MIGRAINE AND PSYCHOPATHIC BEHAVIOUR.

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THE man, B. T—, who is the subject of this short paper, is an ex-service man aged 32. On 4 October, 1949, he was charged at Quarter Sessions on 20 counts of stealing from the offertory boxes of churches. He was put on probation on condition that he entered this hospital. Previously he had committed 68 similar offences, and has been in prison for 8 months. In 1939 he suffered a head injury and since then has had attacks of headache, vomiting and visual disturbance from time to time.

The report of the probation officer gives concise details of his family and previous history.

Family History.—Father died in 1927 of V.D.H., and is said to have suffered from neurasthenia, aged 47 at death.

Mother died 1940, cause of death, dropsy.

Six brothers living, all except B. T— married and are said to be normal people. Most of this information is gathered from the eldest brother, aged 41, who lives with his wife and small family. This man seems a fairly reliable type of person, and the home reasonably clean and comfortable, although in a rather poor street.

Three other children died in infancy; one of convulsions; one of pneumonia, and one at the age of 7, from meningitis. Nothing is known of any mental illness in the family.

History.—Nothing unusual is recollected regarding B. T.—'s childhood, except that he was badly scalded at the age of 3 or 4. There was no particular family friction. He did not mix much with other boys and had no real pals. Owing to the death of father, eldest brother took charge of family affairs from 1927–32. As far as is known he got on moderately well at school. He did attend a church Sunday school during his boyhood, and it is believed that he was confirmed after joining the Army. On leaving school worked for a year as errand boy for a firm of grocers, then for 18 months with another firm, then unemployed for one year—no reason known for this, except general trade depression—then, at 17½, enlisted in Sherwood Foresters and served in the West Indies and Palestine. Early in his army career—19.i.35—he appeared at Alfreton Magistrates' Court charged with stealing a bottle of mineral water and being absent without leave, was returned to his unit under military escort. On the outbreak of war he was posted to the South Staffs. Regiment, and served in North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Austria, rising to the rank of sergeant, and was demobilized about the end of 1945 with a good character. He was wounded in the shoulder and was awarded the Military Medal for distinguished conduct. It is thought that he also received a head injury while engaged in quelling riots abroad, during peacetime service.

After expiry of his release he, in April, 1946, obtained employment as a temporary Civil Service clerk at the Ordnance Depot, Boughton, Notts, and remained there until 10.ix.48, at a weekly wage of £5 12*s.* 0*d.* During this time it is believed that he sat for an examination with a view to becoming a permanent clerk, but failed. He made no complaints about his work there and said it was quite easy. He left there during the time that he was on bail awaiting trial at Notts Quarter Sessions. A certificate from the Ordnance Depot indicated that he left through his own resignation and that he was a capable clerk for routine work, and was considered satisfactory.

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On 11.x.48, charged at Notts Quarter Sessions with 6 charges of stealing from offertory boxes in churches, and asked for 62 similar offences to be taken into consideration.

Sentence: 12 months in prison.

Bail through Magistrates' Court on 6.ix.48. While on bail committed a further 20 offences and was again arrested, and on 29.ix.48 committed to custody.

From leaving Army, until arrested for these offences, lived with eldest brother, and during this time nervous mannerisms were noted, particularly whilst engrossed in reading, fingering a lock of his hair. He was usually somewhat morose and uncommunicative, spending much time reading "anything from comics to Shakespeare," and went hours at a time without speaking. He did, on occasions, mention places that he had visited during his Army service, but never spoke about his battle experiences. He was known to drink but was never seen drunk. Was not usually out late at nights and altogether caused no suspicions at the time when he was committing the offences in Notts. He always kept to himself, except that towards the end of his stay he went out with his brother occasionally. During this time, about the end of 1946, he was off work 3 months owing to chest trouble, and was examined and found to be free from tuberculosis. He did not seem to desire his brother to go to Quarter Sessions and did not communicate with him from prison, and has not, since released from prison, returned to his brother's house.

The brother's opinion as to the cause of B. T—'s trouble is that it can only be attributed to something arising from his military service, and he says that if and when his brother desires to return, he will provide a home there for him.

