function and trouble to the victim, such as carbuncles, boils, etc., rapid and often dramatic cure is the rule rather than the exception.

Short wave therapy is not by any means a "cure-all." At a later date it is probable that (as in the case of ultra-violet radiation) conditions will be grouped in which short wave therapy will be regarded as (a) specific; (b) a valuable adjunct, but of secondary importance to some other form of treatment; (c) in which it may or may not be of use. Until such a grouping is achieved, the user would be well advised to be guided by an up-to-date textbook or books, and by increasing experience in the differing conditions treated.

It has been stated under Technique that a general rule is to give an energy output such that minimal heating is felt by the patient. There are, however, certain cases where a heavy energy output appears to be indicated and is justified by results. Such cases as chronic lumbago and sciatica, low back pain and long-standing arthritis are instances where this form of attack often produces the best results.

It is worth noting that there is practically no risk of a burn with this form of treatment.

Finally, there does not appear to be reasonable room for doubt that in short wave therapy we have the greatest single advance in the electro-therapeutic field of modern times, and a means which will prove of increasing value in combating disease and injury.

The staff of the Massage and Electro-Therapy Department are indebted to Lieut-Colonel S. J. Barry, R.A.M.C. (late Officer Commanding the Royal Victoria Hospital, Netley), for permission to send these cases for publication.

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ECHOES OF THE PAST.

FAMOUS MEN—SIR ISAAC BROCK.1
BY F. J. WOODWARD.

MAJOR-GENERAL SIR ISAAC BROCK, K.C.B., Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, regarded as a national hero of that great country, was, perhaps, one of Guernsey's most illustrious sons.

Born in 1769, the year of birth of those great giants of destiny, Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington, he was a direct descendant of Sir Hugh Brock and came of a fighting stock, saturated with stories of his ancestors and possessed of a remarkably adventurous spirit. At the age of 10 he swam a mile between Castle Cornet and the mainland, across

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uncertain and dangerous currents, with no other inducement than the joy of achievement.

Self-contained, restless, resolute and fearless as a boy, he carried these qualities to his grave and added in manhood a strength of body and loftiness of soul that inspired confidence and endeared him to all his brother officers and men.

In his early years he found athletics more attractive than learning; but on becoming an ensign at 16 he bent himself to his task and neither banter nor his love of sport could break his resolve to succeed.

At 21 he was gazetted Lieutenant of the 49th (the Royal Berkshires) — a fair-haired, blue-eyed giant of 6 feet 2 inches with limbs like a gladiator — and went to Barbados. The beauties of Barbados attracted him, but garrison duty did not and he returned later to England to train recruits.

At 26 he was a major, a soldier to his finger-tips, and at 29 he was promoted to Senior Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment — rapid promotion, even in those days when commissions and advancement could be purchased.

His position was no sinecure. The regiment had become thoroughly demoralized under the lax discipline of the former C.O. and he resolved to put things straight. How well he succeeded may be seen from the words of the Commander-in-Chief: "... Out of one of the worst regiments in the service Colonel Brock has made the 49th one of the best." High praise from the Commander-in-Chief to a Lieutenant-Colonel.

War was then stalking Europe and England was drawn in to oppose Napoleon. Brock and the 49th saw active service under General Moore (Sir John Moore of Corunna fame) at Egmont. It was characteristic of Brock to be off at the bugle call like a sprinter at the crack of the pistol. He would lead: others might follow. In the charge he was wounded, stunned, dismounted and his holsters shot through, but still he continued to command. Nothing daunted him. Nothing could stop him.

Later he was with Nelson in the battle of Copenhagen, ready to lead the storming party. But the heroic defence of the Danes made this impracticable and he was compelled to remain aboard and see his men mown down by grapeshot.

Soon after that we find him with the 49th on his way to Canada, from where, except for a few months leave, he never returned. It was a change destined to bring him fame and to write his name in the scroll of that great country's heroes.

The change was not to his liking. Military opportunity beckoned him to the Peninsula, while the prospect of advancement in Canada seemed hopeless. But once on board his buoyant optimism and faith flung disappointment and misgiving to the winds and the sea awoke in him that Viking spirit inherited from his ancestors. His was a spirit that could not long be suppressed.
At Quebec he found that harsh treatment had brought a crop of mutinies and desertions. A court-martial consisting of a captain and two subalterns in those days could impose 999 lashes with the "cat" steeped in brine. The soul of Brock rebelled against such cruelty.

On assuming command at Fort George he substituted kindness for cruelty and extended privileges for restrictions. To a hesitant soldier who, he knew, was about to desert, he said, bringing his clenched fist down on the table, "Don't lie. Tell the truth like a man. You know I have ever treated you kindly. Go and tell your deluded comrades all that has passed and also that I will still treat every man with kindness. Then you may desert if you please."

During his three years of command he lost only one man by desertion. The troops respected him and in their loyalty would do anything for him.

He quickly set himself to win the confidence of the Indian and the big-hearted allegiance of the fur-traders. Stories of danger sent him exploring the interior, following the trails blazed by the tribesmen. He studied the packmen and canoeists and imitated their feats of strength on the rivers and great lakes. He was storing up knowledge and experience to be of service in his future career.

In 1805 he was gazetted full Colonel, and in the following year he succeeded to the command of Upper Canada as Brigadier.

