

## Book Reviews

TOM CULLEN OF BALTIMORE, by Judith Robinson, Oxford University Press, Toronto, Canada. \$3.50.

When Johns Hopkins, a wealthy merchant of Baltimore, Maryland, made his will in 1873, he made provision for a new hospital and complemented his will by a letter to the trustees whom he had named. The new hospital, he directed, "shall compare favorably with any other institutions of like character in this country or Europe; it shall admit—the indigent poor—without regard to age, sex or color—and without charge; it shall be staffed by surgeons and physicians of the highest character and greatest skill. . . ."

The hospital was opened in 1889 and in a surprisingly short time had taken its place among the foremost medical centres of the world. That pre-eminence was achieved under the leadership of a Canadian, Dr. (later Sir) William Osler, who was its Physician-in-Chief until 1905.

Dr. Osler was not the only Canadian who had a part in making and maintaining the distinguished record of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, and in the present book Miss Robinson has undertaken to tell the story of another of them.

Thomas S. Cullen was born more than 80 years ago in an Ontario village of which few traces now remain. His father was a Methodist minister and the boy's early years were spent in an atmosphere, certainly not of affluence, but of great neighborliness and goodwill, which were no doubt typical of the time and of the places. His medical studies, made the more difficult by the untimely death of his father, were completed in Toronto, and the opportunity to go to Johns Hopkins came not long afterwards. Then followed several years of laborious and ill-paid research work which, however, were to be richly rewarded later on.

Miss Robinson is a journalist and the daughter of a journalist. With that background it would be surprising if she neglected the "human interest" of her subject. Nor has she done so, although it cannot have been an easy matter to depict the many-sided Dr. Cullen in his personal relationships and as well to recount the achievements which won him distinction beyond as well as within his adopted country, as a scientist, as a teacher, as a public-

spirited citizen, and as a surgeon practising his self-imposed rule "As little as possible and as much as necessary". Yet, despite another opinion to the contrary, this reader feels that she has succeeded in making him "come alive" on paper.

Although it will be the medical men who will get most out of this book, there is much in it for the general reader. It is best of all in these days of "cold war" and economic uncertainty to get an account of men working, with that seemingly incongruous combination of boundless curiosity and endless patience which marks the scientific mind, for the welfare and not for the destruction of their kind, and without thought of immediate reward. The book is a highly readable biography, and can be recommended without reserve. J.C.M.

TALES OF THE MOUNTED, by William Brockie. The Ryerson Press, Toronto, Canada. Pp. 182. \$2.75.

Sincere friends of the RCMP and readers of its not inconsiderable literature will deplore the appearance of this book. It is made up of 18 highly-colored fictional exploits of one William Brockie, who in a few years service as a constable in the Force would appear to have seen more action than did the entire company of originals on the March of '74.

Although the dust jacket of this book boldly states that the hero of these yarns is an ex-constable of the Force, records at RCMP Headquarters do not bear this out. It was obviously written by one who never saw service in the Force.

*Tales of the Mounted* is apparently aimed at the "pulp fiction" market, or at least the juvenile trade. If the latter, it should provide more ammunition for teachers, psychologists and public men who are presently crusading against "crime comics" and unsuitable literature for teen-agers, because most of the chapters are concerned with murders, some of a really gruesome and revolting nature.

It would scarcely be worthwhile to catalogue the numerous errors and improbable situations appearing in this book. But members of the Force are sure to wince as soon as they read the second sentence: "Superintendent Courtney, Officer in Charge of Detachment G, Western British Columbia Division. . . ."