

INSIDE OUT*

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You know, I never have the time to write a paper. The steno-typist saves my life.

The title of this is just two words, 'inside out.' You remember from embryology that the skin and the nervous system develop from the same layer, therefore my cases are going to be those of the skin and those of the mind—five skin and one mind. Also, because I like the number seven, I am going to give you one more case at the end, which is neither skin nor mind, but, to put it mildly (for Dr. Grimmer's sake), a tumor. I personally think it was a sarcoma, but as it wasn't operated upon, nobody can be sure. In that case the 'inside out' still applies because, as you will see when we come to it, the mental symptoms disappeared first and the physical later.

To start, then, with the first of the skin cases, that bane of the regular physician, *eczema*:

Case No. 1—Mrs. H. O., thirty-four, never heard of Homoeopathy. She had such terrible *eczema* of the hands that she was incapacitated from earning her living as a pianist. It is interesting how fate brings forward the one aspect that you need and use. She was dressed to a "T". She was exquisite—platinum silver hair, grey eyes, alabaster skin, immaculate—rather frightened, coming to a strange kind of doctor. A very cosmopolitan lady, who had toured Europe to play. She was singularly symptomless except for these poor hands, which were bound up. I unrolled the gauze and looked at them. They were a mess—cracks, bleeding—just horrible hands.

The one interesting thing in her history was that twenty years ago, when she was a girl, she had had violent *eczema* of the hands and had been hospitalized. They had given her every known salve. Nothing happened. Nature was too strong for them. Finally, they gave her x-ray treatments. She smiled—"and that cured me." Through the years she was a pianist and had no trouble with her hands until two years before I saw her. Then the whole thing came back again, worse than ever. She had tried everything up and down Park Avenue, and up and down wherever the street is in Chicago where they have doctors. No 'soap!' She still couldn't play and was practically in a decline as a real artist is when thwarted.

There was no family history, or none that would help me, no history of tuberculosis, very few symptoms. I looked at her. Her hair was mousy under the dye, her skin was too lovely, her temperament was too excessive under restraint, and I thought for once I was going to follow instinct, so I gave

* Presented extemporaneously before the Bureau of Clinical Medicine, I.H.A., June 30, 1953.

her Tuberculinum 10M, one dose. I have seen her only twice since then, but every two weeks she writes from wherever she is, or calls up if she is near enough, and says, "I don't need to come in. My hands are wonderful. I am playing. I am so grateful, but you had better send me some more of those little pills because I don't have enough. Last night I only took three, instead of four, and I didn't do quite as well."

Case No. 2—*Something apparently quite trivial*—a girl of fourteen, whose father brought her in. She was a little fat girl; I am slender in comparison. She was shy and she was flippant when papa corrected her, as he did. She was weepy when we talked about her symptoms. She had eczema of the face, poor child, bleeding, cracked—what a mess! She had lovely blond hair, and a pretty frock, but her face was just a battlefield.

She had a history of first menses a year ago, pinkish, three days, no symptoms, and none since. Basal metabolism was normal. What to do? Cracks, fatness, flippancy, weeping! I found out she was moderately constipated in spite of a beautiful diet—Graphites 10M, one dose.

Two weeks later a very pretty girl walked into my office, without papa, with a smile, with a face all clear except a couple of little tiny places on the cheeks, and her first remark was, "I had a period two days after I saw you."

That case is fairly recent, so we shall see.

Case No. 3—Master D. G., poor child, had had all the conventional allergy tests, some eighty of them. He is seven. The only thing they found him allergic to was wheat. If he passes by a bakery, he begins to scratch; so mama cut out all the wheat. Try to feed a nice, healthy exuberant seven-year-old and let him go play in other people's houses without wheat. If he had wheat, he hustled out all over, like June, face, elbows, knees, back, everywhere but his "tummy."

He was a cute kid, blond, intelligent, happy, cheery, chilly, however. I said to the mother, "Doesn't he have anything but this allergy to wheat?"

"Oh," she said, "of course, he has always had a snuffle."

I said, "What do you mean, 'snuffle'?"

She said, "He never gets up without using up two or three handkerchiefs. He doesn't sneeze a great deal, but he does snuffle and he blows his nose, and it runs."

I said, "Oh, he has hayfever."

"Oh, no. They say it is not hayfever because he does it twelve months of the year."

"Does he cough?"

"No."

"Does he have headaches?"

"No."

Snuffle, eczema, wheat—nothing else. I thought—well, what do we do with this one? So I gave him my favourite potency in the entire materia

medica, Psorinum 15C. Why I hang my hat on 15C. I don't know, but it does so much better for me than for anybody else, and so much better than anything else. Psorinum—I love that bottle!

