moment, the sound of singing could be heard and with the banging of a drum, the Christmas show arrived in the ward. About ten people in various bits of Christmas clothing entered and set up a small stage. A bed was rapidly converted into a small spaceship and with a shout, the mock Neil Armstrong stepped out of the '*spaceship*' onto the floor on which white cloths have been placed to simulate the surface of the moon, saying the immortal words.

That's one small step for a man, one giant leap for mankind.

Everyone laughed and clapped.

Chapter Twenty-one:- Surgical Advances

Congenital Dislocation of the Hip (CDH)

'Good Morning Sister,' Mr Batchelor greeted her as he arrived for the weekly Ward round at Evelina Hospital, the Guys' Children's Unit.

Sister, her trained staff and students were lined up dressed in starched pinafores and caps; the qualified nurses proudly wearing their hospital badges.

'Sister, what have you got for me today?'

'Good morning Sir, we have taken in three more babies with CDH.'

Since hip examination had been included in the routine examination of the newborn, more and more children were being diagnosed with hip disorders.

Mr Batchelor turned to the student who had 'clerked' one of the children.

'Tell us doctor, what used to happen before we introduced the routine examination of the hip in the Newborn?'

'Sir, the parent, usually the mother, would notice that soon after the child began to walk, she, usually a girl, developed a limp. At first this was ignored.'

'It's just the way she is learning to walk,' her friends would say when she expressed concern. It would be some time later at the clinic that the finding would be taken more seriously. A referral to an Orthopaedic Clinic would follow. X-Rays would show that the hip was dislocating.'

'Exactly.'

Turning to another student, he asked.

'Why does it matter?'

'Sir, because if untreated, it would lead to failure in the development of the hip. Pain and limp would develop and in later life the patient would experience the onset of osteo-arthritis.'

John had been interested in CDH since he first read a paper about it as a student during his Paediatric attachment to the Hospital. He had been assigned to a two year-old girl called Rosalind. She was an only child of a single mother. She had begun walking at eighteen months and at first nothing abnormal was noted. Her mother was a cleaner and had left her daughter during the day with her sister. It was the clinic nurse who first noted her limp.

An X-ray had confirmed that the child's left hip was underdeveloped with a poorly formed cup (acetabulum).

The plan was to put the hip back in place and hold it in a plaster cast. John accompanied the child to the Plaster room and held the legs while the plaster cast was applied. It would keep the legs apart so that the head of the hip would stay in it's socket. He had assisted at several plaster applications when he began to question why the plaster needed to be so extensive so that it didn't allow the hips to move.

As he watched, he began to think of an alternative method, one that would still keep the legs apart and the hip stable but would allow them to move. It would be years later that his ideas came to fruition and the Batchelor plasters for CDH evolved and would become the standard treatment for the young child.

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The Adult Hip

One of the Anatomy dissecting sessions in 2nd MB had set John thinking more deeply about the skeleton, the frame on which the human body was hung and in particular the hip, the ball and socket joint between the femur and the pelvis.

Years later he would recall the moment when he realised its vulnerability.

John was still in his study when Marjorie was ready to go to bed. She tapped on the door and entered.

'Darling, it's late, come to bed.'

'Soon dear; just listen to this for a moment. Homo Sapiens' journey from all fours to the upright posture gave him great advantages but also came at a price. The price was paid by an increased strain on the hips and the spine. In the Natural History Museum, there is a skeleton of a horse and a man standing on the stairs half way up to the second floor. It enables the onlooker to compare the alignment of the spine to the hips and the legs in both.

It shows that the pivotal point is the pelvis. In the horse's skeleton, the spine is parallel to the floor and the legs vertical to the spine. In humans, the assumption of the upright posture has required the spine to arch upwards and the lower limbs to hang downward in relation to the pelvis. The femur (the thigh bone) is also extended leaving the front of the femoral head partially uncovered unlike the horse's.

I think that is why we humans have back and hip problems. Both joints are functioning in a less than anatomical way.'

'I see,' she replied, unable to resist a stab. 'Do you suggest we humans return to walking on all fours?'

'OK clever one, you're right; enough! Let's go to bed.'

John continued to think more about the human hip. When afflicted with Arthritis, it could become a source of severe disability with pain and restriction of movement. A limp often resulted, requiring crutches or a frame to get about.

Treatment was initially with pain-killers but as they failed, surgery would be resorted to but as a last resort. Unfortunately the operations available were less than ideal;

-fuse the hip, that is remove all movement. It would relieve the pain but came at the price of a hip with a permanent limp and was not suitable for disease affecting both hips, which was quite common.

