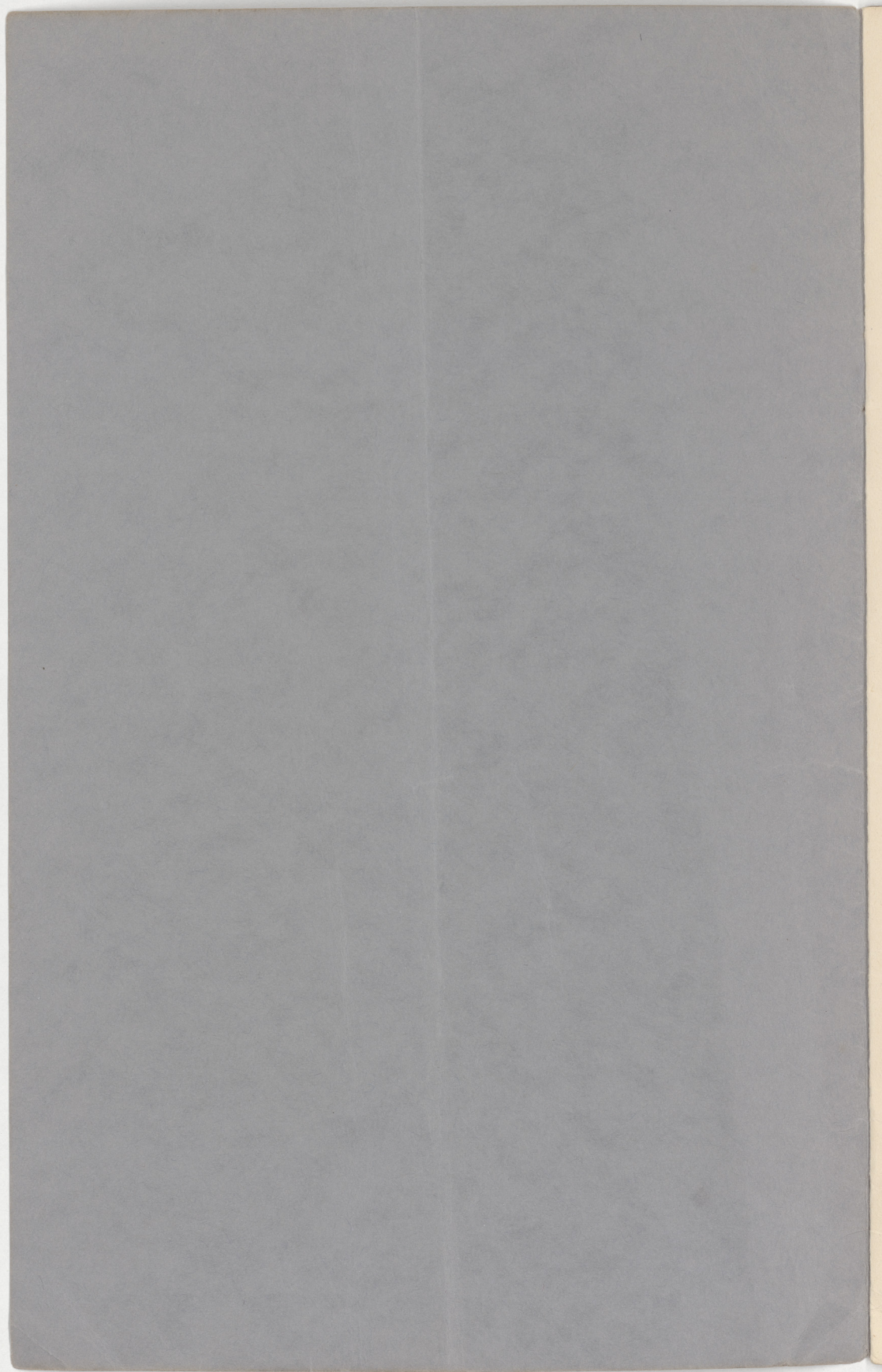


Address by
W. W. FRANCIS

Reprinted from
DOCTOR CUSHING'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY APR 8 '39
(Thomas)



Pops
from
Bounce
2.1.40.