Relations between Canada and America were becoming strained and Brock set himself to meet the impending danger. In 1807 the British Government were insisting upon a right of search, and the gunboat Leopard stopped the American frigate Chesapeake to search for deserters and, on being resisted, gave her a broadside. Napoleon, smarting under the defeat of Trafalgar, had declared universal blockade of foodstuffs going to Britain, and America aided and abetted him. Britain replied by not allowing ships to go to French ports till they had first called at a British port. Trouble was brewing and Brock warned the War Office of the inadequacy of his forces to defend nearly five hundred miles of frontier.

Meanwhile he was studying (in Montreal, Quebec, Fort Erie, York, Niagara, Detroit and elsewhere) military means of transport by road and water, always alert, always exploring and enquiring from settlers and travellers from Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, who came to Canada to seek fertile soil and freedom from taxation.

Still from time to time he was pressing for transfer to Europe and more active service, and it was not till he was promoted in 1811 to Major General and appointed (at the age of 42) Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada that he became reconciled to the life there and with set purpose assumed the duties of his high office.

Fate, however, decreed that he should not hold this office long and he met his death in the following year in the hour of victory, fighting to save Canada from the invasion of the Americans.
He had achieved fame and was for the time the man of the hour. The Duke of Kent (father of Queen Victoria) wished to meet the soldier whose despatches had stirred the War Office. The Duke of York, Commander-in-Chief, was ready to give him a brigade under Wellington. The Duke of Manchester, Governor of Jamaica, touring in Canada, begged him to accompany him with canoes and guides. But stern duty kept Brock at his post.

The population of Canada was then only 320,000 against America’s 8,000,000. To defend the 450 miles of broken frontier Brock had only 1,450 British troops and a militia that was mainly on paper. Stores were depleted, provisions costly, money nil, and the frontier needed heavier batteries. In his speech at the opening of the Legislature he used words that are echoing in the world to-day—“While wishing for peace Canada must prepare for war.”

Brock himself was indefatigable. He fought opposition furiously. He purged his troops of dissipated officers. He raised fresh companies of militia and sharp-shooters. Racing from one outpost to another he raised ramparts that looked imposing but had no substance—bluff forced upon him by lack of funds.

Then at last in June, 1812, America declared war on the pretence of Indian hostility. A fever of militarism spread throughout Canada and drill took the place of quadrille. While a supine Governor-General was advising retreat, Brock was thundering out his “No surrender.” The country called for a saviour and Brock—vigilant, sagacious and brave to a fault—faced the crisis unflinchingly, though with inadequate forces. He knew that the price of defeat was the cession of Canada to France. “Are you prepared to become the slaves of this despot Napoleon who rules Europe with a rod of iron?” he cried, while urging his troops to repel the invader and let not their children reproach them.

He took Detroit with hardly a shot fired. What a different scene from modern warfare. Soldiers in scarlet, sailors in blue, Indians—half-naked savages in fresh war paint and feathers—shrieking coo-ees and war-whoops. Drums and fifes, and the resonant roll of the drums. Brock, in his brilliant uniform on his grey charger, flashing hither and thither in the sunlight. “I will never ask them to go where I do not lead” was his motto.

By the surrender of Detroit Brock secured 60,000 square miles of territory, 33 cannon, with stores and munitions worth £40,000. Guns boomed from St. James’s Park and the Tower, and the bells were pealed when the news reached London. Brock was created K.C.B. It was his hour of triumph.

But before the insignia of his high honour reached Canada he had already given his life for the Empire.
Scarcely had the echoes of his victory died away when the Governor-General, by an unwise armistice, gave the enemy a chance of augmenting their forces and Brock was directed to vacate Detroit and the 60,000 miles of land. He declined to do so and prepared to meet the fresh attack on the Queenston Heights.

With inadequate forces he met the shock, galloping like a spectre in the gloom of early dawn from one post of danger to another. He took his last cup of coffee, mounted, from the hand of his betrothed and rode away into the fury of battle amidst bursting shells and flying grapeshot. The redan was captured by the enemy and he resolved to recover it. In the hour of victory he was stricken down when only 50 yards from his objective.

He had saved Canada, but he gave his life in doing so.

The fortunes of war fluctuated until peace was finally restored in 1814; but the courage, judgment, military skill and personal magnetism of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock were greatly missed, though his inspiration remained to urge the troops on to victory. "Revenge the General!" went up the cry from the 49th as they hurled themselves into the fury of the fight.

A cenotaph marks the spot where he fell and a monumental column commemorates his great services to Canada and the Empire. He had been a great man in every sense of the word.

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Travel.

KENYA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. S. GILLESPIE,
Royal Army Medical Corps.

We had toyed for years with the idea of visiting Kenya, to see my brother Ivor and his wife. When in S. India we had gone as far as inquiring about fares but we never seemed to have the necessary cash. However, when we were transferred from Malta to Cairo in June, 1937, things seemed more hopeful, more particularly as Ivor had written to say he was in a good district, and I should come while he was there if it could possibly be managed. Kenya sounds so near Egypt that we had ideas of flying down. We soon changed our minds when we found that the single fare was £73. Eventually we arranged to go Tourist Class on the "Llandaff Castle" leaving Suez on December 11 and embarked at about 2 a.m. after driving down from Cairo in the afternoon. The voyage calls for little comment, we didn't expect much luxury travelling "Tourist"