- remove the head of the femur and make a false joint. This relieved the pain but left a severe limp; finally if the disease was not too advanced,

- do an osteotomy - divide the bone and re-align it.

In 1959, in his presidential address to the Royal Society of Medicine, Mr John Batchelor began by admitting that *the Surgery of the Arthritic Hip is a baffling problem*. It was the era before Total Hip Replacement revolutionized its management. Everyone was working for a better solution and it came in 1962, too late for Batch's patients. He had by then retired.

The Foot.

Anterior poliomyelitis (Polio) was rampant in the early twentieth century. While its most serious effects were on the chest muscles, paralysing breathing and often resulting in death, it also affected the limbs leading to severe disability. The foot was particularly vulnerable.

Normal weight bearing on the foot depended on muscles controlling its up and down movements and its inversion (turning in) and eversion (turning out); movements. If paralysed, walking would become severely compromised.

An open operation stabilizing the up and down movements of the foot by joining the bones together had been described by Lambrinudi some years earlier. But John thought he could improve on it and began to study its anatomy. He also learned that Grice had earlier described an operation for a similar problem

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The clinic was overbooked and John was feeling stressed. He had told them not to book too many people. It wasn't fair on the patients or the doctors as they didn't have enough time to evaluate each person's problem. But some had often been waiting many months for the appointment, so the clinic was usually overbooked

'Next patient, please,' he called out and watched as a young girl no more than sixteen limped in on crutches followed by her mother.

The doctor's letter said it all.

'Please see this young student who has recently recovered from Polio but has been left with a flail foot.'

Her problem was obvious. The Polio paralysis had left her with no control of her right foot and she was severely disabled. After examining her, he explained to her mother.

'I think you can see that your daughter has recovered well from polio but has been left with a problem of controlling the movements of her left foot.'

'Yes, why is that doctor?'

'The disease has paralysed the muscles that she would normally use to walk and run.'

'Is there anything you can do to help her? She doesn't want to spend the rest of her life wearing, - that thing.'

'A calliper- it's called a calliper. I agree it's not suitable for her.' I think she needs an operation to stabilize, err, to fix her foot.'

Six months later, a smiling student and her mother attended the clinic for the last time.

'Thank you so much Doctor Batchelor,' she smiled. 'The operation has transformed my life. I am so grateful.'

It would not be until 1950 that the Salk Polio vaccination was discovered changing the lives of millions. As a result, Polio became virtually extinct throughout the world.

Back Pain Clinics and Spinal Surgery

Back pain is one of the commonest ailments of mankind yet its management was in the doldrums. It had become the delinquent child of medicine, being managed by a wide range of disparate therapists. Rarely fatal but often disabling, patients were referred to a number of medical specialists, Physicians, Rheumatologists, Neurosurgeons and Orthopaedic surgeons. The afflicted were also seeing Physiotherapists, Chiropractors, Acupuncturists, Homeopaths etc.

No one really wanted to grasp the nettle. All tended to fob the patient off with platitudes and pain killers. Dr John Batchelor, like many others, was aware of the dilemma but felt powerless to attack it until...

He had had a particularly disappointing day; a very busy clinic with a number of patients complaining of back pain but not enough time to deal with them adequately.

Over dinner that night, he was grouching.

'I just don't know how to help my Back Pain patients. They often have very complicated histories and there just isn't enough time in the clinics. So they get short shrift and we don't help them.'

Marjorie was listening. She had really wanted to be a doctor but at that time, Medical schools did not accept women so she had settled for nursing.

Batchelor saw her pursing her lips.

'Marj, what are you thinking?'

'Well, I was thinking, if you don't have enough time in the General Clinic for these patients, why not have a special clinic in which you only see patients with back pain?'

Jack sat back. That's it, he thought. It could work. We could book enough patients to give them say 20 minutes each, roughly 9-10 a session, 18-20 with two surgeons working.

'Darling, that's brilliant; you're amazing' he said, hugging her.

'No dear, just a woman's logic.'

And so the Back Pain Clinic was born.

Suddenly Back Pain was no longer a Cinderella condition. Clinics were set up everywhere. It had taken front stage. New syndromes were defined. The so-called malingerer's back pain was put on a scientific basis. Proper follow-up studies were designed. Back pain sufferers were at last receiving the advice and treatment, they deserved. Later a Society of Back Pain Research was founded in the UK and soon after in 1974 the International Society for the Study of the Lumbar Spine was formed bringing together Back Pain Specialists from all over the world.

Addendum:

The Evelina hospital, a short walk from the main Guy's hospital, was its children's branch. Founded in 1869 by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild as a memorial to his wife Evelina and their child who died in premature labour, it was incorporated into the NHS in 1948.

