

JOHN HENRY CLARKE, M.D.

DR. NOEL PUDDEPHATT

I have been asked so often, why it is, I quote so much from Clarke.

There are two reasons.

Firstly, a personal one, and secondly, in my opinion, there has been no man in Great Britain who has done so much, not only to fight for the Truth of Homœopathy and its doctrines, but to present the Homœopathic Materia Medica in such a concise, orderly and tangible form. This he did in his "Dictionary of Materia Medica." in three volumes, a monumental task.

Dr. Clarke states in the preface to this work: "if I had chosen to wait a few more years before publishing, I have no doubt I could have improved my work, but if I had waited till doomsday, I could not have made it perfect. In the meantime, I want it every day for my own use, and if I could have found any one else to do the work for me, I should most gladly have spared myself the task."

He states once again—"homœopathic practice consists in knowledge of Materia Medica, and knowledge how to use it."

In other words, without the Homœopathic Materia Medica, Homœopathy is unthinkable.

His work is a dictionary, and is a compilation of all available facts presented in a concise, orderly and tangible form—a Herculean task indeed.

If Clarke had never written anything else than his dictionary, it alone entitles him not only to a place in the galaxy of Masters of the Art, but to the eternal gratitude of all Homœopaths.

Now for my personal reasons. I was born in India, as my family, especially the maternal side, has been connected with India since 1821.

When I was four years of age or thereabouts, my mother informed me, I was struck suddenly with a bout of what she considered naughtiness, in that I utterly refused to have my head washed. I did not mind so much being bathed, oh no, but my head washed—CERTAINLY NOT.

So thinking she would cure me of this perversity, I was well spanked. I apparently took a dim view of this spanking, for I yelled, bit, and worked myself into convulsions. After a few days of this nightmare, my parents became alarmed, and summoned the best physician in the district. I was observed and examined thoroughly, but the said physician, I understand, could find nothing wrong, and my mother was told I would grow out of it, as it was simply a passing phase.

I did not grow out of this so-called naughtiness, but got steadily worse.

Fortunately, my father was due for leave, and I was brought home. Within twenty-four hours of arriving in London, I was rushed off to Dr. Clarke.

My mother told me, I was with Clarke for over an hour, and Clarke put her through a sort of brain-washing!

He said nothing to her on this occasion. He prescribed, and my mother was instructed to bring me to him once a month. It appears that after a month or two, I was greatly improved in my behaviour and condition.

About three weeks before my Father's leave was up, I was taken to see Clarke to bid him good-bye.

Said my Mother: "I have brought Noel to see you for the last time, as we are sailing in three weeks for India."

"You must be mad," Clarke exploded.

"Mad!" said my Mother. "Why?"

"Do you know what ails your son?"

"No," replied my Mother rather meekly.

"And do you know who should have had the spanking?" Mother remained dumb. "You," said Clarke, looking through her with those piercing grey eyes.

"I don't understand," said Mother very humbly.

"Your son has what we call 'Hydrocephalus,' or in other words, 'Water on the brain.'"

Poor Mother nearly passed out.

To cut a long story short, my Father had to return to India alone, and Mother stayed on in London with me for over a year. Dear old Dr. Clarke—God bless him—did the trick. He restored my health, and I have never had any further trouble.

When I was about eight years of age, I was sent to a boarding school in the hills of South India, where we were fed on vegetable curries. My digestive organs revolted, and I am told I developed dysentery and was passing about ten stools a day of pure blood. I was removed from this school, and had not only to stew in the plains, but receive medical treatment. The doctors did what they could for me, but I got thinner and thinner, and looked apparently as if I had been in Belsen for a few months.

It is a remarkable fact, that my Father's leave seemed to always synchronise with the time when I was moribund. It was a case of "Home, James, and don't spare the horses."

When I was presented once again to Dr. Clarke, who incidentally could be rather a wag, he said to my Mother, "You know, Mrs. Puddephatt, the only time I have the pleasure of seeing Noel is when his obituary notice is about to be published," or words to that effect.

Once again, Clarke restored me to health, and notwithstanding the first world war, and some years on the North-West frontier of India, where we had only strong chlorinated water to drink, I have never had the slightest return of the trouble.

To continue in this vein would be tedious, but these two examples,

(Continued on page 479)

QUERIES AND REPLIES

Supplement to our Reply to Q. 1.—QUERIES REPLIES, August '66 Issue of H. G. (Vol. XXXIII/8/381)—We have been informed by the Managing Director of Hahnemann Publishing Co. Private Ltd., that their firm strictly follows the Hahnemannian method in preparing all potencies from mother tincture upto the 1000th potency using a separate phial for each potency. (J.K.)

JOHN HENRY CLARKE, M.D.

(Continued from page 476)

when I was literally dragged out of the grave by Dr. Clarke and Homœopathy, are sufficient evidence, for not only my great affection for him as a man, but the most profound and awed admiration for him as a supreme Homœopathic Artist.

I have been extremely fortunate in being nurtured in Homœopathy, as my Mother was a born healer. She not only knew Clarke well, but learnt a lot from him. He said to her one day, "You know, Mrs. Puddephatt, you have missed your vocation. Had you read medicine, you would have made a fortune, for you possess that intangible 'something' which no school of medicine can possibly teach."

This was praise indeed from Clarke, for he himself possessed that intangible "something" in high degree.

My Mother was a fearless woman, with the heart of a lion, and the more catastrophic the situation the cooler she became. She was small of stature, whereas my Father was a big man, but timid. It was a case of Dignity and Impudence.

I was privileged in later life to pick up a few crumbs from Clarke himself. He would descend from the heights to my level; listen to and answer my childish and futile questions, and never make me feel a fool. This was, in my opinion, a sign of true greatness.

He may have been christened JOHN HENRY CLARKE, but intrinsically he was Dr. VALIANT-FOR-TRUTH, and on receiving his summons to depart hence, he could say quite truthfully: "I am going to my Father's; and though with great difficulty I am hither, yet now I do not repent me of all the trouble I have been at to arrive where I am. My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me that I have fought his battles who now will be my rewarder."

—*The Homœopathic World, Feb., '61*