Address by
W. W. FRANCIS

Reprinted from

DOCTOR CUSHING'S SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY PARTY APR. 8 '39

(Thomas)

Dr. W. W. Francis

Osler Library, Montreal

It is good to be here, even under semi-false pretences! I can represent the Osler Library with an easy conscience, but the other half of my commission is a different matter. Canada is a wide country and, thanks to Harvey Cushing, can now boast of several good neurosurgeons, some of whom are here, but I am not one of them.

However, I may perhaps claim that, as an admiring bystander, I was in at the difficult birth of our hero's encephalotomous career. And what a triumphant career! Truly the mantle of Elijah is fallen upon Elisha. I wish I had not neglected to learn the compleat art of notetaking, as preached and practised by our old Hopkins Chief and your young Chief here, who along with the mantle has worthily inherited Osler's nickname. Nor have I picked up from John Fulton, that genial expert, his more up-to-date art of canning one's thoughts and experiences, while still fresh and juicy, in a ubiquitous dictaphone! If I had not been so remiss, I might now be able to give you something like the very words of good old inimitable "Popsy" Welch when, about eleven years ago, he treated me to a little private panegyric on his beloved Harvey Cushing. The gist of it was the establishment of a new and beneficent specialty, a great new school of surgery,

and the enticement at last of Minerva Medica across the Atlantic. For the first time European students, in order to master one branch of the Art, were obliged to come to an American clinic, the temple of Peter Bent Brigham, of Minerva Neurochirurgica, and of her High Priest whose gifts and achievements we, his friends and pupils, are celebrating tonight.

My good years in Baltimore coincided with Dr. Cushing's first neurological gropings, and in the ordinary routine of the fourth year student's surgical training it fell to my joyful lot one day to "assist" him (in quotation marks!) in one of his early brain tumor operations. After being duly dolled up and even more than duly washed up, I stood around impatient for a close-up glimpse into these new wonders, and trying to persuade myself that "They also serve who only stand and wait." For the ensuing disaster I was not responsible—unless in the capacity of a Jonah. With the scalp incision the patient died! It was one of those tragedies that used to make old Sir J. Y. Simpson turn in his grave when Bigelow in the Elysian Fields would dig him in the ghostly ribs and say, "What else can you expect of chloroform?" Inevitably there were many such discouragements, but, thank God, they could not daunt the pioneering spirit in the fourth generation of the best Western-Reserved, New England medical germ-plasm.

During most of that last year of mine at the medical school, 1901-02, my room in the Hotel Grossler, as Osler called his hospitable house in honor of Mrs. O.'s first husband, was required for a niece, so I lodged next door with the "latch-keyers." Naturally I developed a life-

long affection for H. C. second only to my feelings toward his kindred spirit, the elder Chief. I wonder if two adjacent houses, with a couple of boards knocked out of the intervening backyard fence (it was a *garden* fence on the Osler side) can ever, before or since, have sheltered such a pair of congenial geniuses, so useful, hard-working, stimulating, informative, Vesaliolatrous, and withal so exuberant, cheery, witty and playful. Yet, in the absence of the lamented note-book, what transmittable details of that stay forty years ago under Dr. Cushing's roof can I now fish out for you from my leaky memory? None—except the nightly game of tiddlywinks last thing before we went to bed. He led comfortably for most of the series, but at the end of the year I made a spurt and won by the narrowest of margins! The stake was a theatre, which couldn't have been Maude Adams, or I wouldn't have forgotten it. Overtaking him like that has always left me with a bit of a suspicion that he may have cheated, in a chivalrous way, to let me win.