I have made enquiries from his own doctor and find that towards the end of 1946 B. T— went to him suffering from nervous and general debility, and was altogether rather run down. He had lost some weight and had a persistent cough. An X-ray examination of his chest was made and no sign of disease was found except some trace of bronchitis. The doctor said that B. T— seemed quite a decent young man and gave no indication of any abnormal state of mind, except that the doctor particularly noticed T—'s quiet reserved manner. The doctor could give no information regarding family medical history and was not aware of any source from which this could now be found, but as far as he knows there have not been mental troubles in the family. He could not enlighten me regarding the father's neurasthenia.

The only comments I would like to make on this excellent anamnesis are the following: he was a temporary clerk, lacked security, and in consequence was anxious to become a permanent official. On this account he was studying at evening classes. He did not find the work easy and found it very different from the Army routine. As a result of his illness, near the end of 1946, he was unable to sit for his examination. Later he sat for another examination for which he had not been appropriately prepared, and failed. Regarding his illness at the end of 1946, his doctor wrote and told me that he was suffering from headaches, "blackouts," cough, and general debility. He was off work for about four months. His doctor suspected that his debility might be due to tuberculosis; according to B. T—, the reason why he went to the doctor was because of these "blackout attacks."

It should be pointed out that, though he was in charge of the accountancy side of the Ordnance Depot, there was no evidence that he took money when at work, and he was regarded as a reliable official. Again, when he first started raiding offertory boxes he was on full sick pay and not in urgent need of money.

I now give his own account of the first time he opened an offertory box.

At the latter end of March, 1947, whilst I was still under the care of my own doctor, I went for a walk out into the country, I passed through a village about

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five miles from my home. I passed by the village church that was about half a mile from the village. I was feeling tired, so I turned back and entered the church. This was the first church that I had entered voluntarily for quite a considerable time.

After sitting down for a while I explored the church ; it is very old, of the pre-reformation period. All the pews are closed in, of the box type, very badly worm-eaten. The font is old stone, approximate date, 1600–1700.

As I was coming out I saw a large wooden box with a slot on the top standing on a table. Taking this box to be for the collection of money, I put some coppers into it and heard them chink against the money already in the box. I stood and looked at the box, and picked it up, and I felt an urge to open it. I pressed on the lid, this must have been very loose, as the lid flew open, scattering the money on the floor.

I picked up the money and put it on to the table. I also emptied the contents of the box on to the table. I then counted the money and arranged it on the table in piles as I did the union fees at work. I forget the exact amount, but I think it was in the region of ten shillings.

After counting the money I returned it to the box and attempted to fasten it. Finding this impossible, I put the box back on to the table and walked out of the church. I removed nothing from the church, neither did I take any money.

After this I seemed to get an urge to enter churches, and once in the church I found myself making straight for the offertory boxes.

Questioned further, he said that he had become interested in the architecture of churches, he also found the church restful and secluded for meditation when worried, and he felt an urge to enter them. Once in the church there was an urge to " force " the box, using a blunt instrument. For a long time he used a chisel which he had found in a churchyard. After the first conviction he used an iron bolt, a key, or whatever he could find. On questioning he admitted that this " rape of the Mother Church " was associated with sexual excitement and erection, but he denied orgasm.

He was at pains to convince me that taking the money was not of primary importance. At first he did not take the money at all. Later, he took it from one box and put some of the money in another box. At the conscious level he was interested to see how much money the congregation put into the box. Were they paying enough for the services rendered ?

He explained that his interest in churches was first aroused during the battle of Cassino.

Five days before the Battle of Cassino I was informed by Commanding Officer that I would be needed for Route control in the forward areas.

At midnight on the 14 May, Lt. Gethin, myself and 12 men, went forward to the Infantry lying on the banks of the Rapido, and did an immediate reconnaissance, as we had been informed that zero hour was imminent, actually it was three o'clock in the morning of the 16th. We had four routes to plan and control, and keep in order, Red, Amber, Blue, and White. As the Infantry moved forward these routes had to extend with them. It was therefore necessary to know what the land was like on the enemy side, a reconnaissance of enemy ground was decided on. Lt. Gethin wished to go, but as I pointed out, his place was with his command ; I went. The reconnaissance was successful and all our plans were made for zero. Radio connection made (not to be used till after zero), telephone cobbs laid and everything was ready. Our Control Headquarters at this time was in a dug-out, and our men detailed to positions back along the routes.

