

Dear Cushing: a little "erub" in the  
 dead house at Bloekly comes to  
 my recollection as illustration  
 of order and incidentally it impressed  
 more than anything had up to then  
 his bigness and the folly of all  
 littleness. One of our chiefs who was  
 not particularly big used to amuse  
 us Indians by the dexterity (mostly  
 self imagined) with which he squirmed  
 out of a mistaken diagnosis at  
 the autopsy table but we had seen  
 nothing in Orler's acting to make  
 us suspect that he appreciated his  
 colleague's manoeuvres. One day  
 Orler was making an autopsy of  
 one of his own cases & the same  
 colleague stood on the other side  
 of the table. It turned out that  
 Orler's diagnosis was clean wrong.  
 Without a word he put up his hand  
 before his face & spreading his  
 fingers wide looked through them  
 at his colleague and then burst  
 into a merry laugh at his own  
 expense & we were not slow  
 to see at his colleague's too.  
 What amused us most was that  
 the other didn't see it.

(9- Aug.