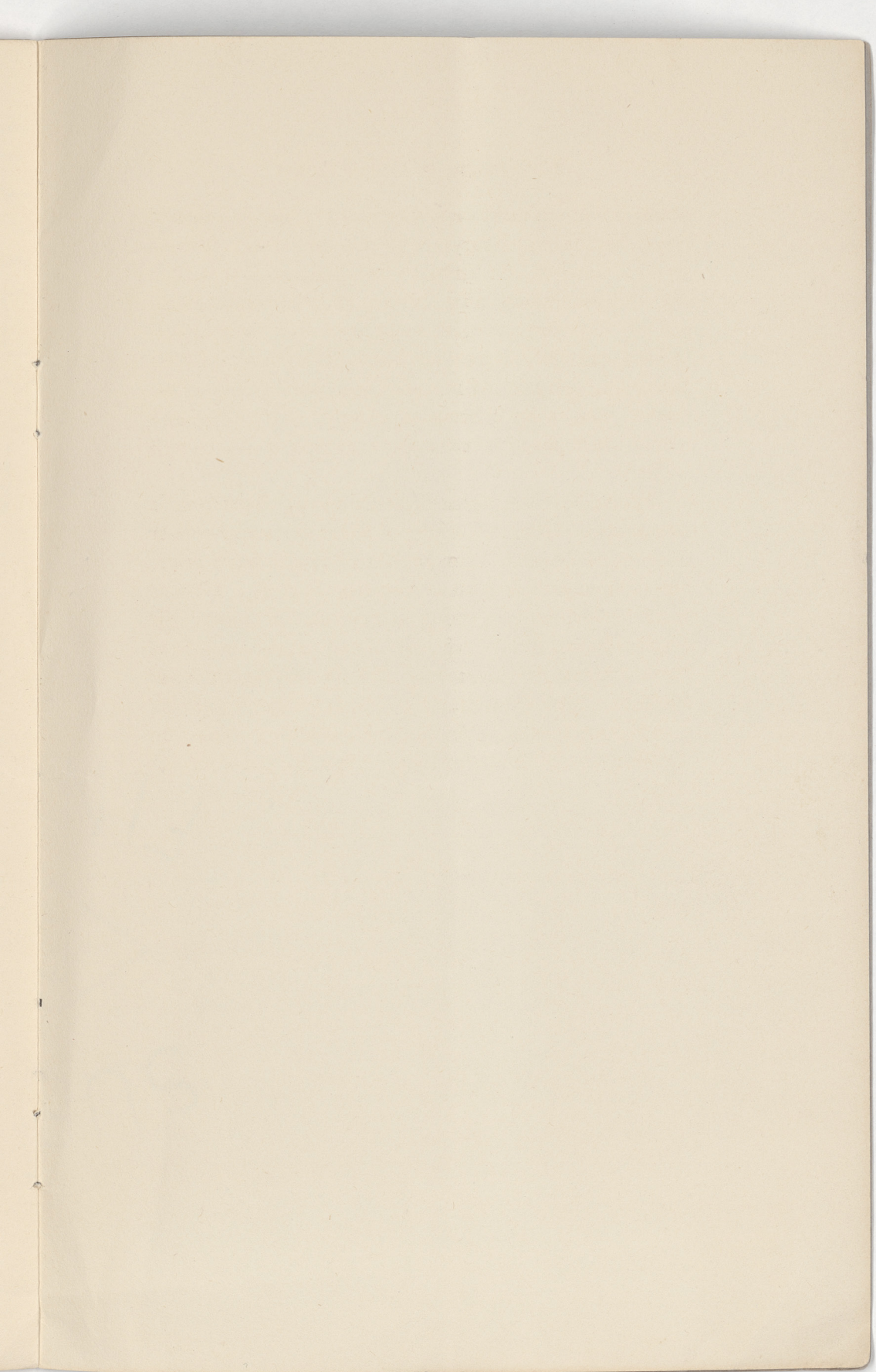
Another detail—but again a trifle. In those days, of course, the scientific influence of the German pervaded us. It was not so heavy as the abominable menace of his mailed fist has since become. But some of us went to France for our innocent foibles. "The Professor," *par excellence*, in other words, Halsted, may have thought there was no decent surgery outside Germany except his own, but he got his faultless outer garments from London, and his linen from Paris. So did some others, although none but he went so far as to believe that only a Frenchwoman can launder. His good store of shirts and collars, always chaste and immaculate, went back in periodical

