

# THE GOOD. THE BAD. AND THE SCOUSE



**Hugh Owen Thomas 1834-1891**

*By Colin Campbell*

From out of the waters off Anglesey, a boy stranger did emerge.  
Washed ashore from a Spanish shipwreck, a legend does observe.  
Adopted by the locals, he soon became a man,  
With a natural skill for healing, for child and ox and lamb.

Setting bones and saving lives, from misery and pain.  
The unearthly knowledge that he possessed,  
His off spring knew the same.

His grandson moved to Liverpool,  
Where he would help the poor,  
Whose eldest son Hugh Owen Thomas,  
Would do the same and more.

His name it would be infamous,  
Throughout slum and city street,  
Where every type of patient he would be prepared to meet.

Rich merchant and violent criminal, this healer would befriend,  
His service would be free on Sunday, so the poorest could attend.

A naval hat, a cigarette and red carriage to behold,  
The Liverpool public knew him at once,  
And embraced him, in their fold.

No bedside manner did he possess, he was brisk and rude and cruel,  
But the pretty wife, sitting at his side, showed, he was no fool.

Some they thought, he was a fraud, breaking bones for no real need,  
His unorthodox medical practices, the establishment tried to impede.

But when he died, the city wept, for its, untimely loss,  
The depth of feeling he evoked is hard to put across.

And yet back then they didn't know the gift that he would leave,  
His nephew, Sir Robert Jones, would give his name reprieve.  
The Thomas Splint, that Hugh devised, would find a greater need,  
Saving lives, in World War One,  
A legacy, indeed.



Supported by  
**The National Lottery**<sup>®</sup>  
through the Heritage Lottery Fund



**Splendid  
Things**