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The first time I met Sir William Osler was during one of my many visits to America, and not very long after the great fire at Baltimore. He was then living, if I remember aright, at the end house of a terrace overlooking the devastated area, and the harbour. I have not yet forgotten how vividly he described to me the flames creeping gradually nearer and nearer to his home.

Osler was small in stature, well knit and one who always seemed in condition. His face was oval with an olive complexion, and during the many years I knew him he never seemed to age - until perhaps - after the great tragedy of his life. He was one of the kindest and most sympathetic men I ever met, not only in kindness of heart but in kindness of head, for he was always thinking of others, and few men I have ever met could think more wisely or more sympathetically. Knowing I was interested in parasites, on a visit he made to Italy in the year , he picked up a magnificent edition of the Sonnets of Francesco Redi, who first of all explained the nature of internal parasites and the processes of decay in organic matter. Redi was a poet, courtier, writer, and one of the ablest men of science of the 16th century. Redi's "Sonnets" with their superb type and artistic head- and tail-pieces is the most beautiful book that I have in my library. It was characteristic of Osler to think of me and to bring back from afar so welcome a gift. But he was not only kind: he was wise. Others can speak of his professional skill, but in matters which lay outside that beat he was the supreme and sagacious adviser

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He had the saving grace of humour, and he was a great teller of short stories in which, in my knowledge, he never repeated him self. Altogether, he was a man that was profitable to meet early in the morning, for he put you on good terms for the rest of the day. On one occasion I recollect some friends of his appealing for his help in what seemed to their rather magnified ^{& distorted} view a calamity of the first importance. He listened, as he could listen, with the utmost gravity and with the greatest friendly sympathy. He then produced from his pocket-book a little piece of paper and solemnly read the following lines:-

"The cow is in the hammock,
The dog is in the lake,
The baby's in the ashbin--
What difference does it make?"

Immediately their trouble fell from them, as it were a garment, and they went away seeing things sanely and with a proper sense of proportion.

One of the most prominent features in Osler's life was the wonderful way in which he knew everyone in the medical and scientific world, and his extraordinary gift for introducing his friends to those they wished to meet. He was in fact, *to adapt a phrase of Fuller's* "The Introducer-General of his age." He acted as "officier de liaison" between the medical men of both hemispheres. He always knew the right person to send you to and he always knew exactly how to do it. He seemed to be a kind of world centre around which the profession circulated and the amount of trouble he would take to help everybody on was only equalled by the amount of good he succeeded in so doing.

His house at Oxford was always full of ~~the~~ visitors from the Western World. Those seeking his help always had it, and his infinite patience and courtesy to those who literally forced their way in, because they knew he was a celebrity and they "collected celebrities" will not be left unnoticed by the recording Angel.