His mother called me up. She is very ignorant of Homoeopathy. She is quite a social lady and she cannot tell you a symptom. I don't know how the child has grown up. She said, "You know, it is a funny thing. David still has his eczema, but he doesn't sniffle."

I said, "That is something. Why don't you feed him some wheat?"

She said, "Feed him wheat?"

I said, "Yes, feed him a little wheat and see what happens."

She said, "If you say so."

I said, "Call me up after the weekend," so she called me up and said David had had a couple of pieces of bread each day and nothing happened. The eczema didn't get any worse, and he didn't sniffle.

So we let him ride, and in the course of two or three months the eczema was gone, and David didn't sniffle, and David was eating all the crackers and all the bread and cookies he wanted. I forbade her to give him chocolate, to what he was *not* allergic, because in my experience chocolate and eczema just absolutely do not gibe. If you have eczema, you can't have chocolate, I don't know who agrees with me.

Case No. 4—Here is an older person who called me up and said, "I have been to three doctors, all of whom you know personally—none of them are homoeopaths—and I think I had better leave them."

"Well," I said, "they are nice, honest doctors. What ails you, madam?"

"Eczema."

I grinned into the telephone and said, "All right, come along."

She is a typical frustrated spinster of fifty-six, long, lean and efficient, somebody's crack secretary. She only has her eczema in one place, on the vulva on the right labium major, which is swollen and there is a great patch like red shoe leather, and it itches so she nearly loses her mind. When I first looked at it, I thought, "My heavens, this is a skin cancer!"

I said, "What have they been doing to you for this?"

She said, "Oh, yes," and went into everything, starting with lotions and ending with x-ray. When I heard about the x-ray, I knew why it looked that way.

I said, "Do me one favour. Put nothing on it unless it be lanolin, calendula cream, or fuller's earth—ever heard of it? It feels cool and comfortable and absorbs any sweat. Now let me hear the story of your life."

The chief *motif* of her life was resentment. She supports her mother, who is dying of cancer, and has lived with her all her life. She began by saying how wonderful her mother was and, before she left the office, she said, "I wish she would die. I wish I could kill her."

Then she said, "Oh, I never have said that in my life. I don't mean it."

I said, "Oh, yes you do, dear. Oh, yes, you do, and your cure has begun."

Afraid of being alone—she had thought of parking mother somewhere and supporting her, but couldn't bear to live alone. Wants somebody always there. So exhausted—these other doctors she had been to told her she was exhausted—so exhausted she ought to take a vacation for six months but she can't. She has to have the money. No reason for the exhaustion—negative chest x-ray, negative urine, negative blood. They all said the exhaustion was psychogenic. She was very chilly; she walked the floor while she interviewed me, up and down, up and down, like the animals at the zoo.

Finally, she amused me enormously by bringing a bag to the second interview, a big bag entirely full of other people's medicines, which she put out in rows on the desk: "These are the medicines from 1946. These are the medicines from 1947," and so on up, most of the bottles empty, and I said, "Why did you bring these?"

I said, "You came to me. I am going to give you one little dose."

She looked at me. You know, one of my complaints (and I haven't too many) about Kent's *Repertory* is that when you look up "resentment," what does it tell you? "She malicious." That is not right. Resentment is not malicious, but that is where you have to look for it. So I took that as Symptom 1: I finally got out of her that her itching was worse at two in the morning, woke her up every night at two in the morning. I happen to know the 'gal' socially, and the one thing I have ever observed about her you couldn't miss, which is that she owns more expensive and fantastic hats than anyone else I ever knew. If you saw her every week, she would have a different hat on, and I know there isn't one of them that cost under \$30, yet she lives' way uptown in a small apartment and saves money madly. She can't afford to do this or that. You would almost say she is miserly except for the hats.

There are two mentals, avaricious and vain. Take resentment, avarice, vanity, exhaustion, prostration out of all degree, and restlessness, waking at two in the morning, eczema and what have you? Arsenicum 200. (because she is fairly old), one dose.

She likes us. She is going to stay with us. She is telling the other doctors that we have helped her.

Case No. 5—Oh, the bane of my life, an eight-months-old baby from a horribly psoric family. Papa is a minister. I don't know why it is, but ministers' children (I am one!) have tough lives. The baby was born excellently, everything under homoeopathic care, everything very fine, and suddenly Miss R. B. bloomed out with an eczema. She is a fat baby, weighs a ton when you pick her up—these little Calcarea babies! Her mother tells me that even at three and four months, if any paper was nearby, her fist was at it and she put it in her mouth, or she would chew the sheet—she would get anything she shouldn't eat.