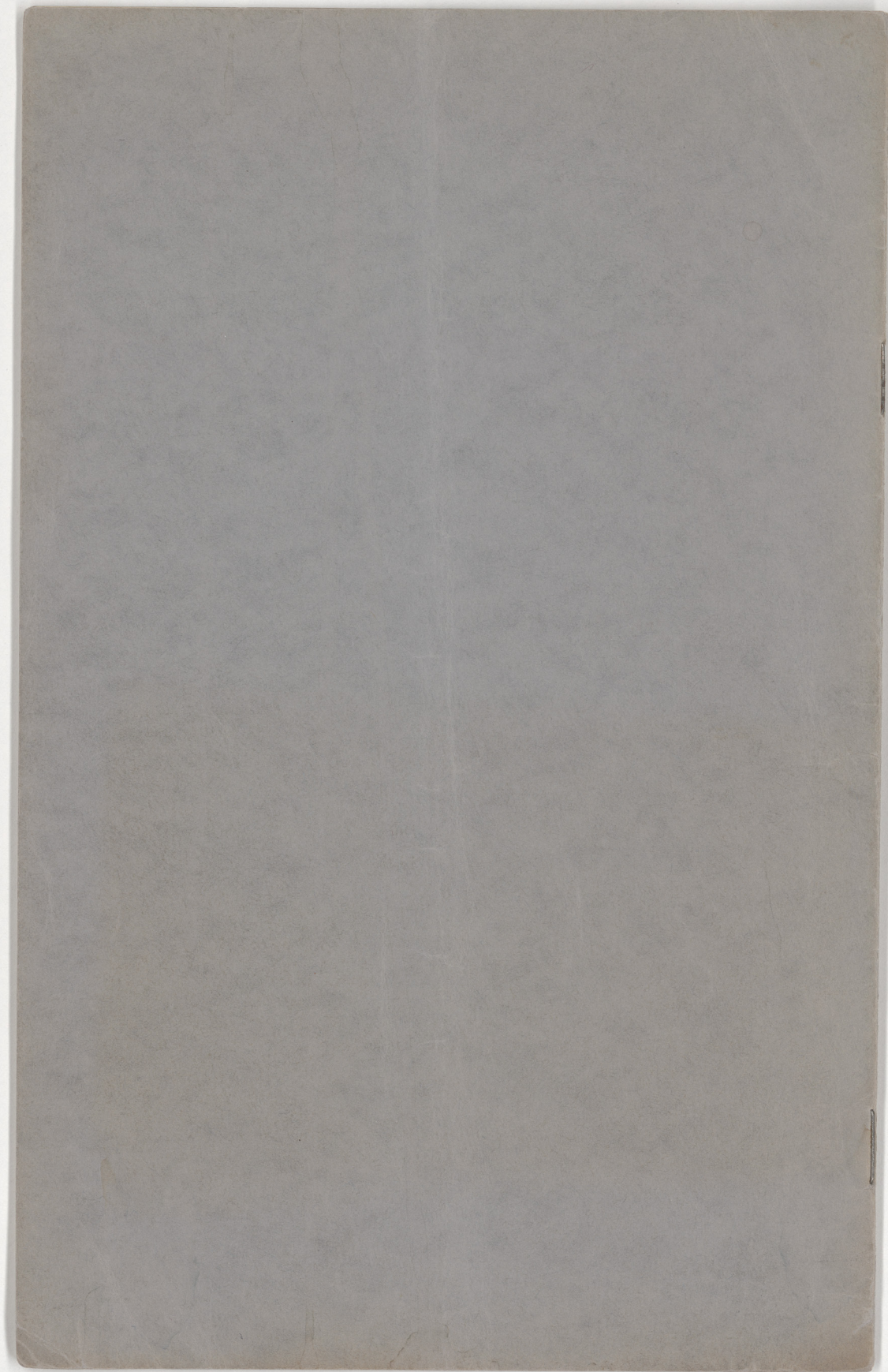
batches to Paris to be washed! Then too, the spiritual home of the loved and learned Thayer, first of the "latch-keyers," was neither Baltimore, nor even Cambridge, Mass., but always Paris. Once, with no more than two weeks' holiday, he took a fast boat both ways and had a whole hour on the Boulevards. I come to a delicate matter; but in spite of all his indignant, serio-comic denials, I still maintain that the things Harvey Cushing used to pretend to smoke in profusion came from that same city of light and sewers. Not that their emanations were objectionable. I tried one twice, but it was too hard work. The moment you stopped sucking vigorously, the crazy quasi-cigarette went out. One match per puff; and his desk was littered with the enormous stubs and stacks of burnt matches. I made a special pilgrimage to the Baltimore shop where he swore I'd find the window full of them. It was not at the address he gave me, after which I thought it only decent to pry no further into a good friend's little secret. With "primal quality" printed on each cigarette, but in French, "première qualité," complete with accents, they were certainly exotic and were smuggled in, no doubt, with the Professor's wash.