Zero hour opened on the 16th with four hours' artillery barrage. Unfortunately, some of the guns fired short, we lost a man injured. On the 16th and 17th the battle raged, and we were not making any headway. Our little Headquarters was busy bringing up divisional rescue ammunition, as detailed by Divisional Head-

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quarters, and routeing back wounded, keeping the routes clear and making sure that the armoured fighting vehicles did not come up before the bridging equipment, etc.; and that the units taking part in the battle did not send up luxury items (such as N.A.A.F.I. supplies, Sgt.-Major's bedding, officer's mess kit, etc.). Roughly speaking, our job was this. In the back areas we had laid out three large assembly areas. Into these areas all vehicles and men assembled. Armoured fighting vehicles, ambulances, bridging equipment, rescue Infantry, reserve ammunition, rations, etc. In each of these areas we had a Corporal and one man. Their job was to group everything under serial numbers, i.e. we will say that reserves for the "Kents" arrive, armoured fighting vehicles of 13th Brigade, and Division reserve ammunition, the Corporal would give each party a serial number. This number would be forwarded to our Headquarters, and we would send for the party by serial number when required. This method ensured that the routes were clear, and that when the enemy finally broke and bridging equipment was called for, we could get it there immediately, and not, as in former battles, where bridging equipment was called for and found to be held up behind armoured fighting vehicles which could not go into battle till the bridges were up. (Incidently this was the first time battle control, as it was called afterwards, was tried out; Divisional Headquarters told us what they wanted, but Lt. Gethin and myself worked out the control plans.) On the morning of the 18th the enemy broke, and the Infantry went forward, bridging equipment was called for, bridges erected, the armoured fighting vehicles went over and into battle, and began their advance on Rome. Lt. Gethin was in front, I took control and moved Headquarters into Cassino itself. I had not slept since the evening of the 16th, and it turns out that I did not get any sleep until I was relieved on the morning of the 22nd, and, after Lt. Gethin left, I had no food except biscuits and water My men were O.K., they were in pairs, and up to now they could sleep in turns, and eat in turns, I, unfortunately, was on my own, and with the radio and phones I had not time to light a cigarette. Everything, even the calls of nature, was carried out whilst working. On moving into Cassino, I jettisoned everything but the telephones and radio, a packet of biscuits, water bath, revolver and serial lists. In Cassino I ran into some heavy mortar fire, so I placed my Headquarters in a ruined church. The church was just inside Cassino, very small and with a small churchyard round it, it was very badly shelled; inside it was ruined, just a mess of tapestries, altar ornaments, etc. I put the radio and phones up in one of the confessional boxes; these boxes, which were placed against one wall, did not appear to be much damaged. The only thing that strikes about this church is the calmness after the mortaring and sniping outside. Whilst I was at Cassino I had a rough time, but I was relieved on the morning of the 22nd and went back. I was awarded the Military Medal. I am sorry my description of being at Cassino is so vague, but I cannot remember much about it.

His story of the battle is given in full because it is important to realize that it must have been a period of great stress and endurance. As against this the church stood out as the one haven of refuge. Questioned about his subsequent interest in churches, until the incident already noted, he said he had not been in a church since Cassino. Prior to Cassino he had not been in church since boyhood, except for church parades. It came out that he had had too much church and religion in childhood, and had rather avoided them since he left home.

The position so far is that he had too much church as a boy. When he left home and joined the Army at 17 he tended to avoid the church. The church at Cassino was a place of refuge, it was the Mother Church. When he had his breakdown in 1946 he again sought refuge with his mother, the Mother Church —incidentally it should be noted that the first rape of an offertory box took place in the church in the yard of which his mother had been buried.

Clearly there was ambivalence towards the mother and the church. His earliest recollections helped to explain their nature:

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Before the Age of 6, *When He Left the Infant Class.*

1. { Having measles and being in bed for a time.
Hearing the boys playing in the street below.
A picture at the foot of my bed, with shepherd and sheep, etc.

2. A chocolate Easter egg with cotton-wool chickens inside.

3. Starting school, being taken there by mother, feeling silly as the teacher led me to each child in the class.

4. After being absent from school, the teacher patiently teaching me the letters of the alphabet that I had missed.

5. Walking to school, on my own down the street, looking back and seeing my mother standing at the gate, with a shawl over her head watching me.

6. My first fight at school, the crowd of boys forming a ring, shouting and pushing, feeling frightened, getting punched on the ear, and losing my temper.

7. Singing some nursery rhyme, at a Christmas concert, forgetting it half-way through and running from the stage.

8. Getting something into my eye, going to the doctor to have it removed, staring into a glaring white light.

9. In hospital for operation on tonsils, mother leaving me, and a nurse taking me into a ward. Being surprised at the number of beds and the whiteness of everything.