Her face was just a bloody mask, though they kept her nails cut and filed. She was shocking. When they brought her in to me, I said I had never seen anything so pathetic as this poor child. She was a great milk guzzler, a

bottle baby. We stopped the milk and tried goats' milk, and skim milk, and canned milk, and dry milk, and none of it made any difference. It wasn't the milk.

I gave her, just sort of desperately, a dose of *Calcarea carb.* 10M. It did something, but it didn't do much. After two or three weeks, the mother said, "This isn't doing it." The mother knows about Homoeopathy.

I said, "Tell me more—tell me more."

She said, "Her diapers are frightful. It is as though I spilled the household ammonia on them."

"Does she take lots of water?"

"Oh, she is an elegant guzzler. She drinks water; she drinks milk."

"What else?"

"Well, she seems to like everything fatty, that is one thing. And her poor little tail!"

"Has she eczema around it?"

"No, but it is all little cracks and hurts so awfully when I try to dry her."

I said to myself, "Cracks on the tail, cracks on the face, ammonia urine, a baby eight months old. Come up, Nitric acid bottle."

So I gave her a dose of Nitric acid. You would think that was a remedy for more mature people, but I had a child in my own family, of five, with frightful whooping cough and hemorrhages, and Nitric acid cured him in twenty-four hours, so you never know. I gave Nitric acid, and the mother called up in the next ten days and said, "It was wonderful! She is fine."

I thought, "Aha, for a while," so the next week she called up and said, "I must bring the baby in." It was a Sunday. "She has glands as big as a house."

I said, "Bring her in."

She brought her in, and at first I thought she had the mumps. Her poor little carotids and cervicals were swollen and stony hard, not tender, not red, no sore throat. She could take lemon juice which, as you know, people with mumps cannot take. The glands in the groin were as big as a pullet's egg and so were the glands under the arm; blood count normal, no fever. Where do we go from here? I went to the Kent's *Repertory* and I sweat blood, and I finally found I just had to give the child a dose of *Conium* 10M, one dose. The glands went steadily down. The child felt steadily better, and the eczema cleared up, and God knows why! I don't.

The end is not yet. That child is deeply psoric and will need to be doctored, as I told the mother, for at least another three or four years, but it is interesting. I learned from that that you must have given the indicated remedy even if it does not have one of the chief complaints. I think that may help you.

Case No. 6—There are the five cases and you are done with the skin, and now I will give you one case of the mind. I have a dear friend who

loathes Homoeopathy and gave a building to a regular medical school. She had a child and when I looked at him some twenty years ago, I thought, "If I could only give that baby a dose of *Calcarea carb.*" I talked to her as a friend and I said, "Let me give that child a dose of his constitutional remedy."

"Homoeopathy! I should say not!"

I have watched that child socially. He has always been backward, sub-normal, in and out of mental hospitals. He is the cross of the father and the mother, who love him dearly, and who try, according to their lights, to do their stuff. Finally she called me up professionally, last year, and she said, "You know, nearly twenty years ago, you told me Homoeopathy would help that child, and I didn't believe you. I have tried everything else, and the mental hospitals tell me he is schizophrenic and I might as well institutionalize him, that there is no hope for him. Will you take him as a patient?"

I said, "God is often late. Yes, bring him in."

So he came in. He is a beautiful, blond, pink-skinned lad, with strawberry-gold hair, glacial blue eyes, handsome, slender, cultivated, neatly dressed—looks like his mother. He was so nervous and fidgety he couldn't sit in a chair. He had me jittery just watching him, and yet at that phase there was nothing violent. He had had rather manic outbreaks in which they had to paraldehyde him and send him to a mental hospital; but now he was slow-phased, and if you asked him a question, he would look to his mother.

I said to her, "Please don't answer. I want his answer or nobody's answer."

He sort of looked at me and slowly the interview progressed and he began to answer almost monosyllabically. His symptoms, as you can imagine, were hard to get. He wanted people. He didn't want to be left alone. He had studied a little—the A, B, C's, which was all they felt he could do, writing and spelling, and saying 6 and 7 are 13, if the mother sat and watched him. If she went into the other room—nothing.

He stayed in the bathroom, I found out, for hours, with the door locked, and yet when I asked his mother if he masturbated or had any sexual difficulty, "Oh, no!" and I could hear her say, "In a minister's family!" (*Laughter*)

He had been having paraldehyde every night, 2 ounces, to sleep; otherwise they couldn't keep him at home, he would be prowling all night. "His father has to work. I have to work." So I didn't say, "Stop the paraldehyde." I thought, "Well, thank God, it is nothing else." Paraldehyde is so disgusting, no one would take it if they didn't have to.