Osler in *his* seventieth year told me he wanted "ten more years of not too senile leisure" in which to round out his library and finish his catalogue. I hope this boon, which his semiannual pneumococcus denied him, will be granted to the younger Chief, and that he will spend it as Osler planned to. Neurosurgery before Dr. Cushing was almost a *terra incognita*; he has charted it and thoroughly trained you, his devoted pupils, to carry on his explorations. His last great book has crowned that part of his

work. So let me plead with you to leave him in peace in his extraordinary library. It is the turn once more of medical history, bibliography, and humane letters. His *Life of Osler*, thanks to its subject, its laborious research, and its very perfection, is an unrepeatable masterpiece, but we need more of the *Consecratio medici*, more from his fascinating diaries; and in the matchless treasures on his shelves (and in his calamus scriptorius) there are riches untold which none can transmute into current coin so well as he.

No one but Osler himself has done so much for Osler's immortality. So from Canada, of which he was the most distinguished export; from his Alma Mater's latest pride, her Neurological Institute, founded, Harvey, on your work and where you and your beloved old teacher, Sir Charles Sherrington, are the only living pathfinders whose names are inscribed in our Hall of Neuro-Fame; from our students' Osler Society; from Osler's books and his grateful ashes—and from my own heart—I bring you birthday wishes: *Multos et felices*—many happy, workable years!





On the menu the Committee pilloried these remarks
as "Thoughts from the Oslerian Protobibliothecary"
with all my names in extenso! W. W. F.

2nd transcript
P. 24
2nd copy

THE YOUNGER CHIEF. ~~H. C.~~

It is good to be here, even under semi-false pretences!
I can represent the Osler Library with an easy conscience, but the
other half of my commission is a different matter. Canada is a
wide country and, thanks to Harvey Cushing, can now boast of several
good neurosurgeons some of whom are here, but I am not one of them.

However, I may perhaps claim that, as an admiring bystander,
I was in at the difficult birth of our hero's encephalotomous career.
And what a triumphant career! Truly the mantle of Elijah is fallen
upon Elisha. I wish I had not neglected to learn the compleat art
of note-taking, as preached and practised by our old Hopkins Chief
and your young Chief here, who along with the mantle has worthily
inherited Osler's nickname. Nor have I picked up from John Fulton,
that genial expert, his more up-to-date art of canning one's thoughts
and experiences, while still fresh and juicy, in a ubiquitous dictaphone!
If I had not been so remiss, I might now be able to give you something
like the very words of good old inimitable "Popsy" Welch when, about
eleven years ago, he treated me to a little private panegyric on his
beloved Harvey Cushing. The gist of it was the establishment of a new
and beneficent specialty, a great new school of surgery, and the entice-
ment at last of Minerva Medica across the Atlantic. For the first time
European students, in order to master one branch of the Art, were
obliged to come to an American clinic, the temple of Peter Bent Brigham,
of Minerva Neurochirurgica, and of her High Priest whose gifts and
achievements we, his friends and pupils, are celebrating tonight.