Batchelor House was built by Campion in 1902 to cope with his increasing medical practice. He shared it with his good friend Dr, later Sir Lindo Ferguson, described as New Zealand's pioneering Ophthalmologist. Ferguson would later become Professor of Ophthalmology and Dean of the Faculty. The first floor housed large Consulting rooms for both him and Sir Lindo. A third room was let to a Dental practice. The remainder of the space was occupied by nurse's rooms, patient's changing rooms and a laboratory and dark room. The latter housed an X-ray machine, one of the earliest in use in New Zealand. After Campion's death, his son Stanley occupied it.

Author's Note

He was in London having returned from abroad when he heard that his old chief John Stanley (Jack) Batchelor, Consultant Orthopaedic Surgeon to Guy's Hospital, was an in-patient at New Cross Hospital,

Guy's elective Orthopaedic Unit. Batch had been a major influence in his career and he owed him an immeasurable debt.

He knew the hospital well, He had worked there for many years, assisting and operating in the theatre and supervising patients on the ward. It had an interesting history. Originally called the Deptford Hospital, it had opened in the 1870s specifically to cater for the Smallpox epidemic that was sweeping the city. By 1877 it had become the largest Smallpox hospital in London. Later it was to care for the wounded of both World Wars. By 1953, with new funding, it reopened as the New Cross Hospital and was closely linked to nearby Guy's Hospital. One of its present roles was to undertake their overflow elective Orthopaedic surgery and this continued until its closure in 1988.

This time his visit was for a more personal reason. He wanted to say hello to his old Chief. He had worked with him from 1962 to 1969 at Guy's Hospital. He wanted to greet him and tell him a little about the debt he owed him. In particular the discipline Batch had taught him and how he had taken his ideas on Back pain and applied them in Leeds, setting up a Back Pain Clinic there.

The ward was quiet when he arrived. It was outside visiting hours. Sister recognised him.

'Hello Mr Nelson, How nice to see you. It's been a long time. How are you? Then she paused and looked uncomfortable.

'Have you come to see Mr Batchelor?'

'Yes, may I?'

'Yes of course, he's in bed 12, down on the left side.' (The ward was still arranged as an open Nightingale ward with beds side by side along both sides.) 'I'm afraid he has changed; don't be surprised.'

He recognized him immediately. As usual, he was smartly dressed with a bow tie and a tweed jacket, His hair now grey, was neatly combed and his mustache trimmed. He was sitting upright by his bedside staring at the wall opposite.

He sat down in the chair next to him.

'Hello Batch,' he said. 'How are you?' Batch didn't flinch and continued to stare ahead. He thought Batch hadn't heard him so he repeated the question. Then he felt a hand on his shoulder. He looked up. It was Sister.

'I'm sorry Mr Nelson, I should have warned you. He doesn't talk. He just stares ahead. I'm sorry.'

He sat by his side struggling with his emotions. He remembered him as a wonderfully caring doctor and teacher, kind, patient and gentle. He felt empty, drained by the reality of the situation. He sat for a while with Batch, in silence, recalling the many times they had shared. Then touching his shoulder, he whispered,

'Goodbye Batch,' and left, the sadness of the situation weighing heavily on him. He learned later that Marjory, Batch's wife, had predeceased him. Batch died shortly afterwards.

He first met Mr Batchelor when he was applying for the Casualty (A & E) job at Guy's Hospital. Mr Batchelor was chairing the appointment's committee, sitting in the centre of four other members behind a long mahogany table, their names printed on small blocks in front of them. He remembered him as being tall and upright with light brown hair and a small neatly clipped mustache. He spoke with a soft voice. After a number of general questions, Mr Batchelor asked,

'Now Nelson, tell us why you want to be an Orthopaedic surgeon?'

He paused wondering if I could tell them the truth, that it was his second choice. He really wanted to be a general surgeon but it was the time when very little could be done for cancer patients. It was surgery's impotence in the face of cancer that put him off General Surgery.'

He decided to fudge the question, not wanting to appear to accept second best. So he continued.

'It was my time at the Royal National Orthopaedic Hospital in Stanmore,'

He said,

'the chance to see the two sides of Orthopaedics that convinced me that it was the right path for me.'

He was now in full flow, beginning to believe what he was saying. The committee was clearly impressed.

He continued,

‘Trauma with its drama and promise of full recovery and Elective Orthopaedics where the surgeon and the patient discuss the options but it is the patient who decides.’

He was even convincing himself.

Then it was over and he was asked to wait outside while they saw the other applicants and then a decision would be made.

Sitting waiting for the interviews to be finished, he had time to think about the remarkable Batchelor family, three generations of Surgeons.

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