He was totally dependent but obviously vain, and neat. I know he was very jealous of his normal, younger twin brothers, though he assured me he was very sweet to them and had never been the least bit jealous of them.

We gave this child, in July, 1952, *Arsenicum* 200, one dose. Gradually they were able to cut off the paraldehyde. She changed to bromides for him without asking me. I didn't fuss. Gradually the child got better and I said,

"Let's have no more bromides unless he has a very bad night." He went on from July of 1952 until April, 1953. His mother was nervous. She was afraid he might slide back, so I gave him one dose of *Saccharum lactis* through the interval, once every four months.

He is home all the time. She felt he was beginning to get restless again, so just before Easter she brought him in and I could see he didn't look quite as well as the last time, and I said, "Well, what is new, boy?"

He said, "I want salt. I want salt."

I looked at him, and he said, "I want to go see girls."

Something new! The nervous blond wants salt and wants to go see girls. Maybe something comes up, so I thought a little and I gave him a dose of *Phosphorus 10M*—so help me!—one dose, and I said to his mother, "If anything goes wrong in the next three or four days, don't send him to any mental hospital. You telephone me."

Sure enough, four days later she called me up in the middle of the night and said, "He is off. He is gone. He is crazy."

I said, "You mean he has gone out of the house?"

"Oh, no, he is right here. I had to give him some paraldehyde."

I said, "Think nothing of it. I gave him a remedy which has an aggravation at four days. Tomorrow or the day after tomorrow he is going to be better."

So help me, I made an act of faith.

She said, "Do you really think so? You have helped me and I will believe you, but we can't hold out through more than a day or two like this."

I said, "if you can't hold out, I will get you a nurse, but don't send that child anywhere."

Next day she called up and said, "How do you do? I know. You told me on the fourth day he would raise Cain, and you told me by today he would be all right, and he hasn't been so well in twenty years."

I said, "All right, I don't want to hear from you until he is beginning to be worse. No *Saccharum lactis* this time."

She brought him in the other day, two months later. He came in and said, "Mother, do you mind going out of the room?" He talked to me and said he was so well nowadays that daddy and mother were going to send him to a boarding school. I found out it was a school for rather difficult and abnormal boys, quite a wonderful place.

I said, "Are you happy to go?"

He said, "I am looking forward to it. Maybe I can begin to live."

So, we shall see—even twenty years late.

Case No. 7—Now I will give you just one brief one, which is neither 'outside' nor 'inside.' A kid was brought to us who had had a sore throat, temperature of 104°. He was seven years old, I guessed, and his father had had rheumatic fever. I didn't like it. He had symptoms, vaguely. His right leg, behind the knee, bothered him a little, so I gave him a dose of *Rhus tox*.

200., and we did his blood count, and it didn't show much—it didn't show what it ought to have shown.

His urine was all right, and I said, "Bring him back in two or three days."

His mother brought him back and said, "This child has a lump which I discovered when I bathed him. It is behind his knee, a little on the outside." I felt a lump and I thought, "Oh-Oh!" It was as big as a pullet's egg. It was as hard as a stone. It had a ridge in it like serrated rock. If I ever felt a really cancerous growth, that was it. He had a couple of little almond glands in the groin, none elsewhere, and he had seen a surgeon who told the mother he should go instantly to the hospital and have the lump out; that it was a sarcoma of the bone. I thought it might be that, too.

She was very homoeopathic and she said, "I want you to try with the remedy."

I said, "If you promise me I will see this child regularly and often, if the family is willing, I will take a chance, but I warn you, I don't know."

She said, "He has the following mentals: he is the devil temperamentally. He is cross. He is ornery, and thrashes around. I can't do anything with him. He weeps. He has a big, square, Calcarea-looking brow."

I looked up in the repertory for lumps in that position, stony hardness—*Calcarea fluorica*—and I gave him, sort of pathologically, *Calcarea fluorica* 10M, one dose. That was last November (1952). He has never had another dose of medicine, and when he was seen this May, neither my associate nor I could find any lump whatsoever. His mentals cleared first, and the lump stopped growing but did not decrease. We have seen him every two weeks through the winter and the lump has gone steadily and slowly down. In April I could find it only if I knew I was looking for it. In May it was gone.

I wish someone would tell me whether it a sarcoma.

—*The Layman Speaks*, August 1977