My good years in Baltimore coincided with ^{Dr. Cushing's} ~~Harvey's~~ first neurological gropings, and in the ordinary routine of the 4th year student's surgical training it fell to my joyful lot one day to "assist" him (in quotation marks!) in one of his early brain-tumor operations. After being duly dolled up and ~~even~~ more than duly washed up, I stood around impatient for a close-up glimpse into these new wonders, and trying to persuade myself that "They also serve who only stand and wait." For the ensuing disaster I was not responsible - unless in the capacity of a Jonah. With the scalp incision the patient died! It was one of those tragedies that used to make old Sir J. Y. Simpson turn in his grave when Bigelow in the Elysian Fields would dig him in the ghostly ribs and say "What else can you expect of chloroform?" Inevitably there were many such discouragements, but, thank God, they could not daunt the pioneering spirit in the 4th generation of the best New-England, Western-Reserved, medical germ-plasm.

During most of that last year of mine at the medical school, 1901-2, my room in the Hotel Grossler, as Osler called his hospitable house in honor of Mrs. O.'s first husband, was required for a niece, so I lodged next door with the "latch-keyers". Naturally I developed a life-long affection for H. C. second only to my feelings toward his kindred spirit, the elder Chief. I wonder if two adjacent houses, with a couple of boards knocked out of the intervening backyard fence (it was a garden fence on the Osler side) can ever, before or since, have sheltered such a pair of congenial geniuses, so useful, hard-working, stimulating, informative, Vesaliolatrous, and withal so exuberant, cheery, witty and playful. Yet, in the absence of the lamented note-book, what transmittable details of that stay forty years ago under ^{Dr. Cushing's} ~~Harvey's~~ roof can I now fish out for you from my leaky memory? None - except the nightly

game of tiddlywinks last thing before we went to bed! He led comfortably for most of the series, but at the end of the year I made a spurt and won by the narrowest of margins! The stake was a theatre, which couldn't have been Maude Adams or I wouldn't have forgotten it. Overtaking him like that has always left me with a bit of a suspicion that he may have cheated, in a chivalrous way, to let me win.

Another detail - but again a trifle. In those days of course the scientific influence of the German pervaded us. It was not so heavy as the abominable menace of his mailed fist has since become. But some of us went to France for our innocent foibles. "The Professor", par excellence, in other words Halsted, may have thought there was no decent surgery outside Germany except his own, but he got his faultless outer garments from London, and his linen from Paris. So did some others, though none but he went so far as to believe that only a Frenchwoman can launder. His good store of shirts and collars, always chaste and immaculate, went back in periodical batches to Paris to be washed! Then, too, the spiritual home of the loved and learned Thayer, first of the "latch-keyers", was neither Baltimore, nor even Cambridge, Mass., but always Paris. Once, with no more than two weeks' holiday, he took a fast boat both ways and had a whole hour on the Boulevards. I come to a delicate matter; but in spite of all his indignant, serio-comic denials, I still maintain that the things Harvey Cushing used to pretend to smoke in profusion came from that same city of light and sewers. Not that their emanations were objectionable. I tried one twice, but it was too hard work. The moment you stopped sucking vigorously, the crazy quasi-cigarette went out. One match per puff; and his desk was littered with the enormous stubs and

from Osler's books and his grateful ashes - and from my own heart -
I bring you birthday wishes: Multos et felices - many happy, work-
able years!

W. W. Francis

Harvey Cushing Society
New Haven, 8.iv.39.