
This delightful little collection of sonnets will make a most amusing addition to the extra-curricula volumes on the doctor's shelves. On the surface they would appear light reading only, for the moments of relaxation, but Dr. Moore's well-known insight into the deeper hidden regions of the ego can be discerned with a slower, more careful second perusal. The clever series of cartoons by Edward St. John Gorey complement the sonnets, and show the 'sick sonnet' consulting Dr. Moore and its gradual return to health, "expressing itself" along the way. Hospital procedure is described in the Admission Note, Prognosis, Overheard in the Waiting Room, Consultant's Opinion, Laboratory Note, and Discharge Note. After all this therapy, the sonnet should be strong enough to give us a second volume.

SARA BLAKE


This mimeographed brochure serves as a biographical guide for identification of portraits of prominent doctors, located in the reading room of the Armed Forces Medical Library. The short sketches, compiled by Mrs. Ethel M. Chase, are reprinted from various issues of the Library's Bulletin, beginning with Volume III (no. 41, 10 October 1951).

The sketches are arranged in the order of the portraits beginning with William Shippen. There is an alphabetical index of the series and a diagram showing the location of the paintings. The biographies are each one page in length and include the name of the artist, data concerning college and medical training of the subject, and résumé of his later life and accomplishments.

The paintings of William A. Hammond, George A. Otis, and Philip Syng Physick which hang in locations other than the reading room are also mentioned and biographical sketches of these are likewise given.

The brochure gives brief details of four portraits of more recent date which also hang in the Library. This group includes paintings of Brigadier General Joseph E. Bastion, Colonel John Dibble, Major James A. McCloskey, and Colonel Harold W. Jones.

HENRIETTA T. PERKINS


Dr. Sharpe in his autobiography has introduced a new variant of "Potter's principle," i.e., how to get one up on your neighbors without exactly cheating. He has demonstrated a remarkable natural facility since his approach is
obviously not marred by the studied effort to which conscious imitators and even Potter, himself the great master, at times succumbs.

The opening gambit requires, of course, that one be born either of high estate and "work down" to the level of mere humanity or else "struggle up" from the slums. Television has ruined the former and Horatio Alger the latter, so that the author very wisely dispenses with this in a sentence. This is followed by another obvious but indispensable ploy—training under a series of professors who epitomize the most undesirable characteristics of Simon Legree, Sgt. Quirt, and Torquemado: to receive medical training from teachers whose behavior even remotely resembles that of the upper primates leaves one at almost as much of a disadvantage as to be born in a bourgeois family where becoming a doctor is not regarded as a social crime.

The third step is as necessary as a response to a two-demand bid at bridge. The hero must retreat to some primitive society (despite temptations to the contrary) where he is deified by the natives. Dr. Sharpe has recognized the need for spicing this Arrowsmith Maneuver and has thrown in a $50,000 fee which will make even those Park Avenue boys sit up straight and take notice.

Following a straight story line, the author dedicates himself to the conventional "neglected cause" and the "new discovery" (in this case, cerebral palsy treated by immediately boring holes in the heads of all infants who do not exhibit congenital capacity at tiddlywinks or like activities demonstrating manual and mental dexterity).

One expects the scoffing disbelief of his colleagues, but it is here that the author first demonstrates his real originality. He has invented what might be called the "double reverse," for instead of the inscribed desk set which the president of the medical society (his former critic) presents as a grand finale, the cause is at first blush still lost at the end since "organized medicine" remains stupidly blind. Dr. Sharpe has brilliantly conceived of the idea of presenting his "facts" to the great American reading public, who really knows he has been right all along; so that, in the end, the non-medical audience knows "the truth" while the medical profession (dumb schnooks that they are) still disagrees.

This has been hammered home with two spikes, fifty-five nails, and ten tacks in the form of extensive and itemized quotations from that respective number of books, medical journal articles, and medical journal articles of his own authorship. The classification of medical articles into these varieties is the author's. In addition to the more mundane and pedestrian vehicles, the author confutes his critics with publications in the China Medical Journal, the Charlotte (N. C.) Medical Journal, and journals from Brazil, Argentina, Arkansas, Mexico, Minnesota, Costa Rica, and West Virginia.

Far and away his most brilliant innovation is the demonstration that "medical ethics" is an outworn convention. In a series of anecdotes he has
described the drunken, irresponsible, stupid, selfish nature of his colleagues with great grace and clarity. But it would be unfair to disclose the details of some of the “brainmanship” maneuvers, such as “How I founded a medical society,” “How I founded neurosurgery,” “How I did a post-mortem on my brother in his coffin,” and “How I walked out on two harlots.”

It is regretful that such a laudatory review must end with one small criticism. If only the considerable humor in Dr. Sharpe’s book were deliberate!

NATHAN S. KLINE, M.D.