Feeling very frightened when I was led into the operating theatre, trying to get off the table, feeling very sick and pains in my throat afterwards. Being pleased that father has come with mother to take me home.

10. My father brings home a large tin of paint. My brothers and myself painting kitchen, all got a good licking.

11. Leaving the infants' classes for second grade school.

Before the Age of 10, *When His Father Died.*

12. Fighting with someone who had laughed at my efforts at football.

13. Playing truant with my friend and having the bad luck to run into my father.

14. Smashing the back window of my friend's door whilst playing cricket on his back garden.

15. After listening to a lecture on the "Incubation of Crocodile Eggs," my friend and I removing the eggs from my father's chicken sheds and burying them in the manure heap. Father going down to the sheds, coming back and collecting my brothers and myself together and asking us each in turn what we had done with the eggs; owning up, a good hiding and bed.

16. One of my brothers and myself coming through Coxmoor Woods, with our pockets filled with pheasant eggs, being chased by a gamekeeper, falling, smashing all the eggs, my brother helping me up and both of us being caught, taken home to father, and the gamekeeper demanding the usual tanning, which we got.

17. Climbing a ruined tower in the woods, getting stuck at the top, and father's fetching me down.

18. Climbing on to roof through bedroom window, and stuffing rags into the chimneys of house next door.

19. Moving to high grade school.

20. Falling through ice into the pond, the long wait before I was fetched out.

21. Taking the alarm clock to pieces, father stopping my spending money till it was paid for.

22. Going to Edwinstow, to see the Major Oak, taking the wrong turning in the forest and ending up at the place called Allerton, deciding to walk home, arriving home in the early hours, to find father and the police and half the neighbours out looking for me. Mother making a fuss of me, sending me to bed before father came home.

23. A teacher making remarks about my impediment of speech; fighting two boys outside the school who followed the teacher's lead; arriving home with a cut head, a tooth missing and my coat torn. Father giving me a hiding, but later on asking me what the trouble was. Myself explaining, and, next morning, father taking me to school to interview the teacher, the same day father came home with boxing gloves and from then on my brothers and I received boxing lessons from father. Also I received lessons in the evenings from the vicar to try and improve my speech.

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24. A holiday on a farm in Yorkshire, being taught how to ride by the son of the farmer. Upsetting a can of cream I was carrying to the kitchen.

25. Standing on a chair swatting flies, and falling through the window and cutting my hand.

26. The death of my father, the house upset, my mother crying and ill through shock (I cannot remember feeling any sorrow, only excitement). The funeral, the slight feeling of importance. Seeing the soil falling on the coffin, and the sudden shock as I realized that I should never see father again.

Aged 10–13.

27. After father died, money in the family became scarce and spending money for us boys less. We did not, of course, realize what a struggle mother was having, and the following paragraph I have bitterly regretted.

28. Mother used to keep a cocoa tin on the shelf with coppers in it for the gas meter, and I remember that on three occasions I took coppers from this tin to buy sweets.

29. Helping a local coal merchant after school to deliver coal, the pride of giving mother the two shillings a week I earned, and being pleased when mother gave me sixpence back, sixpence being a lot of money to me then.

30. Playing truant from school, walking out into the country, taking apples from a farmer's orchard, eating too many and being very sick.

31. Deciding to run away from home, stayed away all night, got fed up and came back next morning to find that mother had been up all night looking for me.

Mother crying, myself feeling a sudden sympathy and love for mother that I cannot remember before. Crying and promising that I would not do it again.

32. Leaving school, standing at the gate and looking back at the school and thinking that no more should I go there, discovering that I felt sorry.

33. A few days later starting work at a wireless shop.

These recollections reveal a high-spirited boy, always ready to play truant, steal birds' eggs, climb towers or roofs, and to fight if necessary. It is the same man who, as a soldier, is dared to steal a mineral bottle and gets court-martialled. It is the same man who, at ————, was caught out of bounds chasing rabbits, lost his parole and other privileges.

Paragraph (23) is significant, since it shows how sensitive he has always been about the impediment in his speech. It is very slight and only over certain words. But for him it is a very big thing, and it has made him rather introverted and hypersensitive. He does not mix easily and likes to be alone, reading.

His father would appear to have been a stern man, not backward with a beating, but just and understanding. Also when his father was alive there was adequate money, for besides a pension, there was a small business.

