THE HISTORICAL LIBRARY X YALE MEDICAL LIBRARY

INCLUDING THE COLLECTIONS OF HARVEY CUSHING AND ARNOLD C. KLEBS

333 CEDAR STREET · NEW HAVEN · CONNECTICUT

2 June 1952.

Dear Dr. Bill:

Here it is already 5.30 p.m. - the whole day gone, and I had vowed to send you a long letter before lunchtime. I'll get something off, but it won't be any spellbinder, I fear. There have been many letters flitting back and forth between New Haven and Montreal, and one of them should have been from me to thank you for yours of many weeks ago, written in pencil when you were holding the medical profession at bay. I am glad to hear with what success you have done that, and the news that you and 'Bilda' are going to Lake Placid makes me wish that I could go, too. In fact. I don't see how I can bear not to go. Perky is motoring up with Mr. Kilgour and will be there all week, and I shall be as jealous as all get-out that I'm not there, too. Well, we shall see. I'm sure Elizabeth feels the same way, and even though she is not a member of the M.L.A., she may just decide it's the open season and go - I was going to say willy-nilly perhaps that's what I mean anyway. She is a lady with a good deal of determination, so perhaps it will be just as well if you draw an extra long breath and plan to meet the entire New Haven contingent. Wouldn't it be wonderful! Perhaps even John and Lucia would decide it was a great venture and come along also. They are in Boston to-day while John gets some more initials added to his name by the President of Boston University. He was supposed to give the medical graduates a pep talk a few days ago, but the late unpleasantness put that out of the picture immediately. Then he wasn't sure whether they would give him the degree, but I guess they decided to be generous. We are all eagerly awaiting details; I expect they'll be back this evening.

You'll probably faint when you see the contents of the envelope that bears this letter to you. It just goes to prove (I hope) that we are basically honest. You will doubtless remember that Julia made a trip to Montreal in 1940 and pulled all these letters from the Osler files. Then she carefully attached the red stickers to identify them, and they've been in our files ever since. I am trying very hard to get all sorts of things straightened out, so I decided it was about time the letters were returned to you. Now I hope Miss Desbarets won't want to curse, for she will have to put them all back in their proper places.

I sent a copy of the Imaginary Library to Dr. Malloch and have had a nice acknowledgment. I don't know whether you want a copy, since you have the original; but I send one in any case. I wish I knew why the Art Gallery photographer felt the necessity of blowing it up. The colouring was supplied by my own untutored hand; it can be removed it you prefer plain black-and-white.

I don't seem to have any good stories to send you. One I heard in New York a few weeks ago came out in a recent Reader's Digest in a most watered-down version. Mildred had rather a good one when she was here, but I think it is a fairly recent acquisition and I won't spoil the fun she will have telling you herself. It's about an Englishman with a deaf brother just so you won't miss it. Two others she told at luncheon I refused to allow her to repeat to John!! She'll probably tell you those, too.

I spent some of the holiday week-end going over Journal business and discovered that you owe us a review or Have you forgotten?????? One is the Jerome Webster Tagliacozzi, and the other I can't remember for the moment. Oh yes, it's E. M. Brockbank's John Ferriar. What are the chances? You really must do something to ease our ruffled spirits for your recent defection. In fact, I think you should do something more than a couple of book reviews. We need your light touch to enliven some of the pages of the Journal. I wonder if we couldn't have notes from time to time about the materials in the Osler Library you are immortalizing on the dictating contraption? It would stimulate still further interest in the Osler Library and would be wonderful bright spots among somewhat solemn and somber pages. Do give it more than a passing thought. It would not mean very much work for you in addition to what you've already done, and I'm sure it would be perfect for us. All this reminds me of the New Yorker cartoon that I've had on my desk for weeks. I shall send it to you but beg that you return it as it continues to liven my days whenever I look at it. Look at the poor editor! Toujours la même chose.

Well, I'm being paged and told to leave so that I shall have to stop without more ado, except to tell you (as I'm sure I already have) that I have no one to chaperone me at 281 but the large painting of George Washington, done on glass by the heathen Chinee. You should really come to see it! It had been in Coz. Ethel's family since it was done in the early 1800's, I believe, and she loved it; Grandma called it Sour Puss, shame on her, and we used to joke about it a lot. It was given to me as a mark of deep affection and as such I love it too. Dear Coz E. died very suddenly last December just as John and I reached Paris; she had had several operations but had been very well in between and no one had any inkling that she would go so suddenly. I had talked with both of them the evening before I left, and that has given me great joy. Grandma was naturally greatly bereft and lonely, but she is gradually becomeing adjusted to life as it is now - she is a very courageous and sprightly little lady!

As much love as son Think on 'Old Cardiac can stand,