After the death of his father, his own description of the changed circumstances is clearly made out. What he does not mention is that his mother was a very religious woman. It was her habit to consult the vicar on all her troubles. She was a regular churchgoer and insisted on her children attending church and Sunday school regularly. It was also her habit, when worried, to go to the church for quiet meditation. B. T— resented the amount of time he had to spend at church and Sunday school. Still more did he resent the sixpence his mother always put in the offertory box when she went to the church, and the pennies she gave her children for the same purpose. Out of her restricted means he thought that the church swallowed up far too large a proportion. Sometimes he and his brother played truant and spent their

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pennies. As noted, after he left home he avoided the church as far as possible until Cassino.

It is clear there was ambivalence to the mother at an early age, and this soon extended to, or associated with, the church. His mother died when he was abroad in 1940. He was deeply affected by this news, and has had feelings of remorse about his treatment of her. He feels that he had not appreciated her affection and had not understood her difficulties. Further, he feels it was wrong of him to desert her and to enlist in the Army.

The next important incident was the head injury in 1939. Up to this time he had been a successful soldier and had risen to the rank of sergeant. Again, the description of what happened in Palestine is given in his own words.

In the early part of 1939 my regiment was serving in Palestine (1st Battalion, the Sherwood Foresters).

For riot duties the Regiment was formed into two units. These units were known as Haifa Column " A," composed of 1st line fighting troops, and Haifa Column " B," cooks and batmen, etc. I belonged to the first mentioned. Late one night Column " A " was called out (I cannot remember the exact date, but I believe it to be either March or February), and we proceeded to a village a few miles from Parafond, where we had been informed that a section of the Arab Rebel Army was resting. On arrival there we carried out the usual procedure, that is, we posted stop parties on the high lands around the village, and sent in a riot squad, I was a member of this squad.

The village was reached without trouble and a few people taken prisoners, the search then moved out of the village into the orange groves, where we met trouble. We were moving in extended section order with Lt. Rivett-Carnac and Lt. Sadbury in the centre.

The enemy, who had taken up position at the far end of the grove, opened fire, killing Lt. Rivett-Carnac, and wounding a few more (Lt. Sadbury received the M.C. for this action).

Myself and section took cover and commenced to work round the enemy's flank, at the same time a Vickers from the nearest stop party opened fire, this fire was successful, as when my section arrived in position for attack everything appeared quiet. So after reconnaissance we went in, a few dead and wounded Arabs were lying about, otherwise everything was deserted.

The position the enemy had occupied was composed of a number of caves and two huts. We proceeded to search these, myself and two others entered one of the huts and were looking round when there was an explosion, something struck me at the back of the head and I was knocked unconscious. On recovering, I found I had a large swelling and a small cut at the back of the head. The cut was bleeding quite a lot. Also I found that my eyes were queer, for a time I could not see, and then I was seeing double (I remember wondering whether I had been knocked cross-eyed). I sat down for a while and tried to sort out what had happened. I could not think very clearly. Then my eyes appeared normal, the only thing wrong, as far as I knew, was that when I reached for my rifle I kept missing it. Also about this time I was very sick with vomiting, but this cleared up and, except for a headache, everything appeared alright.

The others, who had come up on hearing the explosion, bandaged my head, and assisted me with the two other men who had entered the hut with me. After the search had been completed, the unit returned to barracks, where I reported sick. The M.O. examined my head and dressed it, and told me to report sick the next morning. I then went for a meal, which I found impossible as everything I swallowed was vomited back. My head was still paining me severely. The next morning I reported sick, and the swelling had gone down a lot, but for a week or more afterwards I had pains in the head, at the back behind the left ear, and in front above the eyes, also after every meal I was vomiting. This eventually cleared up and, except for headaches, and (from what the people in my barrack room told me) talking in my sleep and walking in my sleep, I appeared alright, also I found myself getting absent-minded to a certain extent.

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About three or four months after the initial accident I had a very strange experience, I was reading a book and I felt a sudden sharp pain in the head, it appeared to begin behind my left ear and travelled to above my eyes, and then I got the feeling that everything was happening very fast. My thoughts appeared to be revolving swiftly round and round on the same subject.

I then noticed a small speck in front of my eyes, this got larger until I could see nothing but a speckled mist, blotting out all sight. This mist appeared to be formed of brightly-coloured specks, which were dancing up and down. The edges of the mist were coloured and jagged like lightning flashes. This lasted, as far as I could judge, about one hour. During this time I was unconscious of anything happening around me, and my thoughts were still repeating themselves. This cleared and left me with a bad headache, and after meals that day I vomited. I reported sick the next morning, the M.O. told me it was a slight attack of sand-fly fever, but until I returned home I was getting these attacks. Sometimes two or three times a week. Sometimes I would be alright for about a month. On coming home, January, 1940, I was very pleased to find these attacks had finished. The next attack of a similar nature I experienced was after the battle of Mefi-El-Bab, in Africa with the First Army, and there were no more till after the Battle of Cassino in Italy. Since then I have had them frequently till I came to Laninval, when I had one attack on 17 October in the town of Bodmin.

In all these attacks vomiting, severe headaches and a certain amount of loss of memory have followed.

It is clear that prior to 1939 this man had shown no evidence of neurosis. In that year, while on active service, there was an explosion in a hut and he was struck on the head; actually in the left occipital area. He was unconscious for a time, and when he returned to consciousness he found a swelling on the back of the head and a small cut. He also had a headache, vomited, could not focus properly and could not think clearly. For the next week he had head pains, both back and front; vomited after every meal; talked and walked in his sleep and found he was absent-minded. He reported to his doctor and the wound was dressed.

Three to four months later he had the first of his "attacks." I need not go over his own description again. He continued to have these "attacks" up to two to three times a week while he remained in Palestine. In 1940 he returned to England and had no further "attacks." He had his next "attack" after the battle of Mefi-El-Bab (1943) and not again until after the battle of Cassino (1944). From then onwards he continued to have "attacks." Since he has been in this hospital he has only had one, and on this occasion, also, it was brought on by emotional stress. It should first be explained that one of his main fears is that the other patients should know that he has been in prison. Two other patients had arranged to go to a neighbouring town for tea with the relations of one of them. B. T— had thought he was one of the party, but walking towards the bus-stop he learnt this was not so. He did not return to the hospital but went off on his own. While in Bodmin he had an "attack." He told me afterwards that he had immediately jumped to the conclusion that the others knew that he had been in prison and that he was being ostracized. His feelings of insecurity and worry when he came back to civilian life have already been noted as a cause of his nervous symptoms. While in prison, and after, his "blackouts" were frequent. His own account of these periods, which I give below, leave little doubt that acute emotional disturbance was the causal factor.

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I arrived at the prison in the afternoon of 11 October, 1949, from Notts Sessions. I was admitted into the reception block where I was locked in a cell for a time. After a while a meal was brought to me consisting of part of a loaf and a piece of margarine. I was left in the cell until six o'clock (I remember hearing a clock strike somewhere). I was then taken for a bath and Medical Inspection and a change of clothing (prison clothing). After medical inspection (the normal Army F.F.I.) a pillow case filled with towel, soap, sheets, etc. was handed to me, and I was hurried up a flight of iron stairs to a cell ; this cell I stayed in during the whole of my stay. I was ordered inside and the door banged shut and locked. This door was not opened again until 07.30 hrs. the next morning. The cell was the normal type, window very high up the wall so that nothing could be seen outside. I didn't sleep that night, and lay counting the times the peep lob in the door was opened.

The next morning the door was banged and someone called out " Get out of it and make your bed up." At 07.30 hrs. the door was unlocked and I was ordered to " Step out." This, I found, meant pour down the lavatories the waste that had accumulated during the night. This period, by the way, was a very dangerous time for the staff, as this was the only time during the day when prisoners were allowed to mix freely. I saw many fights during this time during my stay in prison.

After breakfast, consisting of porridge and tea, I was taken to the centre (this was the officers' part of the prison) and left standing in a passage until 10 o'clock, when I was interviewed by the Governor of the Prison, Chaplain and Labour Selection Board in turn. These interviews took up the whole morning. At 12 o'clock I was taken back to my cell for dinner. At 14.50 hrs. I started work sewing old mail bags. I continued this work the whole of my stay.

A normal day composed :

Reveille 06.30 hrs. ; " Step Out " 07.30 hrs. ; Breakfast 08.00 hrs. ; Parole for Labour 09.30 hrs. ; Dinner 12.00 hrs. ; Parole for Labour 14.30 hrs. ; Tea and Lock up 17.00 hrs. ; Lights out 20.00 hrs. Every day was exactly the same, with the exception of Sunday, when it was church in the morning and in the afternoon. At 17.00 hrs. every day a new, unsewn mail bag was placed in the cell, this had to be sewn complete by Labour Parole the next morning. My greatest troubles at this prison were being unable to sleep properly, headaches, blistered fingers, the long hours of being locked in the cell ; a constant supervision, the poor food (which gave me boils on the back of the neck) and the lack of cigarettes.

I never reported sick there, neither did I get into trouble, I also made no friends.

On 12 November I was transferred to ——, where I went through the same number of interviews, but this time I was employed sewing the new mail bags.

The routine at —— was very much the same as at my former prison, with the exception that the cells were unlocked at 17.00 hrs. and not locked again until 21.00 hrs., and after tea we were allowed to associate with the other prisoners.

On Saturday and Sunday afternoons football and cricket were played ; everyone was allowed to play or watch.

The biggest trouble here was again the cigarettes question. Many of the prisoners earned more money than the remainder, according to what type of work they were employed at. So, therefore, those on the higher scale of pay could afford cigarettes every week, whilst the others could only get them once a fortnight. This gave rise to a bad state of affairs, and erected what was termed the " Tobacco Barons." These " Barons " earning large money, bought every week cigarettes, tobacco and papers, and made very thin cigarettes which they sold to the lower scale of prisoners for a halfpenny each. These were normally sold on credit in the week, and on pay day the " Barons " collected the money owing to them. Of course, a lot of the prisoners would not pay, so, therefore, there were fights, stabbings, etc.

Another bad thing at —— was sex offences. The place was termed a First-Offence Prison, and three parts of the prisoners were long-term prisoners, bank robbers, robbing with violence, murderers (—— and many other well-known murderers were there) and sex crimes (mostly against boys).

The long-term prisoners (some had been there six or seven years) and the sex criminals created a very filthy state of affairs, and the young prisoner was pestered and preyed upon until he had to fight for himself or report the matter (when he reported the matter he was told to bring proof ; also he was called a " Squealer "

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by the prisoners and beaten up). A sense of ordinary decency did not exist at ——. My headaches, sleeplessness and boils were just as bad and I was feeling very depressed, and looking forward to Christmas when there should be a change in routine. At last Christmas came, and was not too bad, a concert, film show, two or three football matches and a whist drive. The food was good. After Christmas we settled down to the old routine. On 12 January, 1949, I was sent out to the open camp five miles away. Conditions were good, no doors locked, no walls, just like an Army camp and open-air work, felling trees, digging and ordinary farm work; it was hard work and long hours but it was better than ——. The class of prisoners was better, all young prisoners doing short terms, I stayed there 17 weeks when, unfortunately, a fellow prisoner and myself were caught out of bounds chasing a rabbit.

I was sent back to ——, where I carried on the same type of work as before until I was discharged on 11 June, 1949.

After leaving I was not feeling too well, and very unsure of my welcome at home, so I decided to try and find work somewhere else. I had about twenty-five shillings in cash. I walked to ——, about twelve miles from ——, and tried the Labour Exchange. They advised me to leave my Insurance Cards there and register for work. This was, of course, impossible, as I required lodgings and money, and who would give lodgings to an unemployed ex-prisoner?

I decided to make for Filey (Butlin's Holiday Camp); it took me three days to get there, sleeping in haystacks, and living on cups of tea and a couple of buns at the cafés I encountered—by this time I was badly in need of a shave, so I bought towel, soap and razor, price 6/11. At Filey they were sorry but their staff was complete, but they did give me three days' work cutting the lawns, for this they paid me forty-five shillings. After this I tried the hotels of Bridlington, Filey, Saltburn and Reslew, with no luck. I was not feeling too well, the lack of food, constant worry about the future, improper sleep (I was still sleeping in haystacks), the need to keep up appearances, I had to buy a shirt, this made a hole in my cash, altogether these were undermining my stamina. I still had headaches and black-outs. But I was determined on three things.

(1) To make a fresh start, (2) to avoid churches, (3) not to communicate with my people until I could show them that I was once again leading a clean and honest life. By this time I was into July, so I decided to go down country, I wished to avoid places where I might meet someone from my own district, so therefore I missed Hull, Cleethorpes and Skegness, and spent half of my cash getting by bus to Boston. It will not strike you as strange when I write that I remembered Boston because of the "Boston Stump," a world-famous church, and I also knew that Boston was a market town for South Lincoln, and hoped to get work on the farms. On arrival at Boston I was surprised to find the town and district appeared to be full of strangers. I soon discovered why, it was the strawberry season, all the strangers were pickers. I gave up my idea of a regular employment, and concentrated on strawberry picking. The pay was 1/9 an hour, we could work what hours we liked. I started off by finding a convenient haystack, and working from six o'clock in the morning till ten o'clock at night, allowing myself an hour for lunch. After a couple of days this was too much for me, so I was lucky to find digs in Boston for a few days, so I started at seven and finished at nine. My sole idea at this time was to amass as much cash as possible. For this reason I cut out breakfast and tea. I worked on this job for just over a fortnight and that was the end of the strawberry season. At the end of the season I had a total of just over seven pounds left. I went the round of the district for a regular job with no luck, so I decided to push on. I should here mention that at the farm where I worked I had to pass a church morning and night, it was about the fifth or sixth evening after I had started work that I went into the churchyard on my way back from work. After walking round the churchyard I tried the door and found it was open. I went inside and sat down, I made a habit of going in the church every evening, and in the end I broke open the offertory box.

I went by various buses to Cambridge and stayed there two days. My sole reason for going there was that I had never been there. From there I went to Oxford for the same reason.

My cash was going fast, so I decided to look for work, I eventually got to a place called Cirencester where I applied at the Labour Exchange for work. They asked me where I had been so I told them the truth. They told me they were sorry

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but there were many men in Cirencester looking for work, who had not been to prison, but if I liked they would put my name down for work. I pushed on. (I am sorry everything is very vague just about this time, I know I worked at hay-making, and I know I entered many churches, but where I went between Cirencester until I arrived at Boscastle, in Cornwall, I am not sure.)

By the time I arrived at Boscastle I had given up all hope of obtaining work, and I was feeling very ill, and getting frequent blackouts. My chief concern was to live.

From Boscastle I wandered all over Cornwall, Tintagel, Bodmin, Truro, Camborne, St. Ives, Land's End, Penzance, etc., and finally I was arrested at Penryn.

To summarize, this man had an occipital head injury in 1939. Since then, when under emotional stress, he has had " blackout attacks " with head pains, vomiting, mental and visual disturbances, It should be added that when specifically questioned he described the head pain as confined to the left side.

X-ray of the skull was negative. Examined by a neurologist, there were no signs of organic neurological disturbance. The neurologist regarded his symptoms as an expression of his psychological disorder. The ophthalmic surgeon reported that the field of vision was within normal limits, with no evidence of scotoma. He inclined to the view that his attacks resembled migraine.

My own view is that the experience in 1939, which included concussion, set in action a reversible, psycho-physiological process, fairly typical of migraine. This reversible process is reactivated when the subject meets with emotional stress. Rich states that, of his series, only 14 cases of migraine were idiopathic. The other 49 were associated with intracranial haemorrhage. He goes on to say that many cases finally develop permanent visual field defect. Most authorities are agreed that the scotoma is due to vasoconstriction of the branches of the internal carotid and the subsequent headache to vasodilation. Von Storch describes a migraine personality. In childhoood he is shy, obedient, neat and reliable. He is stubbornly inflexible in certain circumstances. As an adult he is a perfectionist, ambitious, inelastic, tense, resentful and repetitious. He is also efficient and has poise and social charm. This, except perhaps for obedience in childhoold, could well apply to B. T—. Storch also states that people suffering from migraine usually have some sexual maladjustment.

The relationship between the migraine-like attacks and the stealing from offertory boxes is less easy to be dogmatic about. It may be that the migraine has in some way, and to some extent, broken down the hegemony of the mind, allowing an unconscious complex to emerge and dominate consciousness from time to time. There is no evidence that the migraine attacks and the psychopathy were ever directly associated in time. That is, he never opened an offertory box during one of the " attacks." On the other hand there is evidence to suggest that when things were going badly for him and he lacked security, both symptoms became conspicuous, though the psychopathy only developed many years later. Again, when he was reasonably secure, during the years 1940–42 when he was in England and since he has been in this hospital, he was free of both symptoms.

Some might regard the attacks as sensory Jacksonian fits. It might even

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be suggested that the psychopathy was a psychic equivalent. Keyes rightly points out the risks of such a diagnosis and the danger of its use by the unscrupulous in medico-legal cases.

B. T—, following treatment, has very fair insight. It would seem probable that, given reasonable economic and social security, he will make a satisfactory adjustment to peacetime conditions.

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